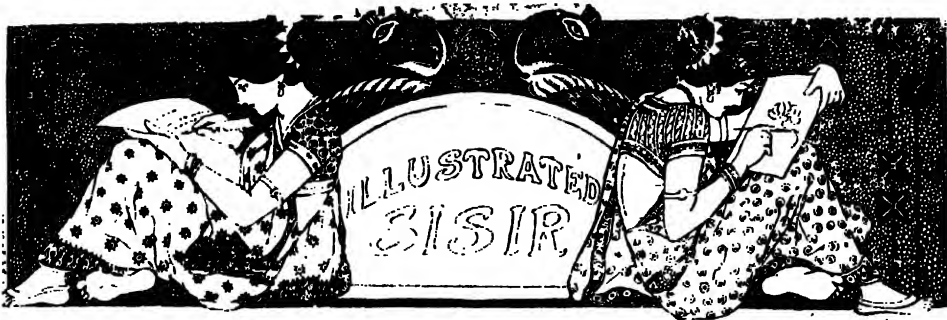


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The conch-blow.



2nd year.

March, 1925.

1st Number.

A Folk Tale

LAL-PARI OR THE FAIRY IN PURPLE

By Navin Chandra Mittal, B. Sc.

There was a Raja named, Bikram, who had seven sons. His great desire was to marry them to the daughters of a Raja who must also have seven daughters. He sent out a "Pandit" in search of the desired matches for his sons. The 'Pandit' was naturally very anxious, but to his great surprise he met another 'Pandit' on the way, who was also wandering in search of seven princes. They both talked on the subject of matrimony and then went back to their masters, and informed them of the good news. The Rajas consented to their proposals. Now there arose a great problem, how the selection was to be made. After much discussion and anxiety the Rajas decided that each of the seven boys should bend their bows, and shoot their arrows at

the roofs of the houses of the seven girls in question to try their luck. On this the boys did what they were bid to do. The arrows to the astonishment of all, fell in a regular order that is to say, the arrow of the eldest prince fell on the house of the eldest princess, and so on until that of the youngest prince fell on the house of the youngest princess. The youngest girl was 'Lal-Pari,' but she had the appearance of a monkey. Each of the princes was given the hand of the princess who had fallen to his lot. Except the youngest, all were happy with their lot.

One day, Bikram ordered his sons to show him the silk handkerchiefs prepared by their wives. Thereupon, all agreed to the proposal. The

youngest prince, Bir, became very sad. All his elder brothers went to the city and bought fine silk cloth, gold-laces, and numerous other things which were required for the preparation of handkerchiefs, but poor Bir could not help sighing and went back to his house sad and morose. He entered his house with a heavy heart. On seeing him in such a state, his wife, with great fondness enquired of him, why he was so very gloomy. Thereupon, Bir with a heavy heart explained to her the cause of his sadness. She promised to provide him with a handkerchief of unique beauty. He was quite surprised to hear her talk like that. She requested him to take his dinner. He obeyed her. After this, Bir asked for the promised handkerchief. She requested him to go to a certain place under a Pipal on the right bank of the stream 'Pearl,' in the afternoon on horse-back. She further added that he should shout three times 'Faryad' (request,) and upon this some one would ask, "Kis ki Faryad?" (whose request?), and then he should reply, "Lal-Pari ki Faryad" (the request of Lal-Pari). Thereupon an almond will fall upon the ground and he would have to bring it home. He laughed contemptuously at all this, but he obeyed her and did all that she had asked him to do. To his great surprise he found that all came out true. He brought the almond home and as he was tired

and ignorant of its real value, he threw it in such a rage that it would have struck against the forehead of his wife but for the narrow escape she made by jumping to one side. She took it up gladly and implored him to shut his eyes just for two minutes. When he closed his eyes, she immediately broke the almond into two halves. What did he see on opening his eyes? He saw a silken handkerchief of unrivalled beauty the like of which he had never seen before. He could not express his feeling of joy. His wife folded the handkerchief in the covering of the almond and gave it to him to show it to his father, the Raja. On the appointed day all the sons of Raja Bikram went to show him the handkerchiefs of their wives. First of all the eldest son showed his handkerchief, next came the second son and so on; and last of all came the youngest with his almond in hand. After showing some respect and courtesy to his father he spread his handkerchief on the piece of cloth where he was sitting. He was very much pleased with it. He remarked that he loved the work of the youngest daughter-in-law the most and thought it was worth a ruby (Lal). The Raja gave him some gold as a reward and said some words of encouragement and the day passed on in merriments. Now the Raja with the object of seeing the dexterity of his daughters-in-law in cookery asked

his sons to get food prepared for him under the supervision of their wives. All agreed and went back to their houses to inform their wives of the intention of their beloved father. Now the servants were busy in all corners of their kitchens in preparing food. Even the princes themselves bought certain things from the bazaar. But no body can imagine the deplorable condition of Bir who was praying to God for his speedy death. After all what could he do? He did not commit suicide, because life was dear to him. He went home with a heavy heart. Just when he entered the house, his wife enquired after his health. He replied that the Raja wanted to dine at his house to see what sort of food was prepared under her supervision. Thereupon she told him that he should not be anxious at all, for it was a mere trifle for her. He was asked to rest and dine and then go to the same place as before with an ass. He should utter the same words as he had uttered on the previous occasion. She informed him that he would get a big brick this time instead of an almond and that he must bring it home on the back of his ass. He did go, though unwillingly. To his great astonishment, he received a brick from the heavens. He brought it home, and tried to throw it at his wife, but she made her escape very narrowly. He did it because he had no confidence in her. He took her for nothing but a

"Monkey". Again she requested him to close his eyes and see the effect of her magic. She hit the brick and broke it into two. A palace came out of the brick. There were good kitchens, wherein all kinds of delicacies were being cooked. Oriental dishes were being prepared very quickly. There were drawing-rooms, sitting-rooms, dining-rooms, all furnished with the most refined and requisite taste. She remarked "Look here, all this is being done under my supervision according to the intention of your dear father. Invite him and request him to do full justice to all these dishes". Accordingly the Raja came and had his meal at his youngest son's house. He was very much pleased and remarked that the dinner was the best of all. In order to test further the cleverness of his youngest daughter-in-law he invited all his daughters-in-law to a dinner. All responded to the invitation in gay dresses except the wife of the youngest prince, who went to her father-in-law in simple attire. Before she entered the house, she left her skin in the palanquin and thus she appeared before the king in a gorgeous dress. It was a fairy of middle stature, in a gorgeous dress, fitting well, of pink silk with designs of most exquisite taste. Her hair was dark and gathered in a plate decorated with two strings of pearls of the first water. Her features were regular, her nose straight, the curve of her

upper lip carefully drawn as if to express her firmness of modesty, and her chin well shaped. Her hands were especially good. She had one ring on her finger which enhanced her beauty tenfold. Above all, her eyes were big and attractive. In brief she was the model of perfect beauty on earth. Her husband found out the truth now and desired earnestly to burn her skin and then pass his life most happily with his wife. The ways of God are very inscrutable. Man's desire is never completely satisfied. Bir burnt the skin. She at once, smelt the odour of the burning of the skin and in no time left the house and sat in the palanquin and asked the carriers to walk on. The carriers had not gone far when she slipped out quite imperceptibly. Bir was very happy on the success of his adventure. Fortunately or unfortunately when he lifted the curtain of the palanquin to have a look at his changed wife, he found none inside it. On this he fell into a swoon, and after a few minutes came to his senses. He found that he was quite helpless and without any companion in this world. He wanted none but his wife and could not tolerate her separation even for a short time. He considered his life not worth living without her. While all these thoughts were passing in his mind, he thought that the hearers must have stolen her away. He beat and whipped them. When he could not find any trace of her, he

went barefooted to the jungle in search of her. After some days' journey he reached a place, where a Sadhu lived. He served him for some days. One day the Sadhu enquired why he had been so gloomy. He related the whole story and wanted to know the whereabouts of his wife and ultimately to get her back to his house. The Sadhu told him that his wife was then at a place where it would be very difficult almost impossible for him to get her back without his help. Bir requested him to help him as far as possible, and Sadhu too promised to do so after a good many entreaties. He told him that his wife lived in a fairy-land at a place very remote from there. When he would reach his destination, he would find his wife lying on a Persian carpet, her head and legs supported by two bricks. There his first business would be to lift her up and to place her head on the brick on which her feet were lying and vice versa. By so doing she would come to her previous state, and then he would be able to recognise her. After this he must take her on his own horse and should make his way to this place as fast as possible. Before riding he should put a little cotton into both of his ears, so that he might not be able to hear the enchanting and sweet melody of the fairies. Not far from his starting place he would find numberless fairies running after him in order to pull him to pieces. When he would find them

very near to him, he should now be-
hind him into the air the contents of
one of the powder packets given to Bir
by the Sadhu. The effect of this would
be that it would rain cats and dogs and
thus they would be detained for some
time. During all this time he would
keep his horse on full gallop. When
they would approach near him again he
would have to throw the second
powder packed which would detain
them a little longer. It would raise
a great sand-storm and make the at-
mosphere turn dark. One by one he
would have to throw the remaining

five packets also, which would bring
about successively wind, darkness, hail-
storm, showers of blood and molesting
heat and fire. Now with this ad-
vice of the Sadhu he proceeded to his
destination. He tested the truth of
the statement of the Sadhu. He found
his wife lying on a Persian carpet. He
brought her to the Sadhu and thanked
him for his fatherly advice, and the
Sadhu in his turn asked them to go
home and live happily. They lived ha-
ppily for a long time; and God
blessed them with a son after some
years.



What Would I Do ?

If I were told that I would lose
All what I have, for one lone look
Over thy lovely face. Then you
Do know what thought would brook
In my so selfish mind ? I'd pray
O' God, bless me with such a day !

I roll in wealth and have power,
I live in mansions rich and high :
I have all that this Earth could give ;
Even the gifts of air and sky.
But all these make me sadder still
For life without thee has not thrill.

A. Wanderer

The Sporting World

**SPORTS ON BOARD OCEAN-GOING SHIPS : GAMES FOR ALL AGES
AN ALL PHYSIQUES ON DECK—AND “TRAINING
MACHINES” FOR ATHLETES.**

On the modern liners, sports and on a scale that is really remarkable
pastimes are provided for the passengers in view of the limitations necessarily



**Shuffle Board—A Game of 21 Up : The Disc is Propelled Along
The Deck Into Numbered Squares Some of 30 Feet Away—with
Penalties For Supporting Short.**

imposed. There are games for all athlete can obtain exercise of a most ages and all physiques. The serious violent nature in the gymnasium, with



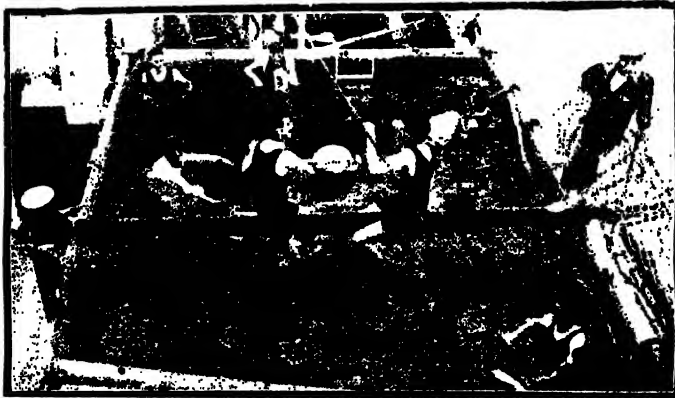
With a Rowing Machine, Stationary Bicycles, Punch Ball, and
Dumbbells : A Corner Of The Gymnasium Aboard The
R.M.S.P. Arcadian.

the rowing machines, mechanical horses as bars and dumbbells ; then for the and the ordinary appurtenances such more quietly disposed folk there are



Bull Board—Starting At Ten, The Discs Must Be Thrown In The Squares consecutively, finishing With The Left and Right Bulls : There are Penalties for Alighting on Wrong Square.

such pastimes as shuffle board and bull board, illustrated above, and a host of other ingenious games. Deck tennis, as every one knows who has played a



Great Fun When Played In The Tropics : Spar Boxing Over The
Bathing Pool—Into Which Both Fighters Frequently
Overbalanced.

hotly contested single, is a highly interesting business, and not one, more-

over, that should be undertaken by people with weak hearts or wooden



With 'The "Ostrich" And The Tame "Bronks" In The Gymnasium :

These Mechanical Horses Provide Much And
Capital Exercises.

legs. To complete the fun we must now look forward to the effective intro-

duction of a gyroscopic billiard table. We are indebted to the Royal Mail



No Balls And No Rackets, But played with a Quoit which is Caught In The Hands : A Mixed Double At Deck Tennis—A Full Description Of Which Is Given On The Left Of This Picture.

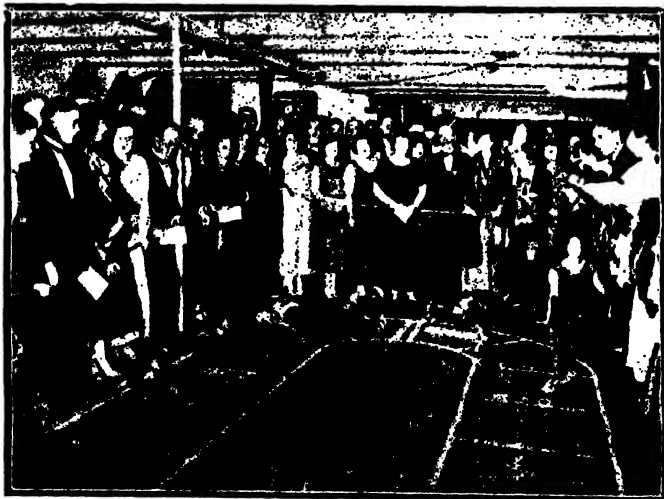
Steam Packet Company for their assistance in compiling these pages and all

the photographs were taken aboard their vessels.

DECK TENNIS.

No fixed size for the court can be given owing to the varying space on a ship's deck. The court is marked out as for lawn tennis, and, with the following additions, the rules are the same :—(1) In serving, the quoit must be thrown straight, i.e., without being twisted, a curling service to count as a

let. (2) The quoit must always leave the player horizontally, any downward throw counting against the player. A downward stroke is interpreted by either the wrist or the elbow being above the shoulder. (3) For service the receiver must be standing back at least three-and-half feet from the net.



Horse-racing.—The horses are moved forward on the throw of a dice. There are six runners, and a little betting is allowed on the pari-mutuel system.

HORSE-RACING.

The course (illustrated above) is chalked out on the deck, and there are six horses in the field. The scoring is done by two dice, one passenger throwing the number of the horse which is to move, and another passenger throwing the number of squares it is to jump. A little mild betting is allowed, on the Pari-Mutuel system tickets being

issued at a shilling each. All the takings are pooled, and the people backing the winning horse divide the total between them. There is a lot of excitement in this game, but five or six races are usually enough for one "meeting." It is a mistake to play it until the interest flags altogether.

Women in Sport



In View Of The Jungfrau (Ski-ing Lessons) And Bob
Practice In Murren.

In these days ski-ing is left less to the chance efforts of visitors to Switzerland than formerly, certificates being given for passing various tests of skill, and our upper picture shows two professionals taking in hand a party of ladies at Murren, the great centre for English tourists. Our other illustration, also of Murren, shows a gay party, including Lady Raeburn, Mrs. Mackinnon, Mrs. Duncan Harvey, Miss Dora Fox and Mrs. Lunn, getting their hands in (and, literally speaking, out) at the craft of bobbing.



The Bath Club Ladies' Championship : The Final Contestants,

The Bath Club Ladies' Championship was won the other day by the holder, Miss Hester Holman, by the narrow margin of half a mark only from Miss Venetia Fripp. There were eleven events—seven swimming and four diving. Our picture shows :—(Sitting) Miss Hester Holman. (Standing) (L. to R.) Miss Betty Fripp, Miss Mary Evans, and Miss Venetia Fripp.

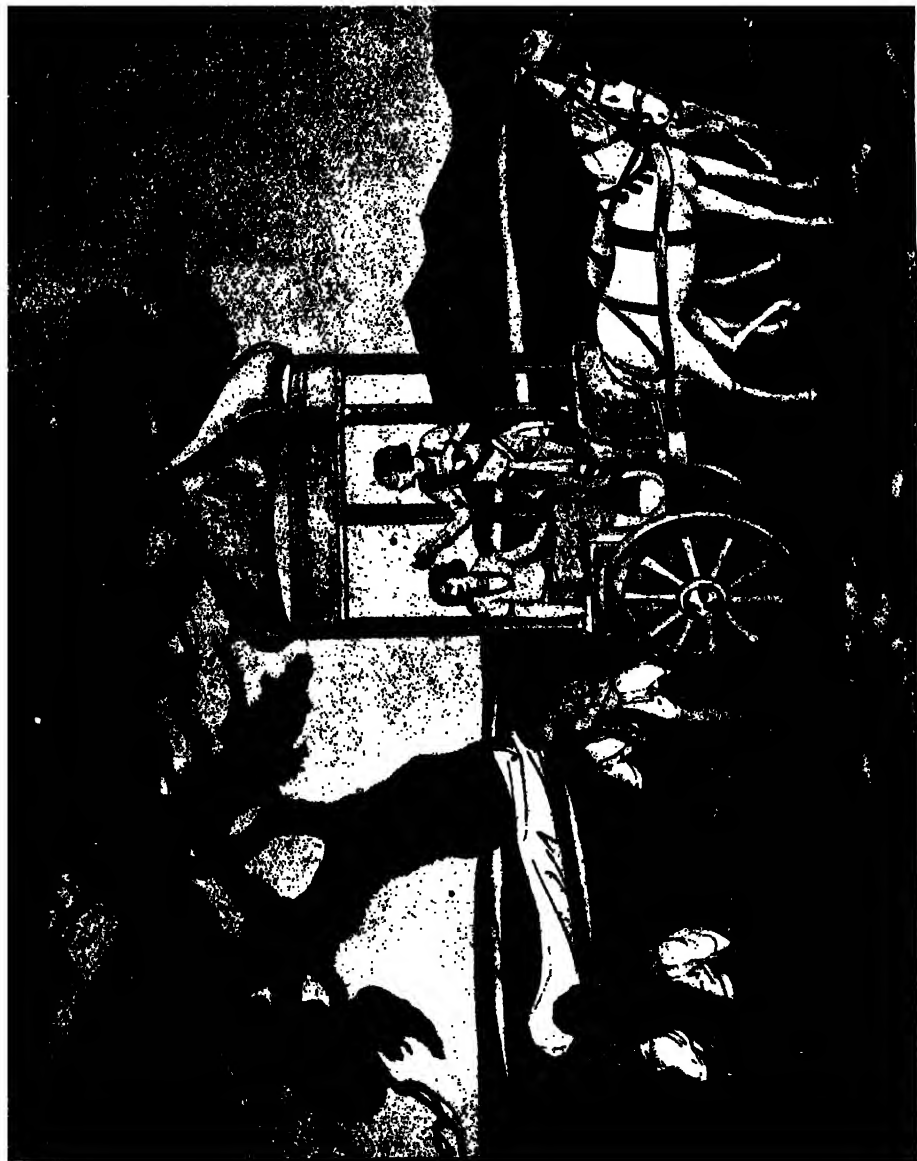
To "S"

Th' enslaving music's most bewitching strain :
Th' embalming fragrance sweet of blushing flowers :
The measured dance through glimmering Summers
[bowers

Of rippling rills : the pattering of the rain
Upon the cosy lawns : The silvern chain.
Of moonlight o'er the deep : the dazzling gems
Of dew upon the grass : the diadems
That crown the night's romantic starred domain :

And all the treasures Vast of land or sky
That stir a mortals soul, or all that's dear
Upon this Earth to sound or human eye
Is dark as chaos, a chilling dirge to hear,
A living death, Oh ! If thou are not there
O music of my soul, my joy to share.

A. Wanderer



Lord Buddha for the first time came across a procession bearing along a corpse on a litter.



Fairy Tales of Science.

Darwin and Wallace.

Charles Robert Darwin was born at "The Mount," Shrewsbury, on February 12th, 1809. He was the second son of Dr Robert Waring Darwin. While quite a boy Charles along with his sisters went to a day-school but there he was out-distanced by his sister, Catherine. He came to be noted at school for his childish naughtiness. He tells us in his autobiography that he used to invent deliberate falsehoods for the sake of creating a sensation." He was very fond of causing excitement and the passion once led him to tell another small boy that he "could produce different coloured polyanthus and primroses by watering them with certain coloured fluids," which, he writes, "was of course a

monstrous fable, and had never been tried by me." One of his biographers records that on another occasion, "he gathered fruit from the garden, hid it in the shrubbery, and rushed breathless to his father to announce that he had discovered a hoard of stolen fruit. Of course, as with all sensitive children, these falsehoods—particularly the one about watering the plants, perhaps because it did violence to his scientific conscience—lay heavily on his mind, and his father showed himself unusually wise in overcoming this tendency not by making crimes of the fibs, but by making light of the discoveries."

In the summer of 1818, when he was nine and a half, Charles was sent as boarder to Shrewsbury. He worked

conscientiously, but was considered by his masters as "rather 'below the common standard in intellect;" But he gave promises of his future greatness.

It is said that historical plays of Shakespeare appealed to him at this period and, to a lesser degree, the poetry of Thomson, Byron, and, Scott; in later life this taste was unfortunately lost, but the æsthetic love of scenery, first felt during a riding tour on the borders of Wales in 1822, persisted much longer.

Erasmus his elder brother was about five years senior to him. The biographer we have just referred to tells us that he too had a taste for science and, towards the end of Charles' school-days, fitted up a chemical laboratory in the tool-shed in the garden. Charles was, of course, delighted to act as his "lab-boy," helping to make all the common gases and many compounds, and he read such books as *The Chemist's Catechism* by Henry and Parkes with eager interest. When his school-fellows got wind of this extra-ordinary hobby, they nicknamed him "Gas," while his headmaster, Dr Butler, thought fit to rebuke him in public, on one occasion, for wasting his time on "such useless subjects."

As it was clear that the school-work was doing Charles no good, his biographer records, his father very sensibly, took him away young and sent him in October 1825, before he was 17, to

Edinburgh University, where Erasmus was finishing his medical studies. Here again, unfortunately, the work provided did not stimulate Charles' brain; he found the lectures dull and thought reading a better way of getting up a subject; and, having discovered that his father would leave him enough to live on, he made no great effort to qualify as a doctor. Before coming to Edinburgh, he had attended some of his father's poorer patients and had felt a keen interest in the work. But, though he did not shirk his hospital visits in Edinburgh, the sight of some of the cases there distressed him greatly; he only attended two bad operations and rushed out before the end, which is hardly surprising, since one was on a child and it was long before the days of chloroform. After a year Erasmus left Edinburgh, and Charles thrown on his own resources, began to make friends with men of like tastes. Of these the one who perhaps had most influence on his future was Dr Grant, a man considerably his senior, who hid under a dry and formal manner much real scientific enthusiasm. Together they collected and dissected marine animals and had many talks on scientific subjects, in one of which a burst of warm praise from Dr Grant of Lamarck and his views on evolution, though at the time it seemed to make no special impression on Darwin, may have unconsciously turned his thoughts in the direction which led to his own



Darwin.

exposition of the subject, years later, in his *Origin of Species*. His career was going to be chequered. And his life at the time is thus traced :—

Two years at Edinburgh were enough to show that Charles had no taste for doctoring ; his father therefore suggested that he should become a clergyman and, with this end in view, sent him up to Christ's College, Cambridge. This meant a return to his classical studies and, as far as his academic work was concerned, his time at Cambridge was as much wasted as his time at Edinburgh and at school. His taste for shooting and hunting, too, got him into a sporting set and he spent much time riding across country and dining with them. In after years he felt that he ought to regret this, but could not manage to do so because, as he wrote, "my friends were very pleasant, and we were all in the highest of spirits."

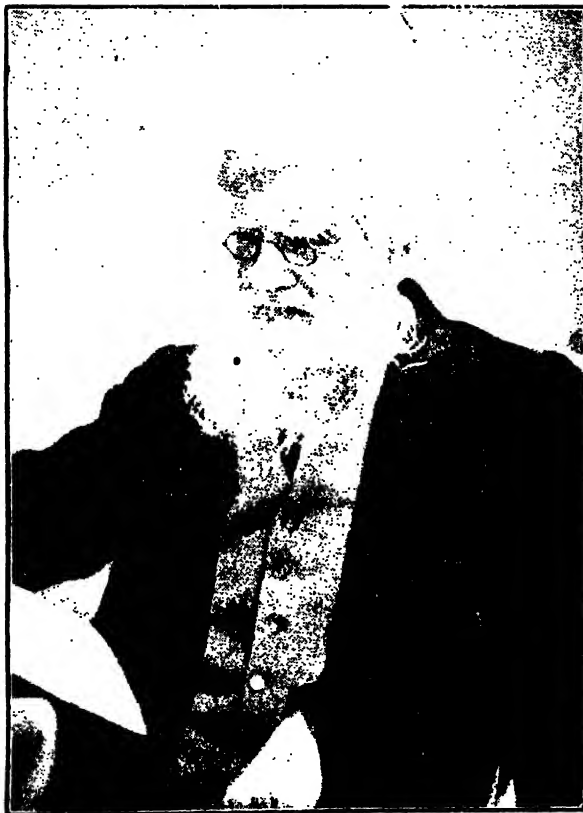
These pleasant sporting gentlemen, however, were not the only people with whom Darwin became intimate at Cambridge. He would go for long walks with Whitley, afterwards Senior Wrangler, and learned from him to appreciate pictures, so that he could pick out the best at the Fitzwilliam Museum. Another friend of his was Herbert, also a high Wrangler, and through him he obtained the *entree* to a musical circle, in which he acquired such a strong taste for music that the

pleasure of hearing the anthem at King's College Chapel would send a shiver down his back.

At this period his passion for collecting, which he himself likened to that of a virtuoso or miser, expressed itself in the pursuit of beetles. One day, having two rare specimens, one in each hand, and seeing a third, he popped into his mouth his right-hand captive, which promptly ejected such a horrible fluid that he had to spit it out again and so lost specimen number two and specimen number three as well.

Cambridge seems to have made him. It was at the plastic period of his life that he was sent there. His biographer gives us the following interesting account:—

The strongest influence on Darwin's Cambridge life, however, and one which affected his whole career, was his friendship with Prof. Henslowe. All men interested in science, whether dons or undergraduates, had a general invitation to meet once a week at the Professor's house, and there Darwin went regularly and soon became so intimate with his host that they took long walks together almost every day. Henslowe had a wide knowledge of many sciences, an excellent judgment, and a nature devoid of all pettiness ; and undoubtedly this friendship kept alive in Darwin the scientific curiosity that his academic studies failed to satisfy. Among the many books



Wallace.

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Darwin read and discussed with Henslowe, two, Humboldt's *Personal Narrative* and Herschel's *Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy*, made a specially deep impression and aroused in him "a burning zeal to add even the most humble contribution to the noble structure of Natural Science." Henslowe encouraged Darwin to study geology, and procured for him on leaving Cambridge in 1831 an invitation to accompany Prof. Sedgwick on an excursion into North Wales. At this time geologists had not realised the existence of a glacial epoch on these islands, and, years afterwards, Darwin commented with amazement on the fact that, while working in the valley of Cwm Idwal, strewn with "plainly scored rocks, perched boulders and lateral and terminal moraines," neither of them saw a trace of these signs of glacial action, although "a house burnt down by fire did not tell its story more plainly than did that valley."

On his return home from this tour, Darwin found awaiting him a letter from Henslowe, containing an invitation to go without pay as naturalist on the little barque *Beagle*, which was about to set out on a voyage "to complete the Survey of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, to survey the shores of Chili, Peru, and some islands in the Pacific; and to carry a chain of chronometrical measurements round the world." Darwin was eager to

accept; his father objected, but added, "If you can find any man of common-sense who advises you to go, I will give my consent." This proviso was fortunate, for Charles' uncle, Josiah Wedgwood, strongly advised him to go, and Dr. Darwin therefore withdrew his opposition. The next difficulty, as Darwin heard afterwards, was the shape of his nose, which the eccentric captain of the *Beagle*, Fitz-Roy by name, feared indicated a lack of energy and determination; but luckily this did not turn the scale against him and he was duly appointed naturalist for the voyage. This voyage lasted for nearly five years, from December 1831 to October 1836, and a full account of his work during this period is given by Darwin in his *Journal of Researches during the Voyage of the Beagle*. Here only the general effect of it on his character and later life can be mentioned. Undoubtedly it was, in many senses, the turning-point of his career. He collected animals from the sea and from all places at which their vessel touched, observed carefully the geology as well as the natural history of each district, and each day wrote his journal, taking pains to describe "carefully and vividly" all that he had seen. There had been some ground for Dr Darwin's uneasiness lest Charles should be content to settle down as a mere sporting gentleman, but this work saved him; through it he acquired a

"habit of energetic industry and of concentrated attention," and, though at first he enjoyed shooting his own specimens, he gradually gave up his gun more and more to his servant, as his passion for science grew stronger than his passion for sport. Besides this, the vast mass of facts recorded so accurately in the *Journal* established his reputation as a distinguished naturalist and, even more important, supplied him with material for his own great contribution to scientific thought.

On his return home in October 1836, Darwin took lodgings for three months in Cambridge, where his collections were in Henslow's care, and then in Great Marlborough Street in London, where he remained till his marriage in January 1839. He spent this time in preparing, from the material he had collected on the voyage, a *Journal of Travels*, a book of *Geological Observations*, and one on *The Zoology of the Voyage of the Beagle*. He had read during the voyage the first volume of Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, and had been much impressed by his method of treatment of the subject; he was therefore delighted to find, on meeting Lyell on his return, that his own views and the facts he had collected were received with sympathetic interest by the more experienced geologist. This interest encouraged Darwin greatly, and Lyell's friendship and advice were from this

time onwards important factors in his life.

His married and London life seems to have been a very one and this may be said the preparatory period of the future greatness. The daily routine in this chronicled. Darwin's marriage with his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, was, like Faraday's, a happy one, and his wife's devotion and care rendered possible a life of hard work in the teeth of continual ill-health. For, from 1839 onward, Darwin, always wiry rather than strong, became a partial invalid. At first they lived in a small London house, No 12 Upper Gower Street; but finding that the excitements of social life, which Darwin much enjoyed, invariably brought on attacks of sickness, they retired into the country in 1842 and spent the rest of their married life in a pleasant house at Down in Surrey. Here, by following a careful routine, Darwin was able to keep sufficiently well to work on most days at his absorbing scientific pursuits. The mornings being his best time, he got up early and took a turn before breakfast, sometimes accompanied by a small son, listening perhaps to tales of foxes seen trotting home at dawn; at 7.45 he breakfasted alone, and afterwards worked from about 8 to 9.30. At 9.30 he looked at his letters and then lay on the drawing-room sofa listening to the reading aloud of family letters and usually part of a

novel till 10.30, when he went back to work in his study again till 12 or 12.25. After this, calling to his favourite dog, he would go out, wet or fine, for a constitutional, and the children, playing on a strip of land called the "sand-walk," would see him walking at first with a swinging and then with a affigging step—round the gravel path that circled it, and would call to him to come and see what they were doing and to sympathise with any fun that was going on. After lunch he read the paper, lying on the sofa, and then answered his letters, even those from the most inconsiderate correspondents, with scrupulous care; from 4 to 4.30 he went for another walk and from 4.30 to 5.30 afternoon and evening were spent lying down, while his wife, or, later, a son or daughter, read to him. When resting he often smoked a cigarette, but found snuff, a stimulant to work; when interested, particularly if dictating, he would dash into the hall for a pinch of snuff, calling out the end of his sentence as he went.

This was, for forty years, the daily life of Charles Darwin and these the conditions under which he had to work. He owed much, as he himself thankfully acknowledged, to the fact that his independent means freed him from the necessity of earning his living in some uncongenial manner, much too—more than can be expressed—to his wife's devoted care; yet, allowing for

all this, he still stands out a gallant figure, working to the limit of his strength and refusing to yield to the peevish invalidism into which it would have been so easy to sink.

Many years of this time were devoted to some detail of biological or geological interest and embodied in such books as *Coral Reefs*, *The Fertilisation of Orchids*, *The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms*; but this task, valuable in itself, is quite overshadowed by the twenty years of patient research devoted to his theory of the origin of species.

How he succeeded later on is thus put in a nutshell:—

In the middle of the nineteenth century it was generally held that each species arose by an act of "special creation" and that fossils had been produced in the same way, "with a false resemblance to living things." Darwin, on his voyage on the *Beagle*, had been greatly impressed by the similarity between fossil and extant animals and also by the fact that the flora and fauna on the islands of a group differ slightly from island to island, and he was by no means satisfied with the accepted explanation. At what moment his own theory began to form in his mind we do not know, but when, on July 1st, 1837, he opened his first notebook for facts bearing on the origin of species, he tells us that he had long reflected on the subject. Fifteen



The Dawn.

By Satish Chandra Sinha.

This design obtained a silver medal in the black and white section in the Fine Art Exhibition of 1924, held at the Government School of Art, Calcutta.

months later his ideas crystallised, as he writes, in the following way :

"I happened to read for amusement Malthus on "Population" and being well prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on from long-continued observation of the habits of animals and plants, it at once struck me that under these circumstances favourable variations would tend to be preserved, and unfavourable ones to be destroyed. The result of this would be the formation of a new species. Here, then, I had at last got a theory by which to work, but I was so anxious to avoid prejudice that I determined not for some time to write even the briefest sketch of it."

In June 1842 Darwin first "allowed himself the satisfaction" of writing a short abstract of his theory ; in 1844 he slightly enlarged this ; and in 1856 he began, on the advice of Lyell, to write out his views pretty fully for publication in book form. This work was only half finished by 1858, when the receipt of a little paper from the Malay Archipelago threatened to take from him the right to publish the book as embodying—as in fact it did—his own original views on the problem of the origin of species. For the paper, written by Alfred Russel Wallace, was a short and clear exposition of the identical theory that Darwin's book was to establish. What did Darwin do next ? Here was a test for the generosity of a scientist. Were twenty

years of research to count for nothing ? These questions must wait for answers while we turn back and trace the steps by which Wallace, working quite independently, had arrived at the same conclusion as Darwin at almost the same time.

A life history of Wallace would be highly interesting at this stage for the two lives (Darwin's and Wallace's) are closely interlinked. All his biographers agree in thanking that the circumstances and upbringing of Alfred Russel Wallace (1823—1913) were, in the narrow wordly sense, less "fortunate" than those of Charles Darwin. His father, Thomas Vere Wallace, had been called to the Bar, but, coming into an income of £500 a year, never practised, and lived when a bachelor with happy carelessness, though without real extravagance, up to his means. On his marriage in 1807 with Mary Anne Greenell, of Hertford, he took a house in Marylebone, and, soon finding his income too small for the expenses of a house, a wife, and a steadily increasing family of children, he rashly embarked on an effort to supplement it by the launching of a new illustrated magazine, "devoted apparently to art, antiquities, and general literature." This and a subsequent venture of the same nature proved failures and seriously reduced, instead of adding to, his already inadequate means. By 1818 his finances were in such a state that he decided to move with his wife

and six children to some place where living was cheaper than in London ; a "roomy cottage with a large garden" was secured at Usk in Monmouthshire, and there, on January 8th, 1823, Alfred Russel Wallace was born. Five years later the family left Usk for Hertford, lived there for nine or ten years, and then moved to Hoddesdon, where in 1843 Thomas Vere Wallace died at the age of 72. During the last fifteen years of his life his money affairs went from bad to worse, not from any serious fault of his own but rather from over-confidence in his own schemes and in the ability and good faith of his friends. The children had to earn their own living as soon as possible and life was for many years one long struggle to make ends meet ; but their characters suffered little from this strain, since their father's inability to earn a livelihood was largely redeemed by the real interest he took in them and their mental development.

After a brief time at a little school in Essex, Alfred was sent to the Grammar School at Hertford and remained there till he was fourteen. The dreary notion, then in vogue, that education consists in drilling facts into the heads of the young, pervaded the teaching at this school and successfully stifled for Wallace all interest even in geography, to which subject he made such valuable contributions later, so that he ranked it next to Latin grammar among distasteful subjects ; and the

only lessons he remembered with real pleasure were those in which the Headmaster read verse translations of Virgil.

Like Darwin, Wallace gained little from his school-days, and the development of his mind during his boyhood was largely due to his wide general reading, which his father's love of books and interest in his children did much to encourage. Thomas Wallace would get hold of books of travel and biographies through reading clubs or lending libraries and read them aloud to the family in the evenings, and, when Bowdler's edition of Shakespeare came out, he bought it and read many of the best plays to his children.

In the summer of 1836, after a few months in London, Alfred joined his brother William at Barton in Bedfordshire as an apprentice in land-surveying. This work involved the study of trigonometry and practice in taking observations, which afterwards proved invaluable for his geographical work in uncharted lands, while, in the outdoor country life, he began to feel both the aesthetic and scientific appeal of nature, so that he wrote verses on her charms and longed to know how to classify flowers and plants. In 1832, no chance of further surveying work opening for him at the moment, Alfred was sent to Mr Matthews, a watchmaker at Leighton Buzzard, to learn watch and clock-making as well as general engineering. He was comfor-

table enough with Mr and Mrs Matthews, who were pleasant people, and he might easily have settled down for life to the business of watch-making if a change in Mr Matthews' plans had not, fortunately for Alfred, thrown him out of work and so set him free to return to his brother William and to the work of surveying. At this time land was being enclosed in accordance with the General Enclosure Act, and the two Wallaces obtained work in connection with the enclosure of common lands near Llandrindod Wells. The working of this Act involved much hardship to small-holders and cottagers by depriving them of ancient grazing and other rights, and Alfred, observing these effects for himself, was deeply impressed, although at the time no solution of the land question entered his head. Writing later of his feelings at the time, he says "I certainly thought it a pity to enclose a wild, picturesque, loggy, and barren moor; but I took it for granted that there was some right or reason in it instead of being, as it certainly was, both unjust, unwise, and cruel." This firsthand experience, before he was twenty, of the oppression of the country poor, however, set him thinking on the land question, just as his direct contact with town workmen as a boy had set him thinking on industrial problems; and this thought bore fruit years later in his ardent championship of the nationalisation of the land.

In 1841 Wallace and his brother got work near Neath, and as Alfred's share of the work was slight, he had plenty of time to himself and began to study science systematically. A book on nautical astronomy taught him to make calculations which afterwards helped him greatly in his explorations, and another on systematic botany enabled him to name "the charming little eyebright, the strange looking cow-wheat and lousewort, the handsome mullein and the pretty little creeping toadflax, and to find that all of them as well as the lordly foxglove formed part of one great natural order."

"This," he wrote later, "was the turning-point of my life, the tide that carried me on not to fortune but to whatever reputation I have acquired, and which has certainly been to me a never-failing source of much health of body and supreme mental enjoyment."

When, in 1844, Wallace came of age, he had to leave Neath, as no surveying work was forthcoming at the moment, and he took a post in the Leicester Collegiate School. Here, besides teaching the "three R's" to young boys and, surveying and drawing to a few older ones, he studied higher mathematics with the Headmaster, read a good deal of history, and became interested in psychical research. He also began a collection of beetles, made

the acquaintance of the naturalist, H. W. Bates, and read Malthus' *Principles of Population*. This book is mentioned because what Wallace called the "revolting ratios," by which Malthus showed the alarming rate at which, in theory, mankind might increase, drew his attention to facts which, when applied to the animal kingdom as a whole, led him to discover the process which Darwin called "Natural Selection." As in Darwin's case also, his passion for collecting beetles was peculiarly fortunate, as beetles illustrate with great clearness the action of this process in one particular group.

The unexpected death of his brother William in 1846 recalled Wallace to Neath, and there, having settled his brother's affairs, he was able to get, thanks to the new railway craze, profitable levelling work in connection with a proposed line from Neath to Merthyr Tydfil. Here his brother John, giving up his work in London, joined him shortly afterwards for the purpose of starting with him a building and engineering business. This venture was, in a modest way, quite successful; but Wallace found business life uncogent and became more and more anxious to exchange it for that of a naturalist. He and Bates had kept up a correspondence, chiefly about their collections, and out of this arose a plan for an expedition to

collect specimens in the tropics, if there were any likelihood of paying their expenses by the sale of their collections. Mr. W. H. Edwards' book on *A Voyage up the Amazon* decided them to choose Para and the Amazon, and, being assured by an expert at the British Museum that the price of their collections would be likely to pay for the tour, they made all arrangements and set sail for South America on April 20th, 1848. A full account of this romantic and adventurous expedition, which lasted four years, is given by Wallace in his *Travels on the Amazon and His Negro*; much of the time they were in unexplored land, quite out of touch with civilisation, and their geographical surveys and collections were invaluable. Most unfortunately, however, shipwreck destroyed the greater part of these unique collections, so that, on his return home, Wallace had only a few specimens, sent home earlier, left to describe. This done and his book on the Amazon finished, he began to prepare for further explorations in the East, and set sail in 1854 for the Malay Archipelago.

There, during an attack of fever in 1857, the idea of "the survival of the fittest," that had dawned on Darwin's mind nearly twenty years before, came to him in a flash of inspiration; as he lay in bed, the vast mass of facts with which his mind was

stored fell into their places and he could hardly wait for his fever to subside before getting his thoughts down on paper. He had read Darwin's *Journal* some years earlier and, through it, had been so much attracted to the writer that, though at this time he had only met him once casually in the British Museum, he decided to send his paper to him with the request that, "if he thought it sufficiently important, he would show it to Sir Charles Lyell."

In 1862 Wallace.. returned to England to find both himself and Darwin famous and the views they shared dicussed, either with approval or censure, on every hand. Nothing brings out more clearly the fineness of these two men than the

fact that their common discovery resulted not, as so often happens, in a jealous pushing for the first place, but in a generous rivalry each to give the other his due. In some details they differed widely in their exposition of the Evolutionary Theory, but this never affected their personal relation, which from this time till Darwin's death in 1882 remained one of warm friendship. Wallace lived on till 1913, and a whole book could be written on his many-sided activities; but looking at both him and Darwin primarily as scientist, this is the climax of their achievement, and the interest in their individualities is merged in the interest in the theory that united and made them both great.



Worldly Knowledge.

BY LATE RAJANI KANTA SEN,

One of the greatest lyrical poets of Bengal.

1.

The greatest man is he, no doubt,
Who's full five cubits high ;

The honest man, be sure, is he 90906
Who doth his debts deny.



The greatest man is he, no doubt.
Who's full five cubits high.

2.

The saint is he whose brow is decked
With dabs of sandal paste ;
And he's devout whose shaven head
With uncut top-tuft's graced.



The Saint is he whose brow is decked
With dabs of Sandal paste.

3.

Right worshipful is he who drains
 A glass or two by stealth;
 And orthodox must he be deemed
 Whom capon keeps in health.

4.

The man of wit is he who weds
 A fifth time at three-score ;
 The busy man you can know by
 His hookah's ceaseless snore,



The man of wit is he who weds
 A fifth time at three Score.

5.

In luck is he whom marriage brings
Some twenty thousand down ;
And not to have to cook is deemed
Of wifely bliss the crown.

6.

Quite innocent is he who bears
Ram's secret to Sham's ears ;
The lazy chap is 'Babu' styled,
Who honest labour fears.



The busy man you can know by
His hookah ceaseless snore.

7.

The gentleman is he whose robes
Are spotless clean and white
The patriot's known but by his shoes
For Dawson's him delight.

8.

The parted lover's pangs are such
As drink alone can soothe ;
A ribbon black needs but he worn
To prove you mourn in truth.



And not to have to cook is deemed of wifely bliss the crown.

9.

The man found senseless in a drain
Is surely one of rank ;
The Judge who recks not black or white
Is crazy,—to be frank.

10.

The expert ritualist is he
Who bogus *mantras* chants ;
And he is versed in Vedic lore,
Whom smell of feast enchants.



The man found senseless in a drain. Is surely one of rank.

11.

The true Astrologer is he
Who says—"You shall be king" ;
Dust-coloured garb and flowing beard
Proclaim the *Sanyasini*.

12.

The boy who wears the short-sight specs
Must be a studious lad ;
And he's the jewel of his race
Who "idiot" calls his dad.



Dust coloured Garb and flowing beard Proclaim the *Sanyasini*.

13.

The true preceptor only cares
His fees to realise ;
And liberal's he who, spending lacs,
But empty titles buys.

14.

The master fiddler's surely he
Who whistles night and day ;
And truly brave is he whom sight
Of a red face scares away.



The boy who wears the short-sight specs
Must be a studious lad.

15.

The men of yore were fools, no doubt
For they could never know yet,—
What now-a days is known to all,
That Kanto is the Poet !



And truly bravo is he whom sight
of a red face scares away.

A Thorn of the Hindu Society

(By J. L. Bose, Associate Editor, "SUCCESS," Calcutta.)

What is the marriageable age of the Hindu girls? Is it subject to the climate, the law of the land, the society or the individual temperaments? The necessity of the marriage has been more than once advocated on the ground of perpetuity of a nation. Although the married life has many difficulties, the celibacy has no pleasure. Beside the primary cause to continue the race a husband and wife can be a great deal to each other and can be very happy indeed. The possession of healthy children is necessary to render life morally complete. Married couples who are not endowed with offspring always lack the higher order of happiness. A human being with the advance of age long for the different stages of humanity; the station of single existence is the first, the station of married life is the second, the station of the family life is the third, the professional, the national, the international life come next; the life in the ideal common wealth of reason is the last. Through all these stations every passenger of this wordly pilgrimage should pass. The discipline of each we must receive, to the refining

and expanding influences of each we must subject our souls in order to reach the goal to which we are leading perfection by the full development of the manliness and womanliness that is in us. Let us all marry then and come under the same banner. What is the best time for parentage? There are many people who delay their marriage until they are pecuniarily capable of maintaining a family. Sometime there may be wisdom in this, but the most suitable age is then when the physical and mental powers are at their best. If issue comes after this time the offspring will be less favourably endowed. The deformed and idiotic children begot by the advanced parents will be adding to the misery of the world.

It is with the object of uniting man to a woman for the continuation of the race that God created Adam and Eve. So this union is a Godly affair but the marriage is a legal union of man and woman for life under some ceremonies enacted by the human societies. Marriage is the best state for man in general. And every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for

the married state. In our land of religious ceremonies, marriage is given a prominent place as the important function.

Early marriages were applauded in the Hindu Shastra, but the world has grown accustomed reverse the order. Whatever is written in the laws of Manu the present world will not grumble if we postpone the marriage up to age eighteen at the latest as recently announced in connection with the amendment to section 375 of the Indian Penal Code when the age of consent was amended.

If the marriagable age is subject to the laws of the land let us accept the age of eighteen as the standard.

But what about the climate. It is said that the climatic condition of India are responsible for the early appearance of puberty at age fourteen and sometimes

before, although it is a fact that this puberty does not arrive with clock-work regularity in a majority of cases. At the advent of the first menstruation a girl is known to attain the age of consent and this condition does not arrive at the same age in all cases equally. The marriage of Hindu girls according to same care not be delayed under any circumstances whatsoever beyond this stage, and therefore it is not easy for any modern Shastra—Makers to fix a standard age for marriage. It depends also upon the general health and temperaments, of the girls concerned. This vexed question comes under the jurisprudence of law, medicine and religion simultaneously, and therefore let the advocates of these three branches combine together to fix a standard age, if this is at all necessary under the present circumstances for the interest of the society.





For when the weary night had worn away
In these vain fears, and the clear morning brokes
Lo, Krishna ! lo, the longed-for of her soul
Came too ! — in the glad light he came and bent
His knee

Sir Edwin Arnold.

Mirth and Humour.

A Frenchman who knew no English wished to telegraph his congratulations to an English friend, on his marriage.

He wrestled with the dictionary until the happy couple were fairly on their honeymoon, and by that time he had evolved the following:

"May you be very happy in the work-house!"

His friend was about to demand an explanation, when it dawned upon him that what was meant was: May you be happy in the union.

Some boys were playing football and the ball rolled into the street. Seeing what had happened, a lady steered her car so as not to run over the ball, whereupon one little chap raised his cap and cried: "Lady, you're a gentleman."

Husband (to visitor) When our little girl was born I wanted her called Pamela, but my wife wanted her called Elizabeth—so we compromised. Elizabeth, come and say 'How d'you do?' to Mrs. Brown."

Mr. Newrich was showing a friend round the estate.

"I've been done over some of these 'ere trees," he remarked. "That's supposed to be a weeping-willow, and it ain't shed a single tear up to now."

"I suppose you have had a good many narrow escapes in your experience as a sailor?"
"Not so many, miss. I don't go ashore more than I can help."

Burglar (caught red-handed): "Ain't it jist my luck? I paid fourpence to 'ave my 'air cut only this afternoon."

Old Lady (the old style): "Are yon dipping into the third chapter to see if they marry?"

Young Lady (the new style). "Oh, they were married early in the first chapter, I only wanted to see if it was really her husband who poisoned her."

Mrs. Jones: "You can't manage to keep a girl, Mrs. Baxter"

Mrs. Baxter: "Yes, I can; but when it comes to keeping two or three policemen along with her, I won't."

"I'm sorry, my boy but I only punish you because I love you."

"I'm s-sorry, dad, that I'm u-not b-big enough to return your l-love!"

"Do come and dine with me," said John to Tony. "You must, though I have only a piece of beef and some potatoes for you."

"Oh, my dear fellow, don't make the least apology about the dinner. It's the same as I should have had at home, barrin' the beef."

As a number of tourists were climbing to the top of a half-ruined tower, one of them remarked: "This is a perfect specimen of the spiral staircase."

"Yes—perspiral, in fact," replied the heaviest man of the party.

His wife was trying to break him of the smoking habit.

"Look here," she said, pointing to a newspaper, "it says here that smoking is very harmful."

"What rot," said he. "Do I look ill? I'm fifty, and as strong as a horse."

"Yes," she said, "but if you hadn't smoked so much you might have been sixty by now."

Two children were at a tea-party. It was evident from the tears of one of them that something was wrong.

"What is it, Margaret, dear?" asked her mother, anxiously.

"I don't want to sit next Mary," wailed Margaret.

"But why not, dear?"

"Well" said Margaret, "she's got freckles and I might catch them."

Mrs. Brown: "Jane, has Mr. Brown come home yet? I thought I heard him just now."

Jane: "No, mum. That was the dog what was growling."

Girl (in music shop): "Have you 'Two Tender Souls'?"

Assistant: "I'm afraid not, madam!"

"Or 'The Place of My Dreams'?"

"No, you've made a mistake, madam. The fishmonger's shop is next door."

Tourist: "I say, guide, it's about time we were getting near the falls, isn't it?"

Guide: "Yes, sir. May I request the ladies to stop talking for a moment, and you will then be able to hear the thunder of the waters quite distinctly."

"Why, my dear man, poetry is being read by twice as many people as before."

"Oh—I didn't know you had married."

"A pretty little widow gave me a box of cigars for my birthday."

"Beware of widow's weeds, old man."

He was a trifle bewildered at the elaborate wedding,

"Are you the bridegroom?" he asked a melancholy-looking young man.

"No," the young man replied. "I was eliminated in the preliminary try-outs."

"I was a little surprised," observed the new minister, "to see your husband get up and walk out of my church during my sermon."

"It's just as well you mentioned it," replied the lady. "I ought to tell you that my husband often walks in his sleep."

Pat and Mike went for a walk. Pat, who was the shorter of the two, could not keep up with Mike's long strides, and after a while began to get very tired and out of breath.

"Sure," Mike he exclaimed, "do ye always walk as fast as this?"

"Yes," replied Mike, "and faster han this when Oe'm by meself."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Pat. "Sure and wouldn't like to be walking with ye whin' ye're by yerself, Mike."

A Sightseer in a big city hired a guide to show her round. After he had explained the principal attractions of the neighbourhood she remarked as she handed him his fee: "I trust that what you have told me is absolutely true, I never feel as though I should pay for untruths."

"Well, ma'am," responded the old fellow, scanning the coin, "truth or untruth, you've had a good shilling's worth."

A certain furniture shop was famous for its genuine antiques. A stranger entered one morning, and was met by a small boy who emerged from an inner room.

The visitor asked if the proprietor was about, and was answered in the negative.

"Perhaps you can tell me what I want to know," he said to the boy. "I called two weeks ago regarding half-a-dozen genuine old Sheraton chairs. You had only two of them in at the time, but were expecting the other four at any moment. Have they arrived?"

"No, sire replied the boy. "They haven't finished making them yet."

The great musician had been entertaining his guests, and as he rose from the piano a gushing youth approached him.

"What a wonderful piece of music!" he exclaimed. "Will you tell me the name of it, please?"

"It was an improvisation," replied the musician.

"Ah, of course!" said the youth. "An old favourite of mine, but for the moment I had forgotton its name."

Lady; "now that you have had a good dinner, are you equal to the task of sawing some wood?"

Tramp: "Madam, equal is not the proper word. I am superior to it."

Although the cavemouth presented a barren appearance, when once inside, he found it all that he could wish. Cases containing jewellery, gold pieces, precious stones—it was as though he had stumbled upon some Spanish treasure hoard. Then suddenly came the sound of marching feet.—He was caught.....

The children held their breath. It was the dramatic scene from "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves."

"Do you drink coffee?" asked the doctor of an aged patient.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Coffee," continued the doctor, "is a slow poison"

"Yes, very slow," replied the old man: "I have taken it daily for nearly sixty years"

"Phwat are thim buckets for on the shilf in the hall?" asked one Irishman of another.

"Can't ye read? It says on them: 'For Fire only.'"

"Thin why do they put wather in thim?"

At a recent meeting of an Urban District Council the chairman announced that the clerk wanted a supply of ribbons for the typewriter.

Immediately a member was on his feet vehemently protesting against such a request being complied with.

"She might be a very nice girl, but I do not see why she should be provided with finery at the expense of the rates"

"Man is a tyrant," declared Mrs. Fitzdub. "Isn't he, John?"

"Really, my dear, I hardly——"

"Is he or is he not?"

"He is."

At an evening school in the north, a new pupil presented himself, a lad who was evidently of very uncultivated character.

"We are studying some selections from Tennyson's works," said the teacher.

"Yes, sir," replied the pupil, perfectly willing to accept the statement on trust.

"I suppose," continued the teacher, "you don't know much of Tennyson's works?"

The lad shook his head.

"No, sir, I can't say as I do, though I do know most of the factories in the town. He they steel-smelting works, sir?"

Afable Stranger: "If you had twelve oranges, and I give you one more, how many oranges would you have?"

Boy: "I don't know, sir; we always do our sums in apples."

She (after spending the evening with neighbours): "I think the Smythes are an ideal couple—they think alike about everything."

He: "Yes, but I notice she she always thinks first."

City Cousin: But Cousin Eben, you can't go to the party in those clothes. Your grand-father wore those at least forty years ago."

Country Cousin: "That's all right. You don't suppose there'll be anybody at the party who saw him in them, do you?"

Lecturer: "Res, my friends, in China human life is considered of very little value. Indeed, if a wealthy Chinaman is condemned to death he can easily hire another to die for him. In fact, many poor fellows get their living by acting as substitutes."

"Can you serve company?" asked the mistress.

"Yes, both ways, mum," replied the new maid.

"Both ways?"

"Yes, mum. So they'll come again or so they'll stop away."

The country visitor was very shy. When he went to his first dinner party he made frantic efforts to begin a conversation with the girl at his elbow, but it was not until ten minutes had passed that he managed to utter the opening words:

"Does your brother like cheese?"

She turned with a smile and replied:

"I haven't got a brother."

Dead silence for another spell.

Then he said: "If— if ye had brother, d'ye think—"he'd like cheese?"

Story Teller

A TELEPHONE TALE.

The most awkward situation I can remember happened at home. A young cousin had come to spend a few days with me, and being new to the telephone, she was very eager to try her hand at using it.

So the next time it rang I said: "Righto, go ahead and answer."

She did, and at first all went well. "Yes? Who? Oh, hullo! No, this is Phyllis speaking...Would she like to what? Tea? Oh, yes, just a minute and I'll ask her."

Then, putting her hand over the telephone and turning to me, she said: "It's that awful old bore, Miss Smythe, wants us to go to tea with her. Do give me a good excuse."

And it was not till then that I noticed she had her hand, not over the mouthpiece, but over the earpiece of the telephone and "that awful old bore" must have heard every word!

What would you have done?

* * * *

AN EXTRA TURN.

The villain was on the stage expecting message from his partner in crime, which was delivered nightly by a super suitable attired.

On this particular night the super couldn't be found, so a stage hand had a hat clapped on his head, a cloak thrown on shoulders, and was told to walk on and present the note.

As he stepped from the wings the villain turned on him and hissed—as per book: "What brings you here?"

Unluckily the stage hand had not been told to expect this. For a moment he was struck dumb, then in a frightened voice he squeaked: "Oh, didn't you 'know, sir? Mr. Jones isn't turned up!"

Then he dropped the note and fled.

What, if you were the villain, would you have done?

* * * *

ALL WAS DISCOVERED

Once upon a time there was a beautiful Princess singing in her garden when he heard the sound of horses' hoofs coming up the road. The Princess's heart beat fast. Who could it be?

Alas, it was only Sir Jasper Muggleswick, the villain, coming to press his suit. Reining in his, foaming charger on the far side of the wall, he began eagerly to urge his claim to her heart.

All that the audience could see—yes, it was in a theatre—was the top half of Sir Jasper, the garden and the fair princess. All they could hear was Sir Jasper hissing,

"Yes, yes !" the Princess sighing : "No, no !" and the foaming charger pawing impatiently outside.

But unfortunately, Sir Jasper pressed his suit a little too eagerly, causing the wall to topple forward and fall flat on the stage, narrowly missing the Princess.

And then all the audience saw was Sir Jasper standing on a long board, his upper half only in correct riding kit, his lower limbs in long trousers, while at his feet stood a stage hand with two half coconuts, imitating the footsteps of the foaming charger.

The audience laughed, Sir Jasper went purple, and the stage manager rang down the curtain.

What would *you* have done ?

WHEN THE DOOR OPENED.

In one panto in which I played, there was a wonderful scene where I, as the handsome hero, was caught by the Baron making love to his daughter. High words passed between us, and finally I stalked to the door.

As I reached it I turned to cast one last glance at the heroine. Then dashing the tears manfully from my eyes I swung open the door—and it came away in my hand !

There was I, in perhaps the most dramatic scene, with the door swaying over me. Quick as a flash I pointed an accusing finger at the Baron and said : "So when the time is ripe, will I wrest your daughter from you !" Then, heaving up the door, I walked off with it under my arm.

What would *you* have done ?

* * * *

PAYING HIM BACK

"James," said the grocer to his assistant, "who bought that mouldy cheese to-day ?"

"Mrs" Brown, sir."

"And the stale loaf that we could not sell last night ?"

"Mrs. Brown, sir."

"Where is that lump of rancid butter that the baker refused ?"

"Mrs. Brown bought it cheap sir."

"And the six eggs we could not sell a week ago ?"

"Mrs. Brown, sir."

"Are you ill, sir ?" asked the lad, as the grocer turned white and groaned.

"No, no. Only I'm going to tea at Brown's place to-night," replied the unhappy man.

SHED READ BOTH

Mrs. Maples had a treasure of a maid, and she was extoling her virtues—especially her trustworthiness—to envious friends when the girl herself entered the room with tea.

"Oh, Jenkins," said Mrs. Maples, "will you run upstairs and fetch that letter I left on my dressing table ?"

"Er—er—which one, mum ?" inquired Jenkins.

"The one about your brother's wedding, or the vicar's letter about the bazaar ?"

TOO RISKY

A Negro employed in a film studio was asked by the director to do a comedy scene with a lion.

"You get into this bed," ordered the director, "and we'll bring the lion and put him in bed with you. It will be a scream."

"Put a lion in bed with me! yelled the Negro. "No sah! Not at all. I quite tight here and now."

"But," protested the director, "this lion can't hurt you. It was brought up on milk."

"So was I brought up on milk," said the Negro, "but I eat now."

THE STUMBLING BLOCK.

A man who had obtained work in a railway yard was told off to mark some trucks.

"Here is a bit of chalk," said the foreman. "Mark each of them eleven."

Some time afterwards the foreman came round again. There was a large "I" on the first truck. Nothing else had been done. The man stood gazing up at the sky.

"What does this mean?" asked the foreman. "Only one truck done—and I said eleven, not one."

"I know, said the man, "but I couldn't think which side of the 'I' the other 'I' goes."

WHAT DID THE GUARD SAY?

The guard of an express train was surprised by a violent pulling of the communication cord by one of the passengers.

Looking out of his van, he was alarmed at seeing a woman frantically waving her arms and an umbrella from the window of one of the carriages. It was evident that something had happened. He brought his train to a standstill, and, running up to the carriage, inquired why the woman had stopped the train.

"Why didn't you stop before, you fool?" she answered, indignantly. "We've just passed two of the finest mushrooms I've seen this many a year!"

. PROOF

Jones and his wife were talking about the remarkable discoveries in King Tutankhamen's tomb.

"Isn't it wonderful, my dear?" said Jones.

"They actually found in the tomb couches and chairs thirty centuries old and in good condition."

"Well," replied his wife, "I've always said it pays in the long run to buy the best."

BLACK WINS

He was a cautious, middle-aged wooer, and, with certain reservations, he had bestowed his affections on the minister's cook.

He had satisfied himself as to her suitability in all respects with the exception of one important point: he felt that the question of "siller" must be fixed up before he went farther.

On asking her how well off she was, his prospective *fiancée* cast a chill over his expectations by admitting that she had "little of this world's goods. But she told him that she had a rich uncle, from whom she had expectations."

"Aweel, Jean," remarked the wooer, "we'll say nae mair about it the noo. But ye ken my feelin's if a black-edged letter comes."

THE POISON CUP

"What a lot o' cases o' people bein' poi-oned through eatin' tinned food there's been lately, Mrs. Hopkins. Makes you nervous, don't it?"

"Aye," said Mrs. Hopkins, shaking her head. "I wouldn't touch the stuff. My poor husband always said it was drinkin' tea out of a tin cup when 'e was in the Army what give 'im delirium tremens!"

WON THE WINE

An officer laid a wager of a basket of wine with a brother officer that he could fire ten shots at a target five hundred yards distant and call each shot correctly before the marker could mark the shot.

Next morning a big crowd assembled to witness the experiment.

The officer fired the first shot and calmly announced, "Miss."

Then he fired the second and the third shots and called out "Miss" each time.

"Hey, there : that won't do" shouted the umpire : "you are not trying to hit the target."

"Certainly not," laughed the marksman : "I'm shooting to hit the wine."

SURPRISED THE SENTRY.

A recruit was on sentry duty one night when a friend brought a cake from the canteen. As the sentry was eating the cake the major sauntered up in mufti. Not recognizing him, the man did not salute, and the major stopped.

"What have you there?" he asked.

"Cake," said the sentry, good-naturedly.

"Have a bite?"

The major frowned. "Did you know who I am?" he asked.

"No," said the sentry, "unless you're the major's groom."

The major shook his head. "Guess again!" he said.

"The barber from the village?"

"No."

"Maybe"—here the sentry laughed—"maybe you're the major himself?"

"That's right! I am the major!" was the stern reply.

The sentry scrambled to attention. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "Hold the cake, will you, while I salute?"

WELL AHEAD!

A Scotsman, not feeling well, called on his doctor, who looked him over and gave him some pills to be taken at bed-time. Whisky was also prescribed, a small glass to be taken after each meal.

Four days later Sandy again called on the doctor, and said that he was feeling no better.

"Have you taken the medicine exactly as I instructed?" the doctor inquired.

"Well, doctor," replied the patient, "I may be a wee bit behinds wi' the pills, but I'm six weeks ahead wi' the whisky."

THE WAY OUT.

An Epsom trainer had caught one of his stable boys stealing oats and seemed undecided what course to take.

In the meantime the stable boy had asked his mistress to intercede for him. The trainer's wife pleaded with her husband and quoting the Scriptures in support of leniency, said: "We were taught when a man took our coat to give him the cloak as well."

"Quite true," the trainer replied, "and as he has taken my coats I am going to give him the sack."

PREPARING FOR THE WORST

A young wife said to her husband one night: "My dear, there is a man in the drawing-room who wants to speak to you."

"Who is it? Do you know?" the husband asked.

"Dear," said wife, "you must forgive me, but that cough has bothered you so much

of late, and—oh, if you knew how worried I've been about you!" She threw her arms around his neck.

"What would I do if I were to lose you?"

"Come, come" said the young man. "Men don't die of a slight cold. So you've called in the doctor, eh? Well, I'll see him if it will make you feel easier."

"It isn't the doctor, dear" was the answer,

"It's the life insurance agent."

THE SOCIALIST.

It was pouring with rain, but the two little people seated on the old leather sofa, in front of a blazing fire, took little heed of it.

They were discussing and arguing over all the wonderful things that they would have when they grew up.

"I shall have a lovely motor," said Joan.

"So shall I," replied Peter in confident tones.

"And a carriage and pair," continued Joan.

"So shall I"—the imperturbable Peter.

"Oh, Peter"—in an exasperated voice—"I believe you're what they call a 'so-shall-ist.'"

HER LITTLE SCHEME.

An angry frown disturbed her locks. Slowly she paced the room, muttering strangely to herself. At last the door opened and a girl entered.

"Dorothy, what in the world do you mean by introducing me as your aunt to that man you have just shown out?" she queried angrily.

"Forgive me, mother," said Dorothy, "but poor John seemed to be on the point of proposing, and I felt that it wouldn't do to take any risks. He has a strong prejudice against mothers-in-law."

VERY COOL.

Carefully the famous big game shot closed his book, switched out the light, and composed himself for sleep.

An hour later his servant was awakened by sounds coming from the direction of the basement. At once this trustworthy man rushed up to his master's room and, after a great deal of shaking, he succeeded in rousing him.

"I hear a burglar downstairs, sir!" he said nervously.

"Are you quite sure, James?"

"I am perfectly sure, sir!"

"Then get me my gun, and"—he yawned—"and—er—let me see—I think I'll wear my plus fours."

CHARGE WITHDRAWN.

The magistrate took up his pen and carefully wiped it on a piece of blotting-paper. He laid it down on the desk, leaned back, covered a yawn with his hand, then, once more taking up his pen, he addressed* the sailor in the dock.

"Well, young man, what have you to say for yourself?"

"It was all a mistake, your Worship," replied the young sailor. "I was looking for a lady-friend of my shipmate's whom I had never seen before. He described her as being a tall blonde with classic features, a fine complexion, perfect figure, and—"

"But," the magistrate interrupted, "this lady says you attempted to speak to her on the quay."

"Excuse me, your Worship," remarked the lady who had brought the charge, "after consideration I have decided not to prosecute. Anyone might have made the same mistake."

SHELL FISH.

He sat at a corner table in a little out-of-the-way restaurant in one of the Midland counties. He had been sitting there some time, but the one waiter that the place boasted of was busily engaged with a refractory baker and appeared quite oblivious of the customer.

The latter, becoming convinced that unless he called attention to his presence it was quite probable the waiter wouldn't notice it, raised his voice and called, "Waiter !"

The waiter approached with a polite "Yes, sir !"

"Have you any oysters ?"

"No, sir. I am sorry we hav-n't."

"Any crabs ?"

"No, sir, I am afraid we haven't any crabs, either."

"My stars ! What have you got, man ?"

"The only shell fish that we 'ave on the premises, sir," replied the impassive waiter, "is heegs, sir."

ONLY THREE.

In a faraway state in Africa a negro had been granted a piece of land by his former employer. The ground was given rent free, on condition that the negro should give one fourth of the crop to the owner. This he promised to do.

Harvest-time came, and the negro hauled three loads to his own bungalow, but none to the white man's.

Then he went innocently up to the great house to return his landlord's wagon, which he had used in hauling.

"Well, Frank," said the gentleman, "where's my share of the corn ?"

"You ain't got none, sah," was the sympathetic reply.

"Haven't got any ! Why, wasn't I going to have a fourth of all you raised ?"

"Yes, sah, but dere wasn't no fourth. Dere was jes my three loads."

HEARTLESS.

Slowly the old man toiled away, never looking up from his papers, save to peer into one of the massive tomes that were piled in disorderly array about his desk.

There came a tap at the door. It swung noiselessly open, and a smart maid ushered in a lady visitor.

The old man muttered an unintelligible nothing and continued to peer in his books and papers.

At last he took off the spectacles that adorned his nose, wiped them with great care, placed them on his desk and donned another pair. He looked up and, failing to recognise his visitor, he grunted and took up his pen.

This was too much for his guest.

"Professor !" came in startled gasps from the lady. "Professor, surely you haven't forgotten all about me ? Why, only ten years ago you asked me to marry you !"

"Ah, of course—of course !" murmured the professor, deep in the theory of relativity. "Of course ! And did you, my dear ?"

ITS FIRST COMPLIMENT.

The Court had settled down to enjoy itself. A motorist was in the dock on a charge of speeding, and, unfortunately for the accused the magistrate was an anti-motorist.

Nearly all the people present were aware of the magistrate's aversion to car owners and drivers, and therefore, were looking forward to some icy comments from him.

"The officer," began the magistrate in his pompous way, "says that you were going at forty miles an hour."

"Very well," replied the delinquent, smiling quite happily.

The magistrate looked very much surprised, and then said :

"You are the first man I ever saw who didn't seem angry with the officer."

"Well," was the answer, "it's the first compliment that has ever been paid to my old bus."

UNIDENTIFIED.

Rat-tat ! There was a knock at the door. One of the two men seated in the dining-room rose and went out into the hall.

He returned carrying a parcel which he proceeded to untie.

"What have you got there, Robertson, old man ?" asked his friend.

"It's my shirts, add—confound these laundries !—they've sent me someone else's."

"Now, how on earth do you know that ?"

"Great Scott ! I hope I am able to recognise my own shirts !"

There was a pause, then his friend spoke slowly and deliberately :

"Well, you're darned lucky, old chap ; because, I give you my word. I can never recognise mine when they come back !"

THE PEN'S REVENGE.

Senor Blasco Ibanez, the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "Blood and Sand," has been a good deal in the public eye of late, owing to some outspoken com-

ments on affairs in his native country and his spectacular challenge to King Alfonso.

This gifted novelist is, by the way, one of the few writers of to-day who can practically name his own price for a story. Rather a novelty this, for Spain, where only a very lucky writer indeed can earn as much as a famous bull-fighter.

In this connection a good story is told of Ibanez. Returning from a successful lecturing tour in the Argentine, he met one of the idols of the bull-ring. This hero told the author that he received 10,000 pesetas for each appearance he made.

"And I received 14,500 pesetas for one lecture at Buenos Aires," said Ibanez. "Now at last a Spanish writer receives more in an afternoon than a bull-fighter."

BATS IN THE ORGAN.

Once the finest instrument of its kind in the world, the great organ of Notre-Dame, in Paris, is now reported to be perishing from mildew and dry rot.

The organ was entirely reconstructed during the five years ending 1868, and has 86 keys, more than a dozen keyboards, and 22 pedals. But it has not been cleaned since 1894, and the organist of the cathedral states that it is filled with dust and dead bats and swallows.

Quite recently, too, one of the biggest of the organ's 5,246 pipes only just missed crashing down on a crowd of worshippers. The bad repair of the great organ is due to lack of funds, the parish of Notre-Dame being one of the poorest in the French capital.

CACHING CRIMINALS OUT.

Criminals look like having a pretty rough time in the near future, and it seems as if, in a few years, there will not be many of these gentlemen left in the "profession." The game will not be worth the candle.

Every day the system, whereby the finger-prints of a suspect can be telegraphed to any part of the globe and a reply sent back in a few hours, grows more perfect. It is claimed by the officials at Scotland Yard that a mistake in telegraphing finger-prints is impossible. Every little ridge on the finger-print photograph is given a number or letter of a special code, and the whole classed under another letter indicating the type.

The system, of course, took years to perfect, but now there is hardly a large city in the world which could not at once look up a particular finger-print and translate it from the code in a few minutes.

The recipients of the wire then look up their records and, if they can trace the finger-print, wire back full particulars of the criminal, name, age, height, and so on. Thus, once a suspected man's nationality is known, there is not much chance of his escape if he is guilty.

THE REAL DOG DERBY.

The Waterloo Cup is sometimes called the Dog Derby, but the real Dog Derby is in Canada. It is a "mushing" race, and the longest contest of this kind in the world in which animals take part.

Many strangers make the journey to Pas to witness this great sporting event. The race-course is 200 miles long, and the record time is twenty-three hours forty minutes.

The husky, whose prowess is tested in this race, is half wolf and, needless to say, has great powers of endurance, so the drivers of the dog-sleighs have to be athletes, for they run with the dog team over the greater part of the long course. The first prize is twelve hundred dollars, and there are also other valuable awards.

This race is run in a great loop, beginning and ending by crossing the Saskatchewan River on the ice. The dog-drivers are mostly trappers and run in mooccasins. The feet of the dogs are sometimes similarly covered as well.

* * * *

SHOES FOR CINDERELLA.

The modern woman's desire to climb in the world is revealing itself in every direction. This "Excelsior" spirit, for instance, may be seen in the decision that the heels of shoes are to be higher than ever, though the mere male might consider it absolutely impossible to make them so.

Not only this, but shoes are to be made of the most costly materials. Gold and copper brocade are two of these, while a pair of shoes on view in the West End of London recently were worked with a design of snowdrops carried out in pearls.

Coloured stones are also popular for the adornment of footwear, and bid fair to make ball-room floors brilliant with all the colours of the rainbow.

* * * *

WHEN IS AN EGG FRESH?

"Best fresh eggs—so much a dozen." How often does the house wife pay the price demanded, carry home her purchase, and then find that the eggs are not fresh?

At least, she doesn't think they are—but opinions seem to vary as to when an egg is fresh. For instance, some of the exhibitors at the dairy show of the Ayrshire Agricultural Association, held at Kilmarnock recently, fell aggrieved because, in the classes for fresh eggs, a large number of the exhibits were disqualified for old age.

We are told that some of the eggs which thus failed to pass the judges were recognised as having been exhibited as fresh eggs at previous shows, and a few of them had carried off prizes in this class year after year.

They are canny people in Ayrshire, apparently, and whenever a hen excels itself, the masterpiece is religiously set aside for the show, and then laid by again for the next show and the show after that.

But how did the judges find out? Did they perhaps ask the exhibitors to eat the eggs they were showing?

* * *

AND BEFORE A VISITOR!

The head of the house had telephoned that he would bring home a guest to luncheon—a guest whom his wife realized he would delight to honour. Preparations were made accordingly.

Unfortunately, six-year-old Gladys came in a trifle late. She swept the table with an all-embracing glance.

"Hum!" she muttered, audibly, as she climbed into her chair, "is this lunch?"

"Why, of course it's luncheon, Gladys," said her mother, with a repressive gesture.

But Gladys was not to be stayed.

"Well," she replied, "may be it is; but it looks exactly like Sunday dinner.

THRIFT.

An old couple bought a small barrel of beer for economy's sake. They were in the habit of drinking a pint of ale, costing sixpence, each night for supper, and by buying a barrel they discovered that their nightly draught would cost them fivepence.

The night the barrel arrived they quaffed the first pint, and when it was finished the old lady said:

"Well, Pad, we've saved a penny on our beer tonight, and a penny saved is a penny earned, you know."

"You're right," said Pat: "let's have another pint and save twopence."

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A Scottish professor was a terror to students with his catch questions, but one day he met his match. Examining a student regarding the clauses he had attended, he said: "And you attended, the class for mathematics?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me, then how many sides has a circle?"

"Two," said the student.

The professor smiled broadly as he asked, "What are they?"

But his smile faded away with the laugh that resounded through the room as the student replied:

"An inside and an outside."

This rather tamed down the professor, and he asked ordinary questions for a while. But finally he could not resist his ruling propensity.

"So you attended the moral philosophy class also?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the student.

"Then you must have heard lectures on various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does an effect ever go before a cause?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Give me an instance."

"A man wheeling a barrow."

The professor asked no more questions.

SHOCKED THE BISHOP.

A Bishop was paying a visit to a certain parish and decided to address the children of the Sunday-school.

He had noticed many large bills about referring to "the Bishop's visitation" and accordingly began his talk by asking the children the meaning of the word "visitation."

"Please, sir," replied a young urchin, "it's a plague sent by Providence."

DANGER!

Oscar, sitting with Isabella in the moonlight, was in one of his most ecstatic moods.

"Just to be near you is heaven," he said. "Your presence sets my throbbing heart aflame."

Isabella gave a start.

"Oh, Oscar, how imprudent!" she said, nervously. "Do be careful. I'm wearing a celluloid hair comb."

THE BARGAIN

It must be admitted that Lightning was not quite what its name would suggest. In

fact, as a racehorse it was a "wash-out," and would have been more at home in a hearse. It had just lost its nine-teenth race of the season—not only lost it, but had come in last.

Soon after the owner met a man he knew who wanted to buy a horse.

"Do you want to buy a good mount?" he asked.

"What's the matter with it?" inquired the other,

"Nothing," said the owner, lying bravely.

"Well, what do you want to sell it for?" was the next question.

"Nothing," came the reply.

"All right," said the prospective purchaser, who had seen Lightning's last performance. "I'll have it."

THOUGHT SO TOO.

An American minister had a Negro servant. One Sunday, when he was preaching, he happened to look towards the pew where the Negro was seated, and could hardly contain himself as he saw the fellow, who could neither read nor write, scribbling industriously.

After the service he said to the man: "Tom, what were you doing in church?"

"Taking notes, massa; all de gummens take notes."

"Bring your notes here and let me see them."

Tom brought his notes, which looked more like Chinese than English.

"Why, Tom, this is all nonsense!"

"I thought so, massa, all the time you was preaching it!" rejoined Tom.

A BAD GUESS.

A certain actor-manager, notorious for his overbearing, blustering manner, was bullying propertyman about some property bricks required in one of the scenes in the pantomime.

"Here!" bellowed the manager, "do you think any sane man would be deceived by such a poor imitation of a brick as that?" at the same time giving the one indicated a tremendous kick.

A howl of mingled rage and pain followed. He had struck a real one.

THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES A CHILL.

Jones had been spending his evenings unwisely and too well.

One evening he arrived home so late and so confused that he crawled on to the soft earth of a flower bed in the middle of the lawn and went to sleep.

When he awoke he looked up and saw his wife staring down on him from an upper window.

Feeling decidedly chilly, Jones called up to her:

"Shut that window at once! Do you want me to catch my death of cold?"

BEYOND HER.

Sunday afternoon—and the Bible class was over. The teacher was standing by the door saying good-bye to the children who had listened so attentively to her discourse.

"Good-bye, Susie," she said to one small child.

"Good-bye, teacher," came the shrill reply, and then she added, with pride: "It's my birthday to-morrow."

"Why," returned the teacher, "it's mine, too!"

The little girl's face was clouded with perplexity as she answered: "How did you get so much bigger'n me?"

A CATASTROPHE.

A Farmer had built a big barn. One day, as he was setting off for town, he told his two sons to cut a small hole in one of the sides so that the cat could get in or out at will.

The boys cut the hole just beside the barn door, but when the farmer returned and saw it he was annoyed.

"I can't depend on you boys to do a single thing right," he exclaimed, angrily. "Don't you know that hole is in the wrong place?"

"Why?"

The farmer seized the barn door and swung it open, and, of course, it covered the aperture. "Now where is your hole?" he shouted. "How can the cat get into the barn when the door's open?"

A WELL-PAID POST.

An Englishman in Edinburgh was desirous of getting to the Bank of Scotland. He did not know the way, so he asked a little boy: "Can you direct me to the Bank of Scotland?"

"Aye, I can, if ye gie me a sixpence," was the reply.

"Surely," said the man, "that is rather a lot for simply telling me the way to the bank."

"Maybe," said the youngster, "but ye canna expect a fellow tae be a bank director for nothin."

WRONG STATION.

The dear old lady in the railway train had never taken such a journey before in her life.

She was very nervous lest she should pass the station for which she was bound, and accordingly she repeatedly asked her fellow travellers if they had arrived at Stamford yet.

Then suddenly there was a crash, the train gave a terrific lurch and, jumping the metals, ran down an embankment causing a lot of the passengers, including the old lady, to be hurled into a field at the bottom.

Opening her eyes, she inquired of the man who had fallen beside her :

"Is this Stamford, please?"

"No," was the reply, "this is a calamity."

"Then," wailed the unfortunate woman, "I have got out at the wrong station."

RIGHT FIRST TIME.

The Muford local archaeological society were paying a visit to the famous abbey.

"In that far corner," said the guide, as he pointed to the place with outstretched fingers, "are the tombs of many famous men."

"Oh," said Miss Oldbone, the secretary, "How extraordinarily interesting! Could you tell us the names of some of them?"

"Well," replied the guide, "there's William the Conqueror and Joan of Arc over there. Then behind the organ, where you can't see them at all, lie Guy Fawkes, Robin Hood, and Sam Weller."

He turned to a gentleman if the party who had a slight smile on his face.

"Now, sir," he said, "does that there guide book I see in your hand tell 'oo is lyin' 'ere, sir?"

"No," murmured the sceptical tourist, "it doesn't. But I can guess."

HIS METHOD.

The tramp was telling his tale of woe at the old lady's house where he had called to get "just a crust of bread, mum."

She seemed kindly disposed and, like the majority of his fraternity, he was at once spurred on to telling the tale with all the force he knew of.

"I've asked for money," he pleaded, almost with tears in his eyes, "and I've begged for money, and I've cried for money, mum."

The old lady looked thoughtful.

"Have you ever thought of working for it my man?" she asked gently.

"No, mum," came the reply, without a moment's hesitation. "You see, I'm going through the alphabet and I ain't got to W yet."

OUT OF REACH.

It was rather crowded in Oxford Street and the pavement in front of the world-famous big store a mass of seething humanity, mostly of the female species.

Amid the throng was a little boy, who ever and anon looked round him and then set up a tremendous howling. A dear old gentleman happened to be there, and his heart was touched.

"Please, sir," sobbed the boy, "I've lost my mother."

"But why didn't you catch hold of her skirts?" inquired the old gent sympathetically.

More sobs, and then :

"I—I couldn't reach 'em"



Buddha Gautama.
(By Courtesy of Dr. Binola Charan Law M. A. D. H. D.)



Sravasti in the Buddhist Literature

By Dr. Bimala Charan Law, M. A. P. H. D.

The Pāli-Buddhist Literature is full of facts regarding Srāvastī (Sāvatthī) and its glories. Many of the most edifying discourses of the Buddha were delivered at this city which was the place of residence of two of the most munificent donors of the Buddhist Samgha, viz., Anāthapindika, the great merchant and Visākhā Migāramāā, the most liberal-hearted of the ladies mentioned in the Buddhist Literature. In the Mahāparinibbāna Suttanta of the Dīgha Nikāya, Sāvatthī is mentioned as a great city. There were in this important locality many wealthy nobles, brahmins, heads of houses and believers in the Tathāgata (Buddhist Suttas, S. B. E., p. 99). In the Jātaka, we read that in Sāvatthī there was a wealthy merchant who

was worth eighteen crores. (Jātaka, Cowell, Vol. VI., p. 38). At Sāvatthī, in the house of Anāthapindika, there was always food ready for five hundred brethren and the same thing is told about Visākhā and the king of Kosala (Cowell, Jātaka, Vol. IV., p. 91). A generous donor lived at Sāvatthī. He invited the Master and for seven days gave many gifts to the company of saints who came with him. The saints were presented with all things necessary for them. (Jātaka, Vol. IV., pp. 148-149.)

In the Majjhima Nikāya we read that once the Buddha was living at Jetavana in the ārāma of Anāthapindika. He delivered a sermon on bāla (the foolish) and pandita (the learned) to the bhikkhus. (Majjhima Nikāya,

III., pp. 163 foll). We are further informed that Mahāpajāpati Gotamī with five hundred bhikkhunis went to him and requested him to give religious instructions to the bhikkhunis. Nandaka at first refused to instruct them but he was afterwards asked by the Buddha to do so. He instructed them in impermanence, sorrowfulness and selflessness of five sense organs. (Majjhima Nikāya, Vol. III., p. 270 foll).

In the Anguttara Nikāya we read that the Reverend Nandaka was dwelling at Sāvattī in Pubbārāma, the palace of Migāramātā. Salla, grandson of Migārasatthi and Rohana, grandson of Pekuniyasatthi, went to Nandaka and enquired of the true religion from him. Nandaka replied that one should not believe in that which is handed from generation to generation and in that which is written in pitaka, logic, etc., and he further said, "one who is free from avarice, hatred, delusion and all kinds of vices follows the true religion." (A. N., Vol. I, pp. 193 foll). We learn from the Samyutta Nikāya that Sāvattī was often visited by the Buddha who while he was there, spoke of the following topics, viz :—seven bojjhāngas (means of obtaining bodhi) (Samyutta Nikāya, Vol. V., p. 98), Cakṣavatti (Ibid, V., p. 99), fools (Ibid, p. 99), ādicca (Ibid, p. 101), food as an obstacle to a bhikkhu (Ibid, pp. 102-103),

food as a help for obtaining bodhi (Ibid, pp. 103-104), mettā (Ibid, p. 115), samādhi (Ibid, pt. III, p. 13), impermanence of five khandhas, sorrowfulness and selflessness (Ibid, pp. 21-22), cause of five khandhas (Ibid, p. 23), cessation of five khandhas (Ibid, p. 24), dhammas to be known (Ibid, p. 26), sammāsambuddha (Ibid, pp. 65-66), Māra (Ibid, p. 18), satta (Ibid, p. 190), Māradhamma (Ibid, p. 195), eternity or loka (Ibid, p. 213), non-eternity of the world (Ibid, p. 214), finiteness of the world (Ibid, p. 214), infinity of the world (Ibid, p. 215), life and body being the same (Ibid, p. 215), dependent origination (Ibid, p. i), four kinds of food (Ibid, p. 11), dasabala (ten potentialities) (Ibid, p. 27).

A sermon was delivered by the Buddha to Anāthapindika about the ariyasāvakas (noble disciples of the Buddha) who are free from the evil effect of killing, stealing, lying, enjoying sensual pleasures and drinking intoxicants (Ibid, pp. 6-69). At Jetavana¹, in the ārāma of Anāthapindika, Buddha also gave a discourse on two kinds of fault (Anguttara Nikāya, Vol. I p. 47 foll). Once when the Buddha with Sāriputta and others was at Sāvattī, the venerable Savittha and Mahākotthita went to Sāriputta who held a discourse on three kinds of Puggalas (Ibid, p. 118 foll). Buddha discoursed on three kinds of sick person (Ibid, p. 120 foll). Buddha while

at the palace of Migāramātā gave a discourse to Visākhā on three kinds of uposatha (Sabbath) and further he spoke about the longevity of gods (Anguttara Nikāya, Vol. I, p. 205 foll).

Not only the Buddha but Sāriputta also is known to have delivered a discourse on external and internal ties at the palace of Migāramātā near Sāvattthi (Ibid, p 63 foll). Channa paribbājaka went to Ananda who was at Savatthi. The subject of discussion between them was the cessation of raga (passion) dosa (hatred) and moha (delusion). (A. N. . I., pp. 215 foll).

1 Jetavana is so called because the garden was made, protected and looked after by prince Jeta. Sudatta, a very rich householder of Savatthi was called Anathapindika, because he always used to give pinda (food) to the helpless Anathapindika bought the garden from Jeta for 18 Kotis of gold coins. Another 18 Kotis of gold coins were spent in the ceremony for offering the Vihara to the Buddha and his disciples. (Khuddakapatha commy, pp. 110-112)

Rohita devaputta came to the Buddha at Savatthi. The topic of discussion was about the place where one is not subject to birth and death. (A. N., II., pp. 47 foll).

Budha while at Sāvattthi gave a discourse on four kinds of clouds. (A. N., II., 102).

Buddha was at the place of Migāramātā near Savatthi. He spoke of

four kinds of bhikkhus e. g. Devapattā (who are like devas), Brahmāpattā (who are like Brahmās), Anojjapattā (who are like four kinds of arpaṇ gods) and Ariyappattā (who are like ariyas (A. N. II., pp. 183-184).

Mallikādevi questioned the Buddha at Jetavana near Sāvattthi about poor, wretched and ugly-looking women, rich but ugly-looking women, beautiful but wretched and poor women and wealthy and beautiful women. The Buddha gave a suitable reply. (A. N. II., pp. 202 foll).

Buddha dwelt at Jetavana near Sāvattthi. Princess Sumana with 500 princesses went to the Buddha questioned him about the fate of two of Buddha's disciples, one of whom was charitable, another was stingy, after death. Buddha gave a suitable reply (A.N. III. pp.32 foll).

Buddha instructed Anāthapindika at Sāvattthi about the utility of wealth (A.N. III., pp.15-16). Buddha while in the ārāma of Anāthapindika at Sāvattthi, spoke about the difficulty in obtaining longevity, beauty, happiness, fame and heaven. (A.N.III, pp.17-18). After the death of Mallikā, Pasenadi went to the Buddha at Jetavana. He consoled him as he was very much afflicted with grief. (A.N. III. p.57). Buddha spoke of the five nivaranas (obstacles). (A. N. III., pp.63-64). Buddha while at Jetavana spoke of the five precepts

(Sīlas) to the bhikkhus. (A.N. III., p.203). Buddha said, "Those who have restrained their five sense organs are worthy of respect, honour and offering. (A.N. III., p.279). Buddha gave a discourse on dāna (charity) (A.N. III., p.336). When Buddha was in the ārāma of Anāthapindika, the great yajna of Uggatasarira brahmin was being performed. 500 bulls, 500 calves, 500 goats, etc, were brought for sacrifice. The brahmin informed the Buddha thus, "If sacrifice be offered to the fire and if sacrificial wood is raised by anybody, he will get much merit." The Buddha said, "If one gives up fire of passion, anger, and ignorance, he will accumulate the greatest merit." He spoke of another three kinds of fire which one should honour, and worship. (A.N. IV., pp. 41 foll). He went to Anāthapindika's house and gave instructions to Anāthapindika's daughter-in law Sujātā on seven kinds of wives. (A. N. IV., pp, 91 foll). He delivered a sermon to the Bhikkhus on the good effect of developing mettā (A. N. IV., pp. 150-151). He spoke about the importance and merit of observing uposatha consisting of eight angas or precepts (A. N. IV., pp. 248 foll). He told Visākhā Migāramātā at Sāvattthī thus, "A woman endowed with eight qualities e.g. obedience to her husband, charitable, etc., is reborn after death among the

manāpakāyika gods. (Ibid, p.267). He said to Visākhā, "A woman having four qualities may conquer this world e.g., clever in household duties, capable of satisfying member of the family by management, capable of satisfying husband, capable of protecting the husband's earnings, (A. N. IV., pp.269 foll).

Buddha said to Anāthapindika who was then very poor when he was there thus, "Do you offer charity at home?" He replied, "Yes, but very little and very poor." He said, "You need not be sorrowful. If you offer it with true heart, it will no doubt get you much more merit than the offering of big charities given without sincerity." (A.N. IV., pp.392 foll). Buddha was met by Pasenadi at Sāvattthī, who came to see him immediately after his returning victorious from the battle field. The king fell at the feet of the Buddha and kissed them. He spoke much of the qualities of the Buddha. (A.N. Vol. V., pp.65 foll). Buddha spoke to the bhikkhus that they should be devoted to the precepts, observer of all precepts given in the Pātimokkha. They must fear even the minutest sin. (A.N., V., pp.131-132). Buddha spoke to Anāthapindika about ten kinds of enjoyers of sensual pleasures. (A.N. V., pp.176 foll). Anāthapindika went to an ārāma of heretics where they were making great noise but they all

became quiet seeing him coming. (A.N. V., pp.185 foll).

Again while the Buddha was at Sāvattthi, many bhikkhus of different places went to him to learn kammattthāna. (objects of meditation). Buddha taught them kammattthāna suitable to their nature. Five hundred bhikkhus learnt kammattthāna from him and went to a forest by the side of the Himalayas to practise kammattthāna. The tree deities of the place became frightened at seeing them there and tried to drive them out in various ways. The bhikkhus being troubled by them went to the Buddha and related everything to him. The Buddha said that they cherished no friendly feelings (mettā) towards the deities. The Buddha taught them mettāsuttam and told them to practise it. Afterwards the deities became their friends (pp.231 foll).

From the above, it is evident that the Buddha used to discuss miscellaneous matters dealing with the principles and philosophy of his new-faith while he was at Sāvattthi.

Mahāsuvanna, a banker of Sāvattthi, had two sons, the first son became a bhikkhu under the Buddha and was known as Cakkhupāla (Ibid, pp.3 foll), Matthakundali was the son of a rich and stingy brahmin of Sāvattthi. Only by saluting the Buddha, he went to heaven (Ibid, pp.25 foll). Thullatissa was the

Buddha's father's sister's son and lived at Sāvattthi as a bhikkhu. He was pacified by the Buddha (Ibid, pp.37 foll).

Kāliyakkhinī was a yakkhinī worshipped by the people of Sāvattthi. She could foretell drought and excessive rainfall (Ibid, pp.45 foll).

Sāvattthi contributed a fair number of the bhikkhus and bhikkhunīs who acquired fame and renown in the Buddhist congregation for the purity of their lives. Patācūra was the daughter of a rich banker of Sāvattthi. She afterwards became a bhikkhunī after great bereavements and came to be known as Patācūra (Ibid, II., pp.260 foll). Kisāgotami was the daughter of a settli of Sāvattthi. After the death of her only child, she went to the Buddha with the dead body and requested him to bring the dead to life. The Buddha delivered a sermon which led her to become a bhikkhunī. (Ibid, II., pp.270 foll). Anittigandhakumāra fallen from the Brahmaloaka was reborn in a rich family of Sāvattthi. He used to cry when touched by women. He was afterwards converted by the Buddha. (Ibid, III., pp.281 foll). Vakkali born in a brahmin family of Sāvattthi became a bhikkhu seeing the beauty of the Buddha's body. (Ibid, IV., p.118). A servant of a brahmin of Sāvattthi became a bhikkhu and subsequently attained

arahatship. (Ibid, IV., p.167). Nanda was the son of Mahāpajāpati Gotamī. He was made a bhikkhu, by the Buddha at Sāvattthī. (Ibid, pp.115 foll). The Theragāthā informs us that thera Kankhā Revata came of a wealthy family of Sāvattthī. He heard the Master's teachings, believed them and entered the order. He attained arahatship by practising jhāna. The Buddha declared him as the chief of the bhikkhus. (Psalms of the Brethren, p.7) Vira was born in the family of a minister to king Pasenadi at Sāvattthī. He became a warrior. He married with his parents' consent. A few days after, the world (samsāra) appeared to him troublesome. He left the world in anguish and soon acquired six-fold abhinnā (supernatural knowledge) (Psalms of the Brethren, pp.13-14). Khanda-Dhāna an inhabitant of Sāvattthī, learnt the Vedas by heart. When advanced in years, he heard the Master preach and left the world. He was provided with all the necessities of life by King Pasenadi (Ibid, pp.19-20). Ajita, a Sāvattthian, became an ascetic and a follower of Bāvari. He became very much satisfied with the Master's teachings and entered the world. He afterwards became an arahat. (Ibid, p.25). In the Therīgāthā we read that Sumana was born at Sāvattthī as the sister of the king of Kosala. She heard the Master preach the doctrine to King Pasenadi.

She put faith in the Buddha and was established in the refuges and precepts. She heard the Master teaching in a vihāra. She entered the order and afterwards became an arahat. (Psalms of the Sisters, pp. 19-20).

Such instances are many in the Thera and Therīgāthās. They go to show that the teachings of the Buddha produced a marvellous effect on the people of Sāvattthī. Many Sāvattthians, male and female, were delighted to hear his doctrine and embraced Buddhism.

In the Sutta Nipāta we read that when the Blessed One was at Sāvattthī, a bhikkhu named Kokāliya went to the Buddha and complained against Sāriputta and Moggallāna bringing a charge against them that they harboured evil intention against him. The Buddha said that Sāriputta and Moggallāna were good. He was asked by the Buddha not to say so. As soon as he left the Buddha, boils appeared on his body and he died suffering from the boils. He had to suffer in hell. (Sutta Nipāta, pp.123-131). In the Brāhmanadharmika Sutta of the Sutta Nipāta we read that when the Blessed one was dwelling in the park of Anāthapindika at Jetavana, many old and wealthy brāhmanas of Kosala went to see him and asked him thus, "Oh Venerable Gautama, are the Brāhmanas now engaged in

March, 1925]

SRAVASTI IN THE BUDDHIST LITERATURE



Anathapindika and the Jetavana monastery.

observing the brahmanical custom of the ancient brahmins?" The Blessed One replied in the negative. The Brāhmanas then requested Gautama to tell them the brahmanical custom of the ancient brāhmanas. The Blessed One said that the old savages were self-restrained, penitent and they studied their own welfare having abandoned the objects of the five senses. The brahmins had no cattle, nor gold nor corn. But the repetition of mantras was their best treasure. They were protected by dhamma, invincible and inviolable. They practised brahmacariyā from infancy for forty years. They did not marry a woman belonging to another caste nor did they buy a wife. They practised chastity and virtue, rectitude, mildness, penance, tenderness, compassion and patience. They used to perform religious ceremonies with alms which they used to get while begging. They did not kill cows even in sacrifice. They used to treat the cows as they used to treat their parents and other relatives. The king instructed by the brahmanas performed Aswamedha, Purisamedha and other sacrifices without any hindrances and then he gave wealth to the brahmins. When the brahmins began to kill cows for sacrifices, the dharma was lost; there arose different castes, Suddas, Vessikas, and Khattiyas; the wife despised her husband. The khattiyas and brahmins indulged themselves in sensual pleasures. Thus the Ko-

salan brahmins having listened to the custom of the ancient brahmanas from the Blessed One became very much pleased with him and took refuge in the Buddha, Dhamma and Sangha. (Sutta Nipāta, P. T. S. pp. 50-55) From the above account it is evident that the Buddha was well acquainted with Brahmanism and the ancient customs of the Brahmins. In the Sutta Nipāta Commentary we read that there lived at Sāvātthi a paribbājaka named Pasura who was a great disputant. He planted a branch of a jambu tree declaring that he who would be able to hold discussion with him would uproot it. Sāriputta did uproot it. Pasura had a discussion with Sāriputta about sensual pleasures and eye-consciousness with the result that the paribbājaka was defeated. The paribbājaka went to the Jetavana in order to be ordained by Sāriputta and to learn Vadasattam (i. e. art. of disputation). He met Lāludāyi at the Jetavanavihāra. Thinking that this Lāludāyi must be greatly wise, he took ordination from him. He defeated Lāludāyi in disputation and made him a paribbājaka even while he was wearing the dress of a bhikkhu. Pasura again went to Sāvātthi to hold discussion with Gautama. He held discussion with Gautama but he was defeated. The Buddha then gave him instruction and he was converted into Buddhism. (Sutta Nipāta Commentary, 11. 538 foll).

Society Sketches.

BY JATINDRA KUMAR SEN.



The Poet.
Fully Absorbed.



Baiji ala Bengalee.



Father-in-law and Son-in-law.

"Who you in female dress ?"

"I am Hem ?"

"Ham Naliny ?"

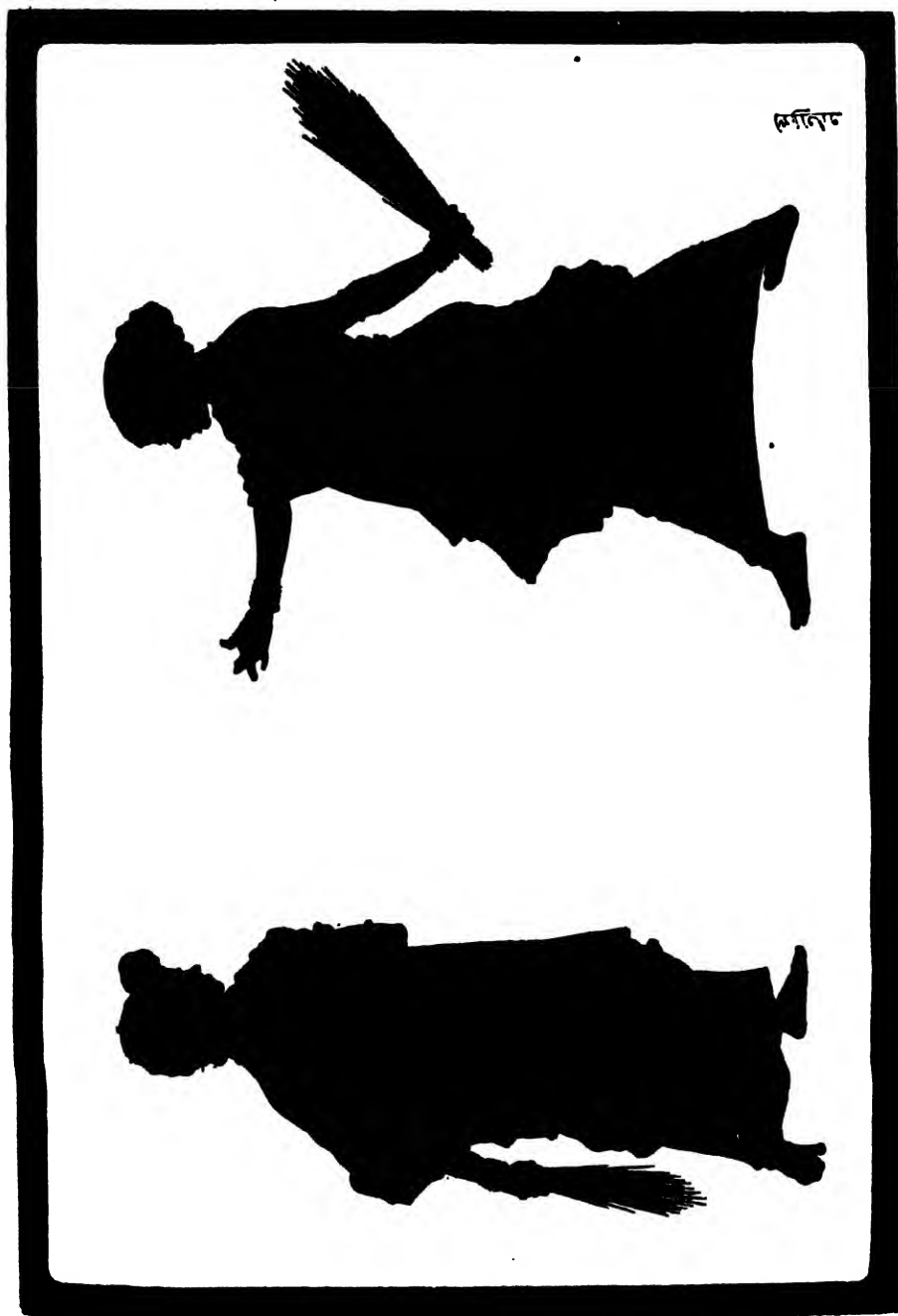
"No, your son-in-law Hem Chandra."



Bridegroom's Father and Bride's Father.

"How mean?"

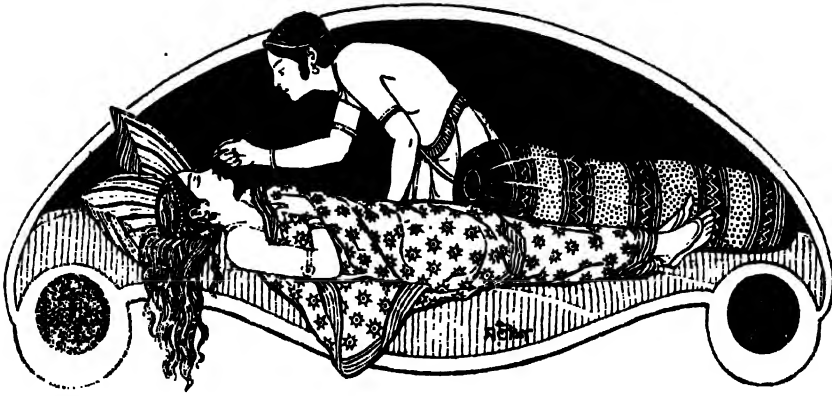
"What a cheat?"



• Two Co-Wives.



A flood of child ren



DANGER OF BEING WRONGLY TAUGHT

PRABHAT KUMAR MUKHERJEE, B. A., BARRISTER-AT-LAW

My people were insisting upon my spending the Christmas vacation at Madhapur, where we possessed a small bungalow. So I put my things together, and went to Howrah Station to catch the three o'clock afternoon train.

What a crowd there was that day ! But, fortunately, it was composed of the gentry only—for the most part young men in fair white raiment, pleasantly perfumed ; their faces joyous, lit up with smiles. They looked as if they were young husbands going by this train to the houses of their fathers-in-law. Such an assemblage was not tiresome, but the contrary.

The train started. The young men filled the air of the compartment with

loud laughter and the smoke of their cigarettes. The train continued to be thronged as far as Hoogly, after that the crowd began to lessen. At Pundooah, a stout old man entered our carriage. On his head he wore a black woollen comforter twisted round like a turban, and on his nose a pair of silver-framed spectacles. A couple of old-fashioned shawls covered his person. He wore English shoes over warm socks. He seemed about fifty years of age. Quite a number of people had come with this gentleman and there was much luggage, which was now filling up the compartment. From below, somebody called out—"Have all the things have been put in ? Count them over and see." At these words the Babu began to count the articles one by

one in a loud voice, while at the same time the departure bell rang. After twice counting them over, he said—"Why, there are six only—weren't there seven?"—and the train began to move. The Babu suddenly thrust his head out of the window and called vociferously—"The *handi*! The *handi*!" A man was running with the train bearing the article to place it in his hand, but the Babu could not grasp it, and the earthenware fell to the ground. We heard the noise of the crash.

The gentleman—furiously angry—then sat down on the bench. Noting me as a senior amongst the young men present, he addressed me, saying—"Did you see, Sir? Did you see the whole business—he gave the *handi* and let it go?"

I felt amused at the man's appeal to me, and with difficulty repressing a smile, I asked—"What did the vessel contain?"

"Sir, there was food in it. A potful of food—two rupees worth of provisions fallen upon the platform and smeared with dust, and I have enjoyed none of it. As I came home I said repeatedly, 'Mind the *handi*!'—'Don't you forget *handi*.' And then they did forget it. A potful of food, Mahashoi, gone! I cannot eat *bazaar* food, it does not agree with me. My father's sister was up at five this morning preparing these *loochees*.—(Here the Babu began to count upon his fingers). There were

loochees, *kachowris*, fried potatoes, fried *byguns*, *mohoubhog*, a pound of Mollnai balls—have you ever tasted Mollnai balls?"

From the beginning of this speech the young men had been pressing their smile, but at this question they burst out laughing. Preserving a becoming gravity, I answered—"I don't remember having tasted them."

"If that is so, be sure you have *not* tasted them: it is not a thing to be forgotten."

"Very probably."

"Have you never heard of Mollnai balls?"

"No."

"Where do you come from?"

"Calcutta."

"Where do you live?"

"At Calcutta."

"Oh! you are a downright Calcutta I see. Well I'll tell you a story about the Mollnai balls; but first let me prepare some tobacco."

And he addressed himself to the task. During the whole course of my travels, never had I met a man such as this. Pity, such a speaker has found no place in the arena of Bengal politics! It occurred to me that this was a fine chance for me. The train arrived at Madhupur at a very inconvenient hour, a time when one is apt to fall asleep; and if you do so you risk passing the station. By favour of this prince of

talkers I might be able to keep awake. As he prepared the tobacco the old man said—"What is your name, sir?"

"Mahananda Chatterji."

"My name is Sri Madan Gopal Dev Sarma Mukerji. I live at the village of Ilchoba, near Mollnai, in the Burdwan District. We are descendants of Jogeswar Pandit. Jogeswar Pandit had seven sons—Shankar Janoki Nath being one of them.—We are the descendants of that Janoki Nath."

The speech was thus abbreviated, because Madan Gopal Babu had now begun to smoke. The expression of his face had been somewhat sad a little while ago, I fancy because of his loss—now a little pride beamed from it, probably at the memory of the renown of his ancestors. I studied his face with much curiosity.

Now the train stopped at Burdwan. My supply of cigars being exhausted, I alighted to purchase some more at the hotel, and to ease my limbs by walking about until the last bell should be struck. When the train started I perceived that all the passengers had left but our two selves. Madan Gopal Babu, glancing at me, said—"Well Sadananda Babu—"

I interrupted him—"My name is Mahananda."

"Yes, to be sure! Well, Mahananda Babu, how far do you travel?"

"To Madhupur."

"I go to *Kasi* (Benares). You will soon arrive at your destination—a few hours only. But I must keep on through the night and all to-morrow. What can I live on through all the time I ask you? I shall not reach Kashi till the evening. Is not my mother staying there? She has lived there these three years. She has become old—past seventy—but she still rises early every morning to bathe in the Ganges at the *Ghat* of the Ten Horse Sacrifice, in winter, in summer, and in rain. Since last August she has been having slight attacks of fever. There is no cause for anxiety—still, hearing that she is ill, how can I stay at home? Our preceptor's second son is a professor at the Benares College, and dwell there with his family, so I have placed my mother in his care. He is a very worthy man. They say he has no equal in Kashi on questions of Logic. He is of my age—we played together. Even at that age the sharpness of his intellect displayed itself. It reminds me—"

To check the flow of his talk, I asked—"Do you smoke cigars, Sir?"

"Cigars? Sometimes, I do. When I studied English in my youth at Calcutta, I smoked many a cigar. Your bird's-eye cigarettes were not then in existence. Are they good cigars?"

"They are not bad. Try one." And opening my cigar case I held it before

him. He selected one. I also lit mine.

The train had now passed Rancegunge. On both sides were many coal mines. In places there were heaps of coal burning, giving a brilliant light. Near by coolies were sitting in temporary huts built of loose bricks. Others were cooking.

I felt hungry, and thought it would be a good time to eat. I had with me my tiffin basket stocked with provisions. With difficulty, I extracted it from amidst Madan Babu's luggage. Then I thought—Can I eat while my fellow traveller fasts? Yet even if I ask him, I do not know whether he will consent, because my provisions are not strictly orthodox. —At length I determined to ask him: if he consented, good; if not, what could I do? So placing the basket on the seat and raising the cover, I said—"Madan Babu, the food you brought is gone. I have some here and if you have no objection, will share it."

Madan Babu, looking ardently at my basket, said—"What is there in that thing of yours?"

Not counting on my fingers, I replied—"Loaves, eggs, two or three kinds of meat, butter, and other things."

"Hindu meat? Not meat from the European hotel?"

"Hindu meat. Cooked by our Brahman cook. Only the loaves are from the European hotel; everything else is prepared according to Hindu custom."

"Madan Babu said—"That will do, I don't mind hotel bread: I ate plenty of them when studying English in Calcutta. All sorts of things did I eat! The students in those days were very disorderly"—and he began to laugh.

Without further words I took out the provisions and arranged them on plates; then I asked—"Do you use knife and fork?"

"No, brother, I can't be troubled with all that. I'll use fingers instead."

When we had finished the meat, I said to Madan Babu—"There is more bread, butter, jam and marmalade. What will you have?"

"Marmalade! Marmalade! Give me a taste of that, I have never eaten it."

I gave him. When he had finished, he washed his mouth and fingers with a tumbler of water, leaning out through the window; then draping himself with the shawls he sat down, squatting on the bench. I was about to give him another cigar, but he

*To eat European bread was to infringe upon caste rules.

said—"No, I will prepare my *hookah*. Nothing can compare with the *hookah*, brother!"

When he had filled the bowl, I said—"You did not tell me that story of the Mollnai balls."

"True, I was forgetting. This is a story of our time, but of days gone by. The Maharaja of Burdwan had a great relish for Mollnai balls, so he gave an order that the best confectioner at Mollnai should be brought to Burdwan, and told to prepare the balls. A king's order cannot be disputed, so the chief confectioner arrived at Burdwan with his pots and pans. He prepared the balls, but they had not the same flavour. The Maharaja said—"Well, Confectioner, these are not like the other." The confectioner, folding his hands together (here Madan Babu illustrates the action with his own hands) said, 'Shall I speak plainly, Maharaja without fear?' The Raja answered—"Speak fearlessly." The confectioner said—"Maharaja, you have had *moll* brought here from Mollnai, but you have brought neither Mollnai soil nor Mollnai water."—And here Madan Babu was seized with a convulsion of laughter and coughing, and finally said—"Good! Wasn't it?"

When he had fully recovered, he said—"As you have not eaten Mollnai balls, you can't even imagine how good they are. Well, you wait until I re-

turn from Kasi. Can you not come there some Saturday or Sunday?"

"Easily."

"Very good then come when I send you an invitation. I will send a bullock-*carriage* to the station to meet you. From Pundooah to Hehoba is not far. I will give you Mollnai balls, and treat you to some country marmalade too."

Astonished, I exclaimed—"Country marmalade! What is that? I do not know it."

"Ah," said Madan Babu, laughing—"you are indeed a Calcuttian, knowing of nothing beyond the Ditch. I fancy you have never seen the rice tree! It bears a red flower and the trunk of it is sawn into planks."—and he fell into another fit of laughter and coughing. When better, he said—"Marmalade is only jam made from the *bael* fruit. You can obtain it in Calcutta also."

Taking a long pull at my cigar, I said—"Pardon me, but marmalade has nothing to do with the *bael* fruit."

"What do you say?"

I repeated my assertion.

"How? What is the meaning of marmalade then? Is it not jam made from the *bael* fruit?"

"Of course, not."

"Do you expect me to believe that? In boyhood we learned that the meaning

of marmalade was, as I say, jam made from the *bael* fruit."

"The master taught you wrong."

"But of what fruit is it the jam then if not of the *bael*?"

If you call it jam, it is the jam of the orange."

At these words, Madan Babu was astounded. In accents of fear he repeated—"Jam of the orange?"

"What is the meaning of this?"—I thought; aloud, I said—"To be sure, the jam of the orange."

"If it were of the orange it would be entirely sweet. Why is there a bitter taste mixed with the sweet then?"

"It is not made from our ordinary oranges. There is an orange growing at Seville, in Spain, that looks like this, but has a bitter flavour. The marmalade is made from this kind."

The expression of fear in Madan Babu's face gave place to one of disgust. He said—"Are you certain of what you say?" His voice was a little hoarse.

"I am quite certain."

Madan Babu, mocking me, said—"Quite certain!"

Greatly astonished, and also very angry, I said—"Mahashoi, grimacing is not regarded as an act worthy of a gentleman," I rested my back against the window shutter, put my feet up on

the bench, and sat gazing at the roof lamp.

Madan Babu said—"I am much obliged to you for the information. Was there any enmity between us? For twenty years I have not eaten an orange. Why did you make me do so?"

"Why, an orange is not a poisonous thing."

"It may not be poisonous to *you*, it is poisonous to *me*. Why did you make me eat it?"

Disgusted, I said—"Had you told me beforehand that you did not eat oranges?"

Again distorting his face, Madan Babu said—"Had I told you that beforehand! Why did you not tell me at the time what was in the marmalade?"

Burning with anger at the man's behaviour, I said—"You are exceeding the bounds of good manners."

"Go, go! I have seen plenty of Calcutta Babus of your sort exceeding the bounds of good manners, indeed. *You* have come to teach me good manners! Knowing the use of a knife and fork does not constitute good manners. Fine manners, indeed, to force upon an unguarded man a sort of food he does not eat."

"You were starving. I gave you to eat of what I had, and this is my reward."

"I was starving, indeed! Did I come crying, to you for food?"

"Oh, say what you like"—I cried angrily, and wrapping myself in my rug I lay down on the bench.

The Babu scolded on with interruption. Gradually, his voice softened. The memory of his earthen pot lost at Pundoah station returned to his mind, and he said—"If I had that food with me, this misfortune would not have occurred,"—and so forth. I thought to myself that the man was half mad. By continually talking he calmed himself; then I recognised by the sounds that he was preparing his *hookah*; then he smoked. I covered my face with my rug and tried to sleep, but sleep would not come. Madan Babu prolonged his smoke.

At length the train stopped at Asansole. Putting his head out of window, he called "*Chuprassi! O Chuprassi!*"

A man approached and was asked—"Can you tell me the hour?"

"Half-past eleven, Sir"—the man answered.

"When will the train reach Madhupur?"

"At twelve o'clock."

I reflected—"The man is so angry with me that until I leave the train—until he has got rid of the sinner—he cannot rest."

The train started. A little later I felt the touch of a hand on my rug. "Sadananda Babu—wake up!"

My name not being Sadananda, I took no notice.

"Brother! Sit up, they say we approach Madhupur. Got up! got up!"

I threw the rug from my face.

"Brother, are you angry?"

I sat up—and said, drily—"Have you a monopoly of anger?"

Gently patting me on my back, the old man said—"Do not be angry. I am an old man. If a couple of words are said, do we need quarrel further? I am a hot-tempered man, and I fancied the fault was all on your side. Forgive me."

It struck me that this was truly the man's nature. He had said—"I fancied the fault was all yours," and it was evident he still thought some of the blame was mine—if not all. But the old man's tones were so gentle and pitiful, that my former anger against him departed. I smiled in sign of reconciliation. Madan Babu said—"If I were to tell you fully why I do not eat oranges you would comprehend."

Madan Babu's eyes were clouded; after some coughing, he said—"Will you listen?" He spoke in a very low tone.

"Say on,"—I said.

He began—"it is now twenty years since I killed a man."

I shivered. Killed a man?"

"Murdered! Certainly. That is called murder. Listen! In the December of a certain year I went to Calcutta to make purchases, with a view to giving my eldest daughter in marriage in January. I alighted at a boarding house used by college students. There was no vacancy in any room except in one occupied by a fever patient. His brother-in-law shared it with him. The sister's husband's name was Kedar, the brother-in-law was named Prabodh. Kedar was a man from East Bengal, of about twenty-two years. Prabodh was two or three years younger. Prabodh neglected attendance at College, and assiduously nursed his brother-in-law. Hour by hour he gave him his physic, took his temperature, pressed his head and limbs, and rose several times in the night to attend to him. For some days the patient was very restless, then there came a day of ease. The fever visibly decreased. I was to return home on the evening of that day. In the morning I had bought a hundred oranges in Madhab Babu's *bazaar*. I said to Prabodh—'As there is a sick man here, would it be prudent to store the oranges in this room?' Prabodh said—'Oh, it doesn't matter at all, just place them on one side.' I placed oranges there and went again to the *bazaar*. Prabodh seeing his brother-in-law, somewhat better, went to his class after many days of absence. Returning to the lodgings in the evening I saw that destruction had

come upon us. Alone in the chamber and unable to resist the temptation, Kedar had eaten voraciously of the oranges, and was now in a raging fever. I put away the thought of returning home, and stayed to nurse the patient. With the money intended for my daughter's marriage expenses, I called in the most experienced physicians to be found in Calcutta. Fasting and sleepless I nursed him through three days and nights, but in vain, we could not save him."—And the old man fell silent.

I had sat like a statue listening to the mournful story. Without, great darkness reigned; the train sped fast. The light in the lamp above was dying, the wick was cumbered with soot. In the dead of night we two living beings sat in the compartment.

Throwing off a deep sigh, I said "How are you to blame for that? You didn't do it with intention; especially as the brother-in-law—when you asked him—"

"The brother-in-law was a boy. I was of the age of his father. If he made a mistake, had I the right to act upon it?"

"It was a very sorrowful matter—" I said—"but that you should blame yourself so severely is entirely wrong. A sin is measured not by its results, but by the intention of the doer."

Madan Babu said, in feeble tones—"I cannot console myself with that

argument. I am responsible. If you had seen Prabodh's grief! He said they were five brothers and one sister. This one sister--so much beloved--of about 13 years, was the victim of this calamity. My own daughter was then thirteen. I went home and gave her in marriage, but I could not look her in the face. When I looked at her, the thought of the other maiden, whose happiness I had destroyed, clouded my mind."

The train slackened speed; we had

arrived at Madhupur. What consolation could I offer to the old man? "Madan Gopal Babu"--I said--"it is in vain that you blame yourself. Life and death are in the hands of the Almighty--not in those of man. Do you not believe in our sacred writings?"

Madan Gopal Babu replied not. His eyes were wet.

The train stopped. The sleep-laden Khalasis called feebly--"Madhupur! Madhupur!"--I saluted Madan Gopal Babu and alighted.





BY S. N. GUHA B. Sc. (Cal.)

CHAPTER XIV.

ELSIE FINDS OUT.

Mr. Degal, I have only five dollars left; I cannot give you that because I must keep it for my expenses."

"But, Elsie, we need that five dollars to exhibit our picture to the releasing companies and we need it right now because I am going to exhibit it tonight," replied the heartless Degal.

"Why don't you get some one else to pay for that?"

"Every one of us is broke; we haven't earned a cent in five weeks."

"I know it--nobody had; everybody was working with the company."

"That's the reason I have to take your last five, Elsie. Don't you worry. If you really need any money just ask me and I will see that you don't suffer. Our picture will be sold in a few days and we'll all have money."

"Well, I—"

"Didn't you go into pictures to get work?"

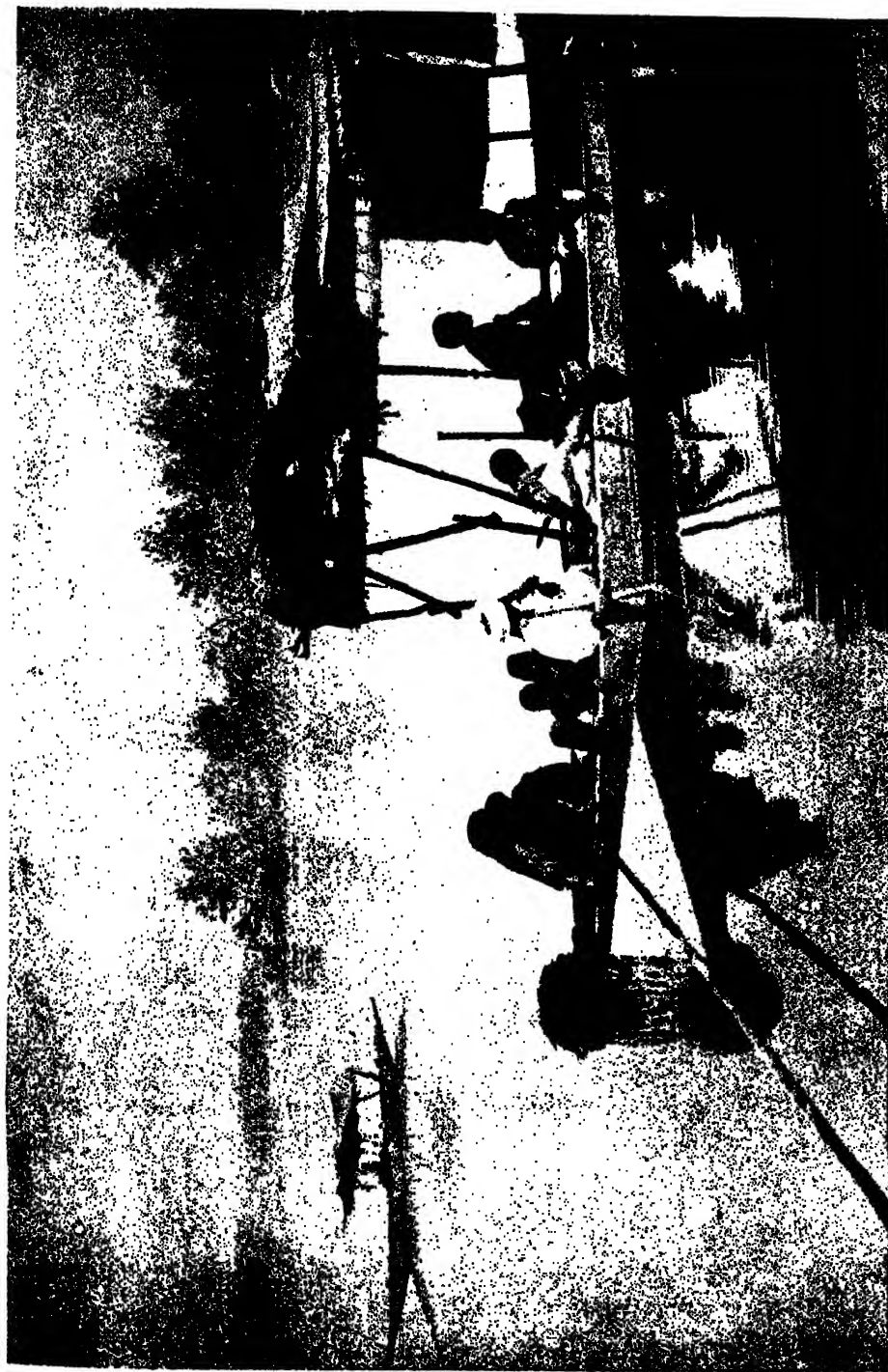
"Yes, but I couldn't get a job, it seemed and now—," she almost broke down. "Well, here is the five dollars I drew this morning. I have only fifty cents in the bank now and fifty cents in my pocket."

"That'll keep you until you can secure a job."

"How can this little bit of money keep me until I get work? How do I know when I'll find a job?"

"Why, you'll get a place tomorrow morning. Go out to the Fox studio. I hear they're taking 'Cleopatra' with Theda Bara and that they're using lots of extras."

"Yes, I heard that, too. I went there yesterday and saw Mr. Clover and, as usual, he said 'Nothing doing.' He never gives me a job, anyway. I



A boat-trip at Kashmir.

Artist:—S. G. Thakur Singh.

hate to look at him—he looks like a scoundrel !”

“Why don’t you see the assistant ? He might give you a chance. Macki’s the assistant and he’s a good fellow. He talks nice to everybody.”

“Yes, I know him : he talks nice to everyone, all right and promises them all sorts of jobs—but his memory is very short ?”

“Well, go see him, anyway, and use every trick possible to get a job, because, until our picture is sold we won’t have a cent. I may have to borrow some money from you yet, I won’t be able to go job-hunting myself until I can do something with this picture.”

“Well, I shall try my best.”

“Go with Cleo—she will show you how to get a job. She is very good, I like her enormously.”

“I don’t think she’s working either. I saw her yesterday at the Fine Arts ; that’s her rendezvous. She doesn’t care much for money, anyway. She gets hers every week.”

“Yes, she is wise in everything. She caught a rich husband, got rid of him easily and now gets alimony. Will you tell her to see me if you run across her ?”

“Certainly.

“All right, Elsie. So long for the present. I have to go to see an

exhibitor. I’ll let you know everything” .

This conversation took place between Elsie and Degal four days after the picture had been finished. The film was finished and cut and now the problem was to exhibit it. It was an extra good picture and the company was good enough to possess plenty of money to advertise it, might bring big returns. Even a poor picture, by advertising, often brings a splendid returns. One very seldom finds a genuine criticism of a picture in the newspapers because that would not be good newspaper business.

Next morning, following the advice of Degal, Elsie went to the Fox Studio and saw Mack who “talked with her pleasantly” and told her to see him two days later ; he might use her in the mob scene which would be taken in two or three days. From the Fox Studio she walked to many other studios and would up at the Fine Arts where she met Cleo and gave her the message from Degal. Cleo seemed greatly flattered at the message.

Elsie was very tired, having walked such a distance, but it could not have been helped for she had no car fare, or at least could not spare it. That day she took no breakfast. She became very hungry and longed for a good dinner but her means would not permit her to buy it. “I must econo-

mise," she thought, bitterly. I must fast for several days. The time is coming when I'll have money to throw away but I must be satisfied now with five cents for doughnuts and five cents for a bottle of milk." That was her dinner that day. She went home at four o'clock and a few minutes after her arrival she received a call from Degal who wanted her to have dinner with him. She accepted because she did not have enough money to buy a dinner for herself. She went to dinner with him but refused to go to the show. It did not sound good to her for the man who took her last cent and who had admitted that he was "broke" to ask her to a show after having spent considerable money for a wine supper. When she accepted the invitation to dinner she thought that Degal wanted her to take her to dinner only to provide her with a good meal, but when she saw that he took her to a high-priced tavern, in spite of his protest, and also ordered expensive wines, her feelings changed. Degal drank heartily of the wine but she did not touch it.

"Elsie, if you don't want to go to a show, don't go home so soon; wait until Oleo comes; she said she'd be a little late."

"No, I can't wait—I'm not feeling very well tonight. Let me go home. Oleo will keep you company. She's more pleasant than I am, anyway."

"All right! It's fruitless to urge you—I've found that out!"

"By the way, Mr. Degal, I forgot to ask you about the picture. How did the exhibitor like it?"

"Well, I couldn't show it to him tonight because he was so damned busy he couldn't afford a minute's time before eight o'clock. I didn't want to wait that long. Moreover, I had made an engagement with you and Oleo; and I couldn't lose your company. For that thing!"

"Mr. Degal, you ought to know that I am down to my last cent. I need money very badly. Why didn't you wait and get the decision of the exhibitor?"

"If you are broke," said Degal with a sneer which he meant for a smile, "it's your own fault. A beautiful girl like you has no business being broke."

"But I am broke, Sir, that's all! I must have money by to-morrow;"

"I could give you some money if." He leaned over and whispered something in her ear.

Elsie looked at him for half a minute before she replied.

"I can not talk with you, Mr. Degal. You are talking nonsense! You must be drunk."

"I am not drunk, Elsie; except with the thought of you! I want you for

myself ! That's why I invited you tonight - to tell you this !"

In spite of her previous experiences with man, Elsie was so shocked to hear him talk like this that she knew not what to say. If she had answered him at all she would have received a still more insulting reply so she thought it better leave him at once. Her hope to get any money immediately from the sale of the picture vanished from her mind. Moreover, a very unpleasant thought occurred to her : Perhaps the rogue would never give her any money unless she too gave herself up to him ! However, she knew that there were witnesses to the fact that the picture was taken with her money. He could not possibly cheat her out of it ! All these thoughts well nigh overcame her.

A few minutes after Elsie's departure Cleo arrived and joined Degal, sharing food and drink with him, and also ordering more wine.

"What brand of cigarette do you smoke, Cleo ?" smiled Degal.

"Well, I'm used to the Philip Morris."

"Let me order some for you. By the way, I'm dead broke ! I forget myself. I haven't enough dough to get through this meal decently. Hello, waiter ! Bring us box of Philip Morris cigarettes"

"Don't worry about a little thing

like that, Degal. I have plenty. I got my regular alimony from that rascal this morning."

"Cleo, you're a darling !" He leaned over and kissed her. Inwardly she was pleased although pretending to resent his action,

"Don't you do that again !" she protested, mockingly. "I went to keep my dignity. I'm ready to do anything in my own apartment but in a place like this it's out of the question !"

"Oh, very well ! it's all right, though nobody can see us here. Don't you like the Bohemian life ?"

"I'm as good a Bohemian as anybody. You know I enjoy all this."

"Then come on, have another drink !"

"No I can't take another drop ! I'd got drunk as a fool and I don't want to get drunk in a cafe. I have a little self respect."

"To Hell with yourself respect ! Nobody can see us ! Come on !"

"No, Degal, it wouldn't do. You are talking too loud ! Don't do that ! People can't see us here, it's true, but they can hear us. If any of my acquaintances should hear my voice here—and me drink ! Good night ! They might only laugh about it now but later on they would talk about it in an unpleasant way and you know it."

Seems to me you're getting to be like that damned Elsie !"

"Talk low ! What's the matter with her ?"

"Oh, I wanted her to be a sport - but she refused, point blank !"

"What more do you expect from a girl like her ? She comes from a farm. She has no education, no refinement, knows nothing of society. She ought to be on the farm hoeing cabbages. This is no place for her. I simply hate to have to associate with a girl like her."

"You are right, she is a low class dame all right—but, by God, she is beautiful !"

"Beautiful ! An artist like you to call her beautiful ! My dear sir, I have studied art thoroughly and I know what beauty is. A 'beauty' like her can only shine in the cabbage field. She would be a great study, standing with a hoe in her hand. She simply can not associate with people like us ! She doesn't know how. She cannot dress, she cannot even walk with dignity. I am ashamed to have ever worked with her !"

"I made a mistake in giving her the lead, Cleo. I see now that you would have done much better."

"You not only made a mistake but you made a fool of yourself ! How could you have done it—an artist like you ; She is worth nothing in any

part—not even in a mob scene. She is only fit for the kitchen and the garden. Why doesn't she go back where she belongs ?"

"Listen, Cleo ! This is between you and me - and for Heaven's sake keep it to yourself ! I'm going to get her out of this company. You are going to get the lead."

"How can you do that ? Hasn't she practically financed the company ?"

"I know, but we had no written agreement. She can't hold us. We will all stand together in this business. We all know that that girl is not an actress. The only thing we will do will be to give her back her forty-five hundred—that is, if she keeps her mouth shut. Otherwise she will get nothing !"

"Quite an idea, Degal - quite idea ! By the way ! what did the exhibitor say about the picture ?"

"He hasn't seen it yet. The only possible objection he can have to it will be Elsie's acting, but that will largely be covered by my actions - so we needn't worry about selling the picture."

"Oh, I'm not worrying, I'm simply asking you. Well, I must move toward home—it's getting late."

"All right. Remember, girlic, I'm broke and- -"

"Never mind. I tell you ! Waiter, the bill, please."

She paid the waiter, tipped him generously and they both left the cafe.

"Well, good night, Cleo."

"What's the matter with you, Degal? I thought you were going with me?"

"Now, Cleo, you know I'm broke and I have to be Hellish good to the wife—otherwise she will 'cut me off without a penny'. She's an ungrateful wretch. She will never understand what a sacrifice I made when I married her."

"That's always the case with these low class women. Same thing with your leading lady; she always talks with me as if she were my equal! She ought to have sense enough to see that I'm a lady. I'll mention that to her some day—watch me!"

Don't mention her name to me any more! By the way, can you lend me a little money, dear?"

"Surest thing you know! What do you want? Here's a five. That's about all I have with me."

"That's more than enough, thank you. Good night—see you tomorrow!"

They departed, each going a different way.

"I must keep in touch with her and be damned good to her!" mused Degal. "She's a good sport—and she's not had looking, either. Damn that Elsie! I'll get her yet, the huzzy! She will be flat by tomorrow,

and very quiet in the studio, too. Leading lady. Bah! What's she going to do? She must eat, she must have her laundry and money for room rent. Where is she going to get it? She must give in unless she intends to fast and get turned out of her rooming house. That's the condition to get a girl in when you want to cure her vanity. My name is Degal and I've handled plenty of the little missies, I know. I'll win her yet—watch Degal! Oh, I am broke, of course, but that's no matter, I'll get hold of enough money to keep her satisfied. She doesn't need much. I'll get a few dollars from wife every week. I'm going to be good to that little woman until I get on my feet. She will think I'm turning good! Then there is Cleo. She is good for a few bucks a week, too. Soon as my picture is sold I'll be rich as Croesus. Even if I fail to sell the picture by that time Elsie will be used to this life. She will support me handsomely! She is beautiful and she will bring in a pile of money when I get her started."

Thus absorbed in thought Degal entered his home—a little three room cottage.

"You are home, Edward!" said Mrs. Degal who was just preparing to retire. "How strange it seems!" I can't remember a single night when you came home at ten."

"Yes, darling, I know I have neglected you very much of late, but I am finding out that there's no place like home. I really want to stay at home more when it is possible."

"Well, it makes little difference to me now," she answered. My heart is growing callous, Edward. I cannot help it. I must get along with you somehow until—the end."

"Don't talk that way, sweetheart! From now on I will be your slave! I know my faults—but I love you, I love you!" He kissed her very tenderly. "Let me comb your hair. Don't be so cold to me! I can't blame you, though—it is my fault! Will you forgive me and be pleasant—as you are with your customers at the store? Think of me a customer of your love, who has so long neglected it, like a brute! Will you do that? Can't we be happy again as at the beginning?"

"Darling," she replied, "I forgive you every day and pray for you every night. I know your weakness and it seems you are involved in it that you cannot escape."

"Oh, my Sweetheart! How happy I am tonight! You are a goddess—and I am a brute!"

This last sentence came from his innermost heart, which was changed for the time being. This was not merely sweet talk to extract money

from her. This feeling, however, would not last long, because the other side of his character had too strong a hold upon him. He embraced and kissed her again and again with the true emotion of a lover, and with true repentance for having neglected an angel, for an angel she was. She could not reply because her eyes were filled with tears, "the dew drops of the heart." She only kissed him over and over again. A great part of that night she spent in happy meditation. In the future she was going to be happy because he had promised that he would be true. He had repented and asked forgiveness. She did not desire that he should work and support her—she only wanted his love. She earned enough money to support them both. She thought of a few future plans. She would remodel his life, she would make him all over again. She went to sleep and dreamed of her wedding day.

It was very warm. Elsie went to bed but could not sleep. The heat was intense—and, besides, the ugly thoughts kept pounding at the door of her brain. The thoughts were of Deval and the company and about her future.

"No, I will not write David for money or help," she thought. "I know he would be glad to do anything for me but I would rather take a position

as housemaid than to write him. I am strong and healthy and I know how to cook. I would be able to get that sort of work easily enough. Still, I don't think I'll have to do that. I may get a good job in the pictures yet. The picture will bring money, sure—though just when, nobody knows. Besides, I'll have a hard time getting the money out of Degal. He is a scoundrel. Now, I have found out! He wants me for his mistress. He has wanted nothing else of me. I would rather die than be the mistress of any man and especially of a scoundrel like him.

Every girl thinks him the nicest man on the lot. He behaves very nicely, of course—oh, so very nicely. These girls are strange creatures. They think, to shine of actresses, it is necessary to be like that; I don't believe it. I believe the contrary. I can not let him know that I have found out his intentions for then it will be hard for me to get money, I'll try to be very pleasant to him. But still, I must be careful because I have found out his weakness. I know—oh, I know!—that he wants most is—me!”

(To be continued)



Itihasmala:

BY DR. W. CAREY.

The following stories have been translated from the 'Itihasmala' by Dr. W. Carey, which was printed in 1812 at the Serampur press. Written in Bengali, there are altogether 150 short stories in this book, collected, as the author says, from various sources. Dr. Carey lived at a time when our Vernacular prose literature was in the making and consequently there are many quaint expressions in the book which perhaps offer problems to philologists for solution. The stories remind us of those we read in Æsop's fables and couched, as most of them are, in a very simple style, full of humour, the book does credit to the author. But apart from the merits of the stories, the special importance of the book, lies in the industrious and savant-like temperament of the author whose assiduity to master our language in its infant stage is really admirable and offers a striking contrast to the present day temperament of the European residents of our land, many of whom live a pretty long time in Bengal and go back to their country, as ignorant of our Vernacular literature, which has since been highly improved, as when

they first set their feet on these shores. In his history of the Bengali Language, literature Dr. Dineschandra Sen has given a detailed account of the life and work of Dr. Carey and I refrain from writing anything more on the subject here.

The stories that I have been translated are some of the best ones that could be deciphered from the worm-eaten copy of the book that I possess. I have abbreviated they have been a little so as to adopt them to the modern taste and this has been done scrupulously in keeping with the spirit of the originals.—

Once upon a time there lived a powerful monarch on earth, who used to treat his subjects as kindly as his own sons, and they were never unhappy under his fostering care. Once it so happened that two desperadoes entered his kingdom and began to rob its people. One night when in pursuit of their detestable profession, they were arrested by a number of watchmen who hauled them up before the court. There the king ordered his 'Kotwal' to behead the rascals. The 'Kotwal'

led the accused to the execution ground and put one to death at once. But when the other accused was on the point of being beheaded, he addressed the 'Kotowal' and said, that, he possessed a wonderful power of which none else had any knowledge and that if he thus perished, the art would die with him. He, therefore, asked the officer to inform the king that he wanted to confide the secret of his power to his Majesty, before his death. The kotowal related the story to the king who ordered the thief to his presence, and on his appearance asked him, what secret he had to tell him. The guilty man replied, "O, king, I will unfold to you the secret of growing golden paddy ; but first of all a goldsmith may be ordered to make some artificial paddyseeds of gold. These were quickly made and given to the accused, who then told the monarch that those seeds would yield golden paddy if sown by such a person as had never stolen anything in all his life and then directly addressing the king said, "You are the monarch of this realm and must have never stolen anything —so please sow them in a solitary place in your garden within the enclosure of your palace." The king replied, "When a mere boy I stole my father's money and spent it without his knowledge." The thief then asked the king to get them sown by his queen. The queen, however, had a similar tale to tell and was not therefore

qualified to perform the task. The accused then asked the king to find out some one from among his courtiers who might satisfy the necessary condition but to his great disappointment the king found that there was none among them possessing the requisite qualifications, all having stolen the money in one way or the other.

The thief now asked the king why in the circumstances he was sentenced to death for stealing.

The king was highly pleased with the man's extraordinary cleverness and appointed him a minister in his court.

(2)

A pious man once proceeded to a town named Sadhupur (lit. a town peopled by men of piety) for trade. On his way he felt thirsty and without finding any trace of human habitation around him entered a dense forest near by and began to wander about in quest of water. There he met a man shortly after and asked him who he was and where he lived. The man replied "My name is Khaleswar (lord of the cheats) and I live at Sadhupur." The traveller felt delighted to meet the man from whom he expected to obtain necessary information regarding trade possibilities at Sadhupur, where he was going and asked him why he was there all alone in that fearful forest. "I come here everyday", replied Khaleswar "in the hope of being killed

by tigers, bears, hyena and other wild animals."

Our traveller enquired why he was so anxious to destroy himself.

In explaining the reason, Khaleswar said, "If these animals kill me and get a taste of human blood they will at once enter the town and kill all other men there."

The reply clearly showed what sort of good neighbours these people of Sadhupur were and he forthwith retraced his steps giving up his idea of going to that place.

(3)

Once upon a time Pratapaditya, the King of Bengal, said jocosely to Maheswar, his court-wit, that he had in the preceding night dreamt a curious dream wherein he saw that both of them had fallen from the height of his palace into two large vats—the vat in which he fell was full of curds but the other one in which his wit had the misfortune to fall contained night-soil. The wit folded his palms together and replied in all seriousness, "My lord, what a wonderful coincidence, for your slave too had dreamt a similar dream last night—the falling of the King in a vat containing curds and myself in another full of human excretion—but in my dream there was this speciality that when after the fall we rose up, your Royal Highness began to lick my person and myself that of your majesty's."

The King was delighted at his courtier's readywit and rewarded him with handsome presents.

(4)

There lived a foolish weaver, at Santipur with his wife, equally stupid. One day the weaver went to the market and returned home with three small fishes and made them over to his wife who asked her husband how was she to divide them between themselves. The weaver replied that as he had to take the trouble of going to the market and buying them, he would eat two. But his wife would not agree with him as she said, she too would have to cook them, which would mean some amount of trouble on her part and held that she would take two instead. In consequence of this disagreement, it was decided that he or she who would speak first must take one. The weaver then began to weave cloth and his wife to cook. Three or four days passed away but none uttered a syllable for fear of being obliged to eat only one fish. Hunger at last reduced them to a state of lifelessness but still speechless they kept their respective seats.

A dozen of his kinsmen who lived in the neighbourhood and discovered them in that condition, took them for persons from whom life had long departed and rapped them with mats and carried them to the cremation

ground. Each of them was then placed on a separate pyre and still none spoke. But when their kinsmen were about to kindle the pyres, the weaver gave a horrible shriek, and cried aloud in a dreadful voice "I will eat one." His kinsmen fled in terror to the neighbouring village thinking that it was the voice of a ghost that they had heard—and when they were at a safe distance from the cremation ground they thought that the ghost must have eaten one of them according to what they had heard him say. They then began to count themselves and on doing so found their number reduced by one as each when counting omitted to reckon himself in making up the total. They thereupon set up a loud lamentation. A sepoy who was then passing that way, asked them why they were all weeping. On being told the reason, he laughed a jolly laugh—and said he would give them back whom they had lost.

This he did by counting them in accordance with the mathematical rule.

(5)

Once upon a time there lived a Bania of the name of Dhana Datta. He had a friend, named Haridatta, who was his own casteman and as poor as he was rich. Moved by compassion at the wretched condition of his poor friend, Dhana Datta once addressed him and said "My friend I propose to give you

a lac of Rupees to deal in gold on condition that you return me the capital advanced keeping the profit of the business to yourself. This condition being agreed upon Dhana Datta made over the money to his friend, who bought gold with it and stored it in a strong room in his friend's house but kept the key with himself.

Soon after, Hari Datta began to remove the gold secretly little by little till at last he completely, emptied the room filling it with copper coins occupying an equal space.

Now, one day Hari told his friend that he expected a large profit, if the gold could then be put to sale and asked him to order his men to accompany him to the strong room from which it was to be removed and sold in the market so that he might, as had previously been arranged, repay his debts, keeping the profit to himself. Accompanied by Dhana Datta's men Hari Datta proceeded to the strong room, and as the door was flung open and they entered the room, they were all taken by surprise at the strange discovery of the metamorphosis of gold into copper. Dhana Datta, however, took the report calmly, appearing seemingly to attribute the loss to what they understood by 'fate.'

A few days after Dhana Datta asked his friend to bring his son to him, as he said, he wanted to see him.

When Hari brought his son, Dhana Datta led him into the interior of his mansion telling his friend that his wife too was willing to see his son. After a brief while, he came back to his friend—but all alone. Not seeing his son following his friend, Hari Datta enquired as to where his son was. To this address he received nothing but vague and evasive reply. But he went on repeating his enquires about him continuously till at last at the close of the day Dhana Datta asked him to follow him to where, he said, he would presently find his son if he desired to see him. Hari Datta was then led into a room, hard by, and there pointing to a monkey inside the room, Dhana Datta said, "There is your son, my friend, look, he has been changed into a monkey." Hari Datta incredulously replied—"How can a man be transformed into a monkey? Is it ever possible?"

"One must be frank and sincere," said Dhana Datta, "in dealing with a sincere and well meaning friend—but not so with a traitor. If gold can be changed into copper what wonder if a man be transformed into a monkey."

Hari Datta got back his son but it cost him all the gold that he had treacherously appropriated to himself.

(6)

In a wild forest there lived a lion with his consort. The couple were very unhappy for not having any issues.

Once a bitch who was crying found her way into the forest, met the lioness and a friendship sprung up between them and, agreeing with each other, they began to live together on friendly terms. A short time after the bitch gave birth to a dog and died immediately after. The lioness was drawn by affection to the new-born dog in consideration of his forlorn condition and having herself no issues, adopted him, with the permission of her husband. By and by the dog grew up into a clever animal and became ferocious.

Sometime after the lioness gave birth to a lion. On the second day of his birth his parents took him to a forest with their foster son to seize animals and to appease their hunger. The cub captured an elephant and having torn open its breast sucked its blood. But the dog kept close to his parents and satisfied his hunger with what they left for him after their dinner. Assuming a dignified air as an elder brother the dog asked the young lion what he had eaten. The cub put him the same question. The dog replied that he had partaken of plenty of meat left for him by his parents. The cub said, "Oh brother, we are not satisfied with the refuse of others food. We eat what we hunt ourselves. I sucked blood out of an elephant after I had killed it." In this way the youngster went on and the dog felt offended. Sick at heart,

he returned to his parents, weeping bitterly and charging them with having taught him, their eldest son, too little and his young brother a variety of useful arts, such as the killing of wild elephants etc. The lioness felt pity for the poor dog and said, "My boy, the second son is only two days' old and not yet old enough for any training. It is his nature to kill animals and to suck their blood—but for the matter of that you need not feel sorry. For with all your training and accomplishments you will never be able to master an equal degree of courage for the simple reason that you do not belong to that species of animals whose special virtue lies in boldness and courage."

The reply disillusioned the dog of his vanity and an exaggerated idea of his greatness.

(7)

In Magadha there was a forest, known as Kamakabana where a crane named Dirghachanchu (long beak) lived with his family and children. Once a gander came to the tree occupied by these cranes. On seeing him, they asked him who he was and where he came from. The gander replied, "My name is Raktachanchu (scarlet coloured beak) and I hail from a delightful stream of the southern province." The cranes asked again what things were available in that part of the country

from which he came. The gander replied, "The stream where I lived contains water as sweet as nectar, with lotuses of the colour of gold floating on the surface and with four landing ghats, the steps of which are inlaid with diamonds, pearls, corals and other precious stones. On its banks there are beautiful flower gardens which include Mallika, Malati, Kadamba, Bakul, Labanga, Madhabilota and many other flower plants and creepers, yielding abundant flowers all the year round." The cranes asked, "Is there no snail there?" "None" he replied, upon which the cranes fell in a fit of loud laughter and ridiculed him.

This illustrates the fools' scope of appreciation.

(8)

Once there was a King named Chandrasekhar who, for a long time, prayed to the Sun God for the boon of a son. Pleased with his earnest devotion the God appeared before him at last and said, "You should never have a son, but in recognition of your devotion, I will grant you a daughter."

In course of the following year the King got a beautiful daughter and his joy was great.

When the Princess attained her marriageable age the King asked his astrologers as to the future of his daughter especially as to who would

marry her. One of them prophesied that the Princess would die of snake-bite within the next seven days when another of them said that she would be married to a pauper named Padmanava, who lived in that very city, a week after. The King was out of himself in rage and said, "You have no knowledge of astrology at all. How could the Princess marry a pauper after a week if she was to die within a week? After all, one can never guard against death but it is not so in regard to marriage. I will take every precaution to render those predictions absolutely inoperative." He then ordered a tradesman of the city to banish Padmanava to an inaccessible Island far off in the sea from where it would be impossible for him to return to the city. In obedience to the royal orders the tradesman took Padmanava on board a ship, bound for a sea voyage, to carry on trade, and leaving him alone in a small Island, set sail and left the shore. Now Padmanava wandering hither and thither with no particular object in view came across a magnificent palace filled with every article of luxury and delicious dishes with a small but beautiful stream with silvery waters adjoining to it. Presently a man came to him from within the palace and said "Come in, Sir. Have a bath in this Amrita Sārovar (lit. a pond of nectarian water) and enjoy yourself to your heart's content in this palace

and I shall do anything for you that you will command me to perform. The pauper took a bath in the stream but lo, as soon as he touched the water he got a princely appearance. Clothing himself in a rich dress, he partook of several dishes, and no longer he was a hungry beggar.

Let us now return to the king's palace and see what steps were taken to prevent the princess from being killed by snake-bite.

The king built a strong house having no openings in it and appointed numerous sentinals to guard it day and night. There the princess was made to stay in company of a number of female attendants. The princess once told one of them that she had never seen a serpent and that she would be glad to see one. The attendant thereupon drew a picture, resembling a snake which by the decree of the almighty, got life and bit the princess who died immediately after. The bereaved king following the custom, then current in the country floated the body of the princess on a boat in the river near his city.

Driven by a strong current the boat reached the shore where Padmanava was banished under orders of the king. He was charmed with the extraordinary beauty of the princess and asked his people to bathe it in the Amrita Sarohara. Curiously the

princess came back to life as soon as her body came in touch with the magic water of the silvery stream and asked Padmanava who he was and where she came. After he had given her the necessary explanations, she was full of gratitude for him and offered him her hands. This was most gladly accepted and they were married shortly after and lived together happily for some time.

One day the princess told her husband that she longed to go back in the midst of her own people for though there were in that lovely island enough of wealth and everything needed for her enjoyment, there was no society. Her husband agreeing with her started for the city and when they reached the shore the king, who had already heard everything from hearsay, hurried to the spot to accord them a hearty welcome and on hearing the story that his daughter and Padmanava had to tell him, he had nothing but admiration for them.

The king was now convinced that it was impossible for a mortal to avoid the destiny.

(9)

A poor woman had a jack tree within the compound of her humble cottage from which a thief had once stolen a big fruit. The woman lodged a complaint against the unknown thief to the king who summoned all the inhabitants of the village to his court and asked each and every one of them

whether he knew anything about the theft. But all of them shook their heads. The king then made them stand in several rows and told the woman, "Look, a small jack-plant is shooting out from the head of the man who has stolen your fruit." At this the man who stole the fruit made himself conspicuous by touching the head.

Thus caught by his own foolishness the thief was punished for his guilt and made to pay the price of the fruit.

(10)

In Karnaja, a city in the northern province, there lived an elephant, named Satrudhwaja who dragged on an existence always in a state of drunkenness and was consequently almost always kept in chains. Once when crossing a highway, a frog was frightened to see the elephant coming in the direction of the road and without being able to flee anywhere hid himself under a dry leaf. Fortunately he was saved as the elephant went away, just crossing the hiding without trampling the little thing under his feet. But overtaken by a dreadful fear the frog long lay senseless in his hiding till at last he came to himself on hearing a man exclaim, "What a huge elephant must have gone through this road causing such deep depressions on the dry soil." The frog now came forward to the man in all haste and said "Well, we quadrupeds, when walk, leave such signs on the soil."

Miscellany.

The craze of the moment is simplicity. Everybody is simplifying something or other. One learned professor has even translated part of the Bible into everyday language.

Now, I like to keep up with the times, so I've had a go at some ancient poetry myself.

I started with old Omar Khayyam. He's out of date when he writes the four lines beginning :

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough.
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou."

I'm sure my version has much more meaning, and it's really better poetry :

"Upon the damp grass we will spread our macs,
And each partake of dainty little snacks,
While you wind up our little gramophone
And we forget about the income-tax."

Shakespeare is another bad offender in this way. How we have put up with his old-fashioned phraseology and archaic words so long, I can't imagine. Compare the old version of "Friends" Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears" with my new and modern version :

* * * *

"Now, folks, gather round and listen hard,
Old Caesar's dead I've not a good word for him;
But his old woman's still alive and kicking.
Would we could shove her in the cold clay, too,
And let her be with Caesar!"
A very vast improvement I think !

Again, take "All that glitters is not gold," and see how much better it sounds put my way :

"If a watch is labelled 'Gold,'
See it doesn't say, too, 'Rolled.'
Otherwise you may be 'sold,'
So don't believe the half you're told."

I'm too modest to point the moral. Any way we must pass on. If you are a Scot you will know all about a gentleman called Mr. Robert Burns. Even if you are not a Scot you will have heard about him, though you may not know his poetry. But most of all you will have heard :

"Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that ?" etc.

Very good sentiments these, but the expression is old-fashioned. Here are the same sentiments better put :

"No matter how much cash you've got,
If you are a canny Scot,
With a very little trouble,

In England you will soon have double.
For a' that and a' that,
Once I had a cool ten thou,'
And a' that and a' that
Belongs to a Scotsman now."

* * * *

And then there is the last verse of the same poem. Burns said

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that.

That sense and worth, o'er a' earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.'

I would translate this a little differently.
I take it to mean :

'Inevitability—in thy dour some clutch,
Mountains in the mist immovable,
Or some poor sprite . . .

Lost in the outer dark,

Will be, however, as is said afore.

In spite of all that Life means Life, and
naught but this."

You see how simple Burns is when translated into English ?

Then there is that touching little ballad, "Twinkle twinkle, little star." If it were only put in a way better calculated to appeal to the modern mind, it would have a world of meaning for us all.

* * * *

Robert Magill writes in "Pearson's Weekly." "It is certainly rather presumptuous to suggest that any mere human being can keep a cat. Cats are very superior creatures, and if one condescends to live in the house for which you pay rent, she behaves as though she keeps you. In fact, she despises you.

You can tell that if ever you meet her in the street when you have your old clothes on.

If she's with any other cat she'll refuse to recognise you, and if you insist on claiming her acquaintance, you can tell by the look she gives you that if she could talk, and if it wasn't too much trouble, she'd call a policeman.

After all, if you employed a person to get your meals ready and make your bed, you

wouldn't like that person to lift you up in the street and stroke you, would you ? Neither does the cat.'

The cat is a small, furry animal, about the size of a cat, with a tongue like sandpaper, and pincushions instead of feet. Some cats, like the Persian, are fluffy, whereas others are shingled all over.

They all have sweet voices, and some are fitted with a valve amplifier and a loud-speaker.

The main use of cats is to catch mice, but they are careful not to catch them all, in case they remove the justification for their own existence.

Cats will eat meat and fish, if there is nothing else to be had, and they will drink milk if there is no cream. If there is, they will drink both.

They are not greedy, requiring only one meal a day, which starts at breakfast time and finishes at breakfast time next day, with intervals for sleeping.

Cats resemble men in so far that they are nocturnal in their habits. They love to go out at night, although they don't make so much noise taking off their boots when they come home late.

They will spend hours titivating themselves up to go out, but they are absent-minded. I have known a black cat, seated on a rug of the same colour, to give herself a thirst that took a gallon of milk to satisfy, because she licked the rug all over under the impression that she was washing herself.

Cats are kind-hearted creatures, however. They do not really intend to harm canaries. They think the bird squeaks because it has a mouse in its inside, and their idea is to get the mouse out. Nothing disgusts a cat more

than to find, after she has unbuttoned a canary, that it contains nothing but bird.

Cats are extremely intelligent, and if three or four of them are sitting on the garden wall broadcasting a concert, they take no notice of you if you pretend to throw anything valuable at them, like a hairbrush. They go on singing. But if you show them a piece of coal, you couldn't find a cat within ten miles if you combed the place out.

Cats do not come and live with you for better or worse, like a wife nor do they give you a month's notice when they intend to better themselves, like a cook.

If you insult a cat by giving her skimmed milk, she simply looks at you reproachfully and walks out. Five minutes later she'll select another home, and walk in there, sit on the hearthrug, and proceed to wash herself.

A clever cat can so arrange matters that she has homes with several different families, each of which is under the impression that it is their own cat. When she is filling her engagements for lunch, the other people fondly imagine that she is out catching mice.

Cats are very dignified, and they resent practical jokes. We had a cat once that attacked a clockwork mouse. To my dying day I shall never forget the pained expressions on her face when the spring uncoiled in her inside. She shook the dust of our doormat—and it was dusty—off her feet, and we never saw her again.

She stayed with the people two doors up on trial for a week, but she never caught any real mice. She used to tick so much that they ran up her legs, thinking she was a clock, and no cat could put up with that.

It is never advisable to try to deceive your cat. Your dog will believe anything, but if

you tell pussy that you're sorry, but you lost the cat's-meat coming home in the Tube, she sniffs. She knows perfectly well your greediness overcame you, and you ate it yourself.

Should you be fortunate enough to move into another house, be sure and take your cat with you when you inspect it. She may not think that the cat next door is nice to know, in which case you'll have to choose between the house and your cat.

Of late years cats have taken to going on the films. They are dazzled by the fame that has fallen to the lot of Felix. Cats all over America have left their fishbones to go to Los Angeles after a job, and I believe they have special police dogs to regulate the queues.

Of course, there are Society cats, who sell their self-respect for minced chicken on china plates. They sleep on silk cushions, and wear bows round their necks, and their adoring mistresses are everlastingly nursing them. One lives next door to us, and my cat follows it along the street, calling it names. Mue is a low-class cat,

On the whole, if you behave yourself and attend strictly to business, you may give your cat satisfaction, but it is hard work. Occasionally she will give you a little praise but don't let it get into your head. No man is a hero to his cat. She knows too much.

An unexpected result of the recent flight round the world was that one of the aviators who was bald when he started, returned with quite a luxuriant growth of hair. On the other hand, a fellow-aviator began to go bald during the journey.

Many a man has resigned himself to baldness only to find that some queer experience has resulted in giving him a new crop of hair.

A young Scottish minister was experimenting with a magic lantern when the cylinder, containing coal-gas for lighting, exploded, and his face was badly scorched. Before the accident he was quite bald on the front of his head but after the explosion a new growth of hair appeared.

A miner who was blown up also found that the shock produced a vigorous growth of hair on his formerly bald plate.

Everybody knows that cutting the hair frequently strengthens it and induces new growth, but few are aware that shaving the scalp will sometimes cause a meagre covering of "fluff" to develop into a sturdy crop.

A man who joined the Army late in life was in the same company as a very fussy officer. The private was nearly bald and trained his few stands of hair across his head to hide the deficiency as much as possible.

This did not suit the officer, who insisted upon everybody having their hair close-cropped. In his annoyance, the private persuaded a comrade to shave his head absolutely bare. Within a week or two he found that new hair was growing all over his scalp. He continued with the shaving and left the Army with a fairly good crop.

Medical men are constantly experimenting with new cures for baldness. The fact that a

diet of carrots is known to improve a horse's coat gave a doctor a clue on which to work.

After a series of experiments, he now announces that bald people should eat plenty of root crops. Turnips, carrots, radishes, and onions, he says, all contain the salts required to stimulate the latent hair on bald heads.

Hair, like ordinary field crops, fails to grow when the source of nourishment gives out. That happens when, through old age or illness, the supply of blood to the scalp decreases and the hair roots cannot extract their food from it.

An old-fashioned remedy, an extract containing cantharides or blister flies, is effective because it raises little blisters of blood under the scalp, which give extra nourishment to the hair.

A "Bald Head" Club has now been formed. Its aim is to knit into a world-wide brotherhood men "whose domes of thought protrude through and tower above the foliage that merely affords shade and adornment."

The clubs articles state that "hair is not essential to make a man either happy or handsome, else the Wild Man of Borneo would be the envy of the human race"!

"LOOKER-ON."

Running After A Kiss.

(A comedy in One Act)

(Translated by Prof. Bibhutibhusan Ghoshal from
the French of M. Paul Ferrier)

A small room.—A lamp on a table.—Time, 10-30 p. m.

SCENE I.

HENRIETTE AND FREDERIQUE.

As the curtain rises, they are discovered at work on the table.

Henriette—I tremble at the idea of seeing him return. A few hours' delay will be fatal to the interests that called him away to Ronen. What if he missed the train?

Fredérique—That's impossible. In that case, he would have returned by now.

Hen.—Yes 'Tis 10-30 p.m.

Fred.—Now, my good Henriette, 'tis a fault on your part that he started so late.

Hen.—My fault?

Fred.—Certainly. 'Tis only a tour for two days. But from your sentimental adieus one might have well guessed that he was bound for Japan. Such tears and so many kisses, that... you remember the proverb ... ?

Hen.—Who kisses much ...

Fred.—Misses the train!

Hen.—Fie, cruel girl, you have come to console me in my separation and you go on teasing me.

Fred.—Well said! I can't teach you how to weep for your husband. What do you expect me to do then? Shall I sing his praises in elegaic strains? Shall I celebrate his virtues playing upon a lyre crowned with cypress? or must I narrate to you the woeful tale of the Queen Arthemise ... or of fair Alde...or of Vabutine of Milan?... Once upon a time...

Hen.—you are a mere child. You have no respect for serious things I see.

Fred.—A child?...Don't mean me, I suppose?...Don't you know, madam and dear sister of mine, that this child is going to be married in two months?

Hen.—Poor husband!

Fred.—Thank you very much. You begin to complain of him even before he deserves it.

Hen.—I'm not to be taught by you.

Fred.—Why not?...Do you think he is not in my good books? or did I not say to myself;—"I won't hide anything from my future husband and I want him to know me as I know myself."

Hen.—You know yourself?

Fred.—Intimately. I've no flaw at all.

Hen.—But you ought to learn modesty.

Fred.—I have every thing. Besides, there's a peculiar characteristic. One point of natural originality I have got, which prompts me to love the spirit of some men in preference to that of everyone else.

Hen.—Oh! I know of husbands,—a good many of them, who are quite afraid of this...peculiar characteristic.

Fred.—Not mine, of course.

Hen.—You know him then?

Fred.—Who? M. Theobald Louvier! I know him only too well...even from the time of a quadrille.

Hen.—A quadrille! Oh, 'tis well.

Fred.—More than it seems. The conversation during a quadrille is a sieve through which only a few men can pass safely. Let me tell my romance in a few words. Last year,

at the house of the Perthomieux a young gentleman, more handsome beautiful than the rest requested me to dance with him. We talked over the matter and I found him of a spiritual bent of mind.

Hen.—You have not told me anything.

Fred.—There are thousand and one reasons for it. At first I thought—here's a gentleman very spiritually minded. That's all. Then I forgot his name....But, afterwards, M. Berthomieux very much desired to get me married to M. Theobald Louvier. I asked him,—“Theobald Louvier! That's the name of my dancer. Does he remember me?” “No.” “But I danced with him at your house.” “Oh, he might have completely forgotten it. He is so thoughtless.” “Original, I knew it during the quadrille.” “Thoughtless, do you say?...well, let us be introduced anew!”

Hen.—But you ought to await the return of my husband.

Fred.—Yes, we must.

Hen.—As for me, I don't remember to have seen whom you name. I may see him now without recognising. (A violent ringing at the door). Some one rings.

Fred.—'Tis like that of the master of the house. It is your husband?

Hen.—That's impossible. But who can come so late?

Fred.—Your maid will open the door.

Hen.—No. She sleeps in her room.

Fred.—Can it be a thief? ... 'Tis not yet 11 and your old maid has locked her room... But hush! ... I hear her daughter playing on the piano.

Hen.—I'm frightened I tell you.

Fred.—But thieves do not ring. They rather pick the lock of the door. ... All right, I shall open.

Hen.—Prithee, no.

Fred.—O cowardly woman! ... I am brave and I fear nothing. (Ring-ing again). You see he is impatient. (She goes out).

Hen.—Frederique, Frederique! (The following conversation goes on in the antechamber).

A. V. — May I see the mistress of the house.

Fred.—No, sir, Madam sleeps.

The voice—Tell her that I want to an urgent business.

Fred.—'Tis not possible at this hour. Please come tomorrow.

The Voice—Tomorrow it will be too late.

Fred. Then, your servant!

The Voice—No.

Fred. But I tell you. ...

The Voice—Don't tell me anything, pray.

Fred.—Good night, sir.

(She comes in quickly and locks the door behind her).

Hen.—Oh! my God

Fred.—Why? The door is locked. There's no danger.

Hen.—He's a thief!

Fred.—No. In this dim light of the antechamber I've seen a well-dressed gentleman.

Hen.—He knocks at the door.

Fred.—He's a gentleman who wants to speak to you.

Hen.—What folly on our part to open the door!

Fred.—Bah! He has not yet ceased knocking. (Louder knock) Won't he stop?

Hen.—I die of fear.

Fred.—Milkshop! wait! Let me go out again.

Hen.—No. Enough of your imprudence.

Fred.—Let us come to terms then! ... you will see. (Approaches the door) Persistent stranger!

The Voice—Stinging waiting-maid.

Fred.—He takes me for the maid. --What's your pleasure, sir?

The Voice—I like to be in.

Fred.—Are you a thief?

The Voice—Here's poof that I am not. (Slides a bank note under the door).

Hen.—What's it here ?

Fred.—(*Unfolding the paper*) 'Tis a bank-note !

The Voice—For the maid.

Fred.—Are you off your head ?

The Voice—I authorise you, waiting maid, to put my good sense to the test. Ask me questions.

Fred.—What's in your mind ? ... Aren't you a thief ? ... Aren't you a madman ? Then, are you a somnambulist ?

The Voice—No, never. Are you satisfied now ? Will you open the door ?

Fred.—Will you please go away ?

The Voice—No ! ... I shall rather go on knocking...till dawn. (*Knocks at regular intervals*)

Fred.—Knock if you like.

Hen.—Ah ! Miserable creature ! What a night you will make us pass !

Fred.—You'll be soon tired.

The Voice—'Oh ! I have left my sticks. (*goes away*)

Hen. - Now he has gone away..

Fred.—No. He will carry out his plan in a better way.

Hen.—What a torture !

Fred.—Oh, yes ! 'Tis simply boring.

Hen.—What's to be done ?

Fred.—Let me send him away ... He has taken me for the maid and so I don't run any danger. ... And for completing the illusion, give me .. this apron...a bonnet... (*She dresses herself*). Here I am transformed... Now you go to your chamber and barricade yourself.

Hen. But ...

Fred.—But me no buts. ... Tounds ! I command the defence and proclaim martial law ! ... At the first notice, I shall fire at you ! ... I want passive obedience !

(*She pushes her within the chamber*)

SCENE II.

FREDERIQUE AND THEOBALD.

Fred.—Now we two are alone, stubborn visitor ! (*Opens the door. Theobald enters. Frederique recognises him.* - *Aside*) Ah ! M. Theobald !

Theobald—"Patience and length of time
Make more than ... "

Eleven hours ! ... You have made

me lose a precious time ! I must have to make good the loss.

Fred.—(*Aside*) What can bring him here ? (*Aloud*) But, sir ...

Theo.—Who are you that open your rosy lips to ask an explanation of me ? An explanation ! ... an explanation ! I have got a host of them ! ... I don't

know where I am ! ... I don't know your mistress ! ... I want to speak to her. ... Ah ! one moment ! ... of what colour is her hair ?

Fred.—Her hair ?

Theo.—Yes ! since I shall have to begin from there.

Fred.—Have you come to buy her hair ?

Theo.—Here are five francs more for you if her hair is of the colour I desire. Ah, well ?

Fred.—Her hair is dark.

Theo.—Ah ! Me ! can it be dark ? I can't bear the sight of dark hair ! Tell me, here are 100 francs !

Fred.—(*Aside*) Oh ! But how prodigal you are, my future husband !

Theo.—There, she is dark haired, indeed ! ... strange ! ... Bring her here ! and be quick ! ... If I lose my wager...

Fred.—A wager ?

Theo.—Yes, a foolish wager, stupid and idiotic as I am ! It depends on you to make me lose or gain ! This wager has cost me, in one day, all the fatigue, all the diplomacy and eloquence that have not been spent during ten years by all the water carriers, all the ambassador and all this advocates in this sublunary region.

Fred.—You may as well not tell me ...

Theo.—Is that your decision ? Do you love the morning, the hour between sleep that comes to an end and waking that follows ... the dawn of reason that is neither dream nor life ... neither

fiction ... nor reality ... neither ... do you love it ? ... As for me, I adore it. Well, this morning, I swam, intellectually speaking, in this vapour of dawn ... I thought of an occupation during the day ... nothing to do ... and I would suffer from an ennui ! How to kill these fifteen or sixteen hours that threaten me ... let me then create a task for myself ! ... let me bet some thing ! ... I bet you a dinner ... that, before midnight, I shall be kissed by an honest wife quite a stranger to me ... and she shall be dark haired ... Now tell me, yes or no ! This idea amuses me ...

Fred.—And you hope my mistress will kiss you ?

Theo.—She is my last hope ! The success of my wager is in your hands, and as I have, for confiding it to you, covered my honour with two scraps of hundred francs each, I count upon your majestic and patron-like intervention in this affair ! ... Will you bring here the mistress of the house ?

Fred.—You have then failed in your attempts ?

Theo.—Seventeen times and always for my appearance. There were seventeen attempts in all, which I would have related to you had I had the time, but I have no time, I assure you. Weigh, O shrewd waiting-maid weigh in your hand, the stupidity of my wager. It is a brunette who will kiss me, a brunette whose sight I can't bear !

Fred—I fail to understand, you—

Theo—Hear me well ... I wish to marry.

Fred (Aside) I say perhaps.

Theo—I have decided to marry ... I have broken with the life of a bachelor. For foes of damaging, later my future contract, I have thrown away all my penknives through the window ! I have made, within myself, a good moral reasoning, ... for this age of decadence ; if the wife who will kiss me has golden hair ... I adore golden hair .. she will be agreeable to me, and for her sake I must pushing away of all ornaments of this nature ! If she is a brunette, I utterly detest all brunettes, the kiss that I am eager to have, will leave me cold ... and the most punctillious moralist will only see, in this fantastic story, the success

of a wager and the accomplishment of a task imposed upon oneself for the unique object of killing this lean and thin fellow whom we call Time.

Fred—(Aside) So 'tis not a very serious thing. Surely 'tis not a crime, only a slight breach of moral law.

Theo—Will you go now to find out your dark mistress ?

Fred—(Aside) Let me amuse a little. (Aloud) Win your wager if you can, I promise not to influence madam, and I bet against you the ten louis that you have given me !

Theo—I will be kissed !

Fred—No, you wont be.

Theo—Ten louis, yes.

Fred—Ten louis, no.

Theo—Agreed.

Fred—You will see just now.

(She enters the chamber.)

To be continued)



The Dramatic World.



The well-known Russian Dancer of the Opera Comique :
Mlle. MONA PAIVA.



A TALENTED DANCER IN A DOMERGUE COSTUME :

Mlle. LYSANA.

The dancing of Mlle. Lysana is popular both in Paris and Vienna. Here she is seen in a costume by the celebrated artist, Jean Gabriel Domergue. (Photo Abel.)



Rehearsing the tableau they will present at the Chelsea Arts Club ball
students of the Royal College of Arts.



Two dainty dancers in the chorus of the cabaret at the Piccadilly Hotel :
Miss. Nancy Barnett and Miss. Decilia Mobray.

The Chelsea Art Club held their annual ball at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve. At the Piccadilly Hotel the authorities are still showing a bright cabaret entertainment, which includes dancing by the brilliant young Frenchmen, Les G. R. Zenza, and by the American Fooahoe Sisters.



& 2 M. Leon Woizikowsky (L.) and M. Anton Dolin in "Le Train Bleu."

4. As Aphrodite and Hymn in "The Faithful Shepherdess." Mlle Lubov Tchernicheva and M. Anton Dolin.

3. In "The Faithful Shepherdess" : Mlle Lubov Tchernicheva.

5. A Dainty Study Room "Le Train Bleu" : Mlle. Sokolova and M. Leon Woizikowsky.



The Revival of "The Wanting Jew" at the New
Theatre : Mr. Matheson Lang and
Miss. Jessie Winter.

"The Wandering Jew," by Mr. E. Temple Thurston, was revived last month by Mr. Matheson Lang at the New Theatre. Our picture is taken from the third "phase" of the wanderings of the Jew, when he is at Sicily in the thirteenth century, and shows Mr. Matheson Lang as Matteo Bottadio and Miss. Jessie Winter as his wife, Gianella. This actress has now taken over Miss. Isobel Elsom's part of Journe.

ULYSSES AND CIRCE UP-TO-DATE : "CIRCE
THE ENCHANTRESS."



Bluebeard's

Secret :

The old Homeric legend of Ulysses and Circe has been edited, revised, and modernised by Snr. Blasco Ibanez, and presented as a film by Warner Bros. under the title of "Circe the Enchantress."



Three Dainty English Dancers In The Casino
De Paris Revue.

Miss Rowe, shown in the upper picture, is "half" of a couple of clever twin sisters, and below are two charming young English dancers who have also "done their bit" to make the revue at the Casino de Paris a success.

Here, There, Everywhere.

Shooting is the King's chief amusement during his Christmas holiday at York Cottage. His Majesty's sons prefer hunting with the West Norfolk. Arrangements are usually made for the West Norfolk Hunt Ball to take place during the Royal Christmas visit to Sandringham in order that the Princes may attend.

There is a saying in the Navy that the inhabitants of Malta gain their living by taking in once another's washing. It begins to look as if the same thing will be said of the dames of society with regard to hats and dresses. In the last month three highly placed ladies have joined the ranks of shop-keepers. First, Miss Marry Maxwell, a cousin of the Duches of Norfolk, has opened a shop in Sloane Street with the sign of "Mother Goose" for the sale of children's clothes. Then Miss Barbara Villers, the niece of Lord Wimborne and his three interesting sisters, Viscountess Chelmsford, Corisande Lady Rodney, and Rosamund Viscountess Ridley, has started a dress-designing establishment in Davies Street, Barkeley Square, under the name of "Bashka"

Lady Victor Paget, Lord Anglesey's sister-in-law, completes the trio. She also has opened a dress-making establishment—in Grafton Street. Lady Victor is the younger of Lord Colebrooke's two daughters.

Until the arrival of Lady Anglesey's twins Lord Victor Paget, whose first wife, Miss Olive May, the actress, divorced him, was heir to his brother's marquise of Anglesey.

There has been noticed in the Prime Minister a new tone of confidence and authority (says a London paper). His position since the election has been clearly unassailable. He showed his independence in the formation of his Cabinet, in which he gave the Die-hards definitely a

And, how-ever little they like it, they recognise facts. Mr. Baldwin is pliable to their will. He listened once, disastrously, and thereby they their hold upon him. The strong Cabinet is provided by the Min represented the modern spirit. If Horne returns, as is now very doing, Mr. Baldwin will have made an almost complete change in his political environment.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain scored a personal success on his visits to Paris and Rome. His appearance, manner and temperament convinced Continental statesmen at once that they were dealing with a typical Englishman, and were thus less likely to misinterpret the average English viewpoint. The only thing that was not typical was his command of languages and his knowledge of Continental affairs. Mr. Chamberlain speaks French and

German fluently, due to the fact that as part of his education for public affairs he studied both in France and Germany.

* * * *

There has grown up in New York Society a "Prince of Wales Set," a magic circle consisting only of those who entertained the Prince during his recent visit or had been a guest specially invited to meet him. The jealousy of those just outside the circle is, I hear, simply appalling. Probably the country will never be itself again until the Prince pays another visit and shakes hands with another hundred or two.

* * * *

Kelly's Directory for 1925 discloses that there are 46 public houses in London called "The Prince of Wales." This recalls a story told me by a contemporary of the Prince's at Oxford. H.R.H. wanted to get hold of a friend who was staying in the town and rang him up on the telephone. He was out as it happened, and the Prince had considerable difficulty with a new servant who answered the call, "I tried hard to get a message through to you," he explained afterwards "but I think your man took me for a public-house!"

* * * *

Prince George, who is shortly leaving England to serve on a battleship on the China Station, is very popular in the Navy, and is by no means a slave to convention or dignity. I found him with a crowd of brother officers dancing gaily at a small hotel at Littlehampton a short time ago. He has a liking for the South Coast, for he made plans during the summer to take a furnished house at Bognor, but I fancy this scheme was nipped in the bud by High Authority.

* * * *

The biggest "sport" in the Cabinet (though the smallest if you judge merely by inches) is Mr. Amery, the Colonial Secretary. He is said to be, with one exception, the only living man who has climbed to the top of the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford, which feat ranks in the undergraduate mind almost as high as a Double Blue. And though he is over fifty, it isn't many months ago since a Clydesider, who came at him threateningly in the House of Commons, received a surprise packet on the point of the jaw. Truly a politician with a punch!

* * * *

Sir Henry Slesser, who was in the last Governments, but not in Parliament, is one of the few men who have made their maiden speech from the front bench. He had the further distinction of making one of the most confident of maiden speeches, but then he has had much practice at the bar. Sir Henry should be an acquisition to the debating strength of his party; with his horn-rimmed spectacles he will be a perfect godsend to the political caricaturists.

* * * *

A Lecturer recently stated that bobbed hair has always been a sign of servility. A married man points out that this can't be so, as both his wife and the cook have bobbed hair.

* * * *

The elaborate ventilating system of the House of Commons pumps specially filtered air through the floor of the House, which is fitted with wide-stranded green matting. Sir W. Davison's complaint is that the air wipes the boots of members before they have an opportunity of breathing it, but the names of fearful sounding germs he mentioned need only be swallowed with a pinch of salt,

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"Austen" entered the House, fresh from his Continental trip, almost surreptitiously. He was carrying a large red despatch box containing his dossiers for the foreign debate, and could scarcely find a seat on the crowded Treasury bench. But he managed to squeeze in at last, and spent some moments cleverly balancing the despatch box and his "topper" It looked as if we were going to have a juggling feat instead of a speech.

The smart folk at Nice are beginning to get nervous at the threats of some of the Movie magnets to turn the place into a vast city of film studios, a kind of European Hollywood. Apparently the light, the atmosphere, the scenery, and the climate of Nice are all ideal for the purpose, besides being easily accessible to European companies, Rex Ingram is one of the people most interested in the scheme.

"A Foreign sailor was picked up unconscious near the Docks and taken to the London Hospital. His head was cut and it had to be sewn up. All the time the patient was quietly chuckling, and no pain interrupted his merriment. When it was over, one of the surgeons, asked what the joke was. "Well" he said, "that fellow who knocked me down said : "Take that, you damned Norwegian !" But I'm not—I'm a Swede."

* * * *

"At the luncheon table Perkin made me a firm offer of his hand and heart. He was not in the least nonplussed by the untimely arrival of the waitress ! Indeed, there was one second when the waitress believed that it was she to whom a proposal of marriage was being offered.

"What he said" sounded rather like this : 'You know, my dear girl, that I have grown very, very fond of you. We'll have something cold. Cold beef for two. I want you to be my wife, Yes, salad, please. It was a case of love at first sight. You are indispensable to me. Boiled, if you're sure they are flowery. Otherwise mashed. You'd like potatoes, wouldn't you, Prissie ? Now, darling do say yes, and make me the happiest man in the world. Ho, bring some house hold bread, waitress."

"The courage one needs to tell a bold lie nothing like so much as the courage required to tell an unpopular truth."

"There is only one test of a man's character—his attitude to women."

"A man hates a woman to be remarkable, not because it renders them both conspicuous, but because it lessens his chance of being so."

"To find out whether a man is worthy of a moment's consideration from you, watch his attitude to women who are older and poorer than himself, and see him in a moment of unexpected success. Even then you can't be quite sure, for whereas women sometimes pose before other people, men pose all the time, and particularly to themselves."

"It is highly inconsiderate of any wife to be unwilling to spring at once into the posture her husband wishes her to adopt : to be kittenish when he wishes to toy, adoring when he desires to soar, submissive when he elects to swear, and aspiring when he requires to converse as with an equal. It is just like a woman to have moods of her own at such a time."

"A characteristic story is told of one Lord Penrhyn's sons. His mother made him promise to write and tell her everything, and this is the letter she got from him from South Africa. It was just after the terrible battles had been fought on the Modder, and this younger had been mentioned in despatches as having distinguished himself.

'Dear Mother'

'I am all right. I have only caught some fish weighing three-quarters of a pound in the Modder, but I hope to get three days' leave to go and fish in the Orange River, where I hear the fish run to three pounds.

'Your affec. son.'

In times to come, if experiments at at present in progress prove satisfactory, we shall not use steam boilers no work out big power plants—we shall employ mercury or sulphur vapours instead.

The idea is that such vapours involve much higher temperatures than even super-heated steam, and the higher the temperature, of course, the greater the power produced.

The hot vapours, after driving a turbine, will be condensed, yielding their heat to water, thus generating steam for use in its turn,

This century has been a wonderful one for the chemical industry.

Even new materials have been produced, writes Mr. Harrison E. Pave in "These Eventful Years." The demand for silk at a low price has brought about the production of artificial silk. The fibre looks like silk, and answers the purpose of silk; yet it is made from wood pulp or even cotton.

In the plant world science is improving on nature. On sugar cane plantation it has been

found that a certain kind of paper, when spread over the rows, discourages weeds and thus minimises hoeing.

The cane shoots can push through this specially-prepared paper, which is tough enough to prevent quite effectively the growth of softtopped weeds.

A Very old English custom, once universal, and even now not entirely extinct' was known by the curious name of "apple howling."

It consisted it serenading the apple trees on New Year's Eve by bands of juveniles known as "Howlers," the alleged object being to ensure a plentiful supply of fruit for the next year's crop.

The Howlers marched round the orchard carrying big sticks, with which they belaboured the trees to the accompaniment of a chant, which ended with two "Hoorays!"

The "Hoorays" were shouted at the top of their voices and accompanied by loud blasts on a cow's horn carried and blown by one of the party and on dark nights by the swinging to and fro of a lantern.

When all the trees had been well-beaten, the Howlers proceeded in a body to the residence of the owner of the orchard, where a good supper awaited them.

Too many men, when putting on evening dress, do not pay enough attention to details—their collars, ties, and so on. No matter how good your dress clothes are, you will not look really well unless the accessories to them are good also. And if you find, as many of us do in these hard-up times, that your clothes are a trifle on the aged side, then attention to details will enable you better to hold your own with the man whose kit is

fresh from the tailor's hands. It is the small things that make all the difference between being well-dressed and just dressed.

Collars for evening wear should be deep—personally I like mine to be at least two and a quarter inches from top to bottom—with wide wings. The single-ended tie is not being worn now by smart men. The most popular kind is that with one end very broadly shaped and the other plain. It is tied, of course, in exactly the same way as the old double bow, the plain end being underneath. And be careful to put your tie over the wings of your collar. Neglect of this little point spoils the look of many men's evening dress.

While we are on the subject of dress clothes, I see signs in the smart dance-clubs and else-where that Michael Arlen's silver chains are going to spread like wild-fire. You know, I expect, that this popular novelist always wears two silver chains with his evening kit. They descend from underneath his waistcoat, one into each trouser pocket. What is on the end of them I do not know, but they lend a decided touch of distinction to his ensemble. Already quite a number of smart young men have blossomed forth with similar chains, and in the near future, I foresee, we shall all have to have them if we are to lay any claim to being in the fashion.

Double-breasted clothes are deservedly popular, but I find that a good many tailors are neglecting a small detail which tends to prolong the life of a coat and to prevent it from dragging at the buttons. This is the provision of a set of buttons on the inside of

the garment. On most coats the inside flap is left unsupported, and as a result droops and sooner or later spoils the set. With buttons inside, both sides of the coat are supported. If your coat is not equipped in this way I should advise you to have it altered as soon as possible.

Nearly every man boasts a trousers-press these days, but it is surprising how few are equipped with a similar article for the preservation of their ties. Sooner or later all ties are bound to get creased, but if you make a point of putting your neckwear into a tie-press every time you take it off you will find that the evil day is postponed very considerably. These presses cost only a few shillings, and any outfitter will supply you.

It can't be, I suppose, the influence of Eudolf Valentino, but my chirotonsor (as the American barber now insists upon calling himself) tells me it's an absolute fact that there is going to be an attempt to introduce beards. Side-whiskers, which give the staff of the Kensington Palace Hotel such an ambassadorial air haven't exactly caught on, so the extremists are now going a step further. I asked a fair acquaintance what she thought of my growing a beard, and she replied that it would tickle her to death!

Love, they say, is blind. It may be, at the very beginning, but very soon the young married couple awake from that delicious period of seeing nothing to the sterner realities of married life.

Marion changes from an angel into an ordinary young woman with a peculiar inability to

have a decently-cooked meal served at a reasonable hour. While Jack, once a Greek god both in looks and manner, suddenly becomes a mere man who drops his cigarette ash on the carpet and leaves his newspaper lying on the sitting-room floor.

And so the young couple venture out on the great journey of life. After a year or so of intimacy, stormy winds begin to blow and trouble looms ahead.

* * * *

The young couple come to know one another through and through. All sorts of little irritating habits appear, a thousand noticeable little faults, Marion knows exactly how he will look, feel and be like when he has a cold in his head. And Jack will realise some of the countless ways in which Marion falls lamentably short of being the perfect woman of his dreams.

Worse than all, besides knowing each other's faults and failings, they get used to one another's virtues and attractive ways. Marion forgets Shakespeare's famous advice to "thank Heaven fasting for a good man's love." She forgets to appreciate Jack's little courtesies which once so pleased her. And Jack no longer expresses his appreciation of the excellence of Marion's coffee and of all the trouble she takes to keep his clothing in good order.

"Familiarity breeds contempt," says the old adage. Marion and Jack become so familiar hazardous state of married life—contempt

of each other's failings and a lack of appreciation for each other's virtues.

* * * *

And this is where a married couple should take warning and pull themselves up before it is too late and their desirable happiness is lost.

A sense of humour is the great balm for all the sores and trials of this life. If Marion and Jack will only cultivate this best of gifts and occasionally indulge in a little mental stocktaking, they are not likely to drift into the dangerous state leading to indifference and may be to separation.

For, after all, nothing is quite so bad as it seems at the time, and the sense of humour will best enable us to realise the great truth that no human being is perfect.

But what is recommended most sincerely to all the Marions and Jacks of this world is a good mental spring cleaning once in a while.

We must battle with the deadening influence of that little imp, Familiarity. If we reflect upon, instead of taking for granted, our life-partner's good points and excellencies, we sharpen to a keener edge our appreciativeness and recapture some of the first fine careless rapture of our early love.

Ten minutes or so of thought in bed, a little solitude, a long walk, a bus ride, are all opportunities for a good cleansing of the dust of habit which clogs the little joys and exhilaration of the earlier days.



The Plucking

By—S. J. S. C. and S. S. S.



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A Folk Tale

FAITHFUL RANI.

By Navin Chandra Mittal, B. Sc., Jammu,

Once upon a time there lived a Raja, who was famous for his benevolence. He used to make a gift to a *Pandit* every Sunday. Being very busy in State affairs, he once forgot to bathe and make a charitable offering (*dan*) to the *Pandit*. Being very busy, the Raja could not come home, in spite of two reminders from the Rani. But on a third reminder, he had to come. After saying his usual prayers, he sent for the *Pandit*. When he came, the Raja requested him twice to ask for anything he wanted; and twice he told the Raja that he was not in need of anything. But when he was requested again he demanded from the Raja all he possessed. The Raja, being true to his word, at once made him the monarch of his kingdom, and he with

his wife and children left his capital for another part of the country. They had no money with them, they felt tired, and hungry after walking for some distance. The two sons of the Raja—Sarvar and Nir, and their mother sat under a tree, and the Raja went to the neighbouring village to beg for alms. He brought some gram, which the Rani distributed among themselves. The night was fast approaching, they wished to spend it there, and proceed further next day. It being the first day of their travel, the night was spent most restlessly. The two boys were feeling extremely miserable under the present circumstances. They had never tasted such humble food or taken rest under a tree in such a manner.

Next day, after giving a small quantity of gram to her boys, the Rani told her Lord that they should proceed further. After a tiresome journey they reached a town. There took place a discussion between the Raja and the Rani, as to who should go to the town, and bring some catables by begging. Both were ready to do the needful, but the Rani was allowed to go to the town, because she convinced her Lord, that she would beg for alms better, as she had often seen beggars doing so, from the window of her palace. The Rani went to the bazaar. She begged from a number of shops, and succeeded in getting some catables, which however were not enough for four of them. She came to a woman who was a gram-vender. She asked for alms, but here she was asked by the woman to help her to put the fuel into her hearth (*bhatti*) for which she promised to pay her. She quietly obeyed her. To her misfortune, the Captain of ship came to the very shop for his food. Taking the Rani for a maid-servant, he asked the gram-vender to order her to carry his food to his ship. After much hesitation, the Rani accepted the job. She carried the food to the ship, but he asked her to enter it and to place it on a bench, which she did not like to do. So they fell out, and she reminded him of his contract, but it was all in vain. He wanted her to get in, because he fell in love with, and wanted to marry her,

if possible. She yielded to his orders, but as soon as she stepped in, the ship set sail.

Meanwhile the Raja with his sons was waiting for her. He got impatient when the sun went down. His greatest anxiety was that she might be lost. He made a search for her in the town, but his efforts were all in-vain. With a heavy heart, he with his sons started at day-break. To him the place looked dreary. His heart was full of sorrow at the loss of his dearest wife, whom he loved so much. He reached a stream, which had to be crossed. The water was flowing with great velocity. Under such circumstances, he did not think it advisable to cross it by swimming with both his boys on his back. He made up his mind to cross it with one boy at a time, to be on the safe side. He crossed successfully with one of his boys, but was unfortunately drowned in the stream while coming back to the other boy.

On this, the boys wept bitterly. They felt quite miserable, because they had never experienced such a calamity. The night was dark and still. Except the low murmuring sound of the mosquitoes which often bit them, and the fearful sound of the stream, nothing was heard. They found the hours unusually prolonged, and thought that the night would never end. However, they spent the night by relating the deplorable tale of the loss of their parents.

At last, the night ended. It was early morning. A washerman named Subhana, came to the place. To his great astonishment, he found two handsome boys sitting on either bank of the stream. He enquired of them, who they were. Thereupon, the princes told him their names. They told him that they were the sons of a Hindu Raja and then related to him their miserable tale. On this, he was much moved, and took pity on them. It so happened that he had no issue. He felt inclined to adopt them. He asked them, if they would have any objection to his adopting them as his sons. In case they had no objection, he promised to allow them to stick to their own religion and to have their separate kitchen arrangements etc.

He brought them to his house. Subhana told about them to his wife who was very much pleased to see them, she always tried her level best to make them comfortable. She loved them dearly. Subhana sent them to school. The school-master found them unusually intelligent and it was a great pleasure to him to teach them. When they were quite grown up they requested Subhana to buy a horse for each of them. Within a short time, they became good riders. They soon learnt something of the art of war.

It was the Raja's desire that after his death the people should gather

together and a hawk should be let loose, the person on whom it chanced to sit, whether a man or a woman, should succeed him as the king of that country. He died on account of his good old age. His will was fulfilled. The hawk sat down on the trunk of a tree in the stream. The people took it for a mistake. But no, the wisest minister at once ordered the Canal to be dried up. The orders were promptly obeyed. To the astonishment of all, they found a corpse in contact with the trunk. It was at once taken out, washed and clothed. Shiva and Parbati appeared and the latter requested her lord to infuse life into the corpse, which was done after many entreaties. The Raja came to life and was duly enthroned with great pomp and show. Sarvar and Nir rode their horses for a number of days near the place where the Raja of the country used to hold his court. They pretended to show that they were un-mindful of the Raja's exalted position. One day, the Raja sent for them. Thereupon, they came, and paid their respects to him. He wanted them to explain why they came to this country. They told him that they wanted to serve him in any capacity he liked, but they would not accept less than a pound each per day. They were appointed as his Aides-de-camp. They soon gained his favour, and became his most trustworthy servants. It so happened that other servants became jealous of them.

and did not like to see them enjoying royal favour and patronage.

When the Rani (the mother of Sarvar and Nir) was once entrapped by the captain of the ship; it became great problem for her how to get rid of him. The captain sometimes entreated her to marry him, and praised her highly. But as she turned a deaf ear to his proposals he threatened her and told her that he would marry her by force, or would go so far as to murder her. She was an orthodox Hindu, and a chaste, pious, and faithful, true wife of her lord. She preferred death to the shame of submitting herself to this treacherous, cunning, mean and disgraceful captain. After deep meditation, she thought out a good plan for getting rid of him. She promised to marry him after seven years, in case she did not meet her sons or husband. She hoped to see them during this long time, but the captain thought otherwise, and was much rejoiced at the happy prospects of winning her.

The time passed on slowly, the ship was anchored in the neighbourhood of the town, where the two sons of the miserable Rani were in the service of the Raja. The captain requested the Raja to send two of his brave soldiers to guard his ship, which was full of merchandise. It so happened that Sarvar and Nir were asked to guard the ship.

It was a marshy place, the mosquitoes much troubled the two youngmen. It was not an agreeable duty for them. In order to pass the night easily Sarvar asked his younger

brother to relate the tale of their misery. It was done. The Rani sitting inside the cabin became very attentive to this story of their misery, and tried to put down important event on the sole of her shoe. She was overwhelmed with joy at the sight of her dear sons. She contrived an admirable plan for getting rid of the rascal.

It was hardly day-break when she began to weep bitterly and even went so far as to tear her hair. She loudly complained that the two men on guard behaved to her improperly and disgracefully; and said that her case should be taken up in the Raja's court. The captain was unaware of her ingenious scheme for attaining her object.

She attended the court. She told the Raja that in reality she was not disgraced by his two servants, but on the other hand, she was glad to find them out as they were her dear sons, once separated from her on account of unavoidable circumstances. She gave out her story in detail, and told him also that it tallied with the facts related by these two men last night. Sarvar and Nir were also ordered to relate their history. On this, the Raja, the Rani and the two sons found out that they formed one family, and there was much rejoicings on this happy occasion. The captain was sentenced to rigorous imprisonment for seven years.

Next day, the Raja held a public Darbar. It was attended by a large number of people. They spent the day in merry-making. The Raja lived happily with his family for a long time.

Health and Hygiene.

The following is the full text of the address on "Physical fitness and well-being in relation to the Prevention of Tuberculosis," delivered by Dr. C. Muthu, M. D., Consulting Physician Mendip Hills Sanatorium, England, at the Brahma Mandir, Madras, on Saturday the 21st March :—

Where the city of the healthiest father
stands.

Where the city of the best bodied mother
stands,

There the great city stands.

(Walt Whitman)

Pulmonary tuberculosis is a disease of every civilisation, both ancient and modern. Its ravages are at present felt directly or indirectly in almost every Indian family. Since it is a preventible disease and curable in its early stage, its treatment and prevention should engage the serious attention of every Indian house-holder. At the same time we must not be unduly frightened by the disease. Consumption is not a contagious disease : i.e., we cannot get the disease by merely coming in contact with consumptives. It is not an infectious disease in the sense that small-pox is. If the sputum of the consumptive is carefully disposed of or burnt, there will be no risk of infection. Exposure to fresh air and sun-light kill the Tubercle Bacilli. Infection does not lie in the breath of the consumptive, but in the spray of his cough and in the dry sputum which gets mixed up with the dust about his rooms, if he carelessly spits about. Even then we cannot get the disease, if we are strong and healthy. If we strictly prohibit spitting in our

streets and houses and maintain our health and vigour, there need not be the slightest fear of catching the disease.

What I am concerned about to-day is the potentiality of tuberculosis. Almost every man and woman in civilised countries is potentially tuberculous : i.e., the unhealthy environment and the stress of life he is living in, prepares in him a soil for the latent tuberculosis to spring into activity.

* * * *

Behind consumption, lies the low vitality of a people. As long as man is well and his resisting powers are good, he will be immune from tuberculosis or any other disease. Health and well-being is a nation's greatest asset and greatest blessing, while ill-health and disease is its greatest liability and calamity. Our chief concern, therefore, should be to maintain our health at whatever cost. That is an ideal state which works for and makes its chief aim, the well-being and physical fitness of its citizens. In this age of keen competition and strenuous existence, only that nation which has the greatest number of healthy, happy citizens, can rise to the top and successfully compete with other nations. This is why sociology or the social betterment of the people has made such tremendous strides in all European countries. If we Indians, as a nation are to come forward to take our place among the nations of the world, we must put our house in order and remove from our midst all those disabilities that keep up as a backward race : and give our most serious attention to the health of the people.

Having travelled in many lands and countries and compared notes, may I be permitted to say that, while we as a race are intellectually equal, if not superior, to many nations, we are to a large extent inferior in physical fitness and endurance? The unequal stress and strain of modern life, poverty, insanitation, overcrowding, our social habits and customs and constant visitation of epidemics have undermined the strength and stamina of the Indian people from generation to generation, till now we seem to be in state bordering on generation. And unless we make serious efforts to stop this down-grade, we shall become a backward race and go the way of the Greeks whose final overthrow seemed to have been through the ravages of malaria—malaria that came like a climax on a people already enfeebled by a luxurious civilisation.

Think seriously for one moment: There is no country in the world where poverty is so extremely prevalent, where social customs have so weakened a race, and consequently there is no country in the world where epidemics like cholera, enteric, small-pox, plague, malaria and tuberculosis have made such dreadful havoc, destroying annually millions and millions of lives; no country where infant mortality is so fearfully high and where the death-rate is so perilously near to the birth-rate. Such a state of things should make us think furiously.

Social and economic factors have a large bearing on the incidence of disease. Tuberculosis is but the expression of poor air, poor food, poor housing and poor sanitation, and consequently poor stamina. Raise the strength of the people and you will lower the mortality of tuberculosis or any other disease. The question, therefore, of physical fitness and efficiency is to me as urgent and important, if

not more, than that of political fitness of the people.

What are the essential factors that go to make for the physical betterment of our people? We could place them under four headings and consider the first to-day.

1. Fresh air, sun-light and sanitation.
2. Good nourishing and well-balanced food.
3. A judicious amount of rest and exercise.
4. A calm repose of body, mind and spirit.

The first essential for physical fitness is the practical application of fresh air and sun-light in everyday life, and sanitary dwellings. What do we find in India to-day? Our towns are overcrowded to suffocation. Our streets are narrow and insanitary. Many of them are untidy, strewn with garbage, excreta and filth which poison the air with an unbearable smell. Half the houses in Indian quarters and the bazars are small, dark and dingy, where fresh air and sun-light are shut out as enemies, and which are not fit for human habitation. Even the housing conditions of the well-to-do classes in India come short of the model artisan dwellings in England as regards sanitation and ventilation. In these dark and airless houses germs breed and microbes hold high revel. The people spit about everywhere and men sit and foul the streets still more.

As for Madras, Mahatma Gandhi is quite right when he said that there is no country so dirty and insanitary as Madras. The clouds of dust from morn till night choke your mouth and nose. The smell of drains overpowers and sickens you. Dust is a great enemy in India. It damages the fine delicate lining membrane of the nose and destroys finally the second line of defence (the first line

of defence being the skin) and thus opens the door to many a disease including tuberculosis. Instead of the silvery Coom, wending its way to the delight of the people it has become the smelly Coom, emitting vile odour and becoming a public danger and a serious menace to the health of the inhabitants around. Therefore, it is not surprising that in Madras, epidemics like small-pox and cholera, instead of coming as passing visitors, have become permanent guests. How can we expect to rear a strong and vigorous nation under such vile and unhealthy conditions?

Two things have lately struck me most insinuation, and the sad faces and low vitality of the young people. There is no laughter in the streets, no joy of life surging through the cheeks of our young people as we find among English boys and girls. They walk the streets with a sad and melancholy air as if life's burdens are too much for them to bear.

It is to the daughters of India that one feels a chief concern; for the girls of to-day are the mothers of to-morrow, carrying in their bosom the destiny of the race for good or for ill. Reared by artificial feeding, brought up in ignorance secluded in zenanas which are generally the insanitary part of the house, crowded together with other members of the family under the joint family system pinched with poverty or at least for want of good food, they grow up like a slender plant with no stamina or sustaining power. When you examine them you find their health feeble, their pulse weak and the blood instead of coursing through their veins full and strong runs in a thin stream with no life-force in it.

Those who escape the purdah and early marriage are caught in the meshes of Higher

Education. I am afraid that Higher Education of girls is not going to improve the physical strength of the race. If you watch the college girls you will notice they walk the streets with solemn faces, bent heads, stooping shoulders, flat chests, and short of sight, requiring glasses. With bodies poorly nourished they seem to have very little joy, exuberance and vivacity, natural to young people budding into life. Many of them, especially Indian Christians and Parsees, leave not the physical stamina to go through and finish their college course, or, if they did, fall victims to consumption after their college life or when they become teachers. If they escape so far the strain of marriage and the birth of the first child so weakens their constitution as to rouse the latent disease into activity. So that every turn Indian girls are handicapped all through the best part of their lives. This is why that in so many cities of India more than twice as many women as men suffer from tuberculosis. Also the fearful infant mortality rate stands as an unimpeachable evidence to the poor vitality of the women population.

* * *

In the first place we must have an awakened conscience, a sense of civic duty and responsibility. Every Londoner is proud of his city. So should we cultivate a sense of pride in our country. We must see that our cities are clean and our streets are sanitary. Our men must give up the habit of spitting everywhere; and public conveniences should be built so that men may not have an excuse to foul the streets. The streets should be watered every day so that it will be a pleasure to take walking exercise, and the rivers like the Coom purified and cleansed so that they may become "a thing of beauty," and highways of commerce and lay a good foundation for them, and see that they are nursed by their mothers.

It would be a disgrace if an Indian mother does not care to suckle her child. For cow's milk is only intended by the Creator to rear calves and not human children endowed with powers of wisdom, intelligence, will and personality.

We must see that our children are brought up in the open air conditions and go free of clothes or their feet soiled by socks and shoes. Let fresh air bathe their bodies and the sunlight kiss their feet. It is a strange irony that in the treatment of a disease like surgical tuberculosis, the children of the West are trained to take off their clothes and expose their bodies to the sunlight, while we, the children of the sun, mother our children with clothes and thus keep out the life-giving light. Fresh air and sunlight are our best friends and not enemies to be shunned. Sunlight, which is rich in Ultra-Violet rays, is real food for the body, just as much as bread and butter are food for stomach. The coolie with his loin cloth is the wisest man in India : for he lets his body be bathed by the sun which feeds him more than the rice he eats. The morning sun, as our ancestors found out, is especially rich in health-giving. Ultra-Violet rays, which have a stimulating effect on all living things, both plant and animal. So that the life-giving rays may penetrate through and do their beneficent work in enriching the blood. The European style of clothing is not suitable for the Indian climate. Dark woollen fabrics keep in the sweat and the moisture of the body, and prevent their free evaporation, while it keeps out the fresh air and the sunlight from getting into the body, whereas the Indian clothes give free access of air to all parts of the body. It is a very good plan to throw off some or nearly all our attire after returning home so that our body may enjoy freedom in the free air and light.

* * * *

One cannot help feeling anxious about the future of our race. It is heart-rending to witness almost every day that the victims of consumption are young men in the very zenith

of manhood and young girls and young mothers in the very flower of their womanhood. It is dreadfully sad that while the maidens in Europe enjoy the freedom of a girl's life our Indian sisters of similar age are so early burdened with duties and responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood. No Indian girl ought to marry before she is eighteen and no man before he reaches twenty-one.

Now woman are the guardians and preservers of their race. They carry with them the potentialities of a vigorous or an effete nation and thus become a blessing or a curse for generations to come. The healthy child to-day means a strong mother to-morrow. Physically fit to bring in her turn a child as vigorous the day after. On the other hand a weakling to-day means a mother of poor stamina to-morrow bringing into the world a child still weaker than herself in days to come : and thus physical weakness and debility are handed down from generation to generation, till finally a nation degenerates and dies. Therefore the looking after of the welfare of the child, the girl and the mother should be the first charge of the State.

Lastly, may I appeal to the young people ? Do not be hampered by age-long customs and duties if they interfere with the health and efficiency of your race. The future belongs to you. You hold the destiny of India in your hands. Therefore do nothing to cause the degeneration of your country, but do everything in your power to help to promote the national welfare and the social betterment of your race, even if it means personal sacrifice and suffering. Let not the student marry while he is studying, but wait till he can earn sufficient money to maintain a wife. Be free in body as well as free in mind to carry out your convictions. To work for social liberty is just as important as to work for political liberty. Yours is the privilege to build a new, social, economic and political life ; and you can build nobly and richly if you have health and physical endurance. For "the wealth of a nation" as Ruskin said "is truly the health of its people."



In Expectation.

—By Courtesy of Mr. J. L. Banerji.



Woman's Revolt.

(Artist—*Sj. Jatindra Kumar Sen*)

Sari and Chemise—very old fashioned
Put on Dhuti and Panjabi—or you will be extinct.





Crop your hair—Babu Style.



The modern woman.
Get up—O Babu, get up and have a cup of tea.



Do something new—smoke a Burma.



We drive the quill under Superintendent aunt Podi !



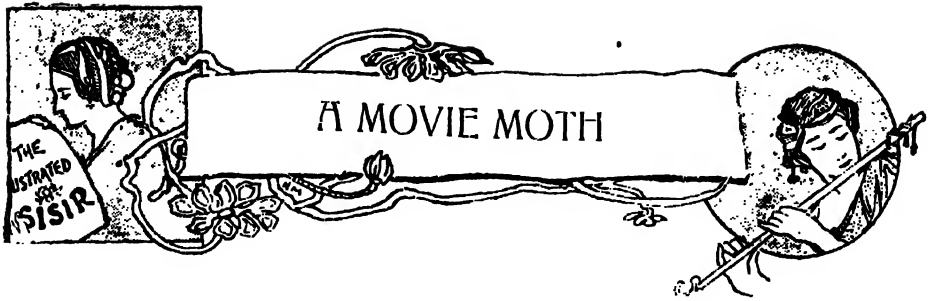
Almo Parawala !



The Modern Portia.



Elevated to the Bench.



BY S. N. GUHA B. Sc. (Cali.)

CHAPTER XV.

FATE.

"Can you see the picture today?"

"I believe I can but. Mr. Degal, I want to tell you that you have no well known actors in your picture so it would be pretty hard for us to advertise it. If it is not an extra good picture we won't be able to buy it because the houses won't rent it. You know that many stars of the legitimate stage are now going to the movies."

"Yes, I know, but many of them are no good on the screen. Besides, my picture is an extra good one; it is a novel story and the actions and direction are wonderful."

"I know these stars are often rotten on the screen, but still the people fall for them. They won't go to see the pictures, they go to see the stars of whom they have heard and who they may have seen in legitimate. You see, these legitimate stars cannot go to the little towns with their

companies and the poor people cannot afford to pay a high price to go to a legitimate show, but in the movies they can see them at reasonable prices and the pictures can reach even the smallest villages."

"Yes, I know that, still, a good story and good direction have a lot to do with it. A director can make a star whenever he wants to. These stars do not fall from Heaven—they are the creations of good directors."

"No' they do not fall from Heaven and they are the creations of some person, no doubt, but it takes lots of money and advertising as well as a director, to create a star—and you have no star."

"When this picture is shown it will make a hit and that will be enough for its advertisement. Moreover, you people can advertise."

"Yes, if there be anything to advertise then we'll have to do it."

advertised pictures are the only ones that make a go of it. Don't you know that all the producing companies start to advertise a picture long before the director starts to film it."

"I know—they sell all those rotten pictures for high prices only on the strength of advertising, but my picture has merit; once it is shown it will advertise itself—nothing better than that."

"My dear sir, you do not understand business! Good goods do not always sell unless they are well advertised. Sometimes advertisement requires more money than the production of the goods. In this country bluff is the main thing. An inferior quality of goods can make money if it is well advertised."

"That's somewhat true; still, quality cannot be suppressed. It will come out some way or other."

"All right, all right; Let's go into the projection room. We will know the quality of your picture presently."

This was Edward Degal and a manager of a picture releasing company. They went to the projecting room where the picture was thrown on the screen and viewed by the manager.

"It's rotten!" ejaculated the manager, "Do you intend to try to sell this picture?"

"Sure I do! What's wrong with it?"

"What's wrong with it? You'd better ask, "What's right about it?" The directions are rotten, the photo-

graphy is bum and the action is no good. The only favourable comment I have to make is that the story itself is not bad."

"The direction is all right!" vociferated Degal, vainly. "I don't see anything wrong with it. The actions are —"

"You don't see anything wrong with the direction? Why, you couldn't keep up with the continuity; the selections of locations and sets are not appropriate; carelessness is apparent throughout the entire picture."

"I can't agree with you," replied Degal, more calmly. "The actions are all right excepting' perhaps, those of the leading lady."

"Dear sir, that's the only one whose actions are not impossible. If everybody had done as she then it might have been worth something."

"I don't think so; I think the actions of the others are far better than hers. I admit I made a mistake in choosing her."

"You are wrong, Mr. Degal. I have been in this business a long time. I am with this company for five years and before this I had directed pictures for several years for a big producing company in the east. I know what I am talking about. The direction of a picture is not a joke; it requires a man with brain and imagination and he must be an artist. A good picture is not a factory made product, it is the creation of a human soul. The motion picture can interpret any conceivable

idea and this is the greatest method of putting ideas before the public mind. A good director can interpret ideas in such a way that everybody will understand. By this means we can mould the minds of men, women and children and teach the ignorant. Doubtless you have seen many pictures of this nature, used only for educational purposes. I have bought many such pictures for my company and they took well with the public. We have so many directors who do not deserve the name. They are simply stage managers. They have no imaginations, no ingenuity. They merely go by the scenario. Any man with a little experience can do that' but a real director will never do it. He understands his responsibility and knows that he is the man who is going to give ideas to the public in artistic fashion. A scenario writer only writes the story and perhaps its continuity but he cannot interpret it through action. That is the business of the director and he must have brains as well as 'temperament to do it."

"I don't think he can do that without actors."

"You are right. Good actors and a good photographer are necessary—yet without a talented director they are nothing; the result will be like your picture."

"I didn't have very good people."

"Your actors and actresses, as I have noticed, are not bad. A good

director could have developed their actions. The difference between an actor and a director is that the actor cannot see his faults, whereas the director can."

"Only seeing their faults would do little good if they could not act."

"Oh, you cannot complain of that in this case. Your people were all right. A talented director could make them good. Your leading woman did very well. If she gets a chance she will be an actress. She could have done better if she had a good director. It is the director who makes the actor and the actress. Often he makes them out of raw material. It requires rehearsals and a keen sight on the part of the producer. Your locations and sets are not appropriate; that shows lack of artistic instinct. It depends a great deal on the selection of suitable locations and befitting sets, because the motion picture is supposed to be more realistic than the legitimate drama. To give it a real effect suitable sets are necessary. Your story is good—it only lacks photography and direction."

"I guess you don't want to buy it that's all! I'll have to send a print to New York."

"I don't think it will do any good."

"That's all right; I'll send it away. I knew I couldn't sell it here. Good bye!"

It was about six o'clock in the evening. Degal went direct¹.

and joined his wife at dinner. As a rule he had not been going home for dinner. He usually dined out. His wife was very pleased to see him and thought he meant to keep his promise and "be good." She prepared an extra good dinner for him and they ate and talked.

"How happy I am to have you to-night, Edward!" she said.

"Don't mention that, Dearie! I will be with you always now."

"You are going to be mine again! It sounds like a dream--yet I believe it, because I prayed for you day after day, night after night."

"Why did you prepare such a big dinner to-night? Are you going to kill yourself working? What time did you quit working at the store to-day?"

"At the usual hour--half past four. Cooking dinner for you is a pleasure to me, it is not work. I will cook big dinners every evening if you will only come home and dine with me. I eat alone every evening, thinking only of you. Oh, how lonesome it has been! I have not even had a child to keep me company!" Tears gathered in her eyes and one bright drop fell upon her plate.

"Don't be sad, sweetheart! Don't cry! I'll be with you always now!"

"Will you, really? I am not crying; I am not sad. I can't be so. This is one of the happiest days of my

life. I was only thinking of--a child. If we only had a child!"

"Yes, dear, there's nothing like a child. Without children, home does not look like home. We will have one, don't you worry!"

"I cannot worry now. I have nothing to worry about. You are back with me! That's the only thing that ever worried me and poisoned my life--your staying away."

"Let us not talk of that. Let's start our life anew. You don't have to worry any more for anything because my picture is going to make a tremendous hit."

"Did you show it to the exhibitor?"

"Oh, yes--I showed him today."

"And what did he say?"

"He said it is one of the most wonderful productions he ever witnessed; that the direction is the best he ever saw and that the photography is splendid. He said that my part is played wonderfully well and that the others are good, too. Only the actions of the leading woman are slightly lacking but that doesn't count--that is well covered up by my actions. On the whole the picture is wonderfully good, according to his opinion."

"Did he want to buy it?"

"He was so anxious to get it that he could not control his emotions. Unlike a business man he started to praise the picture and offered a good price."

"Did you sell it?"

"I should say not! Do you think I'm a boob? I know the people here offer a small price, always, because the place lacks competition. To get a fancy price I must send it to New York. That's what I'm going to do. Nothing can be done in a hurry; everything must go through the natural course."

"You are right, dear, you must take your time."

"Sure I will! What's the time, dear?"

"Thirty-two minutes after seven."

"Oh, I'm late already! I have an engagement with an exhibitor at seven-thirty. I must go! By the way, can you lend me a little money, sweetheart?"

"Surely, Dear!" She handed him a five dollar gold piece.

"Thank you, Honey! I'll be back as soon as I can. Bye-bye!"

"I will wait for you."

"It isn't necessary, but you can if you wish." He kissed her and left the room. As soon as he reached a saloon he telephoned to Elsie.

"Hello, girlic, how are you?"

"All right, thank you."

"Did you get a job?"

"No, Mr. Degal, I failed miserably."

"Very bad—I'm practically penniless, to tell the truth."

"It is right for you to be frank with me. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know! I only know that I must find a job by to-morrow. Otherwise I will have to go without food." Her voice was a sob.

"What about your room rent?"

"I can stay here. The landlady won't bother me for that. She is very kind."

"Well, you come down to Fifth and Broadway. I'll wait for you there in front of the Owl Drug store. I will see what I can do for you." He hung up the receiver and smiled.

"Degal did not have to wait long. Elsie soon joined him. It was about eight o'clock and the street was crowded."

"How are you, little girl?" greeted Degal. "I am sorry for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Degal."

"Let's walk up to Central Park where we can sit and talk a few minutes."

They walked to Central Park and took seats in a secluded corner.

"Elsie," he began, "it may take a little while to sell the picture."

"Why so?"

"Because we can't sell it here—we got to send it to New York."

"Did you show it to the exhibitor?"

"Yes, and he said it was a peach, the best picture he ever saw. Also—now don't be vain—he said that you were splendid."

"Why, didn't he buy it then?"

"Well, of course he is anxious to have it but I wouldn't sell it."

"You wouldn't sell it ? Why ?

"Because he offers a ridiculously low price. He wants to take advantage of us. But I'm not a boob. I'm as big a shark as he is. I understand this business to perfection, and I refused to sell."

"How much did he offer ?"

"Only fifty thousand for the whole damned negative."

"Isn't that enough ? I think you'd better sell it. We can make more out of the next picture. Next time we will have enough money to be able to hold our product longer and get a better price for it."

"What ! Do you think I'm going to throw my labour away for nothing ? Fifty thousand for a picture like that ! Why, each print will be sold for more than that amount !"

"Well, then, what do you want me to do ? I am flat broke !"

"I really don't know, Girlie. Perhaps I can lend you a few dollars."

"That will be kind of you. If you can give me, or rather lend me only a little money I will eat and go home. It is getting late."

"Well, give me a kiss first !"

"Mr. Degal, this may be a joke to you but I am awfully depressed. Moreover, I did not have enough to eat today. This is no time for joking."

"I'm not joking, Elsie. I really want a kiss from you."

"For the money you are lending me ?"

"Well, if you want to put it that way, yes. I don't see any harm in it."

"Perhaps not—but I simply will not do it !"

"Elsie, let me tell you something ! You must cut out this obstinacy !"

"You call it obstinacy."

"I certainly do ! A pretty young woman is a fool to be broke. If you cut out this foolishness you'll get all the money you want—and I know you want money now. There's no harm in kissing a man. These things are natural and instinctive. We try to believe otherwise because from childhood we have been warned against all natural actions. We have become prejudiced. As soon as a person's mind broadens all this prejudice vanishes."

"It may be prejudice ; call it what you will, but I don't want to hear anything more on that subject, I am going."

"Wait a moment ! You refuse to hear reasoning. Why shouldn't a man and woman live together, whether they are married or not, if they feel naturally drawn toward each other ? Marriage is nothing but a permit for two people to live together. Why should we need that permit ? And why should we have to pay for that privilege ? We must give freedom to the people ! Broaden your mind and you will look at these things differently."

"Mr. Degal, this is getting sickening ! I don't want to hear your argu-

ments and I don't want to argue with you. What do you want, anyway?"

"What do I want? I want to see you happy and comfortable."

"Then why don't you make me so?"

"That's what I'm driving at! Why don't you give me the opportunity to explain it to you?"

"If that is your only intention, then go ahead. Of course every one wants to be happy."

"Here is the proposition - You don't have to sacrifice anything. Moreover, you are going to get something out of it, I'm going to make you a queen and the object of admiration of every man, young and old. They will be at your feet, they will not hesitate to sacrifice themselves for your happiness. Can't you see?"

"Explain further. How could this be done?"

"I am telling you It requires no more talent than you possess. Only you'll have to use your talents. Talent and beauty in a woman mean nothing if they are not properly used. Apply this talent and beauty to practical work; apply them to fulfill your needs."

"What do you mean? Men are not satisfied with my foolish talk and seductive winks and smiles. They crave for more and when they find that that is impossible they will not spend their money."

"If they want more, give them more! There's no harm. I, myself, am always a beggar for your favours."

"You scoundrel! What do you think I am? I do not want to see your face again!" She jumped up from the bench upon which they were sitting.

"Don't you want your money for the picture?"

"I will get that, anyway. I will have that picture attached to get my money out of it."

Without exchanging further words with him she left him. "So, that's my fate" thought Elsie. "I had thought, to be good to him and never let him know that I don't like him and that I understood his intentions, but it is simply impossible to tolerate him anymore. Well, I'll have to fight it out! David must not know this! I will get a job tomorrow morning - anywhere, even if it be in a cafe!"

(To be continued)

All for Love of a Lady.

Among the ancestral homes of England there are few whose long records are not stained with tragedy. But the chronicles of Haddon Hall are as fair as any you will find in the chequered history of our noble houses.

From early Plantagenet times, when the Avenels were lords of Haddon, the Hall has stood apart from the storms and stress of the outer world, nestling peacefully and securely in the woods that crown the banks of the Derwent. It had been the home of generations of knightly and noble owners before Sir George Vernon came, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, to raise it to a splendour it had never known before.

The Call of love.

As "King of the Peak" the new Lord of Haddon was known far and wide. But, proud as he was of his power and wealth, he was prouder still of his two daughters, Margaret and Dorothy.

Margaret had barely seen her seventeenth birthday when she was led to the altar by Sir Thomas Stanley, second son of the Earl of Derby, who carried

his bride off to his Lancashire home, leaving her younger sister tearful and disconsolate.

But Dorothy was not the girl to spoil her beauty by too much weeping, and before many days had passed she had found plenty to chase her sadness away and to make life, even without Margaret, well worth living.

She was very young; she knew that she was very beautiful; and she knew also that she would not have long to wait for her own Prince Charming. He came to her in the guise of handsome Jack Manners, the tall, stalwart younger son of the first Earl of Rutland, as ideal a lover as the most romantic girl could desire. Dorothy completely lost her heart to the young cavalier.

Then followed halcyon days for the young people—blissful hours when Dorothy, escaping from the vigilance of her chaperon, slipped away to her lover in the neighbouring wood.

A Father's Fury.

Soon Sir George received news of the secret meetings, and discovered the identity of the stranger who had thus dared to steal his daughter's heart. He



vowed that no beggarly wooer, though he had an earl for father, should be his son-in-law, and he not only forbade Dorothy to see him again, but took care, by locking her in her room and keeping her under constant surveillance, that any further escapades should be impossible.

But Dorothy proved that she had a sprit as proud and a will as strong as even her autocratic father. She laughed at bolts and bars and watchful eyes. Night after night she let herself down from her window by means of knotted sheets, and sped away through the darkness to the glade where she knew her lover, disguised as a woodman, awaited her coming.

Thus a few weeks passed, during which Sir George turned a deaf ear to all his daughter's pleading and cajoling.

Driven to despair, the lovers were faced by two alternatives. Either they must part for ever or they must take their fate into their own hands. Between these alternatives there could be but one choice.

The little plot was soon arranged, and for its execution the night of a forthcoming ball in honour of Dorothy's birthday was selected. On that fateful evening Haddon Hall was a scene of revelry, and among all the lovely

women there, the loveliest was Dorothy Vernon.

A Runaway Marriage.

The revelry had reached its climax when Dorothy stole stealthily past the dancers towards the doorway on the north side of the Hall. She hurried across the terrace, down the steps, and over the lawn. At last she came to the footbridge over the Derwent, and found herself clasped in the strong arms of her lover.

Then she felt herself lifted on to the saddle of a waiting horse; her lover mounted another, and soon they were racing away. When dawn came they were plighting their life-troth at the altar of a Leicestershire church, while Sir George Vernon and his retainers were vainly scouring the country in search of the fugitives.

Probably never has a runaway match been the portal to a more ideal wedded life. The romantic lover proved himself the most devoted of husbands, and Dorothy's happiness was complete when her father took her to his arms again.

And Haddon Hall never had a more charming chatelain or a happier wife and mother than Dorothy when, in the fullness of time, her Lochinvar became "King of the Peak" and she its queen.

TIT-BITS.



FACT.

THE PEN'S REVENGE.

Senor Blasco Ibanez, the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "Blood and Sand," has been a good deal in the public eye recently, owing to some outspoken comments on affairs in his native country and his spectacular challenge to King Alfonso.

This gifted novelist is one of the few writers of to-day who can name his own price for a story. Rather a novelty this for Spain, where only a very lucky writer can earn as much as a famous bull-fighter.

In this connection a good story is told of Ibanez. Returning from a successful lecturing tour in the Argentine, he met one of the idols of the bull ring. This hero told the author that he received 10,000 pesetas for each appearance he made.

"And I received 14,500 pesetas for one lecture at Buenos Aires," said Ibanez. "Now at last a Spanish writer receives more in an afternoon than a bull-fighter."

Catching Criminals Out.

Criminals look like having a rough time in the near future.

Every day the system whereby the finger-prints of a suspect can be telegraphed to any

part of the globe and a reply sent back in a few hours grows more perfect.

It is claimed by the officials at Scotland Yard that a mistake in telegraphing finger-prints is impossible. Every little ridge on the finger-print photograph is given a number or letter of a special code, and the whole classed under another letter indicating the type.

The system, of course, took years to perfect but now there is hardly a large city in the world which could not at once look up a particular finger-print and translate it from the code in a few minutes.

The recipients of the wire then look up their records, and, if they can trace the finger-print, wire back full particulars of the criminal—name, age, height, and so on. Thus, once a suspected man's nationality is known, there is not much chance of his escape if he is guilty.

The First Photographs.

In the first attempts to make a photograph in the early part of the eighteenth century, the subject to be photographed sat between the source of light and a sheet of sensitized paper fastened on a board. His shadow blocked off a certain proportion of the light rays, and as a

result his profile in silhouette was left on the paper. This image, however, faded in a few minutes.

Even fifty years ago, taking a single picture was often a day's work, and required such skill and expert knowledge and such elaborate, costly, and cumbersome equipment, that the few who had mastered the art were glad to capitalize their knowledge by utilizing it professionally,

The earliest sunlight picture of a human face is supposed to be a daguerreotype of Miss Dorothy Draper, and was taken by her brother, Professor Draper, in 1840. The subject had to sit motionless in bright sunlight for about six minutes.

MOUNTAINS MADE TO ORDER.

The latest curiosity of film production concerns a method whereby "mountains" are made to order at a few minutes' notice.

The chief problem of production is how to complete a film in the shortest possible time. One of the greatest obstacles in the way has been the necessity for change of scenery. At times scenery is required which can only be found abroad, or a long way from headquarters; or scenic effects totally unachievable by ordinary photographic means—for instance, the interior of a cathedral, or the towers of a castle, or the placing of a house among high mountains.

Double exposure was first restored to in order to make these scenes. However, if this was done without considerable skill, the line between the two exposures was apt to show.

Eventually it struck someone to do it on glass. This is the method now used, and it

has proved as effective as it is economical. A large sheet of plate glass is mounted in a wooden frame and fixed rigidly in place, in front of the scene which requires to be completed. A few feet at the back of the glass the camera tripod is erected.

Now we see the advantages of painting on glass. Supposing the scene is a mountain cottage. It is easy enough to erect the cottage, but impossible to make a mountain. So, on the glass in front of the camera, the artist paints a mountain, perhaps with wooded slopes, and this painting is arranged in such a way that when the film is taken and exposed it looks for all the world like a scene from nature. And although the painted mountain was really between the camera and the cottage, in the film it appears at the distance behind the cottage.

The lower part of the glass is not painted at all, so that the picture of the cottage itself comes out quite clearly.

Clothes and the Play.

Theatre-goers are alarmed, for it seems that the high cost of stalls and entertainment tax do not present sufficient difficulties to those who want to follow the drama. Their lot is to be made more troublesome still.

The School of Art, Hastings, is responsible for this fluttering in theatre-going dovescots, for, when the students decided to give a performance of "The Knights of the Burning Pestle," they requested the audience to attend in seventeenth-century costume, the play belonging to the days of King James I.

What dreadful prospect this conjures up! If every audience has to dress to suit the play it is seeing, the strain on purse, time, and ingenuity will be tremendous.

But that is not all. What are we to do when we dress for "Hamlet," find that all the

seats are booked, and have to go on to a modern race-course drama? And what is to happen when we go to a revue, where the scenes range from Costerland to the Fiji Islands, and the periods from 4000 B.C. to A.D. 2024?

If this Hastings idea catches on, theatre-goers are in for a strenuous time.

£ 1,000,000 a Year and Unknown.

America unable to identify one of its four wealthiest citizens. The only known information about him is that he lives in New Jersey and has an annual income exceeding £ 1,000,000.

Treasury statistics of incomes based on the 1922 income-tax returns show four Americans with incomes above £ 1,000,000 a year. The names are not given, but the States where the millionaires live are mentioned.

Two reside in Michigan, and are thereby identified as Mr. Henry Ford and his son. One lives in New York, and is probably Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, jun., to whom his father is understood to have made over the greater part of the Rockefeller fortune.

The fourth lives in New Jersey, but the newspapers are unable to discover any New Jersey resident possessing so much money. It is surmised that the mystery millionaire lives elsewhere, and only uses New Jersey as his official place of residence.

The income returns show that there are sixty-seven Americans with annual incomes of £ 200,000.

In Great Britain in 1922-23 there were 137 persons with an annual income of more than £ 100,000.

Where Salt is Sacred.

In Arabia, as in many other countries, salt is a symbol of hospitality, and among the Arabs hospitality is almost a sacred thing.

They tell of a thief who broke into a house one night, and in looting the place came upon a small gold box. He opened it, and inside it found another box, also of gold. That in turn held a third box, which was partly filled with a fine white powder.

The thief tasted the powder, and found that it was salt. Immediately he restored to their places all the valuables he had gathered to carry off. He could not rob a house in which he had "eaten salt."

"Snow" to Put Out Fires.

Manufactured "snowstorms" to be used in extinguishing fires, produced through the use of carbon dioxide, have been developed at the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research in Pittsburgh.

Dr. Charles Jones, who has made the discovery after three years of research, states that the "snow" is effective when used to put out fires in places so enclosed that an extinctive atmosphere can be maintained, such as mines, ships' holds, cellars, and warehouses.

Small Writing Feat.

Mr. Wesley Taylor, graduate student at Columbia University, claims the world's small writing championship.

Mr. Taylor said that he had excelled the microscopic writing feat of Professor Nicola Durso, of Italy, who inscribed the history of Montenegro on the back of a postcard and sent it to Queen Flenn. He succeeded in crowding a total of 11,000 words on the postcard.

"I have written two of Abraham Lincoln's complete speeches, totalling 600 words, on the back of an ordinary postage stamp," says Mr. Taylor.

For Those Who Use Water !

To the ever-lengthening list of societies formed for the purpose of promoting this or

that object must now be added the National Association of Water Users, which has come into being to protect its members from the "vexatious demands of water authorities."

The association has been formed in the interests of every class of water consumer, including the ordinary householder; builders and engineers whose work embodies the fixing and repairing of water pipes and fittings; manufacturers, property owners, architects and surveyors, and various public bodies, all of whom have joined as a means of removing the different evils to which they are subjected and of improving the conditions of water supply generally.

For example many water authorities will not supply water to a house or other premises unless the fittings are of a pattern approved by them. Actually these authorities have no power to make such a stipulation, which tends to stifle invention, arrest progress, and increase the cost to the consumer. Another of the association's objects is to provide a standard of efficient fittings, so that the waste now so prevalent, as well as misuse and undue contamination, may be avoided.

Already, it is stated, the association has been instrumental in introducing reforms, not the least of which is a change for the better in the attitude of some water authorities to the consumer. The association is recognised by the Minister of Health, who has appointed a committee to investigate the whole question of water fittings and the improvement of the conditions of supply.

ANIMAL CENTENARIANS.

The greatest age that can be attained by the various species of animals varies considerably. Among mammals the large animals usually live longer than the small ones, but this law is not valid among birds, the parrot,

for example reaching the same age as the eagle.

Spiders live one to two years; beetles have been kept prisoners for five years. The queen bee often lives for five years, while the working bees usually live only six weeks. Ants have been kept in captivity for fifteen years, while the toad has been known to attain forty years. A turtle was kept in captivity for 150 years, and the specimen in question may have been 300 years old.

The age of birds is known best. The household cock lives fifteen to twenty years; the goose and the eider-duck, 100 years; the swan, 102 years; the stork, seventy; the falcon, 162; the golden eagle, 104; the blackbird, eighteen; the canary as much as twenty four, and the parrot about 100 years. Of the mammals, the horse attains forty to sixty years; the sheep, twenty; the dog, twenty-eight; the cat, twenty-two, and the elephant and the whale 200 years.

Save Your Teeth!

During the last few years the new medical sciences have thrown open fresh gates of hope. These gates reveal a wonderful future for humanity—if that genus will have the sense and grit to keep straight along the new paths.

One of the most important things in this newer knowledge is the value of our teeth.

We know now that pyorrhea, that extremely common affection of the gums, where the teeth get loose and decay easily and where also there may be the exuding of pus and the formation of abscess, is the cause of much other bodily trouble. We know it causes rheumatism, dyspepsia, intestinal stasis, and auto-intoxication, both by the ineffective

mastication of food and by the absorption of poisons in discharges and gases.

The septic gum is one of the most potent agencies in gathering and propagating germs and in distributing them to the whole system : in other words, it is a deadly focus for general body infection.

The only way to keep the mouth clean, and to achieve asepsis, is the careful use of the brush and a cleansing wash, paste, cream, or powder. The mouth should be washed out and the teeth brushed at least every morning and night—particularly at night, because it is during the hours of sleep, when the mouth is still, that food particles that may have gathered in the clefts of the teeth undergo fermentation and set up trouble, causing decay of the enamel of the tooth and absorption of body poisons.

An inspection of the mouth by a dentist at regular intervals may save much later trouble, and perhaps pain and suffering. Modern dentistry is wonderful. So much can be done to prevent decay and to save teeth.

Save your teeth, whatever you do, and if you have any doubts on the subject see the man whose job it is to help you to keep them.

The Emigrant's Fortune

Eighteen years ago Mr. Andrew MacRae lived in a two-roomed tenement house in Parliamentary Road, Glasgow. Now he has returned from the Argentine, a millionaire many times over.

While in Glasgow he saved £200, and he emigrated to the Argentine and worked there as a driller on land which he found contained oil. He could not buy the land, but he went farther afield and expended his small capital in the purchase of another claim, and after

years he gradually worked his way to wealth.

Secrets of the Sky

With regard to the study of astronomy, Aristarchus (born about 270 B. C.) wrote a treatise on the dimensions and distances of the sun and moon, in which may be traced an anticipation of Copernicus. He understood that the alternation of day and night was caused by the earth rotating on its axis.

Hipparchus, another astronomer (about 140 B. C.), compiled a list of the known stars, totalling over 1,000. The precession of the equinoxes was discovered at this time, but the results and calculations were very rough, since trigonometry was unknown, although Hipparchus himself laid the foundations of that branch of mathematical science.

Time was still generally measured by the flow of water, although the Greeks must have seen the Egyptian shadow-clocks.

It was by no means an easy thing to trace the sun's path among the stars, because the sun and the stars are never in sight at the same time, so astronomers were obliged to notice the constellations as they appeared close to the sun after it had set at night or before it rose in the morning. These, they found, varied a little each night, till, when a whole year had passed, each of the twelve signs had been in turn close to the sun, and the cycle began again. Thus they learned that the sun passed over each of the twelve signs in the course of the year ; and they thought from this that the sun travelled round the sky while the earth stood still in the middle.

From Seed to Cigarette

The growing of tobacco for cigarettes is an interesting subject, for centuries of patient

culture and crossing have been devoted to the evolution of the right seed. The seed is so tiny, that a single table-spoonful will produce plants enough to cover ten acres. Certain growers whose crops are always of the highest excellence will not sell a single seed at any price.

Every crop is kept in the warehouse from three to five years for the purpose of "mellowing" or "sweating"—which occurs twice yearly—before the leaves are subjected to "stemming." Sand and dust that have remained are shaken out by sieves, with the result that the tobacco is 25 to 30 per cent. lighter because of the absence of the midrib and sand.

Nimble-fingered girls can make 2,500 cigarettes a day, but machines can turn out 400 finished cigarettes a minute, or 190,000 in an ordinary working day.

Money in His Dreams !

There's money to be made from some dreams, judging by the story told me by Mr. C. H. Friese-Greene of how he came to discover an entirely new process of making films in natural colours.

"I have been experimenting with the idea since I was twelve," Mr. Friese-Greene, a son of the man who was a part-inventor of the cinematograph, confided to me. "It was less than twelve months ago that I came upon the secret. I was lying in bed, half asleep and half awake—dreaming, as it were—when the idea came to me and I got up and jotted it down. Next day I followed this up with experiments in my laboratory and was able to develop a film in natural colours."

The process, I am told, will be shown on cinema screens throughout the country very shortly.

Chosen by Machinery

To save workers in factories which employ in their products gold, silver, or precious stones from suffering the indignity of being selected for searching, a Danish engineer has invented a special apparatus.

Hitherto, the custom has been to stop a certain proportion of the workers leaving such factories at night, thus apparently casting suspicion upon the individuals selected. By the new invention the worker asked to adjourn to the searching room is chosen by a machine.

The apparatus consists of a container holding a number of balls, corresponding to the number of workers engaged in the factory. Some of the balls are made of a material conductive of electricity. As the workers pass to the exit they press a button, when a ball is released. It rolls out of the container and a white lamp glows for a moment. In such case the worker passes on.

Should one of the conducting spheres roll out, the electric current turns on a red lamp, which means that the person indicated is one of those to be searched.

More Boys Than Girls

Why are there more boy babies than girl babies?

In the human race the ratio of boys to girls is between 103 and 107 to 100. The sex-ratio varies with the seasons of the year. A study of the birth records in greyhound kennels shows that December breedings produced 88 male puppies to 100 females, while the ratio of male to female for September breedings was 122 to 100.

Among cattle the warm weather ratio was 114 to 100, compared with 103 to 100 wh

the mating took place in the autumn or winter. Sheep showed a ratio of 102 to 100 for the warm months, compared with 94 to 100 for the cold, and pigs showed ratios of 115 to 100 and 109 to 100 respectively for summer and winter matings.

When Fate Decides.

Trifling things sometimes change a man's whole career.

In 1912 Eamon De Valera was a candidate for the Chair of Mathematical Physics in University College, Cork. There was only one other candidate, and a poll between them resulted in a tie. One of De Valera's supporters, coming in to vote for him, missed his train by a minute.

The question of the appointment then lay with the Senate, and De Valera's opponent was selected. Had his supporter caught the train, De Valera would have been appointed, and he would have been in Cork, not in Dublin, during the weeks immediately preceeding the rebellion.

Parnell's fate was decided by his mistaking one coin for another.

Parnell came from an old Irish family of land-owners, and was sent to finish his education at Cambridge. Coming home one evening from a social party with a fellow-student, they encountered two drunken drovers on the two-path who attempted to jostle them off.

Parnell and his companion immediately proceeded to knock them down. Their cries brought a policeman on the scene, and on the complaint of the battered drovers, he demanded Parnell's name.

Following the example of students everywhere, the accused, with the fear of the college authorities in his mind, put his hand in his pocket and handed the policeman what he believed to be a sovereign.

However, a glance at the coin by the light of the nearest lamp revealed it to be a shilling, whereupon the offended representative of the majesty of the law took umbrage, re-arrested Parnell, and took him to the nearest police-station. Obtaining his name, he reported it to his college, and this led to Parnell's being sent down.

It is within the bounds of possibility that the shilling in question determined the future career of Parnell, by securing his rustication from Cambridge and thus sending him back to Ireland, where he fell in with a train of circumstances which ultimately led to his entry into public life.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain might have been murdered in 1882 in place of Lord Frederick Cavendish but for the Prime Minister changing his mind.

In the spring of 1882 Mr. Chamberlain was in consultation with the then Irish leaders in the House of Commons. He told them that a sense of duty might compel him to go to Dublin as Chief Secretary. At the very last moment Gladstone decided to send Lord Frederick to Phoenix Park.

An overmastering Providence had other work for Mr. Chamberlain, and he was not fated to meet his end by the assassin's hand. But if Mr. Gladstone had not changed his mind, it is quite possible that the whole course of the history of the two nations would have been different.

Not Tired Yet !

Although he has been selling all kinds of things imaginable for nearly sixty years, and he is now eighty-two, Mr. Henry Stevens isn't tired yet ! He is the oldest auctioneer in the world, and among the novelties he has auctioned have been the silk vest worn by Charles I. on the scaffold, which realized £200 ; the diminutive head of a pigmy found in Mexico, which was sold for fifty guineas ; as well as butterflies at prices ranging up to nearly fifty pounds.

"I was born in this building (in Covent Garden) where my business is," he declared. "As a boy I frequently saw Thackeray and Dickens at sales here.

"I have not had a day's illness for forty years—perhaps because my habits are regular. After business I usually work about the house—at carpentering, and so on. The other day I climbed to the roof to clear the gutters."

A Business Man's Secret

I have always considered Lord Stevenson, who did such great work in connection with the Wembley Exhibition, as a hard-headed, practical business man, and it comes as a surprise to me to learn that he is the author of a novel—a highly romantic one, I understand—called "The Kiss of Chance."

He was once recommended for the sake of his health to undertake some light work as a hobby. So he sat down and wrote this story.

What I should like to know is why Lord Stevenson kept his authorship a secret ? His name was disguised under "Roland Dunster."

Won' His Vote

There are few men in Parliament more popular than Sir Godfrey Collins, the Liberal Chief Whip, who is a publisher by profession. I heard a good story of his election the other day.

You may know that Plymouth Brethren do not use their votes on account of religious scruples. One of the Brethren was being canvassed on Sir Godfrey's behalf, and explained his objections to voting. "What !" exclaimed the caller. "You won't vote for the man who prints the Bible ?" And he whipped out a copy of the Book, on the first page of which appeared the words, "Collins' clear type."

The voter's scruples were overcome and he recorded his cross against Sir Godfrey's name.

The Recipe

It is said that you can't make bricks without straw, but here's a man who may be said to have made a fortune out of nothing ! He had, however, priceless assets in grit and determination which, when he was seventeen, he put into the making of bicycles, and, later, motor-cars. He is Mr. W. R. Morris, and to-day he is the greatest motor-car manufacturer in this country. He has, I heard, just made arrangements to start a new factory in France.

"I took a little place in Oxford, where I built 'push-bikes' and sold them to my acquaintances," Mr. Morris, whose cars are named after him, told me. "The first year I sold fifty. After some years I had a capital of £2,000, saved from my earnings on 'push-bikes.' Later, he started manufacturing motor cars. The annual turn-over of his company is now £10,000,000, and his firm produces four times as many cars as any other British company.

Metal Money Best.

The talk about a return to the gold standard in the coinage of this country makes a recent test by a German bacteriologist of considerable interest. He declared, as a result of his experiments, that coins are far more sanitary than notes.

On a note that had been in circulation for some time, and was subjected to frequent handling, as many as 143,000 bacteria were discovered.

Metalic coins show a far smaller bacteria count. Their smooth surface does not encourage the accumulation of these minute organisms.

Risks should not be taken even with coins, however. Though they are cleaner than notes, it would be very foolish to put them in your mouth—as some people do in order to ascertain whether they are genuine or not.

* * * *

The Sacred Simian

While the monkey gland treatment for bringing the flush of youth to the cheeks of age has not caught on in Britain, it is still popular in America and on the Continent. And it has had one rather unexpected result. An agitation has been started in India—where most of the monkeys have come from—against their exportation.

The European craze for rejuvenation, we are told by those conducting this agitation, is denuding India of monkeys.

This seems rather an overstatement, but the real basis of the agitation lies in the Hindu belief that the monkey is sacred, and in this light the demand for the prohibition of the traffic deserves sympathetic consideration.

Hanuman, the monkey god, is one of the great divinities of the Hindu mythology, and his temples are to be found all over India.

The white-whiskered entellus monkey is called, by his name and is worshipped by the natives.

* * * *

The Champion Clock Winder

A record perhaps unsurpassed in the history of long service stands to the credit of Mr. G. Little, a Liverpool clocksmith, who has celebrated fifty years of employment with one firm. In all, he has wound over 1,500,000 clocks.

"When I first went into the business," Mr. Little said recently, "the average life of a visiting clock-winder was put at only eight years, a fact which was attributed to the custom of offering the winder a glass of wine at every house at which he called! However, I declined the hospitality, with the result that I have lived to wind more clocks than probably any other man in the kingdom. Practically every known variety of clock has been under my care, including the timepieces in the house of Mrs. Maybrick the poisoner."

* * * *

Friends of Feathered Families

More attention is now being paid to the preservation of bird life than ever before. This is due to the efforts of several local societies and individuals who love birds.

Off the Cumberland coast is the largest gallery in the United Kingdom, where half-a-million gulls are rigorously protected by the squire of the district. Villagers, however, are permitted to take gulls' eggs for eating, early in the season. The eggs are very rich, and resemble the plover's in taste.

Recently a large sum of money was raised by subscription to purchase the Farne Islands as a sanctuary for birds. The islands are very wild, and will be remembered as the scene of Grace Darling's exploit. Watchers have been

placed there during breeding time for some seasons, but now the islands are secured for ever as sacred to birds.

There are at least three other similar sanctuaries in England. Two of them are in Norfolk and the other is in Cambridgeshire.

Bird watchers are maintained in many lonely places during breeding times to protect the eggs against over-zealous collectors. Often however, other birds are the greatest enemies, and will feast on the eggs if allowed to.

Rooks have been known deliberately to stake out a beach and search systematically for plovers' eggs. Carrion crows, too, are great egg thieves.

Among the bird watchers is a woman, who has a hut on Bird Island, off the Norfolk coast.

The island lies among mud-flats and is very lonely. There is no fresh water, and all food and drink has to be brought from the mainland.

* * * *

Village Where Nobody Dies

Salcechio, a mountain village in Piedmont, has suddenly become famous, and crowds of people are flocking there. It has been proclaimed a place where nobody dies. No deaths have occurred there during the past three years.

The Mayor of Salcechio performs the varied tasks of postman, joiner, and bell-ringer. It is claimed that nobody drinks wine, nobody quarrels, and nobody steals at Salcechio, and that perfect harmony reigns among the inhabitants.

260 Miles an Hour Aeroplanes

In a determined effort to win back the Schneider Cup, the international trophy for

air marine craft, which was won by the United States at Cowes two years ago, craft are now being constructed to represent Great Britain which, it confidently believed, will be capable of a speed of between 260 and 270 miles an hour.

One of the racing craft now being built secretly in the development of a type which, during "hush, hush" trials last autumn, attained a speed of 215 miles an hour with the throttle not fully open.

With a very small span, and stream-lined so that there are no "bumps" in the fuselage, this racer, which will be equipped with floats for landing on water, will look like a flying bullet as it goes hurtling through the air.

One of the secrets of its speed will be the specially constructed engine, let into the fuselage to minimize wind resistance.

This is a development of the Napier Lion engine, but the new type will develop nearly 600-h. p., and by the introduction of a direct drive weight will be reduced by nearly 25 per cent.

* * * *

Theatre in a Train

Travellers going North by an express train recently could beguile the journey by seeing "movies" in a specially-equipped coach. But it is a mistake to suppose, as many do, that the provision of any form of entertainment in trains is an untried novelty.

Some years ago a "theatre car" was attached to a long-distance French train, by means of which travellers could pass the journey pleasantly by seeing a play acted by a small company.

"Music carriages," in which a small orchestra performed for the duration of the journey, were in use on German and Spanish railways at one time. One railway company

in Spain rescued itself from bankruptcy by adopting this idea.

An American railway company not long ago attached a natural history museum to one of its corridor trains, and derived considerable revenue from the venture, passengers being admitted to the museum coach, at the equivalent of a shilling a head.

An innovation on an Austrain railway consisted of a lecturer whose duty it was to describe the scenery and places of interest through which the train passed.

* * * * *

What Animals Say

A series of gramophone records made recently show that many of our popular conceptions of the sounds made by animals and birds are wrong. For example, the records reveal that a sheep does not say "Baa!" as is commonly supposed, but "Maa." It has been proved, in fact, that a sheep's throat does not permit it to utter a "b" sound at all.

This is true also of dogs, which do not say "Bow-wow" when they bark, but "Wow-wow." Again, one often hears of the tiger's growl. Actually this animal makes a sound that is more accurately described as a cough. The rhinoceros is said to grunt, whereas it really snorts, making a sound best indicated in print by "wolf!"

Rooks are commonly said to "caw," but their cry is more like "haw." The gramophone tests also show that pigeons "hoo" rather than "coo."

Beggars' Trade Union.

In China one of the most formidable trade unions is that of the beggars. Begging in that country is a recognized profession, and there is a properly-organised guild of beggars in most districts.

Each guild has its own president and officers, and the members pay an annual subscription equalling sixteen shillings in our money. The officials of the guilds wield such power that they enjoy the protection of the magistracy.

So far there has been no strike on the part of the members of the union which is undoubtedly the quaintest organization of its kind in the world.

Dogs With Glass Eyes

Recent examples of the surgeon's skill on injured animals rival in delicacy many of the operations performed on human beings.

Dogs have been fitted with sets of false teeth, which remain in position despite the severe strain put upon them by canine appetites. Amputation of animals' limbs is often necessary as a result of serious accidents, and it is possible to substitute artificial legs made of silver and vulcanite covered with leather.

Generally the little cripples accommodate themselves quickly to the use of their new limbs, but one valuable whippet proved very stupid. When he met with an accident and lost both forelegs, artificial limbs were made and fitted. But the animal refused to use them, and persisted in hopping about like a baby kangaroo.

An Aberdeen terrier examined by X-rays had 114 flint stones in his stomach, as well as a valuable diamond collar stud, but he was operated upon successfully,

A marvel of the veterinary surgeon's art is found in a small Japanese toy spaniel which is still alive. It lost an eye in an unfortunate encounter, but was cleverly fitted with a false glass eye which cannot now be distinguished from the sound one.



In an easy mood.

The Love Drama of Madeleine Smith.

(By Charles Kingston.)

Never has a girl wished for romance more than did Madeleine Smith. She had plenty of luxuries, for her parents were very comfortable, but she yearned for love, for something that would be worthy of her deep, passionate nature.

And then one dreary day she met the man who was to change the whole course of her life—Emile L'Angelier, a fascinating but penniless young Frenchman.

In a few days Madeleine was passionately in love with him. They met secretly, because of the great difference in their social positions; and the love-letters the girl wrote to L'Angelier have never been equalled for their passion and self-revelation. She even went so far as to address L'Angelier as her husband.

Madeleine's love lasted for nearly two years; and then it began to wear itself out. She realised at last that marriage to a wealthy man named Minnoch was preferable to becoming the wife of L'Angelier, the penniless clerk.

She decided that her affair with the Frenchman must end, but he refused to give her up. In fact, he threatened to show her love letters to his successful rival.

Madeleine now began to play a double game, but L'Angelier found this out and threatened that on the very next day he would show Minnoch the letters—letters which would ruin her reputation for ever.

Madeleine consoled the Frenchman to an extent; and then one night he became very ill. It was only prompt attention that saved his life, and although his doctor said he had suffered from a bilious attack, he did not believe it, and told his confidante, a Miss Perry, that he fancied he had been poisoned. "All I know is," he said, "that Madeleine would be only too glad to get rid of me."

* * * *

Events in the tragedy which had begun as a love romance, now followed one another in rapid succession. L'Angelier, after an illness of eight days, went for a holiday which he cut short in order that he might see Madeleine again.

But his love affair had run its course, and there was to be only one meeting with the girl. No one has ever known when this last encounter took place, but he had not been back in Glasgow twenty-four hours when he knocked frantically on the door of his

lodgings at half-past two in the morning, and when his landlady opened it she admitted a dying man.

The Frenchman was suffering excruciating pain and it rendered him incoherent. The woman immediately sent for a doctor who, however, refused to come at once, advising the application of a simple remedy, and when he did arrive later on, he at once expressed the opinion that there was nothing seriously the matter with L'Angelier.

"He's wrong. I'm worse than he thinks," muttered L'Angelier weakly. "I want to see Miss Perry. Ask her to come at once and I'll tell her everything."

"Try to sleep," the landlady urged in a soothing voice, "and I'll fetch Miss Perry in the meantime. A good sleep will do more good than all the doctor's medicine."

She stole from the room on tip-toe and when she returned an hour later she was accompanied by Miss Perry.

"It's all right," said the landlady with a sigh of relief, gazing at the still figure. "He's managed to doze off and we won't disturb him."

She had scarcely spoken when the doctor came in and on hearing her news looked astonished.

"Let me see him," he said, going over to the bed. A moment later he added, in a low tone: "You may draw the curtains. The man is dead."

The suddenness of L'Angelier's death and the peculiar circumstances

leading up to it excited at once the suspicions of his friends, and when they discovered a letter in a girl's writing in his waistcoat pocket and ascertained from it that he had returned unexpectedly to Glasgow to keep an appointment with her, they wondered if she had had anything to do with the tragedy.

A further search of the dead man's belongings brought to light a large batch of letters in the same handwriting, and on porusing them it was realised that it was quite possible there was one woman in Glasgow who would be relieved to hear that Emile L'Angelier was dead.

Of course, there was a post-mortem examination, and the worst suspicions were confirmed when a large quantity of arsenic was found in the body. The question then arose as to how the arsenic got there. A fellow-clerk of L'Angelier's recalled the fact that he had once heard him threaten to commit suicide, but this was not accepted as sufficient reason for a painful death, and the police were communicated with.

* * * *

With every hour rumour grew in volume and strength, and soon all Glasgow had heard of the mysterious death of the French clerk who, it was said, had had an affair with a girl of high social position.

Madeleine's parents remembering how friendly she had been to L'Angelier,

were, naturally, greatly interested, and when Minnoch, who was now formally engaged to Madeleine, called one afternoon it was practically the only topic they discussed.

"I'm told his death was due to arsenic," said Minnoch, addressing Madeline.

"Indeed!" she replied, affecting a well-bred interest which was suggestive of polite boredom.

"That's curious, for I've been in the habit of buying arsenic for my complexion."

She had just seen Minnoch off and was about to sit down at her beloved piano when a loud knock on the front door startled her, and she rose to her feet with an expectant and nervous expression.

But when the door opened and two men who were obviously detectives appeared, all the worry and fear vanished and she was once more the smiling girl without a care in the world.

"Miss Madeline Smith?" said the senior officer, a little awed by the luxury of his surroundings. "It is my duty to arrest you for the murder of Emile L'Angelier."

* * * *

The arrest of a girl of Madeleine's social position created a profound sensation throughout the whole of Scotland.

Everywhere the death of Emile L'Angelier was argued. Husbands

and wives quarrelled over the question of the fair-prisoner's guilt, and impromptu meetings were held at almost every street corner to discuss her forthcoming trial.

Meanwhile the authorities were working hard to establish the fact that the last person L'Angelier had seen had been Madeleine Smith, and that at the interview she had handed him a cup of coffee or chocolate containing arsenic.

They were able to prove that shortly before each of his attacks—the second of which had proved fatal—she had bought arsenic, and as for the motive for her crime they had only to read her love-letters to make it clear.

* * * *

Her trial at Edinburgh lasted nine days and was one of the most sensational ever known. A crowded court listened spellbound to the prisoner's love story, and when an elderly clerk read in the driest of voices those marvellous love-letters pulsating with passion, he could not rob them of their originality or lessen the effect they had on his hearers.

Of course, only the most susceptible people believed that Madeliene was innocent. At the same time, however, practically everybody's sympathies were with her. L'Angelier's baseness in attempting to blackmail her caused a revulsion of feeling in her favour which undoubtedly influenced the jury.

Everything depended, of course, on the ability of counsel for the prosecution to prove that L'Angelier had seen Madeleine just before he took the poison that killed him, and he might have succeeded had not the presiding judge ruled as inadmissible a pocket-book belonging to the dead man containing entries relating to his appointments.

After that, counsel could only ask the jury to believe that it was Madeleine Smith who L'Angelier had returned to Glasgow to see, and that the day before she had bought arsenic, not for her complexion, but to poison the cup of coffee or chocolate which she handed to the man who stood between her and a wealthy marriage.

Throughout the trial Madeleine was as unconcerned as though in her own drawing-room, and even when the contest seemed to be going against her she could retain her bright and pleasing expression.

Her counsel, the famous John Inglis, made the speech of his life in her defence, and although the presiding judge demolished some of his arguments, he was supremely confident of the result.

"They won't hang a pretty Scottish lassie for the sake of a scoundrelly Frenchman," whispered a well-known man of letters to his neighbour, a newspaper proprietor.

"I can't see how they can find her 'Not Guilty'" answered his friend, shaking his head. .

He forgot, however there was a third verdict, and it was this—"Not

Proven"—that the jury recorded after a comparatively brief retirement.

* * *

There was the usual hysterical demonstration by an excited mob when the result was proclaimed' but Madeleine's family had no intention of allowing her to be pushed into the false position of a public heroine.

She had disgraced her name. For her own sake it was necessary that she should get away from the city where she was so well known. The girl rather resented being smuggled out of Glasgow, but she had no option but to obey, and for a few weeks she lay low.

Then, however, she rebelled against parental authority and insisted on beginning life again independently and alone. She went into lodgings, calling herself Miss Hamilton, the latter being her second Christian name, and amongst the medley of odd persons whose acquaintances she made was a quack doctor named Hora.

She married him, and for a time they lived at Perth, but her notoriety made them uncomfortable and eventually they emigrated to Australia.

Thirty-four years after her narrow escape from the hangman, Madeleine Smith at the age of fifty five died in London. She had married a second time and bore a name which completely concealed her identity.

It was months after her decease that the world heard of the passing of one of the most remarkable persons associated with a sensational tragedy.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

Brothers back from 'England !

From the Bengalee of the late Mr. D. L. Roy,
(translated by Atul Chandra Ghosh)

1

We little band of brothers brave,—
From England just returned,—
Have donn'd the garb of Englishmen,
All native customs spurned.



From England just returned !

2

Our mother tongue we have forgot,
Learned English Phrases truly ;—
We call our servant "bearer" now ;
A carrier, we call "cooly."



So like ourselves, we bid our wives use knives and forks instead.

3

Ram, Hari, and Kalipada,
Are names now out of date;
So, *Day, Ray, Mitter* are the names,
We have assumed of late.



Still, daily do we rub our skins with thick Vinolia Soap.

4

We love to herd with Englishmen,
And wish to be call'd "*Mister*;"
And if, instead, we're "*Babu*" call'd,
It burns our heart like blister.

5

We wear no top-tuft as of yore,
 No *dhoti* and no *chawder* ;—
 But hat, boots, pants and coat,—like apes
 Of the “travel’d monkey” order.



Fine English speeches spout.

6

We laugh like true-born Londoners,
 And cough like Paris folk ;
 And love to Plant legs wide apart,
 When cigarettes we smoke.

7

To lift a morsel to our mouth
With fingers, much we dread ;
So, like ourselves, we bid our wives
Use knives and forks in stead.

8

Queer shirts and jackets do we force
Our grandmamas to wear ;
And make our lasses all put on
Fine shoes and stockings rare.

9

The only stumbling block we meet
In aping Englishmen,
Is, that our skins we can't make white,
Though try we might and main.

10

Still, daily do we rub our skins
With thick Vinolia soap ;
And though, as yet, all bootlessly,
We have not given up hope.

11

We band of brothers give birth to
Your Congresses and things ;
Yet Englishmen we thus displease,
Our idols and our kings.

12

Like them we proudly strut along,
Fine English speeches spout ;
(But,—) At danger's sight, Bengali-like,
Show heels in headlong rout !

Do Pretty Girls Get the Best Jobs?

(By MARGARET CHUTE.)

Is beauty an advantage in business? How could it, by any possible stretch of the imagination, be anything else? Of course, beauty is an advantage everywhere, at any time, in any circumstances.

Yet wait a minute—consider the matter more carefully. Every question has two sides, and it is just possible that closer investigation may reveal the curious fact that beauty is not always an advantageous possession, from a business woman's point of view or from the point of view of her employer.

To the woman who, outside her own home, is not a worker, must always be an advantage.

But to the woman who fights her way in the world of men—the great business world—it seems more than faintly possible that extreme good looks may easily prove a real drawback.

Consider the well-balanced opinion of a merchant prince—a man with thousands of women of all ages and types on his weekly pay-sheet. What does he feel about beauty as an asset

in business? He considers it should be an advantage, but admits that it often becomes a marked drawback through the fault of the girl who possesses it.

This he ascribes to the fact that girls with beauty are exposed to greater temptations than their plainer sisters. If they are flighty, easily influenced, and open to flattery, their good looks may keep them from business success.

So, while confessing that he prefers to see pretty faces in his huge store, this employer admits that experience has proved the sterling worth, as workers, of the women who are not strictly beautiful, and, consequently, not exposed to the manifold distractions that follow and cling to a lovely girl, even in business hours.

A very wise man, with a big City office in which dozens of girls are employed as typists, secretaries, etc., states that while beauty may win a job for a girl it can also lose her that same job, and often does!

It works out in this way—for a vacancy, an employer, interviewing

a succession of applicants, may be strongly drawn towards a girl with an attractive face. If that girl comes up to the necessary standard required for the vacant post she gets it—on her looks.

And within a few weeks she loses it—her good looks draw attention to her, naturally. She yields to this attention, neglecting her work for silly flirtatious conversations, 'n stolen minutes, with male members of the staff who may or may not have more leisure time than she has. The result leads to her work being scamped, possibly to theirs being scamped as well. Her luncheon hours lengthen, and she devotes more time to beauty culture than to business.

That girl becomes, through her attractive face, a storm-centre and a time-waster in the office, and eventually she leaves.

Is it surprising, then, that certain shrewed employers pronounce against beauty in business? Says one such man: "Give me a plain, neat, tidy, capable woman, in business hours—but never a beauty! When a post is vacant in my office I avoid pretty girls who apply for it as I would the plague. I know 'em—stormy petrels, all of 'em! May not be their own fault—don't say it is—but they have a knack of turning the office upside-down. If they aren't flighty, other

people are—so it comes to the same thing in the end. Give me someone sound and solid, without too much powder-puff, and let us get on with our work."

It has been argued, with entire truth, that some girls with beauty use this natural lever to secure a post, and then do as little work as possible, being content to rest on the security offered by their good looks. They are fairly sure of a husband—when they want one; they are fairly sure that, as long as they do the absolute minimum of work, they won't get the sack—because the "boss" likes pretty faces better than plain ones.

So they just drift, utterly lacking in ambition or pride of achievement. These girls have no right to be in business at all; their beauty is a disadvantage both to themselves and the employer, who is foolish enough to pay them good money for bad work.

In business offices, as in social spheres, silly woman sometimes make the way needlessly hard for themselves by using their beauty to antagonise other women who may be in a position to retard their success. Thus, good looks may prove a serious drawback to a girl who is genuinely anxious to get on—the girl being probably unconscious of the way in which she is ruining her own chances.

Take the case of a girl who is engaged in a small position, with a

capable, smart, but not beautiful woman, older than herself, as her immediate "chief." Without meaning to do so, this girl may irritate the older woman in a hundred ways simply because she happens to have been born with a beautiful face—and a lack of tact.

She may attract the attention of some male creature in the same business, who means nothing to her, but to whom the other woman is attached.

Not the girl's fault? No; but it happens. She may unconsciously use her loveliness in various ways, that emphasise the other woman's lack of looks. Result—she will never get on in that job in a million years, though it may take her months to find it out!

It is curious that men, although they like pretty women, hardly ever seem willing to place them in a position of trust. A plain woman—yes, every time: but a pretty one—well, no they think not. Fluffy little thing, meant to be taken care of and pampered, and have things made smooth for her. Too bad to put so much responsibility on such fragile shoulders—that's how they work it out. .

But she could do the job—truly, she could! M-yes; may be so. But it seems a real shame to make her work so hard. Miss Brown, now that tall woman with eyeglasses and a tweed coat and skirt—yes, let her have it by all means!

The fluffy little thing may be just as capable just as keen—perhaps she is simply longing to carve her own way in the world, and be independent—and men just won't let her! Funny, the way things pan out, isn't it?"

And one has heard of employers who swear that every pretty girl in the office shall go—by Jove!—at the end of the week, without any possible shadow of doubt—just because one or two of them have been detected yawning over their work, from the after-effects of "Foxtrotitis" or an overdose of theatres.

"What can you expect," growls Mr. Employer, "when all they think of is getting some idiot to cart them out to dine, or see a show, or dance till all hours to some crazy jazz-band? Give me girls who don't get asked out—that's the way to keep a business going!

Beauty an advantage in business? I'm sure it isn't!



Natural Scenery



Things That Amuse.

Got it wrong

Mr. Frank B. Kellogg, who until recently was American Ambassador in London, is one of the ablest raconteurs it has ever been my fortune to hear.

One of his many good stories concerns an Englishman on a visit to California who sought information from a fruit grower as follows:

"John, what do you do with all the over-chuses that you grow here?"

"Peaches! Why don't you know? We eat all we can and we can't if we can't."

The Englishman laughed long and loud, and saved up the story to retell to his friends when he got back home.

But this, according to Mr. Kellogg, is how he told it:

"Peaches? Why don't you know? We eat all we can, and we fin all we can't!"

* * * *

It was the limit

At a charity bazaar at Hollywood recently there was a novel competition.

Some dozens of "movie" actresses vied with one another in telling funny stories.

The following contributed by Miss Alice Joyce, was awarded the first prize.

"A newly-wed wife made her first cake and set it before her husband. He ate of it and made a face. She ate of it and made another face. Then there was dead silence.

"Finally the bride summed up courage to utter: 'I-I-I'm afraid, dear, I left something out of this cake.'

"No, sweetheart," he gently replied, 'nothing that you could have left out could make a cake taste like this cake tastes.'"

* * * *

Peter and Pan

A good story is current in theatrical circles concerning the new film version of Sir J. M. Barrie's famous play Peter Pan.

Recently at a luncheon party someone said to him: "I suppose, Sir James, some of your plays do much better than others. I mean they are not all great successes, are they?"

Sir James answered : "Oh no. Some Peter out altogether. Others Pan out very well."

* * * *

Everlasting

We were discussing economy, and the best way to practise it. When Billy Merson chipped in.

"Some men's idea of economy," he said, "is to carry it out at the expense of other people."

We looked, I suppose, a bit puzzled, where upon Billy, his eyes twinkling, told us the story of the careful man and his umbrella.

"It's wonderful how I make things last," exclaimed the careful man, exhibiting with pride the article in question.

"Just look at this umbrella now. I bought it before the war. Since then I have had it recovered twice. I had new ribs put in it last year, and last month I exchanged it for a new one in a restaurant, and here it is as good as ever."

* * * *

Knew where they lived

Speaking of her recent American experiences, Miss. Flora le Breton remarked that what struck her most was the independence, almost amounting to indifference, shown by young people over there towards their parents.

"I hope, though," continued the famous actress, "that the story a New York broker told me is exaggerated.

"Where have you been lately, Mary ?" he said to a young lady of eighteen or thereabouts whom he had not seen for some little time.

"I have been to Rochester to see my father and mother" the girl replied.

"By Jove !" the broker exclaimed ; and how did you find them ?"

"Oh," said the girl, "I knew where they lived."

* * *

Neatly Put

I frequently come across stories about the rivalry shown by great artistes, which makes this one concernings Caruso and John Mack Cormack, "the Irish Caruso," particularly refreshing.

It chanced that upon one occasion these two great singers were staying at the same hotel in London.

One morning MacCormack came down and found Caruso already in the lounge.

"Well," said the Irishman, "and how is the world's greatest tenor this morning ?"

To this Caruso promptly replied : "And since when have you become a baritone ?"

* * * *

Had Him There

Viewing Pola Negri's wonderful acting as the Blackbard in her new film play, *Shadows of Paris*, recalled to my mind a story she once told.

It concerned a man who was lecturing his wife for exceeding her housekeeping allowance.

"I am afraid, my dear," he said, "that you do not practise economy."

His wife cast a contemptuous glance at him. "Come with me to the attic," she commanded.

He obeyed.

There she opened a trunk and took out a bundle wrapped carefully in tissue paper. Tearing off the wrappings, she disclosed a lovely filmy gown.

"That," she said, "is my wedding dress."

"And do you call it economy to save your wedding dress," he cried contemptuously. "That's not economy—"it's sentimentality. It would have been economy to wear that dress and get the money's worth out of it. But lying here, it is never likely to be of any use to you or anybody else."

"That's where you are wrong," she said calmly. "I am saving that dress for my next wedding."

* * *

Didn't want another wife

One of the best of many good stories told by Mr. Frank Tinney, the popular "coloured" comedian, concerns a business man who had a rather serious fire at his shop.

He quickly called upon the insurance company, explained the details, and asked if he could there and then be paid in cash.

The manager told him that this could not be done, and that if he would refer to his policy he would see that they did not pay cash; but after making the necessary inquiries they would replace the articles he had lost.

Showing by his face the disappointment he felt, the man stalked out of the office.

The following morning the insurance company received a letter from him asking them to cancel the policy on his wife's life.

* * *

Considered His Feelings.

A mean man went to a well-known artist and asked the latter if he would paint his portrait for ten pounds—cash down!

The artist complied with the request, but when the portrait was finished nothing was visible save the back of the sitters head.

"What does this mean?" said the man, indignantly.

"Well," replied the artist. "I thought that a man who paid so little wouldn't care to show his face!"

Saved In Vain

"Woman," said the dejected young man, "is a disappointment and a fraud."

"Indeed?" said his friend.

"Yes, I saved up all my tobacco money and lived on porridge for two weeks to take Miss Truelove to the opera and a supper. Then I asked her to marry me and she said she was afraid I was too extravagant to make a good husband!"

The Discount.

A Yorkshireman, slightly deaf, went to the doctor with a bruised finger. The doctor washed and bandaged it, and, when the man asked the charge, said, "Oh, it is just a trifle, and won't cost anything."

The man, not hearing distinctly, said, "No, no, sir: you will need to make it less than that."

The doctor, realizing the situation, said, "Very well, we will say two and sixpence," which the man paid, thinking he had knocked something off.

Cross-Words

Here is the story of a man, a girl, and a cross-word puzzle.

They sat opposite and alone in the train. His brows were deep-knit in thought.

"Blank, blank, P, blank, blank blank, blank!" he said.

"Surely you are not swearing?" she asked. "No," he replied. "I want to marry."

"Then why not 'esponse?" she cried.

"Splendid !" he shouted. "The very thing !" In the breach of promise action which followed the judge awarded her a furthering damages, merely remarking : "What is a cross-word puzzle ?"

A Family Trait.

A Suburban housewife recently engaged a maid, whose personal appearance and manners gave her every satisfaction.

After she had shown the girl over the house, told her her duties, and fixed up the question of salary, she concluded :

"Now, my last maid, Mary, was far too friendly with the policemen about here. I hope I can trust you in this respect ?"

"Indeed, ma'am, you can !" replied the girl. "I can't stand policemen. In fact, ma'am, I was brought up to hate the very sight of them. You see, my poor old father was a burglar."

Sizing Them Up

Two fellow-club-members were discussing the eloquence of another member of the same club.

"Yes," said one, "I like to hear him talk : but he strongly reminds me of an old pal of mine—a fisherman. This chap was once relating a tremendous struggle he had had with a monster salmon, when one of the listeners interrupted :

"I notice, my friend, that in telling about that monster fish you caught you vary the weight and size for different listeners."

"That's quite correct," admitted my friend, "I make it a point never to tell a man more than I think he'll believe."

A Peculiar Proposal.

Young MacTavish had fallen in love with a girl—to be precise, one Jean McClure.

Now MacTavish was rather a shy individual and Jean was certainly coy. Nevertheless young MacTavish was certain she would reciprocate his affection if only he could screw up sufficient courage to propose to her. But this he discovered was far easier said than done. He followed her everywhere, but never did he seem to get an opportunity of telling her his inmost thoughts.

At last one day a brilliant idea occurred to him. He took her to the local kirk and pausing before a large tombstone, said :

"Jean, ma grandfather is buried here, my father is buried here, an a ma ain folk lie here. Wud ye no like ta lie here ta ?"

Returning The Compliment.

A certain artist possessed a very fine dog, to which he was most attached.

One day the pet contracted a disease of the throat, whereupon the artist wired to a specialist in Harley Street.

The doctor on arriving, discovered that he had been called in to treat a dog, and consequently was far from pleased.

However, he examined the dog's throat, prescribed for it, and, after pocketing a substantial fee, departed.

Some weeks later he sent hurriedly for the artist, telling him he had a commission for him. In due course the artist turned up and was shown into the doctor's consulting-room.

"Ah, good-evening, sir !" said the eminent specialist. "I—er—wanted to see you about painting my front door."

Never Satisfied

In many parts of Mexico hot springs and cold springs are found side by side. One can see the native women boiling clothes in a hot spring, rubbing them on the surface of a flat rock, and rinsing them in a clear, cold spring.

A visitor to the country watched this process for some time and, turning to his guide, he said :

"I suppose the natives think old Mother Nature is pretty generous—oh ?"

"No señor," replied the Mexican. "There is much grumbling because she supplies no soap."

Nearer Home.

The old fisherman had his audience enthralled. He was relating a thrilling adventure, one of the many, that had happened to him just off Arijaba, a name that conjured up South Sea Islands, coral reefs, waving palm-trees, blue lagoons, and all the rest of the local colour generously sprinkled in the pages of the South Sea novelists.

"In the South Seas isn't it ?" interrupted one of the party of listeners.

"Great sakes !" gasped the flabbergasted mariner, "'Arwich' Arbour in the South Seas ! Why, it ain't twenty miles from Clacton !"

Explained

The inspector was paying his monthly visit to the village school. He examined the children in all the general school subjects, including a little general knowledge, as was his usual custom.

The pupils had been very attentive throughout and had answered all his questions to his satisfaction.

After the last query had been put and answered he rose to his feet and looking slowly round on the upturned faces, he remarked genially :

"I wish I was a youngster at school again."

He waited a few moments for this to sink in and then added :

"Do you know why I wish that ?"

For a moment silence reigned supreme, then a childish voice from the back of the room cried :

"Cos you've forgotten all you ever knowed !"

"He Who Laughs Last—"

The plaintiff was suing a motor-car company for negligence on the part of one of their testers.

It was clear that the evidence of the plaintiff had made a very favourable impression on the court, and naturally this did not improve the temper of the counsel for the defence.

As a result, when cross-examining, he became very sarcastic.

"As a matter of fact," he said sardonically, "you were almost sacred to death, and really you don't know whether it was a motor-car or something resembling resembling a motor-car that ran into you."

"May I say then," retorted the witness calmly, "that I was forcibly struck by the resemblance !"

Wasted Eloquence.

Swiftly he entered the crowded room, pulled a bundle of notes from his pocket, and began to address the assembly.

The chairman made several attempts to interrupt the speaker, but he refused to be called to order. His oration lasted for half an hour, ending with the abruptness with which it had commenced.

"Have you quite finished, sir ?" asked the chairman.

"Yes—quite ; but I defy you to deny the accuracy of my statements !" retorted the orator.

"I have no wish to," answered the chairman. "But I should like to point out that the

gas company of which you complain is holding its meeting in the room opposite this."

Very Dramatic.

A young man had to take part in some amateur theatricals. His part was a quite minor one, and there was really not a great deal for him to do or say.

After the shooting scene the young man had to enter from the wings and say:

"Hark! 'Tis the pistol!"

Now, during rehearsals a real pistol was never used and the youth, on receiving his cue, walked in and performed his part quite efficiently.

On the opening night, however, a real pistol was substituted for the cue, and this apparently took the young man by surprise, for as the pistol went off he rushed on and gasped:

"Ye gods! What on earth was that?"

She Might Do That.

A pretty girl had an obese suitor who, after his up-to-date, matter-of-fact proposal had met with a stern negative, went down on his knees and proposed in a more romantic manner.

Even this devoted attitude, however, did not soften the girl's mood, and once again she refused him.

"Ah, well, Mary," said the fat one, still on his knees, "if you will not accept my offer, you might at least help me up."

The One Who Knew.

"What do men know of women's work?" shrieked the lady orator.

"Is there a man here," she continued, "who has day after day got up in the morning and gone quietly downstairs, made the fire, cooked his own breakfast, sewed the missing

buttons on the children's clothes, cleaned the pots and pans, and swept the kitchen?"

"I repeat, is there a man breathing who has done all this?"

In the rear of the hall a timid-looking man, with spectacles on nose, rose to his feet and said in kindly tones:

"I think my dear, that I can claim that honour." "He was the husband of the eloquent speaker.

Ingenuity.

The bright-looking young man with the enormous bouquet his arm ran lightly up to the stage-door and, catching sight of the call boy, said to him:

"Here, boy, take these flowers up to miss Harding's dressing-room, will you?"

Heavens," answered the boy, "you're the fourth who sent her up flowers to-night."

"What's that? But who sent the others my lad?"

"They didn't give their names sir" replied the call boy. "They said she'd know who sent them."

Well in that case" said bright young man briskly, "take my card with those flowers and say that they're from the same person who sent the others."

He Had

The boy had been finishing on the river's bank for quite four hours when an inquisitive man came along and inquired what he was doing.

"Fishing" replied the boy tersely.

"Got anything?" asked the man.

"Yes" came the reply.

"What?" queried the stranger.

"Patience" said the angler still more tersely.

Stopped the bragging.

The tramcar was full and occupants were listening with interest to a high-toned conversation between two stylishly dressed woman one of whom was accompanied by a small boy.

Soon everyone understood that the speaker had moved into a "large house farther west."

"Do you know dear" she continued we had such a trying time getting the things into order on the last occasion we had to move that this time we just handed all the things over to Lark & Co. and they did everything. My husband and I went touring until things were in order."

At this point the small boy shouted :

"Look, mummy, look !"

"Such an observing child, smiled his mother.

"Look, mummy"—and he pointed to a man on the pavement—"there's the man who comes every week for the furniture money."

Putting It Nicely

A Lawsuit was in full swing, and during its progress a witness was cross-examined regarding the habits and character of the defendant.

"Has Mr. M—a reputation for being abnormally lazy ?" asked counsel, briskly.

"Well, sir, it's this way——"

"Will you kindly answer the question asked ?" struck in the lawyer.

"Well, sir, I was going to say it's this way : I don't want to do the gentleman in question any injustice, and I won't go so far as to say, sir, that he's lazy exactly ; but if it required any voluntary work on his part to digest his food, he'd die from lack of nourishment, sir."

Bribery.

At a busy railway station a mother wished

to see her daughter safely off on a long journey.

When she approached the platform barrier, the ticket collector demanded the mother's ticket, and the explanation that she was merely seeing her daughter off brought from the collector instructions to secure a platform from one of the automatic machines.

The old lady, knowing that the train was timed to depart in a few minutes, rushed off excitedly towards a slot machine. As she passed the barrier on her return, the collector, holding up his hand, said it was the first time in his experience that he had been bribed with a cake of chocolate !

For First Aid.

A country minister was driving a spirited horse through a village when he overtook the local doctor and offered him a lift.

Ten minutes later the horse bolted, upset the carriage, and spilled both men. The doctor rose to his feet and turned angrily towards the clergy man.

"What do you mean by inviting me to ride behind such an animal ?" he demanded.

"Well," replied the minister, mildly, "it was lucky that this time there were no bones broken, but I always like to have a doctor with me when I drive that horse."

Where There's a Will -

They were discussing the things which help a man to success in the world, when one young man said : "There's Jones. He's sure to make his way in the world. He's a will of his own, you know."

"But Brown has something better in his favour," argued his friend.

"What's that ?"

"A will of his uncle's."

The Witness Scored.

A witness who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question, and not to talk about what he might think the question meant, was asked : "You drive a wagon?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Now, sir, I put it to you on your oath, do you not drive a waggon?"

"No, sir,"

"What is your occupation, then?"

"I drive a horse, sir."

A Double Catastrophe.

After the wedding ceremony the young barrister returned with his bride to the home of his newly-made father-in-law.

He was given the seat of honour at table and called upon to carve, a duty to which he was quite unaccustomed.

The joint was baked rather well and was large. The young man struggled. The meat did not seem inclined to yield.

A large Yorkshire pudding stood beside the joint, and was in the carver's way, so he took up the pudding dish and placed it on his chair, and then renewed his attack on the meat with redoubled vigour.

His face was red with effort and embarrassment, but still he struggled. At last he made a tremendous effort and succeeded in landing the joint on the other side of the table.

"There," he said, in despair : "now I've done it!"

With which remark he sat down—in the pudding!

A Smart Recovery.

Mr. Edwin Pugh, author and humorist, opines that habitual perverters of the truth

are usually wonderfully quick at picking themselves up, in proof of which he tells the following story.

"While cruising one summer in the China Seas," said one of these professional prevaricators, "we passed an island that was red with lobsters."

"But," objected Mr. Pugh "lobsters are not red until they are boiled."

"Of course not," replied the P. P., "but this was a volcanic island with boiling springs."

Scrry He Stared.

"How ever do you manage to tame lions?" asked the inquisitive man of the travelling lion-tamer.

"I simply fix them with my eye," explained the tamer. "and they quieten down at once. I have a very attractive manner of staring. I can draw people towards me by looking at them. I'll show you."

He turned and gazed hard at a countryman standing by.

"See" cried the tamer "he's getting nervous! Look he is coming towards me! I knew I could do it!"

Even as he spoke the countryman strode up to him until he was only a few feet away. Then he let fly with his fist at the lion-tamer's nose.

"That'll teach you not to stare at me!" he exclaimed.

The Optimist.

It was the second day that the shipwrecked crew had been adrift in the open boat, and the hearts of some of them were beginning to sink. There was one, however, who were full of hope.

"What's that?" he said, excitedly, pointing into the far distance. "Isn't that land over there?"

The second mate's gaze followed the pointed finger.

"No," he said, dejectedly, "that's not land. It's only the horizon."

"Well, hang it," said the optimist, bending to his oar, "that's better than nothing. Let's pull."

* * * *

Gratitude.

A miserly landlord was collecting rents in a poor locality. At one of the houses he was watched by a very smart youngster.

The landlord patted the boy on the head, and started to search his pockets saying, "I must see what I can find for you."

After going through his pockets for some time he brought a peppermint from a remote corner. As he handed it to the youngster he said, "And now what will you do with that?"

The boy looked at it, then at the landlord, and replied with cutting severity: "Wash it!"

* * * *

Forgiven!

Throughout the day Charles had not behaved himself in the manner his parents thought fit; consequently, he had been sent to bed long before his usual time.

But Charlie couldn't sleep, and at ten o'clock he crept quietly downstairs and confronted his startled mother.

"Mummie, didn't you say I wasn't to go to sleep until I had made peace with my enemies?" demanded the little fellow.

"Yes, dear," was mother's reply.

"Well," said Charlie, "I've come down to forgive you and dad."

Wrong Again.

Jones was at a dinner party. He was shy and nervous, and could never summon up courage to speak because of his inability to say anything neat.

All the evening he had been trying to think of something nice to say to his hostess. At last he thought he saw his chance.

"What a small appetite you have, Mr. Jones!" said his hostess with a smile.

"To sit next to you" he replied gallantly "would cause any man to lose his appetite."

* * * *

What the Critic Said.

A young man who fancied himself as an artist bestowed a great deal of time and care on the production of a picture representing a cow grazing in a field.

He showed it to a great painter in order to ascertain his opinion of its merits.

The latter, after looking it over for a minute or two, handed it back to his visitor, saying: "The ship is not bad, but you've made the sea much too green."

* * * *

Why They Were Small.

A Newly-married woman was shopping, and was determined that the grocer should not take advantage of her youth and inexperience.

"Don't you think these eggs are very small?" she said, critically.

"I do," answered the grocer, "but that's the kind the farmer sends me. They are fresh from the country this morning."

"Yes," said the shopper, "that's the trouble with those farmers. They're so anxious to get their eggs sold that they take them off the nest too soon!"

The Best Policy .

They were finishing up their wedding tour at Monte Carlo, and, of course, paid a visit to the Casino.

For some time they stood hesitating, and at last the bride said : "I must risk one five-pound note. Do give me one and I will put it upon the number of my age."

The husband was inclined to be sceptical, but, after much grumbling he handed over the note which was deposited on No. 24. No. 29 however, proved to be the lucky number, and the bride gave a gasp of despair.

"Serves you right," said her husband. "If you had told the truth, you would have won."

* * * *

Thought He'd Win.

Two workmen were boasting of the steadiness with which they could carry a hod up a ladder. The discussion ended in a wager being made by one that the other could not carry him in his hod up a ladder to the top of the building on which they were employed.

The disbeliever placed himself in the hod, and his comrade, after a great deal of exertion, succeeded in taking him up and bringing him down safely.

Without any realization of the danger he had escaped, the man who had been carried paid the money, adding : "Well, I have certainly lost, but about the third storey you made a slip—then I was in hopes !"

* * * *

They All Turn Up.

It was a terrible night. The wind howled and whistled dismally, and the little ferry-boat making painful progress across the river, was in imminent danger of being swamped.

The boat contained only one passenger an old lady, who, naturally, was rather nervous of the queer tricks that the ferry-boat performed.

She touched the ferryman on the arm as he passed her and said :

"Isn't this terrible ? Tell me, do you ever lose people in storms like this ?"

"Oh, no," replied the ferryman.

"We always find them again next day."

* * * *

The Chance Of A Lifetime.

A few minutes before the performance was due to begin the non-too-successful comedian walked into the manager's room.

He had rather a worried look on his face, and seemed a trifle paler than was customary.

"I say," he began, sinking wearily into an arm-chair, "I want you to arrange for an understudy for me to-night."

"Oh, indeed—and why ?" was the manager's frigid retort.

"Well, I feel funny," was the other's rueful retort.

"Then for heaven's sake go on," swiftly replied the manager. "It's the chance of a lifetime !"

* * * *

So Slow.

He was a visitor to the studio, and, not having been to one before, found it very interesting.

The producer had placed his visitor in charge of a kindly carpenter, and these two together had made a tour of inspection of the various buildings and departments. The

visitor was shown how dummy houses were erected, how some of the trick photography was accomplished, and finally the method of making slow-motion pictures.

"But what originated these wonderful films?" he inquired.

"Well," said the carpenter, "it was like this: the idea came from two Scotsmen reaching for their bill after dining at a restaurant."

* * *

A Bargain.

Flags and bunting lined the village street and adorned the few shops, for it was the day of the annual horse show.

Vehicles of all kinds and descriptions had rattled over its uneven cobbles ever since the break of day, on their way to the great event, held in a large field just outside the village itself.

Suddenly the street echoed to the bumpings rattlings, and grownings of an ancient car that was evidently in a state of positive decay. This contraption lumbered painfully up to the entrance gate. The gatekeeper, demanding the usual fee for cars, called out:

"Five shillings for that car!"

The owner looked up with a tired smile of relief on his face, and, bringing his pulpitating mass of machinery to a jerking halt, he replied in happy tones:

"Here you are, my man; take it!"

* * *

Not A Child.

Miss Skim was a spinster, moreover she was an ancient spinster. But nevertheless she had the courage of many men, and was an adept with a gun. Needless to say, she always had a revolver under the pillow.

"Because," said she, "in these days of cat burglars it's as well to be prepared."

It so happened that one night she did hear noises, and getting out of bed, she discovered a man in the act of breaking into a chest.

Digging the revolver into his ribs, she said:

"Now, don't move, or I'll blow your head off!"

"Let me go!" whined the burglar.

"No; I am going to ring for the police immediately;" replied Miss Skim tartly.

"Oh, all right!" retorted the burglar. "Only remember this—when the police come they'll want your correct age."

"You wretch!" shrieked Miss Skim. "Begone!"

* * *

Two Birds With One Stone

The ragged old tramp shuffled aimlessly down the road, occasionally glancing up at the houses on either side.

But it was a country place, and consequently few of them were inhabited.

At last the old fellow spotted a house with a little smoke issuing from its chimney. Instantly he made his way to the front door and knocked at the same time noticing a brass plate bearing the name: "I. A. N. Newlywed,"

The door opened and confronted the tramp.

"Well," he said, "what do you want, work or breakfast?"

"Both, if you please, sir!" replied the tramp. The young man disappeared into the house, and returned, bearing a loaf of home-made bread.

"Here," said he, "eat this, and you'll have both!"

The Query.

Considerable enlivenment was caused in the editorial offices of the "Muddleton Weekly" by the arrival in the morning's postbag of a fine and handsome chicken.

The Editor, with a benign and kindly smile, exhibited it to the staff, and gave it to the office boy to take to his (the Editor's) home.

That evening a sumptuous repast appeared on the editorial table, and nothing remained at the meal's conclusion but the meatless skeleton.

A somewhat different complexion on the affair, however, was manifest next day. The contributor of the chicken writing to the Editor thus: "Dear Sir—On the 18th inst. I sent you a large chicken. Would you be good enough to inform me of the cause of its death?"

Mistaken Identity.

The young girl tripped lightly up and down the room in front of a huge pier-glass.

She was arrayed in a beautiful gown of shimmering silk, and it was the night of her first ball.

Slowly she turned this way and that, joyfully admiring her slender figure, then turning to her mother who stood proudly watching her, she said:

"Mother, isn't it quaint that this wonderful frock should have come from an insignificant little worm?"

Her mother, whose knowledge of natural history was not too extensive, replied:

"Oh, my dear, I don't think you ought to speak of your father like that!"

* * * *

The Parthian Shot.

A Lawyer was arguing with a friend of his—a physician—over the merits of their respective professions. The battle of wits had raged long and, in bringing it to a conclusion, the doctor suddenly became a little more generous.

"Mark you," he said, don't say that all you lawyers are villains, but you yourself will admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men!"

"No," retorted the lawyer; "you're right enough there. You doctors have certainly got the advantage over us in that respect."

Where She Failed.

The old countrywoman wended her way slowly along the departure platform of the station in the direction of a solitary seat.

Reaching her objective, she sat down and, with a sigh of relief, disposed of her various parcels and an umbrella.

Then she noticed a nurse who occupied the other end of the seat.

"Ah," she said, eyeing the uniform, "I don't know what we'd do without the likes o' you."

"Oh," replied the nurse, "now you are too kind. There's no doubt you do things equally as worthy."

"Not me, miss," responded the old lady. "I can kill a duck or a chicken wi' the best—that I admit; but when it comes to 'uman beings, my 'eart fails me!"

* * * *

Not What They Meant.

The Joneses had been through the trying ordeal of a fire.

All the neighbours gallantly turned out and gave every assistance that lay in their power, finally putting up the Joneses themselves for the night.

However, things weren't so bad as they had looked, and the following day the Joneses found that they could return to their home.

Accordingly they did so, and having settled down, they wondered what could be done to thank the neighbours. At last they hit us on a brilliant idea and inserted an advertisement in the local paper. It read thus :

"Mr. and Mrs. Jones wish to express thanks to their friends and neighbours who so kindly assisted at the burning of their residence."

Not The Original.

Formerly a Government school inspector, and until recently head of the L.C.C. Education Department, Sir Robert Blair possesses a rare fund of stories concerning schoolboys.

One of the best is about a visitor to a certain elementary school who, after questioning an unhappy little boy about various matters, asked him if he knew the Ten Commandments.

The boy said he did not.

"You don't know the Ten Commandments?" repeated the questioner in surprise.

"No, sir," insisted the boy.

"What is your name, my lad ?" asked the visitor.

"Moses, sir," was the reply.

The visitor gave it up.

He Had To Be Caught.

A farmer standing beside an obstinate mule in the road, stopped a passing country doctor and asked him whether he could do anything to make the mule go.

The doctor thought a moment, and then, reaching into his medicine-chest, he produced a powder and, with the farmer's assistance, gave it to the mule. No sooner had this been accomplished than the mule bolted off up the road at a mad gallop.

"Heavens," exclaimed the farmer, "that's the stuff, doctor. How much does it cost ?"

"That dose is worth sixpence," replied the medico.

"Then you'd better give me a bob's worth," said the farmer. "Don't forget I have got to catch that mule."

Not A Bond.

The stern voice of a parental authority had made itself heard, and little Jackie had been forbidden to stay behind on the playground after school hours. Jackie's orders were to come straight home immediately school was over ; and he had obeyed them to the letter for some time, but, unfortunately, one day he forgot. He arrived home very late, dirty and tired.

"Look here" said his father angrily, "didn't you promise me that you'd come straight home ?"

"Yes, father," was the meek reply.

"And didn't I promise to punish you if you stayed behind ?"

"Yes father," answered Jackie more meekly still. "But as I forgot my promise I won't hold you to yours."

* * * *

Mutual Recognition.

A good story told to me by pretty Edna Best, concerns a certain famous pianist, almost as celebrated for the length of his hair as for his music, who purchased a penny newspaper

from a newsbody whose face was exceedingly dirty.

The pianist paid for it with a threepenny-bit, and, of course, the boy had no change.

"Never mind," said the musician, "go and spend it on getting your face washed."

Without a moment's hesitation the boy plunged his hand in his pocket, pulled out the threepenny-bit, and pushed it into his customer's hand.

"Ere, guv'nor," he said, "you keep the fruppence, and git yer 'air cut."

* * * *

Canny !

One of Sir James Taggart's latest stories concerns a transaction in fowls.

A farmer sold twenty hens to a neighbour, but only delivered nineteen.

The remaining one he arrived with during the evening, however.

"This one doesn't lay until the afternoon," he explained.

They Had A Row.

"Your English is really a very curious language," recently remarked Pavlova, the famous Russian dancer.

"What I mean," she went on, "is that there are so many words that are spelt alike and yet have entirely different meanings. Even you English people sometimes misunderstand one another in consequence.

"For instance, a newly-married couple, friends of mine, went to Switzerland for their honeymoon. They arrived at Geneva in the morning, had lunch, then hired a boat and went out on the lake.

"The following morning the bride's mother got a wire which read ; 'Arrived safely ; had a row after lunch.'

"'Oh, dear !' exclaimed the mother in deep distress, 'I didn't think they would quarrel so soon.'"

* * * *

Why He Wouldn't Play.

The famous billiards player, Willie Smith, tells an amusing story concerning a man who was down on his luck. He had no work and no money and no prospects. Small wonder he looked gloomy.

"Cheer up !" exclaimed a friend, coming upon him in the middle of his depression ; and then, recalling that billiards was the unlucky man's favourite pastime, he suggested :

"What about a game of billiards ? I'll take you on, and I'll pay for the table."

But the other shook his head.

"That's real kind of you, Tom," he answered, "but I'd rather not play, all the same"

"Come on ! Why not ?" urged his pal.

"Why," explained the dejected one, "every time I look at the three balls on the table they remind me of my winter overcoat !"

Too Big A Handicap.

A friend of mine who had taken his little boy to the Zoo told me of an amusing remark he overheard there.

"Look at those monkeys making funny faces," said a nurse.

"They ain't makin' funny faces," replied her small charge. "They've got 'em 'fore they start."

Which recalls Mr. Leslie Henson's pet story about two boys who, one rainy day, strove to invent a new game.

April, 1925]

THINGS THAT AMUSE

"I know !" cried one suddenly. "Let's do this ! Let's see who can make the ugliest face."

"Go on !" retorted his companion. "No fear Look what a start you've got."

* * * *

A Change of Colour.

Charming Betty Balfour made us all laugh not very long ago over a story she told about a man friend of hers who married a pretty little brunette.

A year or so later he met in the strand a friend who had been one of the guests at the wedding, and after the first exchange of greetings he remarked, indicating a goldenhaired lady who was with him :

"This is my wife. You remember her, of course ?"

"But," stammered the other, started out of his equanimity by the extraordinary transformation, "but I thought you married a brunette."

"He did," answered the lady promptly. "but she dyed."

* * * *

Force of Habit

Because this story concerns a certain newspaper man whose identity is known practically to everybody, names are withheld, or at least you'll have to get the names from the girl.

May be she'll tell you. And, then again, maybe she won't.

At any rate, she swears she'll never go to lunch with an editor again.

"But why not ?" asked her dearest chum. "Wasn't it good ?"

"What I had was alright," she replied mournfully, "but he blue-pencilled half my order to the waiter."

* * * *

An Obliging "oho"

One of the best of Lord Dewar's stories concerns a certain glen in Scotland which has the reputation of having a splendid echo, and an American tourist who was visiting it, and who questioned his guide concerning the phenomenon.

"Just shout. A bottle of best Scotch," said the guide.

The tourist did as desired, and after waiting a few moments he turned to the guide and said : "I didn't hear any echo."

"May be no," chuckled the artful Scot, "but here's the lassie comin' wi' the whisky fra you wee pub ahint the burn."

Had Him There

One of the ablest business men in the world, Lord Leverhulme never minces matters when entering advice on business affairs.

"No man," he is reported to have said, "could run a successful business if he allowed his assistants to smoke in the shop. Tobacco has its right and proper place, but not in business hours. The man who smokes at business reduces his efficiency."

To which a wag retorted that he always smoked at his business, and profited by it.

"Indeed," demanded Lord Leverhulme. "What do you smoke—cigars ?"

"No ! Haddocks !"

Real Grit

The veteran manager of the National Sporting Club, Mr. "Peggy" Battinson, says that the pluckiest remark he ever heard made by a boxer, was uttered by a novice on one of the club's trial nights.

from a

The youngster was utterly and obviously outclassed, yet he would not give in.

Presently the referee intervened. "When you're whipped, my lad" he said, "you ought to say you've had enough."

To which well-meant advice the bruised and battered young boxer managed to gasp out :

"If—I've strength left—to say I've had enough, I'm—not yet whipped."

* * * *

Obliged To Be Polite

Bransby Williams delights to tell the story of two fellow "pros," who were strolling along the West End, when one of them suddenly doffed his hat and bowed in stately fashion to an old gentleman who was passing.

"I owe more to that man than I do to any man on earth," he explained solemnly to his friend as he replaced his hat.

"Ah !" murmured the other, scenting a romance. "I expect he gave you your first chance in life ?"

"Not exactly, old chap," answered the other : he's my landlord."

* * * *

Worthy of His Hire.

The plumber worked and the helper stood looking on. He was learning the business. This was his first day.

"I say, he inquired, do you charge for my time ?"

"Certainly," came the reply.

"But I haven't done anything.

The plumber, to fill in the hour, had been looking job with a lighted candle. Handing the two inches of it that were still unburned to the helper, he said, witheringly : "Here—if you must be so conscientious, blow that out !"

The Clue.

"Why so down-hearted, Mike ?" asked Pat.

"Well," said Mike, "my wife told me to get her something for dinner, and for the life of me I can't remember what it was."

"Oh, cheer up," said Pat. "Have a fill of baccy ; may be you can recover your memory while you smoke."

After a few whiffs Mike brightened up and said, "You're right, Pat. That baccy has made me think what the wife wanted. It was cabbage."

First and Last.

On the occasion of a fishing excursion in Scotland, the weather conditions were not ideal, but, contrary to expectation, a good-sized trout was landed in the first quarter of an hour.

Highly elated, one of the party handed his flask to the boatman. The contents disappeared down the man's throat almost at a gulp.

"Good gracious, John, have you left nothing for the next fish ?"

"No, man," replied John ; "ye see, I dinna think ye'll get ony mair fish the day—it's no' a guid day."

A man of His Word.

Jones looked coldly at his friend Brown.

"A short time ago I thought you never meant anything you said, Brown ; but lately I have changed my mind."

"Oh ! And what caused you to alter your opinion ?" asked Brown.

"You remember borrowing five pounds from me ?"

"Yes." Brown spoke curtly.

"You said that if I lent it to you you would be indebted to me for ever."

"Yes." More curtly still.

"Well, you are keeping your word like a man."

* * *

Full.

The railway carriage was crowded, but a very fat man, who sat by the window, ignored the ominous looks of the passengers for taking up so much room.

A boy selling buns poked his head in at the window and inquired: "Buns, sir?"

The man was slightly deaf, and not noticing the buns, thought the boy wanted a seat in the already packed carriage, so he replied: "Full up my boy; no more room inside."

A roar of laughter from the other occupants of the carriage followed his reply, and the man wondered as to the cause of their merriment.

* * *

The Reason.

A lecturer was talking on the drink question. "Now, suppose I had a pail of water and a pail of beer on this platform, and then brought on a donkey. Which of the two would he take?"

"He'd take the water," came a voice.

"And why would he take the water?" asked the lecturer.

"Because he's an ass," came the reply.

* * *

No Losses Now.

One Sunday morning a man was about to throw some pigeons up when he was approached by a passer-by, who remarked; "Excuse me, but how far do your pigeons fly, as a rule?"

"Oh, thousands of miles sometimes," replied the man.

"And don't any of them ever get lost?" asked the stranger.

"Well," replied the man, "you see, I used to lose one now and then; but I've done away with that now. I've had them crossed with parrots, so that when they get lost they can ask the road home."

* * *

The Misprint.

Hobson was anxious to sell his house; had been, indeed, for a year. As a last resource, a little booklet with pictures and descriptive literature was printed and distributed. A few days later a man rang up and said:—

"Is everything in this book of yours correct?"

"Oh, yes, everything in the house is just as described in the booklet."

"Very well, then, I'll take the house and the five widows in the library."

The Lesson.

A teacher who had been telling her class about "Bruce and the Spider" asked if any boy could tell her what lesson it taught them. Her question was followed by silence.

"Well, I am surprised!" she said, with astonishment. "It teaches me a great lesson. Can you tell me what lesson it has for me?"

There was another pause, and then a ruddyfaced little chap put up his hand and exclaimed,

"Please, ma'am, it means for you, keep yer 'ouse clean an' yer won't have spiders crawl in about."

* * *

from a — **Proving It !**

The man who had been pacing up and down the platform accosted a porter.

"Does the 9.20 stop at Wigan?" he asked, anxiously,

"Yes, sir," said the porter.

Five minutes passed and the man asked again: "Does the 9.20 stop at Wigan?"

The porter told him again that it did.

9.20 steamed in and the man dashed back to the porter.

"You are quite sure that this train stops at Wigan?"

"Quite sure," said the porter.

You are absolutely certain?"

"This train," said the porter, angrily, "stops at Wigan."

The man thanked him and entered a carriage occupied by an old lady. "The staff at this station are terribly rude," he told her.

The old lady disagreed. "I have always found them most polite," she said.

"Well, well, see who's right," said the man,

"Hi! porter. Does this train stop at Wigan?"

And the porter's answer proved that the station staff were not always polite.

* * *

The Sunless City.

The bus was thundering down the muddy Strand. The bell tinkled, and a dark man got down.

"What sort of chap was that?" asked the conductor.

The inspector, standing by his side, answered: "What they call a Parsee, I expect."

Presently he added, wringing the rain from his coat: "They worship the sun, you know."

"Coo!" said the conductor. "I expect 'e's come over 'ere for a rest, then?"

* * *

A Fine Sight.

Eventide was wrapping the countryside in a mantle of peaceful delight.

The boy stood on the bridge, and the sweet smile upon his young face was a beautiful thing to behold. Beyond the brow of the hill a dull red glow suffused the sky.

"Ah, little man," remarked the stranger, who was rather near-sighted, "it does my heart good to see you appreciate yon beautiful effect!"

"Yes sir," replied the lad. "I've been watching it for ten minutes."

"A real nature-lover, without doubt!" enthused the stranger. "And do you watch the sunsets often, my boy?"

"Sunset? Why, that's the village school burning down!"

How He Knew.

"You naughty, cruel boy!" said the fashionably dressed young woman to the boy she had found despoiling a bird's nest. "How can you be so heartless as to take those eggs? Think of the poor mother bird when she comes back and—"

"That's all right, miss," interrupted the boy; "the mother bird is dead."

The young woman's expression reflected disbelief. "How do you know?" she asked sharply.

"She is on your hat," was the reply.

A Blot On British Justice.

Imprisonment for Debt is a Relic of Barbarism.

By His Honour Judge PARRY.

The late Mrs. Blimber used to remark at evening parties that if she had known Cicero she thought she could have died contented."

I have often experienced the same feeling about Lord Brougham. I should have liked to have sat in the gallery of the House of Commons when that great statesman spoke for six hours and three minutes by the clock about legal reform. With a hatful of oranges in front of him to keep his voice in good fettle he uttered vast words of wisdom on the subject, and among other things he told his countrymen that it would be well for them if they abolished imprisonment for debt.

That was nearly a hundred years ago, and certainly we have modified our evil methods. Brougham's eloquence, enforced by Dickens's exposures of the horrors of the Fleet and Marshalsea, has done something towards more civilized procedure. No longer does a Chancery prisoner linger for twenty years in an English bastille and die in prison of a broken heart, and your Wilkins Micawber of to-day can walk the street without fear of a surprise arrest.

Nevertheless, we could not bring ourselves to abolish imprisonment for debt altogether. Our national habit of compromise asserted itself, and we abolished it for the well-to-do but retained it for the poor.

People will tell you that Englishmen are not imprisoned for debt to-day, but for contempt of Court for not obeying the order of the Court. This is a fallacy. When a man is ordered by a Divorce Court to go home and live with his wife he does not obey the order, but the Court does not send him to jail. But if a creditor comes to a Court and proves that his debtor has had some money since judgment was obtained against him, then the Court orders the debtor to go to prison.

This is imprisonment for debt and nothing else. The debtor, if he cannot find the money, goes to jail and is kept at the expense of the taxpayer; his wife and children are supported by the rate-payer; the creditor does not get his money, but he has the satisfaction of looking up the man who is in his debt.

Now, commercially' that does not sound a very useful proposition, but in practice imprisonment for debt is used to put the screw on the improvident debtor, and by means of threats of imprisonment to get money from him that ought to be spent on food for his wife and children, or to blackmail his friends and relations into subscribing enough to keep him out of jail. This barbarous system of debt collecting is a real survival of the ancient right of the creditor to take the body of his debtor in execution for his debt.

In Lancashire orders for imprisonment for debt are called by the man in the street "body warrants," which is an accurate legal terminology. A small debtor mortgages his body when he borrows a small sum from a moneylender or buys a shoddy watch on the instalment plan. A well-to-do debtor, who owes his thousands or tens of thousands, "hands the baby" to the creditors and departs to seek fresh flats and fortunes new through the golden gates of bankruptcy.

The poor debtor has from the earliest time been the slave of his creditor, and in the eyes of prophets and reformers this has been a hateful and evil thing.

Elisha had the same opinion of the business as Lord Brougham. I like to remember how he upset the County Court bailiffs of the County

Court of Israel holden at Samaria by a timely miracle. You will remember that he finds that they have seized the two sons of a widow on behalf of a creditor of her late husband. He sends off to borrow all the neighbours' jugs and basins and casks and proceeds to feel them miraculously with oil. He was so indignant that he could hardly stop creating miraculous oil when he had played to capacity. And when it was over he said to the widow: "Go sell the oil and pay thy debt and live thou and thy children of the rest."

I like that story. I fear the prophet was showing contempt for the order of my brother judge of Samaria, but I do not suppose the judge was the least annoyed about it, and, anyhow, it stamped the prophet's opinion of imprisonment for debt and those who resort to it for all time. I should like to have heard the sermon he preached the following Sabbath to the moneylenders, the credit drapers, and the pious grocers, and the noble army of tallymen of his congregation about their methods of business.

For it is for this type of tradesmen, and practically only for this type, that this system of imprisonment survives. The moneylender who continues in spite of legal obstacles to lend money at enormous interest could scarcely continue without imprisonment for debt.

This is his procedure. He lends money to a clerk or civil servant or any employe in respectable employment. The instalments are in arrear, a summons issued, and the debtor has to consent to judgment. Principal, interest, and costs and fees are now to be paid at so much a month. The money is not forthcoming. The judgment summons issues, demanding his imprisonment.

The wretched debtor must now get leave from his employer to come to court or make some arrangement with his creditor. In some way he must prevent the exposure. Perhaps his friends or relations help, or a new promissory note is signed with some unlucky comrade as surety, and a new and vicious circle of debt is entered upon. But by means of imprisonment for debt the moneylender scores.

The hatefulness and iniquity of a law that takes the side of the knave against the fool and encourages improvidence and the breaking up of the home has been recognized by legal reformers of all ages.

As I have said, in practice the tradesmen who use the system are not a very desirable class. It pays a travelling jeweller, for instance, to force his wares upon the foolish and collect the price of them through the County Court. The profits on this class of goods are high, and those who pay are mulcted in sums sufficient to

cover those who do not. By putting on the imprisonment screw the creditor can not only squeeze the money out of his victim, but can tap the savings of any kindly friend or relation who will step in to save the foolish debtor from jail. Without imprisonment for debt much greedy moneylending and careless spending on worthless luxuries would be discouraged, if not wholly abolished.

Friends of the system will draw you a pathetic picture of a working man out of work unable to get necessary food on credit because there is no imprisonment for debt.

But what is really meant by "giving credit"? A sound tradesman gives credit to a man for two reasons; either because he has property or because he has a character for honesty. With imprisonment for debt credit is given recklessly, a huge price is charged to cover casual debtors, and the honest man pays a higher price for his necessaries to guard the tradesman against loss.

Beer is a cash trade. A publican gives no credit, as he is barred from recovering tippling debts in the courts. The result is that a worker is tempted to spend his cash on beer and run up bills for food. But the beer trade has never suffered for want of imprisonment for debt. If the baker and the grocer were compulsory cash traders,

like the publician, how much saner it would be for the working man than the present method of tempting him to spend his cash on beer and mortgage his body for food.

A hundred years ago the middle class made a practice of running into debt, but to-day far more families have the good sense to pay cash for their weekly needs, and the result is that both in price and quality they get better value than the working man who lives in the poisonous atmosphere of imprisonment for debt.

We are almost the only country in Europe that retains this relic of barbarism, and we retain it in the face of the disapprobation of the wisest of our jurists.

We often wonder at the crude and cruel legal methods of our ancestors, but we seldom consider how our own practices will be regarded by our super-great-grandchildren of a hundred years to come. The truth is, I fancy, that there is strong flavour

of the primitive in all of us, and we cling to imprisonment for debt as we cling to other survivals of barbaric ages—instinctively.

If it were known to-morrow that the law was going to hang a criminal in the Stadium, would all the seats be empty or would the well-dressed women be as much in evidence as they are at a gala day of a murder trial, and would Lord Tom Noddy and his friends pay huge sums for front seats and congratulate themselves that

“to see a man swing on the end of a string

With his neck in a noose will be quite a new thing” ?

Well let us hope that the test will not be made, and that if it were made it would be found that we should not relapse into savagery without a protest. But in the corners of the cupboards of the law there are still skeletons that our ancestors have left behind them, which other nations have cleared away as insanitary. Imprisonment for debt is one of these.

TIT BITS.

A CINEMA PICTURE.



Queen Elizabeth hears from Dorothy of the
Treachery of Sir Malcolm Vernon : Miss
Mary Pickford and Miss Clara
Eames.

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" is an adaptation of the novel by Charles Major, and, to ensure its having the proper atmosphere in her film, Miss Mary Pickford, who plays the title-role, came to England with her husband, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, and paid a visit to Haddon Hall itself. The story deals with the Duke of Norfolk's plot to depose Elizabeth and secure the accession of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Oriental Ball-Game Skill.

Those visitors to the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley during the last summer who were fortunate enough to see the demonstrations of Chin-Lon given at the Burma Pavilion, will not need reminding of the remarkable skill shown by the native players of this fascinating game. The ball used is made of strips of bamboo, and is somewhat bigger than a cricket ball, and the players, standing round in a ring, toss it from one to the other, catching it on various parts of their bodies. The hands are not allowed to be used, and some of the feats of balancing accomplished by the players amount to nothing less than jugglery. If, for instance, the ball is over-tossed, so that it is falling outside the ring, a player will "back-heel" it (as in football) and then catch it on his head or shoulder or some other part of his body. One of the best exponents of the game in Burma is Mounng Law Paw, who performed some amazing tricks at Wembley, keeping as many as five or six balls in play at one time. The game has engaged the attention of many distinguished visitors to Burma and Siam, and the Prince of Wales, on his last Eastern tour, brought away a number of Chin-Lon balls with him; when he returned home,



Two on the Shoulder and one caught behind the right knee
A Chin-Lon Exponent.



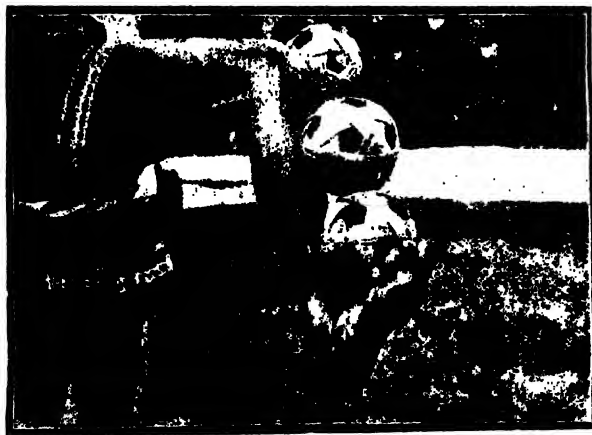
One Ball being carried on the Shoulder while the player shapes to Back-Heel another (which is passing too far from his body up towards his head : A common trick among Chin-Lon Players.



The most noted Burmese
Trick Player : Moun Law
Paw "Juggling" with Four
Balls,



Siamese Players Demonstrating Chin-Lon during a
recent Tour in the United States of America : A
Foursome in Progress.



Three Balls caught successively and balanced on the
Leg between the Knee and the Foot : A "Close-Up".



Taking Ball on Foot during an Exhibition Game : Siamese
Players In America.

Chin-Lon, as demonstrated by Burmese players at Wembley during the summer, is also widely played in Siam. Some Siamese players have quite recently been giving exhibition of Chin-Lon in America, and much interest was evinced in it at New York University, where it was actually discussed whether or not the game might be officially taken up there.

Why Worry About Money

By Thomas Jay, the Famous "Punch" Humorist.

Whenever anybody mentions money to me I go blue in the face, my hair stands on end, and my ears flap in the breeze.

Money is the root of all evil, they say, and yet I can't even get a "cutting." They even tell me that money talks, but whenever it gets talkative with me it only seems to say "Good bye!"

With some men I am told that everything they touch turns into money. I wish one of them would touch me! In any case, if ever you meet a man who has refused money you might drop me a postcard and I'll call on him. I'll take fifty pounds from anybody!

Of course, I've heard about money. A man in the Tube told me about it some three weeks ago. A man cannot get about like I do without learning things like that. It is peculiar stuff, this money, for when I was a boy it was the stuff that used to make the mare go. Now, I suppose, it makes the motor-car go. Money is also the stuff you pay your tailor with in a fit of absent-mindedness.

But there is one thing which has been worrying me. There is a very kind gentleman who has been writing to me about once every so often to say that if I could do with some money—anything from five pounds up to fifty thousand, on simple note of hand alone, then all I had to do was say the word, No trouble, no fuss, no bother, and no preliminary fees.

Money sent to all parts in plain conveyances, and no name appears on the van and all that sort of thing.

A nice, kind, old gentleman like that, and I had not taken advantage of his offer! I could imagine him in his office, heartbroken eating his poor heart out because I wouldn't relieve him of his money. It must be awful to send out such invitations to strangers, and then find that they don't even bother to come along for the fifty thousand.

Having received another of these letters the other morning I began to feel sorry for the sender. I was to broke that I either had to rifle the children's money-box or sell the wife's

jewels, or raise a mortgage on one of my spats.

Now was my chance. I sent a letter to the gentleman telling him that, as he was still hawking that fifty thousand pounds about, I would come along the next morning and borrow it from him, at the same time carrying with me my simple note of hand.

The next morning I caught the nine-ten train to town at ten o'clock, and was soon speeding towards town. From there it was a matter of moments before I reached the street where my unknown but generous friend had his office.

I looked round for the place until my eye caught the brass plate bearing the name "McMoses, Ltd, Financiers." I looked over the door for the firm's motto, which, translated from the Latin, meant "Abandon Hope all Ye who Enter," but couldn't find it.

Very soon I was ushered into the august presence of the great hearted benefactor who had been writing to me.

He had a kind face, with odd eyes, and a glare that could have drilled holes in any but the most brittle journalist. He had a look that made me realise that if ever he visited Palestine on holiday, then the shepherds would have to start watching their flocks again.

"Well," he snapped, his mouth full of emotion and cigar.

"I want money," I replied, and then explained that I didn't like the idea of his writing to me all the time offering me so much money, so that I had decided to come along and accept his kind offer. I said that if he didn't mind I'd take the fifty thousand and be going.

"You're short of money, then?" he asked.

"Well I'm not really poor" I replied. "As a matter of fact, I can still afford to light my pipe with a County Court summons."

"How much do you want?" he asked.

I thought of asking how much he had, but eventually told him that I could manage for a day or two with fifty thousand pounds; then he might send me another letter, and I could have another fifty thousand. In fact, I told him I had got together a good stock of simple notes of hand all looking so simple a child could understand them.

He asked me how I would take it—by cheque or notes—and I told him I would take it in Treasury notes, and that I had a van outside waiting.

"There are just a few questions I must ask," he went on. "What do you live on?"

"I live on the interest I draw from my overdraft at the bank," I replied.

He went on to explain that they didn't usually bother about small amounts like fifty thousand pounds.

I reminded him that, as I had decided to take this fifty thousand, I naturally wanted to know something about his firm. After all, I wasn't a man to borrow fifty thousand from any Dick, Tom or Harry—or even Sydney, if it came to that. He said something about being quite sure I wouldn't.

"Of course," he went on, "I had better not let you have the fifty thousand at once. Our method is perfectly simple. You borrow thirty pounds for a start, and this with interest, fees, etc., and with an occasional renewal of the loan, will mount up until you will eventually owe us fifty thousand pounds."

"Perfectly simple," I replied. I think these people keep a special man to work out ideas like this. Then, to show the kind of firm they were, he gave me a number of testimonials they had received. Let me quote one or two :

P.O. 123.—"When I came to you first I was worried about my home. Now all my worry has gone—so has my home."

P.O. 896.—"Enclosed please find cheque for £80 in settlement of the ten pound loan you made me. I shall always recommend you to my enemies."

"Of course, the strictest privacy is guaranteed?" I queried.

"Exactly," he replied. "Therefore, before I lend you thirty pounds you must get four of your neighbours to guarantee the loan. No trouble, no bother, no fuss is our motto."

"And, of course, there are no preliminary fees?" I went on.

"None whatever," he replied, "All you have to do is to pay me five pounds now, and then another five pounds when the loan is completed, and the expenses can be deducted from the loan."

"And the interest is low?" I asked. "So low that we needn't bother about it," he replied. "For a thirty-pound loan you sign a document agreeing to pay back sixty pounds, and we hand you twenty pounds. We are not a grasping firm, for we prefer satisfied clients."

"And no inquiries, of course?"

"No; all that we do is to send a couple of men to see your house and furniture and make a few inquiries in the neighbourhood about you."

"But what happens should one of the payments be overdue?" I asked.

"Now, don't let that worry you," he replied. "We like to meet the wishes of our clients. All that would happen in a case of that sort is that we either seize your home or make the guarantors pay the whole bill. No fuss, no bother, no disagreeable inquiries. That just shows the impor

tance of dealing with firms of proved integrity."

I asked another question.

"Oh, no," he went on. "We can't give you the money now. Our motto is prompt loans. Call back in a fortnight, and meanwhile, fill in this document and return it to us to-morrow together with five pounds as a token of your good faith."

So that, in spite of his generous offer to let me have fifty thousand pounds, I left his presence so poor that if motor-cars were three-pence a gross I couldn't buy a sparking-plug.

I went home and filled in the form. I did it as follows :

Name in Full. Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Mister.

Are you a Tradesman, Farmer, Householder, Merchant, Professional Gentleman or Gentleman ? Yes.

Are you Expecting any Money ? No.

Are you married or single ? Yes.

Do you live at home ? Only just.

How much Money do you require ? More than that.

What was your last employment ? Snow-shovelling last summer.

Have you any brothers ? Yes, three—two alive and one in America.

How do you propose to pay ?—I don't.

Have you a Life Policy ? Yes, honesty. Have you ?

Is there any insanity in your family ? Not until I went to a moneylender.

Remarks (if any). My remarks (if any) are that when you have lent me thirty pounds and deducted your expenses from it I propose having a perfectly riotous time with the remaining fourpence.

I posted it without a stamp. Somehow I don't think he will lend me the money, but he might stop sending me his offers to lend me ^{ten} thousand pounds on simple note of ^{hand}.

I have come to the ^{very} conclusion that if all the money moneylenders lend to people who are not idiots was placed end to end it wouldn't lead from my front doorstep to the garden gate—and that's only about two feet !

Mirth and Humour.

A sturdy old farmer had a wife who had long rendered his life anything but a bed of roses.

One day, in a fit of pique, she packed up her goods and left him, vowing never to return. The News went round among the neighbours, and at night several of them came to condole with him. He sat on his front post, pulling away at his pipe.

"Jim," remarked one of his neighbours, "I pity you."

"My boy," replied the honest man as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, "you're right. She has just come back."

Prison Warder : "We try to give every inmate work with which he is familiar. What's your trade?"

New Prisoner : "I'm a professional sprinter!"

Tommy (at birthday party) : "This is our dance, Kathleen"

Kathleen : "But I'm dancing this with Dick."

Tommy : "Oh, that's all right! He swopped it to me for a halfpenny and two cigarette cards."

Waiter : "Table d'hôte, sir?"

Diner : "Whas's a tabledote?"

Waiter : "Course dinner, sir,"

Diner : "Not for me. I have all the coarse grub I need at home. a d when I get to Town I want somethin' a bit fancy."

Bill looked so happy that Jack asked him what had happened.

"Oh," said Bill, "my wife's gone to the West Indies."

'Jamaica?'

"No, my boy, that's the best of it—it was quite her own idea."

Mollycoddle closed the window. Freshair opened it. Then they frowned at each other.

"Do you mind closing the window, old chap?" said Mollycoddle. "This weather's exceedingly treacherous, and on these chilly evenings one can't be too careful."

"On the contrary," retorted Freshair, "one can kill oneself with care."

"Yes; but it's easier to kill oneself with a draught."

"Nonsense! Look at all these modern cranks, and compare them with our splendid ancestors. They don't stand comparison! And our ancestors didn't take medicines, or stay in stuffy rooms, or bind their necks with woollen comforters when they went out."

"I know they didn't. But where are they now, old chap? All gone."

Constable : "What' do you mean by driving through the village at over thirty miles an hour ?"

Fair Motorist : "Well, you see, my brakes have gone wrong, and I was hurrying home before I had an accident !"

Grace : "Aren't squirrels just the dearest things ?"

Maude : "Oh, no, seals are much dearer."

Magistrate : "How do you account for the fact that the man's watch was found in your pocket ?"

Prisoner : "Your honour, life is made up of inexplicable mysteries, and I trust your honour will so instruct the jury."

"It is said that a very thin partition separates genius from lunacy."

"That's a fact. A man who is learning to play the clarinet lives in the next flat to me."

A well-to do lady advertised for a caretaker for her town house, and, after interviewing a large number of applicants, she at last found one that suited her.

"Thank you for giving me the job, ma'am," said the new caretaker, "I hope you won't think me impertinent for asking questions, but you stated in the advertisement that you must have a married man. Are there any extra duties for my wife ?"

"Oh, no !" replied the lady of the house. "I wanted a married man so that I could have somebody who is used to taking orders from a woman."

The small boy had been charged with stealing a piece of bacon, and the magistrate saying he did not want to send him to prison bound him over to keep the peace for 12 months.

"Thank you, sir," said the youthful offender, "and then may I eat it ?"

Angry Passenger : "Guard, why didn't you wake me as I asked you ? Here I am miles beyond my station."

Guard : "I did try, but al' I could get out of you was, 'All right, Maria. Get the children their breakfast and I'll be down in a minute,'"

"I've had a hard day at the office, dear, and I'm as hungry as a bear. Is dinner ready ?"

"No, love, I'm afraid we'll have to go to a restaurant to-night. I've broken the tin-opener."

Mrs. Youngwed : "You know Uncle Princer said he was going to send us something that would help us save our coal bills this year ? Well, it came."

Mr. Youngwed : "Really ? A stock of coal ?"

Mrs Youngwed : "No. A little arrangement for filling bills"

Author : "When my play was produced the public stormed the ticket office !"

Friend : "Did they get their money back ?"

Artist : 'What ? You offer me only ten shillings for this picture ? Why, the canvas cost that !'

Dealer : 'Well, what's the good of the canvas now ?'

"Darling," he cried, 'I will lay my fortune at your feet,"

"But you've hardly got any money," she whispered,

"No, but it will look large beside those tiny feet of yours."

She accepted him.

The elderly passenger was talking to the conductor concerning the work on a bus.

"I shouldn't mind the driving," he said "but I don't know how I should manage to do all the writing a conductor has to do while the bus is moving."

"Oh, you get used to that, sir," retorted the man. "When I write a letter at home, now, I have to get my little girl to shake the table."

He was to be married, and he went to his tailor to be measured for the wedding garments. When the agony was over, the tailor coughed apologetically.

"I am sorry, Mr. Blank, but I must ask you to pay cash for these suits."

"What ! I've had an account with you for fourteen years, and I've always settled half-yearly !"

"I know, sir," apologized the tailor ; "but up to now you've always had the handling of your own money !"

As election candidate was addressing a crowded meeting when an interrupter demanded to know if he were in favour of prohibition.

"I am, began the candidate (cheers from the temperance supporters) "not," he went on (prolonged cheers from the rest of the audience) "going to tell you," he concluded.

Then there was silence from every one.

To assist the police in their search for a notorious criminal, headquarters circulated photographs of the wanted man taken in six different positions

A few days later, they received a telegram from the chief constable of a small country town :—

"Photographs duly received. Have arrested five. The sixth is under observation."

The juryman ran into the court in great excitement.

"Oh my Lord," he exclaimed, "if you can excuse me please do I don't know which will die first, my wife or my daughter !"

"Dear me, that's sad !" said the judge. "Certainly you are released !"

Next day the jurymen was met by one of his friends who had been in the court. Going up to him, he asked sympathetically :

"How's your wife ?"

"Oh quite well, thanks !"

"And your daughter ?"

"She's quite all right, too What makes you ask ?"

"Why, yesterday you told the judge you did not know which would die first."

"No, I don't. That is a problem that time alone will solve."

Little Georgie had been very unkind to little sister and had made her cry. Uncle Tom, coming on the scene at this moment, took it upon himself to reprove Georgie

"You should be kind," said Uncle, who was old-fashioned in his methods of treating children. "I once knew a little boy who hit his sister —"

"Oh ! yes," said Georgie ; "but don't tell me she pined and faded away with sweet words of forgiveness on her lips, I bet she hit that boy on the head so hard in return that he couldn't get his hat on for a month."

The Serious Girl : "I always work to be engaged at a higher salary than the year before."

The Other One : "And I always try to be engaged to a higher salary than the year before !"

Magistrate : "You appear to be a man who has seen better days, Tell me what has been your career in life ?"

Prisoner : "I was brought up as a solicitor."

Magistrate : "Ah ! what a pity you should have allowed yourself to be so dreadfully reduced."

Prisoner : "I haven't been reduced, your Worship. I am a solicitor still,"

Magistrate : "Then how is it you are brought here on a charge of begging ?"

Prisoner : "My profession, sir, my profession !—I am a solicitor of alms !"

A Shoemaker getting on well in business became proud. One day there were a lot of customers in the shop when the shop-boy came in to say that dinner was ready.

"What's for dinner ?" asked the shoemaker.

"Herrings, sir," answered the boy.

"All right," said the shoemaker, and when he went in to dinner he reprimanded the boy for not mentioning something big, telling him in future always to mention a good feed when there was any people in the shop. A few days after the boy came again to say that dinner was ready.

"What's for dinner ?" asked the shoemaker.

"Fish, sir," answered the boy.

"What sort of fish ?"

"A whale, sir," replied the boy.

He was a lion-tamer, but the man who ruled the king of the forest was in turn ruled by his wife.

One night he was entertained by his friends, who refused to allow him to depart until the small hours of the morning. As a result, on his homeward way, thinking that his wife would not receive him as cordially as he desired, he spent the night elsewhere

In the morning he tried to slip into the house unobserved ; but, alas ! a voice from the top of the stairs greeted him coldly :

"Where have you been all night, John ?"

"Well, my dear, I was afraid of disturbing you, so I slept in the lion's cage"

There was a moment's pause, a gritting of teeth, then down the stairs floated one word : "Coward !"

A certain learned and painstaking schoolmaster was testing the general knowledge of a class under his care.

"And what," he said to a small boy, "is the feminine of drake ?"

"Queen Elizabeth, sir," answered the boy.

Two travellers on a Continental train began chatting to each other.

"On your way to Monte Carlo, sir, that delightful and exclusive home for gamblers?" inquired one.

"That is exactly where I am going," was the reply.

"And you will play just a little, I suppose?"

"I do nothing else, sir; it is my business."

"Gracious! You don't mean to say you make a business of it?"

"Yes, sir, twice a day regularly, and I never by any chance lose."

"In that case, perhaps you will explain your system to me?"

"Certainly, with pleasure; I play the violin!"

Husband (in railway train): "You are quite comfortable, dear?"

Wife: "Yes, love."

Husband: "The cushions are easy and soft, ducky?"

Wife: "Yes, darling."

Husband: "You don't feel any jolts, pet?"

Wife: "No, sweetest."

Husband: "And there's no draughts on my lamb, are there, my angel?"

Wife: "No my ownest own."

Husband: "Then change seats with me."

"Madam," said the leader of the brigands, "we'll have to hold you until your husband ransoms you."

"Alas!" replied the woman, "I wish I'd treated him a little better."

Father was sitting in the armchair one evening, when his little son came in and showed him a new penknife, which he said he had found in the street.

"Are you sure it was lost?" inquired the father.

"Of course it was lost! I saw the man looking for it!" replied the youngster.

Doctor (to widow): "Madam, I sometimes think that a solitary life is rather bad for you. You're apt to get morbid you know. Now tell me, haven't you ever thought of marrying again?"

Widow: "Er—doctor, is this leading up to a proposal?"

Doctor: "No, my dear lady. A doctor sometimes prescribes medicine for other people that he would never dream of taking himself."



[*Translated from the Bengalee of Mr. Fanindranath Pal, B. A. by a friend.*]



It was evening. DinaBandhu was sitting still in his delapidated old room after his return from office, when his mother entered it. She stood leaning against the door and asked—"Have you been able to procure any money, my son? The time has nearly arrived. The shaving ceremony comes off to-morrow."

"No, mother," replied DinaBandhu with a sigh.

"Do you foresee the consequences?" said his mother in alarm. "They will leave no bone of the poor girl whole this time!"

"That is what I have been thinking about, mother," answered DinaBandhu in a troubled voice. "I have been trudging daily about from this man's door to that man's, but to no purpose."

The poor mother was in despair. Her heart was stirred to its depth, after a little while she wiped her eyes

with a corner of her *Sari* and said—"I have been seeing everything my son. For the last four years you have been sending presents regularly by pawning your wife's ornaments, and yet they do not spare my daughter. If you fail to send anything on the present occasion, they would kill her. Alas for my poor child!" She could say nothing more, but only wept.

DinaBandhu too could scarcely restrain his tears. Mother and son kept silence for some time, and then DinaBandhu said—"The customary presents for the *Shradh* must be sent mother. I have decided to sell that chest. What do you say to it, mother? If God ever gives us better days. He will surely provide us with a chest as well."

The son's words were to the mother like the sight of land to the lost mariner.

II.

Dinabandhu's youngest sister Suniti Bala had been married into a family residing at a small village in the suburbs of Calcutta. Her father-in-law was a man of ordinary means. He owned an ancestral brick-built house, now fast coming to decay for want of repairs.

Suniti's husband Jamini Kanta was employed in a mercantile office in Calcutta as a clerk on a pay of twenty rupees a month. His studies had ended in the first class of an English school. But no one could guess from the made in which he dressed himself that Jamini Kanta was employed only as a petty clerk on such a small salary. The money that had kept him supplied with these fine dresses so long had been raised by pawning the jewels of his wife's indigent brother's wife. Lately his father had died. According to custom, the necessary articles of clothing *etcetera* for the ceremony of "shaving" ought to come from the house of Suniti's brother. To-day was the day of "shaving," but the expected presents had not yet arrived. So Suniti was sitting with a gloomy face.

Her husband's sister presently came to her, and giving her a smart push, said, "what now, sister-in-law? Your elder brother seems to have greatly scandalised himself. You go about boasting of him, don't you? Only yesterday, you were telling us that

your brother would send the clothes even if he had to starve for it."

Suniti remained silent. What reply could she give? If she dared to speak one word, she would have to hear many unpleasant words from the whole family in a chorus. So what was the use?

Her husband's sister turned round her hand in front of her face as a gesture of contempt and resumed—"now, where is your brother? and where are the clothes? Whatever you may say, sister-in-law, your brother is really a very mean fellow!"

Suniti could not remain mute after this last thrust, and said, "you may call me whatever names you like, but you must not abuse my brother."

Just at this moment, her mother-in-law made her appearance all of a sudden and screamed aloud—"Ah my brother-worshipper! Her brother would act more meanly than a cad, and yet no one must say so in her presence! Why not, pray? It shall be repeated a hundred times!"

All the people of the household, wherever they were, assembled there on hearing the noise. Those who were washing their clothes in the pond at the back of the house ran panting to the place. All of them then began in one voice to shower curses on Suniti's brother and fourteen generations of her ancestors. Suniti's husband, too, did

not remain behind. He also came there, and addressing his mother, remarked—"It's no use waiting any longer, mother. Had they really meant to send the presents, they would certainly have arrived by this time."

"That is what was being said" rejoined his mother. "Puti was just telling your wife about her brother's want of fore thought, when your wife hissed like a serpent and exclaimed—"Take care ! Don't take my brother's name in your mouth, if you wish well of yourself !" My poor girl Puti is here only on a short visit. Is she to be addressed in this way ?"

Jaminikanta showed his extreme self-restraint that day by simply roaring out at the top of his voice till the old room shook again, and by repeatedly waving his forefinger at his wife and exclaiming in a threatening manner,—
"I spare you to-day, and refrain from making any unpleasant remarks—beyond telling you that your brother is a mean fellow, your father and

uncles were all mean fellows and you come of a mean family—otherwise, they wouldn't have omitted to send clothes on an occasion like this. This insult could not be retaliated by giving you a good drubbing ! I can scarcely show my face to my neighbours after this !"

Suniti had been the pet of her parents. Her father had feasted with all his substance to give her away in marriage. Alas, poor Suniti !

The sharp reproaches and abuses heaped upon her by all the members of the family had a most depressing effect upon Suniti. Her brother's failure to send the customary present of clothing on the preceeding day had filled her mind with alarm. Some misfortune must surely have befallen him. She had sat up the whole night, thinking of this. Since morning, she had no time given her even to think. Abuses and reproaches only were her portion that day !

CHAPTER III.

Jamini hastily came in from the outer apartment and said to his mother, smiling, "Dina Bandhu Babu has at last come with the clothes in person, mother. He said he had missed the morning train and hence the

delay, and that a little more delay would have caused him the loss of all his money."

"I found myself in a fix when I missed the morning train," Dina Bandhu explained to Suniti's mother-

in-law when he met her. "Luckily, there was another train shortly after the first, and that saved me."

"That is what we have been talking about" said Suniti's mother-in-law, "Something must have happened, we were saying. However, it is well that you have safely arrived at last." She stopped a while and resumed: "What you have given will do somehow, but one piece of cloth is wanting; for a grand-aunt of mine has come and she has to be provided with one. But you can send it afterwards. I shall manage it somehow in the mean time. Yes, one thing I was forgetting, —you have made a great mistake."

"What's it?" asked Dina Bandhu eagerly. Suniti's mother-in-law laughed and replied: "I meant to say that you ought to have sent some presents on account of the *"habishya"* meals. Of course, you may not know about the custom, being a young man. But your mother is living. Her omission to instruct you in this matter was "inexcusable." Dina Bandhu remained silent. He knew very well the custom of sending *"habishya"* presents. But he could not procure money at the time. His monthly income was twenty-five rupees only. Out of that, six rupees went to the payment of rent for the two rooms occupied by him. With the remaining nineteen rupees, he somehow managed to meet his daily expenses. His family consisted of his old mother and his wife and a

daughter who was two years old. A debt was incurred every month at the shops which supplied his necessaries. The shopkeepers had declined to allow further credit. It was no use confiding all this to his sister's mother-in-law. So Dina Bandhu had no alternative but to keep his silence.

Suniti was standing beside the door of her room. Dina Bandhu entered that room. "Are they all well at home, brother?" hurriedly inquired Suniti, "I have been consumed with anxiety. My sister-in-law and her baby and my mother, are they all quite well?"

"Yes, my dear, they are all doing well. Are you quite well?" said Dina Bandhu, sitting down on the floor. "Yes, I am well, brother." said Suniti in a low voice. Outside the room, Suniti's husband's sister was standing with her ear at the window-shutter which she was holding slightly ajar to overhear their conversation, for Suniti was sure to make various complaints to her brother. But Suniti spoke not a word in relation to her husband's household. She plied her brother only with questions about the welfare of the family of her maternal uncle and that of her paternal aunt. At last when Dina Bandhu rose to leave the room, Suniti came close to him, and after casting timid glances around the room, told him in a whisper, "At the next *"Shasthi"*, do send a piece of gold bordered *dhoti* and a good pair of

shoes, brother, otherwise they would kill me !”

A sigh escaped from the depths of Dina Bandhu's heart, as he said “All right.”

Dina Bandhu was going out when Suniti again told him in a piteous voice, “I prostrate myself at your feet brother, and pray you to send the

presents this time at least, or they will beat me surely.”

The piteous voice of his sister made Dina Bandhu's heart send up a wail. He stood a stock still for some time and then said in a choking voice, “Don't worry my dear. as you have made the request, I will send the presents in whatever way I can.”

CHAPTER IV

To morrow is tht '*Jamai Shashthi*.' Jaminikanta was sitting on the platform outside his house this morning, smoking a cigarette, when a man with a huge basket on his head arrived there. Jamini led him inside the house. the people of the house all came and sat round the basket. Suniti was standing in a corner of the verandah anxiously gazing at the basket. She felt a flutter in her heart. When the basket was opened, she noticed on the top a fine gold—bordered *dhoti*, a pair of costly shoes, a muslin *panjabi*, gold-bordered *chudder* and a *sari*. Inside the basket were mangoes, jack-fruit, and other kinds of fruits, and various kinds of spices used in the preparation of *pans*, arranged on a small wooden tray. Suniti's face flushed with joy. But the next moment it turned pale and small with chagrin.

Jamini Kanta took up the muslin *panjabi* and caried—“Look here mother they have sent an ordinary *panjabi* like those sold at *hats* ! Am I to wear this ? “so saying, he flung the shirt to the ground. Sunity left the place weeping.

The same day when Jamini returned from office in the evening, he did not wait even to change his dress but went straight into the innerportion of the house and set up a terrible noise meeting with his mother “O mother !” he cried, “my marriage into the family of these low people has at last made it difficult for me to show my face before the public !”

Sunity was then engaged in the cook-room, kindling a fire in the oven. Her husband's word made her bosom trouble. What new thing had happened ? She thought it was

because her husband had not been invited to a dinner on the occasion of the *Jamai Shashthi* that he was showering abuse on her brother.

Jamini Kanta's mother asked—"What has happened Jamini ?

"I am ashamed to utter it," said Jamini Kanta in a sharp voice. "O mother ! DinaBandhu misappropriated money from his office on the day before yesterday. How could the gods tolerate it ? The crime has been detected to-day. With what a low family you connected me by marriage."

Suniti's mother-in-law turned up her eyes in astonishment and said,— "Eh ! What do you say ? What a same ! Stole money ?"

Suniti sat still and stiff as a marble statue. Then suddenly she rolled over and fell down by the side of the wall.

It was midnight. The entire village lay quiet in the lap of sleep. The night wind whistled through the tops of the trees. The howl of the jackals broke the silence of the village at intervals. Suniti left her bed and stood up. Her heart kept dinning in her ears : "It was for my sake that my poor brother met his ruin ! Why did I ask him ? O why did I ask him ? My brother told me at the time—'as you have made the request, I will send the presents in whatever way I can.' He has kept his promise ! Oh !" Then suddenly it occurred to her that some one might wake up and

catch her in the act she was meditating. She cautiously took off her *churries* from her wrists and stealthily placed them on the top of an almairah. Then after a long look at her sleeping husband, noiselessly stole out of the room.

* * * *

It was nearly half past one in the night. The wind was washing outside and the doors and windows of the house were banging to and fro. A black owl was screeching aloud wildly for want of a shelter—a black cat was running about the room with an unearthly caterwaul. Dinabandhu's mother, suddenly started up from her sleep and sat up on the floor. She called out with a trembling voice—"Daughter-in-law ! O daughter-in-law !"

Dinabandhu's wife was lying beside her. She too had been unable to sleep. She hastily got up and asked—"Has he returned from the lock up ? Let me go and open the door for him."

Dinabandhu's mother pressed her bosom with both hands and said—"No, he has not yet come back, my daughter. But don't be anxious about him. He will be released and come back to-morrow. My brother told me there is no cause for alarm. It is no more than a matter of a few rupees, and he has paid down the amount himself, so that Dinabandhu will be released to-morrow morning."

The daughter-in-law heaved a deep sigh and remained still.

The mother-in-law again called out in a strange voice—"Daughter-in-law ! O daughter-in-law !" "What's it, mother ?" asked the daughter-in-law. Dinabandhu's mother clasped her with her two arms and said—"O daughter-in-law ! My Suniti, I fear, is passing away from us !" "What are there you are saying, mother ?" said the daughter-in-law, anxiously, "my sister-in-law is quite well. You just go to sleep.

Let me stroke your head."

Her mother-in-law remained quiet for a moment, and then screamed and wailed out—"O daughter-in-law ! look there !. She has passed away ! There was a heavy splash as she fell, and the water was disturbed, but my poor Suniti never rose again ! O my daughter-in-law ! My Suniti never rose again !"



The Wide World

Father Of The Penny Post.

"Postal reform represents the greatest social improvement brought about by legislation in modern times."

It was thus that Justice McCarthy paid tribute to Rowland Hill, whose name is recalled to mind by the present agitation for the return of penny postage,

Hill, who was born at Kidderminster in 1795, was one of those men whose personality is eclipsed by the magnitude of their achievements. Everyone is gratefully aware of the boon that he conferred on mankind, but of the man himself the average person knows strangely little.

As a boy, and indeed throughout the greater part of his life, Rowland Hill was physically weak. For some years he was confined to his bed with spine trouble, and only an inherent doggedness of spirit kept him going.

Growing up, he had an acute consciousness of his educational deficiencies, which he sought to remedy by self-study so diligent that at one period his health was gravely jeopardized. Astronomy, history, architecture, literature, surveying—he digested each with a mental hunger that would not be appeased.

In 1822, having meanwhile become identified as a teacher with the school founded by his father, Hill, in conjunction with his brother, published a work entitled "Plans for

the Government and Liberal Instruction of Boys in Large Numbers," which led to their system of education being adopted in several foreign countries, including Sweden, France and America.

He resigned his head-mastership in 1835 and accepted the post of secretary to the Colonization Commission for South Australia. In his out-of-office hours he evolved his penny-postage scheme.

At this time, it has to be remembered, the Post Office, to the great mass of people, was a useless institution. Forgery and corruption were rampant, and it was common for poor persons to go in dread of receiving a letter, so heavy were the fees.

Hill had conceived the idea of a travelling post office as early as 1826, suggesting that railway carriages should be adapted to the purpose. But it was not until 1840 that his plan, first propounded in a pamphlet entitled "Post Office Reform: Its importance and Practicability," found official approval.

For some years previously he had been met with nothing but rebuffs from the Government, and almost everything short of offering him personal violence was done to prevent his scheme materializing. Probably it will now never be realized how much Hill suffered in those pioneering days, for suffer he certainly did.

With consummate patience and determination, however, he prosecuted his campaign, until in the end, as Mr. Gladstone wrote, his reform ran like wild-fire through the civilized world. For his services Hill received a Government grant of £20,000

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Doctor's Wonder Work.

Just over a hundred and fifty years ago, a number of gentlemen met in a London coffee house and formed an association for "the recovery of persons apparently drowned," and in this humble fashion there came into existence the famous institution known as the Royal Humane Society.

The original moving spirit was a Dr. Hawes, who inspired to form the society by reading the records of a similar society which had been formed at Amsterdam some six years previously.

The results achieved by this Dutch society had such an effect upon Dr. Hawes that he publicly offered rewards to persons who, within a certain time after the occurrence of an accident, rescued the bodies of persons "drowned" between the London and Westminster bridges, and brought them to places where attempts could be made to revive them.

During the first year of the experiment, Dr. Hawes paid these rewards out of his own pocket, but a friend pointed out to him that such a procedure could not last. Finally he generously offered to help him to form the Humane Society.

* * * *

As is generally known, the society awards medals and testimonials, and sometimes money, to those who risk their lives in saving or trying to save others.

What is known as the Stanhope Gold Medal is the Society's highest award.

This medal is given each year to the wearer of the Society's Silver Medal, who has shown the greatest gallantry during the year.

It is an interesting fact that the first recipient of the medal was the famous Captain Webb, who was also the first man to swim the Channel, and who eventually lost his life trying to swim the Niagara Falls.

Lucky Children !

The time is not far distant when the schools of to-day will be things of the past, and instead of children being forced to sit in stuffy, unhealthy classrooms they will learn their lessons in buildings which will be "open-air" all the year round. And the scholars will never feel cold !

This seems like a flit of fancy, but already such schools have been erected in Derbyshire, and, curiously enough, the proved success of these most modern of buildings is due in large measure to methods employed by the Romans !

The first school of this type was built some years ago at North Wingfield, a village in Derbyshire, and since then its fame has spread—because of the building—to all parts of the globe, and education authorities have come from many countries on missions of inspection. Other schools of this type have since been built throughout Derbyshire.

As an instance of the immunity from infection from disease which pupils at this type of school enjoy may be cited the cases of one child who had contracted smallpox. All the members of the child's family were smitten, but although the pupil was daily attending the school while

suffering from the disease not one of the other pupils was infected.

Now for the novelties of the school as observed by the representative of a newspaper man during a recent visit. The building is of one storey and not unlike a bungalow. There is none of the kind of windows which one sees everywhere. Instead, there is a skylight placed at an angle between the wall and the roof and running along the north side of the building. This results in the maximum amount of sun and light being obtained—much more than filters into an ordinary room—and even on a dull day, when other buildings may be illuminated by gas or electricity, the North Wingfield scholars work without this artificial aid.

To understand the means of ventilation imagine yourself sitting in a room both sides of which are composed of sliding or 'folding glass-fitted doors. When all these doors are opened the room is completely open on both sides and there is always a current of fresh air passing through. Should there be a moderately strong breeze from one side, the doors can be fully or partially closed on that side. Such arrangements make it possible to keep the school open to the air even on the coldest days.

In ordinary circumstances such exposure to the elements would reduce the pupils to a state of considerable bodily discomfort. This is where the greatest novelty of all—the heating arrangements—have played a very remarkable part.

In this respect, the architect to the Derbyshire County Education Authority, Mr. George A. Widdows, derived his inspiration from the ancient Romans. Abandoning the ordinary method of placing pipes and radiators in the classroom, the architect worked along the lines of the Romans, who obtained

heat in a room by passing the products of combustion through channels in the floor, following and improving upon this example, the North Wingfield School as low-pressure hot-water pipes concealed in trenches beneath the floor. There is a comfort which is unknown under other systems of heating. Water can be heated to any temperature which is sufficient to keep the feet warm. Thus the blood circulates, and once the blood is warmed and kept at a uniform heat, the body is impervious to changes in temperature. Instead of catching cold, the child benefits from the always-fresh air. A school-building of this type is actually cheaper than an ordinary one of the same capacity. It is impossible, however, in actual terms of money, to estimate the value of such an innovation, the merit of which lies in the prevention of disease and saving of child-life. Such work is priceless.

Writers' Rewards.

Some years ago Sir James Barrie laughed heartily when it was suggested that he should dramatize "The Little Minister," and he laughed louder when the friend who made the suggestion added: "There's a good £40,000 in it if there's a penny."

A year later the incredulous Barrie of months earlier was drawing £400 a week from the stage antics of Gavin and Babbie.

It is calculated that the different plays that have come from Barrie's pen to-day bring him in an income of £25,000 a year. A few months ago he was receiving £1,000 a week in royalties from London theatres alone. Compare these figures with the '£5 Shakespeare is said to have received from "Hamlet!"

Sir Arthur Pinero made less than £10 from his first two plays, and when, for his third

play, "Daisy's Escape," he endorsed a cheque for £50, it was with no idea that he would one day write "Sweet Lavender," which has brought him in £40,000.

"The Lights of London" put £24,000 into the banking account of the late George R. Sims ("Dagonet"), while for "The Harbour Lights" he got another £15,000,

Sir W. S. Gilbert sold one of his plays, "Dulcamara," for £30, but he never repeated that mistake. If he had he would have lost £50,000 from his "Pygmalion and Galatea" alone.

Novels are another source of big incomes, but the 1925 novelist is not giving away any figures. There is one British novelist, however, who refuses to write a short story for less than £2,000. He must be on the way to breaking the record of Mark Twain, who made £300,000 from his pen. Sir Walter Scott's novels and poems brought him in £200,000.

Compared with these figures, some classical authors, and poets fared badly. Eighteen pounds was all that was paid to Milton's family for "Paradise Lost." Gay of "The Beggar's Opera" fame only received £43 for his "Trivia."

On the authority of Dr. Johnson we know that Pope got £5,320 for translating Homer's "Iliad," a princely reward compared with the £10 8s. 6d. given by the same publisher some years earlier to Ozell for translating three books of the same epic.

For translating "Pizarro," Sheridan received the sum of £1,500. Goldsmith sold his "Vicar of Wakefield" to Dodsley for £10, with, however—and this is sometimes forgotten—an eventual condition on its future sale.

Some remarkable figures can be given in

connection with song-writing. "Her golden hair was hanging down her back" earned £20,000 for its author and publisher. Sir Arthur Sullivan received, it is calculated, £10,000 for "The Lost Chord."

1,000 Guineas For A Bed.

In the Cheltenham General Hospital there is an endowed bed to which some curious conditions are attached. The endower stipulated in his will that it "shall not be occupied by an anti-vaccinator, nor by any relative, servant, or connection of a professed or suspected anti-vaccinator." How are enquiries made to that end?

Many other endowed beds have their story, which is not always indicated by the inscription over them. Indeed, that sometimes merely excites curiosity. An instance is in St. Thomas's Hospital: "March, 1899. Anon. Tom Hughes Bed. In memory of Tom Hughes Q. C., author of 'Tom Brown's Schooldays.' Born 1823, died 1896." Who was "Anon"?

A singular story is attached to a bed in Guy's Hospital. It was endowed by a maiden lady in memory of Dr. Henry Pratt, who graduated in the institution, and by whom she had been medically treated. In this way she became interested in the great hospital, and when she died, at the age of ninety-one, she left it about £30,000.

Still more remarkable, perhaps, is the history of another bed in Guy's. The woman after whom it recalled (Mary Lewin Henderson) had no money for endowing a bed, but she had plenty of energy and patience. So she spent all her spare time in making fancy articles, which she induced her friends to purchase, and put the proceeds aside till the

end of the year, when she sent them to the hospital for investment. After labouring thus for fifteen years, she brought her total contribution up to £500, with which a bed was endowed in perpetuity.

The Royal Eye Hospital, Southwark, contains a bed which commemorates an equally noble woman. It is the "Heroine" bed, so called in honour of a woman who took with great resignation the loss of an eye and subsequently, by knitting and so on, raised contributions for the hospital.

Reading Hospital has had a similar benefactress. Miss Alicia Oliver, a native of the town, left England, and ultimately lived in France as a governess. She always seemed to be poor; but on her death she left £2,000 to endow two beds, one in Reading Hospital and the other in Guy's.

Many beds are endowed in memory of relatives, sometimes apparently on the spur of the moment. A Cardiff resident visited King Edward VII's Hospital in that city, and just before leaving he handed to the secretary a cheque for 2,000 guineas to endow a bed in memory of his wife and another in memory of his son. He expressed a wish that his gift should date from May 25th, because that would have been his golden wedding day.

There are numerous "birthday beds"—beds endowed as thank-offerings on birthday. The Blackburn and East Lancashire Infirmary has three such beds, one of which, the "Thomas and Margory Critchly" bed, was endowed by the latter on her eightieth birthday.

"Wedding beds" are much more rare; but in the Hospital for Women and children, Leeds, there is a bed which was endowed in

memory of twentyfive years of happy married life.

A cot that is nearly, if not quite, unique stands in the Royal Alexandra Hospital, Rhyl. It was given by the county of Shropshire as a wedding gift to the queen (then Duchess of York) on her marriage in 1893. The cot, in accordance with the wishes of the donors, is called the "Princess Mary Shropshire Free" cot, and Shropshire children have prior claim to its use. Its special distinction is that all applications for it are made to the Queen.

Sweet Young Thing: "I think it was nice of you, Mr. Peterson, to name your new yacht after me. What is she like?"

Mr. Peterson: "Well, you know, she's not much to look at, but she's very fast."

* * *

Safety In The Theatre.

The London County Council has just revised its rules regarding the management of places of public entertainment.

Excluding the sub-sections, there are altogether 84 rules, dealing with almost every detail of entertainment management. They cover such diverse subjects as the times of opening, and the height of the sides of boxes in theatres.

As may be expected, great care is taken to cover all the possibilities of risk from fire, and the rules with regard to the safety curtain are now stricter than ever.

It was found that at certain theatres a scene was painted on the safety curtain to represent a large gateway with iron gates, and instead of the regulation notice, the quotation "For Thine Especial Safety" was inscribed on the scroll ironwork. The effect of this was

that people present never realised that a safety curtain had been lowered owing to its resemblance to an ordinary drop-scene. The lowering of the safety curtain is intended to give the audience a sense of security, and in cases of this kind it had no such effect.

A similar danger has arisen owing to the safety curtain being made use of for the display of advertisements. Apart from the possibility of injury to the curtain, its function as a means of safety is liable to be lost sight of.

The London County Council has therefore decided that in future the words "Safety Curtain" must be in plain letters, placed in a central position where they can be seen from all parts of the hall, and not less than three feet from the bottom of the curtain. Any advertisements and decorations must not be within a distance of three feet from any portion of the inscription.

One of the revised rules states that if a notice prohibiting smoking is hung up, such notice must be enforced. Apparently, quite a number of managers have been putting up notices without bothering whether they are obeyed or not.

* * * *

Another new rule is that persons may not sit anywhere in the gangways. Hitherto, although persons have been prohibited from sitting in the intersecting gangways, there has been nothing to prevent their sitting in the side gangways. This has now been altered, and the public may sit nowhere but in the seats provided for them.

The approval of the London County Council has to be obtained before any additions, alterations, or repairs may be carried out. Rooms which are used as dressing-rooms,

kitchens, offices, and so on, must be approved, and no change may be made in their respective uses without the consent of the L.C.C.

A special attendant must be on duty at cinemas to look after children not accompanied by their parents. This attendant must, in future, wear a white armband, four inches wide, bearing the words: "Children's Attendant." His duty is to see that as far as possible the children sit together and to see that they are not interfered with in any way.

Baffling the Burglar

There is an old Eastern device used to determine whether a witness is telling the truth or not. The man is given a mouthful of dry rice to chew. If he is lying he is, inwardly, in such a state of terror that the saliva glands will not act, and his mouth is too dry to swallow the chewed grain. That, at least, is the argument on which the test is based.

Now we hear that the police chief of the Californian town of Berkeley has invented a machine "to register human emotions," and has offered to submit himself to be tested by it in a suit for breach of promise brought against him by a widow. This machine is declared to be a perfect lie-detector.

The ordeal by touch has, on at least one occasion proved an excellent device for discovering a thief. A soldier in a certain barracks complained of thefts from his kit, but the culprit could not be detected. A parade was ordered, and it was explained to the men that the barracks cat had been placed beneath an inverted tin dish and would mew when the thief touched the cover.

The lights were then lowered and the men filed past the dish. The cat did not mew at

all, but when the lights were turned up it was found that every man who had touched the dish had got a black smudge on his fingers from the lamp-black with which the dish had been covered. Only one man's hand was clean. When his kit was searched there were the stolen articles.

On similar lines is the use by the police of a certain dye. Cardinal Bourne had in his employ a butler who was suspected of theft. The detective in charge of the case smeared the handles of the safe with some of this dye, and presently arrested the butler. The man had blue stains on his hands and, though he had done his best to wash them off, had failed. This particular dye is not affected by soap or water.

Comparatively few people wear expensive gold watches in these days, but for those who do an anti-pickpocket device has been invented by a member of the Police Force.

It consists of an auxiliary safety guard chain, one end attached to the watch, the other to an eyelet hole in the lining of the pocket. The chain is long enough to allow the watch to be easily taken out and looked at by the owner, but the safety chain gives the pickpocket a nasty surprise, and has, in several cases, led to his arrest.

Jewellers suffer more frequently from "snatch-thieves" than from the depredations of burglars, and many use the safety jewellery tray for showing rings. The tray has a sliding frame set in the bottom, with metal fingers crossing each ring slot at right-angles. These lock the rings into place and make it quite impossible for a thief to slip one out unnoticed. The assistant can, however, take any ring out by merely moving the slide a trifle.

Burglar alarms are legion. All the great

bank and safety vaults are guarded by electric devices, which not only ring bells and light lamps, but also show exactly at what point an attack is being made. The walls and partitions are completely lined with tinfoil, through which electricity is constantly flowing, and even the smallest hole bored through a wall affects the current and betrays the would-be burglar.

Six Children in One Year

If recent times can furnish no parallel to the record of the Scottish weaver who, in the seventeenth century, was father of sixty-two children by one wife and left forty-six of them to mourn him, he has no mean rival in Levi Braskaw, a Canadian with forty-one children.

His first wife was responsible for six of them ; his second added two dozen more ; and his third completed the list with a contribution of eleven. At sixty-nine Mr. Braskaw has twenty-nine married sons and daughters ; and his living descendants number just under two hundred.

In recent years, too, we have heard of Anthony Clark, a book canvasser, who acknowledged in the Clerkenwell County Court the paternity of thirty-two children ; of Mrs. Mary Jonas, of Chester, who increased the population of England by thirty-three ; and of a Mrs. Emma Hare, who confided to a neighbour that she had nursed twenty-seven children.

In one day, not long ago, three parents called upon the registrar for Whittlesey, Isle of Ely, to register the births—one, of his twenty-first child ; the second, of his nineteenth, and the third, of number seventeenth—the three families thus aggregating fifty-seven children.

Still more extraordinary is the rapidity with which some nurseries have been replenished. From Antwerp, for example, came the story, a year or so ago, of a Madame Carlier, who had actually given birth to six sons one year—the first set of triplets in January and the second in the following December.

And in a divorce case in Chicago, in 1920, it came out in evidence that the plaintiff, Mrs. Josephine Ormsby, though she had been married only seven years, had in that time been the mother of one set of triplets, two pairs of twins, three single children, and one set of quadruplets—an average of two children a year.

When Mrs. Ursula Lightfoot, of Ayton, in Yorkshire, died in her ninety-fourth year, she left nine children, seventy-nine grandchildren, seventy-three great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren. In Southern Georgia a Mrs. Shiver spent her last years in visiting, one after another, the homes of her descendants, who numbered 310 in four generations; and Mrs. Sarah Ann Woolf, of Utah, when he died at the age of ninety-one, left 303 living descendants, including 189 great-grandchildren and 23 great-great-grandchildren.

But all these records have been thrown into the shade by six brothers and sisters, children of a settler named Well in the Cumberland district of Kentucky, who, among them, have lived to see 1,651 of their progeny. The palm goes to the eldest brother, Jason, with a record of 444 descendants; Miles takes second place, with 402; then follow three sisters, with contributions of 230, 208, and 201 respectively; and, the roll ends with the youngest brother, whose total is a modest 166.

Not the least astonishing of family records is that of M. Gourdon's who died last August, in Paris, at the age of 101. M. Gourdon's

father was born in 1731; married in 1752; and in 1753 became the father of a second boy the late M. Gourdon, who at the close of his long life was able to say: My brother died 171 years ago."

Dog Heroes of the Alps

After having kept "open house" for nearly a thousand years, the St. Bernard Hospice, situated over eight thousand feet high in the Alps, is likely to be run as a hotel, in which visitors will be charged for their accommodation. The step is rendered necessary by the fact that in recent years large numbers of visitors have abused the monks' hospitality by not contributing towards the cost of their food and maintenance while staying at the hospice.

The hospice of St. Bernard can boast that it is one of the oldest and most interesting institutions of its kind in the world. It was founded in A.D. 962 by a nobleman named Bernard de menthon, who wished to give shelter to pilgrims making their way across the Alps to Rome.

In the course of its long history it has often been besieged by robber bands, while once it was almost entirely destroyed by fire. Napoleon spent a short time there when he led his army into Italy in 1800: the table and chair he used are still pointed out to callers.

But in the minds of most people the hospice is mainly remarkable for its dog heroes and for the wonderful deeds they have performed in saving the lives of missing travellers. An average number of twenty St. Bernards is kept in the hospice kennels, and each is trained in the task of searching for persons lost in the mountains. Having found them, the animals afford them aid in the form of a flask of wine,

and then either guide them to the hospice or go for help.

In all, some thousands of lives have been saved by these sagacious creatures, which belonging to a breed evolved years ago by the monks themselves. Incidentally, just over a century ago an intense spell of cold wiped out the existing breed, which had to be founded again by crossing a Danish type with mastiff. To-day the noble St. Bernard is found all over Switzerland.

One of the most wonderful of the dogs attached to the monastery was Barry, to whom a monument stands in the courtyard of the hospice, with the inscription: "Barry, the heroic. Saved the lives of forty persons and was killed by the forty-first." The manner of this canine hero's death is unknown, but it was believed to be a case of mistaken identity.

On one occasion Barry found a child of ten lying in the snow, at the point of succumbing to exposure. The faithful animal first warmed the child's face by breathing on it, and then

licked it until it awoke. Then Barry lay on his side, by which the child knew that it was to get on his back. In this way the child was brought to the hospice, where it recovered.

At another time a monk went out with a dog to search for some travellers of whose danger the animal had first given warning. Reaching the spot, the dog pawed feverishly at the snow, until the body of a man was revealed. Restoratives were administered, and the dog then proceeded to look for the traveller's companion. Hearing a cry some yards away, the monk went to investigate, when suddenly he was gripped from behind and pulled backwards into the snow. With the aid of his lantern he discovered that the animal had saved him from stepping over a precipice!

The monks of St. Bernard are seventeen all told, with a similar number of guards and handymen. Each monk is chosen because of his ability to withstand the rigours of the life, the period of service being fifteen years.

TIT BIT

Running After A Kiss

(A comedy in One Act.)

*(Translated by Prof. Bibhutibhusan Ghoshal from
the French of M. Paul Ferrier)*

A small room.—A lamp on a table—Time, 10-30 p. m.

SCENE III.

THEOBALD ALONE.

Theo.—And thou, light-footed Mercury, son of Jupiter and Maya, God of eloquence, lend me the golden chains that drop from thy divine lips and bind the enchanted listeners, so that I may tie with threads of persuasion her whom I await, and that I may obtain from her powdered lips the sweet kiss that will resound on my cheek before the bronze clocks have sent to the air their last stroke of midnight! O Mercury! No, there's a limit to this stupidity, and, Theobald, you have jumped it over. Do you feel the touch of Doctor White's hand on your shoulder and do you hear him say sneeringly, "You are mine, Theobald!" ...Where has it brought me, my wild wager? Across thousand catastrophes, after seventeen eventful travels like those of Ulysses, to terrify even Homer himself, where am I now? At the house of a lady...a brunette...in an inhabited mansion... two steps perhaps

from the chamber where sleeps a ferocious husband?...I can win my wager! ...but I may as well be slapped by the lady on the face, cudgelled by her man, thrown over the window by her husband...if he is stronger than I am, captured by the police, thrown in a dark cell, hauled up before the court ...and all this for the pleasure...which is no longer a pleasure... of being kissed by a woman of a colour... detestable to me. The waiting maid does not return. It is a trap, then? ...If, instead of bringing her mistress, she has gone to ask for help in the neighbourhood?...Shall I fly? No, I won't... What adventures! At nine in the morning, I entered an apartment shown by the gatekeeper...I went into the chamber...a flute-like voice asked me from behind the curtain. "Your pleasure, Sir?...To be kissed by you, sweet lady! "Thousand thunders! Do you like me to roll

you down the staircase!" and the threatening head of a man appeared before me!oh, the staircase! I tumbled down the steps and arrived, always running, at another house. The mistress was a brunette [...I was going to be kissed...someone rings... What shall I do?... 'Tis the fiance, the baron of I know not where. The maid hurried me away into a toilet room. The visit of the baron prolonged, and I inspected the various ointments, powder-pots and small bottles...What did I read on a small bottle?... "Athenine water! indelible paint for carrot hairs." Good God! my brunette is carrotty. Now I found out my position and was determined to disappear before any one would come to lead me out. ... "Oh, madam," said I to the ninth brunette, Your admirable black hairs recall to my mind raven's wings. Kiss me!" "Never, in name of

God..." and running through the tables, sofas and easy chairs, I played that queer and dangerous scene of the "Intimes..." when...with a swift movement...the beautiful black hairs of the lady came in my grasp! My brunette, plundered of her hairs by precocious baldness, offered before my stupefied looks the figure of a skull preserved in a academy!Seventeen adventures of this nature! I was bewildered...astounded.....I saw only brunettes around me everywhere! All sorts of dark wigs whirled before my eyes!of every one I met I demanded, "Is such and such a lady a brunette? On the rue de Bellechasse I put the question to a horse-soldier of the mahogany colour...The same question I put to an invalid of the great army.....Soon after, On rue Caumartin, I hired a carriage and asked the driver to give full reins to his horses...But hush some one comes.

SCENE V.

Theobald, Henriette and Frederique.

Hen.—(low to Frederique) Is it your desire?

Fred.—(in a low voice) That's so.

Theo.—(Aside) How shall I begin?

—Fred.—(Aside) Henriette knows nothing. Let me sit down. Give me the comedy, and you, my future husband, let me judge you.

Hen.—You want me sir....and I am here. But please note that your persistence is quite boring. Now tell me what you want.

Theo.—Pardon, madam, will your maid remain there?

Hen.—Yes, sir.

Theo.—Ah!...This maid is really

detestable. She looks at me in a peculiar way. (Low to Frederique) You haven't influenced her. I believe.

Fred.—(low) No, on my oath.

Theo.—Ah !.....This maid is really detestable. She looks at me in a peculiar way. (Low to Frederique). You haven't influenced her. I believe.

Fred.—(low) No, on my oath.

Theo.—Now let me be audacious... (Heriette is seated, he approaches her with open arms). Oh, madam, kiss me.

Hen.—(Springing up from her seat) Sir ! !

Theo.—Madam, I have not the honour of being known to you.

Hen.—That's so.

Theo.—Even then I tell you, kiss me. 'Tis very simple. 'Tis because I bring good news.....a news that will make you dance with joy...and you will know it...you will throw your arms round my neck, crying, "Oh, what happiness !" Ah, well, madam, you will cry, "What happiness !" Clasp me round the neck, and I shall tell you.....

Hen.—(Enraged) Sir, you use this language. (To Frederique) You foolish girl, where have you brought me ?

Fred.—(Aside) She is severley enraged. (Aloud) Tell your news and she will kiss you.

Hen.—Frederique !...Mademoiselle ! !

Theo.—This news, madam, relates to a fact you have perhaps forgotten... Did you know ..Trebuchard ?

Hen.—Sir, I am tired.....

Theo.—Trebuchard.....senior...was the cousin of the cousin of.....I have forgotten the name, however, soon it will come to my mind,...the...yes..... your first cousin. After a very happy marriage, this Trebuchard had two sons.....

Fred.—"The only hope of his life," to quote the poet.

Theo.—Exactly ! But you are not helping me, madam,you have forgotten.....The younger son was taken at the age of sixteen.....with a passion for arts and numismatics...(Aside) well : the story I am stealing from the Two Blind Men. (Aloud) He started for Canada, his ship was wrecked, and none knows what happened to him.

Hen.—I can't guess how this story may be of any interest to me.

Theo.—'Tis the story of your cousin, madam, and how can it fail to interest you ? This shipwrecked young man took shelter in a cage of fowls...and after eight days of floating on the sea, without any food, he was thrown on a desert shore quite senseless.

Fred.—Tell me, Sir, are you going to repeat the story of Robinson Crusoe.

Hen.—Will you please finish ?

Theo.—Ah, well, kiss me.

Hen.—Still harping on the same topic.

Theo.—Kiss the Robinson of your family.....Yes, dear cousin I am that traveller Trebuchard, I.....

Hen.—I can't guess what you mean by all these absurd stories...I don't know any Trebuchard in our family and I do repeat my prayers to you to leave me.

Theo....(Low to Frederique). You have influenced her ?

Fred.—(Low) No, I tell you on my oath.

Theo.—(Aside) Devil ! Two chords of my bow are broken.....Let me try a third. (Aloud) Do you know the Azure river, madam ?

Hen.—(With humour) No !

Theo.—'Tis a very beautiful river ! It flows at a distance of thousand leagues from Paris...through a wild island which is not shown in any map...since none has discovered it.....This island awaits its Christopher Columbus.

Fred.—Well, monsieur Trebuchard, you ought to start at once on a voyage of discovery.

Theo.—Mademoiselle the savage people living there...rather cannibals.....hopeless of the intellectual development of their Mociety..... they being no better than brutes, occupy themselves with the physical beauty of their race.....

Hen.—Stop, Sir !.....

Fred.—Let him say, madam, all that is very interesting.

Theo.—It is not ?——They have a queer custom, madam. Of the new born babes, ranging from one to six months, the upright magistrates make a conscientious selection, with a view to bringing up only the well-formed children and throwing the rest into the current of the Azure river...

Fred.—You mean yellow river.

Theo.—Yes, azure and yellow... So they throw away those babies whose structures do not conform to their academical rules.....

Fred.—I wonder how can you know this custom, although the island has not yet been discovered.

Theo.—'Tis in this way. One of these babies...ill proportioned, I say,... had a tender-hearted mother who... having foreseen the fate of her child... put it in a cradle made of the bark of the poisonous manchincel tree...and floated it on...

Fred.—The Nile—'Tis the story of Moses !

Theo.—(Low to Frederique) Prithee stop ! (Aloud) Really, madam, my story strangely recalls that of the Hebrew law-giver !—Like him, this savage boy was saved from the water...

Fred.—By the daughter of the Pharoa...

Theo.—No, by a whaler searching for his prey on the bank of the New World.....The infant narrated.....

Fred.—Pardon sir, you have said just now that the mother had parted with the new-born babe...how could he then remember.....

Theo.—He had grown up by that time...The infant narrated all his miseries.....

Fred.—In which language, please ?

Theo....In his mother language !... At last he found a word for himself.

Fred.—The work of the dwarf Chinese.

Theo.—Yes, of the same type...A ship was hired, and guided by this young stranger, let us now start for his native island.

Fred.—What waste of imagination ! 'Tis really a pity !

Theo.—Afterwards, madam, having heard of your inexhaustible charity...

Hen.—Oh, I have never heard such a story invented at pleasure...well, let that go.....You speak of charity ? Take these twenty francs and leave us please.

Theo.—Twenty francs, madam, twenty francs, for equipping this ship and for following this cannibal in his voyage of discovery of his birth place... and to seek out his mother who cast him away.

Hen.—Then, Sir,.....

Theo.—No, madam,...I am passably rich, I have millions...alone I have conceived the work, alone I shall do it...millions, which I remove from one place to another, by my shovels, but my charity has no selfish motive, I shall assemble all the Parisian ladies...

Fred.—You mean brunettes.

Theo.—And let me tell you how : One kiss is worth a million francs.

Hen.—Sir, are you mad.....

Fred.—He will at least be so in no time.

Hen.—Or, drunk ?

Theo.—Yes, I am drunk. 'Zounds, time gallops and you make me indulge in idle talks.....

Fred.—Which are of no use at all.

Theo.—Now, madam, I throw off my masque of an angel of good tidings, of cousin crusoe...and of the philanthropic nabab !.....let us have a fair play. I am a good citizen of this fine town...as people speak of King Louis the Stubborn of pleasant memory ; I have more than sufficient income and absolutely no work to do...wild expenses I have none ! I call myself..... no, you can guess my name as you like,.....I have not the pleasure of being known to you nor do I know you...but I have betted that you will kiss me...and Zounds, you will do so.

Hen.—Undeceive yourself, Sir, I am an honest woman.... ..

Theo.—That I know madam, otherwise I would not have come here..... One of the conditions of my wager is that the woman must be honest ; if that is not so, what is worth of such a wager ?... ..Honest and brown-haired .. now you realise my position, and.....

Hen.—But it is dastardly to torture a poor woman who has no means to defend herself.

Theo.—Torture ! That's a bad turn for it, madam [...I ask of you a single kiss [..."A poor woman who has no means to defend herself"...but you are only too well guarded...Why ! you resist all the extravagances of my imagination [...My good news fails absolutely.....You repel the embrace of a cousin returned from the Indies... and the story of the Azure river leaves you cold ! . Do you call it not a defending yourself ?

Hen.—(Once more I tell you, on oath, that I will not kiss you, and I pray to you.....

Theo.—I shall wait, madam. There is yielding after great obstinacy. I shall rest here, implant myself in this room, be inlaid into this carpet, remain rooted to this sofa.....A single kiss.....or I won't leave this place till dawn.

Hen.—At least let my husband...

Theo.—You have a husband ?

Fred.—Yes, she has a husband...on tour of course.

Hen.—(Low) Foolish girl !

Theo.—Away from home on a tour ?

Hen.—Yes, but he will return to-night and I expect him every moment !

Theo.—And does he love you ?

Hen. - Desperately.

Theo.—And is he...jealous ?

Fred. Like two tigers !

Theo.—Ah ! You have a husband and you did not tell me !

Hen.—(Feigning to be frightened) If he returns, Sir ! You make me shudder !

Theo.—Ah ! You have a husband and you did not tell me !

Hen.—(Feigning as above) Run away, in the name of heavenshe will make a terrible affair !

Theo.—Ah ! You have a husband and you did not tell me !

Hen.—Mademoiselle, show this gentleman out.

Theo.—No, never !...I shall wait for your husband...at least.

Hen.—But he will kill you.

Theo.—I should believe that he will kill you as well ..I rest here.

Hen.—(Low to Frederique) Frederique.

Fred.—(Low) Don't worry, I come to your aid, (Whispers something in her ear) is it not ?

Hen.--(In a low voice) Capital !
(Frederique goes out). Sir...

Theo.—Have you decided ?

Hen.—Truce to your jokes...Do me the favour of leaving me...I tremble lest my husband.....(Some one rings)
Ah !!

Theo.—By Jove !

Fred.—(Running in) Heavens !
Madam !...’tis the master ! He will open the door.

Hen.—We are undone.

Theo.—I’m going away.....kiss me.

Hen.—How can you think of it now ?

Fred.—Master will be impatient, I shall run to open the door,...but where to hide him ?.....You, sir, come this way.

(She shows the door on the right and goes out with the lamp).

Theo.—(Cropping for Henriette in the dark) I won’t go unless you accode to my request.....

Hen.—No, !.....

Theo.—Where are you madam ? Oh, you hanker after my death, you thirst for my blood ! One kiss...one only...cold and indifferent...I won’t detain you.

Fred.—(Re-entering, low to Henriette) Not yet done ?—leave us alone for a moment.....I shall take your place.

Hen. -- You ?

Fred.—Since ther’s no help. One of us must kiss him.....I have no husband, and ’tis less serious in my case.

(Henriette goes out. Theobald, always seeking her, seizes Frederique at last, who plays the role of Henriette).

Theo.—At last, madam, I have you : I don’t care what your husband is doing in the sideroom....but I wait to see this jealous tiger jumping into this room—well, I rest here.

Fred.—(Disguising her voice)Should I forego my duties to my husband for saving my reputation ?

Theo.—’Tis for you to judge.

Fred.—Ah, well, since you press so much...

Theo.—Still do I press.

Fred.—Since, ’tis the only way to escape your grasp...

Theo.—Yes, that’s the only way.

Fred.—With all possible repugnance...

Theo.—With all the repugnance—that you can have.

Fred.—Leave me now (She kisses him on the cheek)

Theo.—Now I have won.

(He is ready to go out by the right hand door, followed by Frederique, when the other door opens and discovers Henriette, lamp in hand).

Hen. Is he gone ?

Theo.—Oh, 'twas the maid !—No, madam, he is not gone, he will not go. Ah, you play the comedy of the return of your husband, and in the darkness, you make me kissed by the maid—She has golden hair no doubt, the colour I love, but my best is concerning a brunete and a lady of position—I remain here, madam, and this time (closing the door) no one will take away the lamp.

Fred.—(Aside) How enraged he must be !

Theo.—It will be rather easy, madam, to give me...

Fred.—(Aside) there must be a stop to all these. (She pushes forward the hand of the clock).

Hen.—Ah, sir, do you know what you are asking ?

Theo.—Perfectly well. Here's my cheek...you bring your lips...a soft touch...a light sound—that's all—Why not ?—Is there any wrong ? Well, madam, I feel delicacy to say—but let me assure you ; —I don't like brunettes—and I tell you frankly, I shall have no more pleasure than you.

Hen, Really, had it been two o'clock in the afternoon, your conversation would have been a diversion, but I confess that this is not the hour-- (The clock strikes twelve). Midnight !

Theo.—Midnight !

Fred.—The fatal term !

Theo I have lost my wager !—Madam, it only remains for me to ask your pardon for my importunities—now I have not the least desire of being kissed.

Hen.—Oh, I am so glad,

Theo. — You are to me now only a very respectable lady—the colour of whose hair is what I detest—that's the sole jarring note. Please excuse me, madam—I am very sorry to keep you awake so late—and to have made you the victim of a wages—foolish and crazy as I am, fit to be thrown into the Bedlam. I give you my name : Theobald Louvier.

Hen.—Theobald Louvier !

Fred.—Ah, yes !

Hen.—You have recognised him and have not told me any thing.

Fred.—Is it not funny ?

Theo.—Pardon, madam, do you mean your chamber-maid has recognised me ?

Fred.—Certainly !—one confidence is worth another. I give you my name as well : Frederique Dupuis. (She puts off her napkin and bonnet).

Theo.—Mademoiselle Dupuis !—my fiancée !—What have I done ?—and before you ?

Hen.—She adores an eccentric character.

Theo.—Oh ! then, then mademoiselle Dupuis !—Ah, yes I recognise you now.

Fred.—Ah !

Theo.—I had the pleasure of dancing with you.

Fred.—The last summer—

Theo.—At the house of the Berthomieux—

Fred.—A quadrille—

Theo.—And I remember I was charmed with your spirit !—Ah ! mademoiselle, it is you whom I am going to marry—to whom I shall soon be introduced—

Fred.—The introduction will be cut and dry !—

Theo.—Oh ! odd, strange, improbable !—'Tis you and I have taken you for the maid ! Heavens ! and I have treated you as such !

Fred.—But I have kissed you all the same.

Theo.—That's true and I was furious !

Fred.—To kiss a young man—

Theo.—Who is no other than your would-be husband. The king of France will forget the injury caused to the Duke of Orleans Ah ! but pardon, madam, we are talking before you in this way and keep you waiting. I am a giddy fellow, excuse me please. Well, Frederique, this lady, who is she to you ?

Fred.—My sister. We are at her house.

Theo.—Your sister ? Ah, yes,

Berthomieux has told me. Oh, what a fool am I ? Ah, madam, will you pardon me ?

Hen.—With all my heart.

Theo.—Madam, my sister-in-law, 'tis you whom I have tortured so long !—am I mad ? and I did not know... Had I given out my name ?—Why ! There is no harm kissing a brother-in-law...and so I have won my wager !

Hen.—Still you think of it !

Theo.—Only a little. By Jove ! Berthomieux has told me of a sister madam

Hen.—The young cousin of Trebuchard.

Theo.—Ah, that's cruel ! no, madam, help me, I pray you Madam ?

Fred.—Madam Lambert.

Theo.—Lambert, Lambert ;—wait ; I have in my pocket a card bearing that name, (He takes out the card and reads) "Andre Lambert."

Hen.—He is my husband.

Theo.—Your husband ? Really ? Well, I have saved him.

Hen.—Saved ?

Fred.—Her husband ?

Theo.—Yes, madam, saved—with these hands you see. On the Rue Caumartin at 9. 30, a carriage was seen the horse running in a wild speed. I threw myself in front of the animal, and checked him at once. Every thing

rolled aground pell mell—the horse, the car, the coachman, a travelling kit, and the gentleman inside who cried, “Thanks ! I kind stranger ! you have saved my life ! Thanks ! I have no time to lose. I shall have to catch the train. Here is my card. Please take it and see me at your leisure.” The carriage was soon raised from the ground, the horse got up and drew the vehicle this time in a slower speed.

Hen.—Ah ! What are you telling me, sir ?

Theo.—I hardly read the name and put the card into my pocket.

Hen.—Had you not come to his rescue.

Theo.—I don’t know what happened afterwards.

Hen.—My poor Andre. How can I express my gratitude, sir ? If you knew how I love him and I owe you his life and safety ! you h ! My God, my God, I can’t hold myself any longer ! (She throws herself on his neck and kisses him).

Theo.—Madam, madam, oh, had it been ten minutes earlier ! Ten min— (A clock hard by strike twelve) what, —midnight—Is your clock fast ?

Fred.—Yes, when one pushes the hands.

Theo.—It was your doing ?

Hen.—Yes, to save me from an importunate man.

Theo.—The clock is fast. Then I have won the stake.

Hen.—Certainly.

Fred.—(Giving him the two hundred francs which she had tied in her napkin) And hers the stake of the maid

Theo.—The maid ?

Hen.—And you, monsieur Louvier, what have you staked ?

Theo.—Against me, madam ? A dinner—I shall invite you tomorrow.

Hen. Let us play the game otherwise. Suppose I have staked and not you—I have lost, and the debts of game must be paid within twenty-four hours—we shall await you at dinner tomorrow for second interview.

Fred.—Good sister !

Theo.—Excellent sister ! Ah. It seems I shall begin to like black hairs !

Hen. Sincerely ?

Theo.—Too sincerely.

(He takes his cap, makes ready to go, returns and kisses her hand).

Fred. And golden hairs ?

Theo.—That’s different. (He kisses the hand of Frederique makes for the door and speaks from there) I adore them,

Hints For Your Home

A bag of salt applied to the face is an excellent remedy for toothache.

A Glass of hot water taken first thing in the morning is good for indigestion

Methylated spirit rubbed into the soles of the feet hardens them and prevents blisters.

Green vegetables should be cooked in as little water as possible, and the liquid used for soups and gravies.

After having been washed with salted water, bamboo should be polished with a duster moistened with linseed oil.

A splendid cleansing and polishing agent can be made by adding one part of paraffin to three parts of water. This fluid is useful for brightening furniture, tiles, and enamelled surfaces.

Loaf, granulated, or castor sugar should be kept in airtight tins, lined with greaseproof paper. Demerara and moist brown sugar keep better in covered jars or crocks.

* * *

To clear beetles out of cupboards and larders sprinkle a little benzine over the boards. It will kill the eggs as well as the insects

Condensed milk should be turned out into a basin; cover the top with a piece of muslin and stand the basin in a vessel of cold water.

Linen and cotton sheets should be put in warm water to which a little borax has been added and allowed to soak for a night before washing.

If you run short of black-lead try using ordinary black boot polish

rub on with an old piece of rag, polish and it will produce a brilliant shine.

Just before cooking large joints, such as a leg of mutton, beat them with a rolling pin, and they will be more tender when cooked.

When baking apples or other fruit, line the baking tin with greased paper. This will prevent the juice from burning on to the tin.

Castor oil can be made quite tasteless by beating it up with the white of an egg.

A little rice placed in the salt jar will absorb damp and keep the salt from becoming lumpy.

Black silk may be cleaned by sponging the dirty parts with the water in which potatoes have been boiled.

Saucepans and frying-pans in which onions have been cooked should be boiled out with tea-leaves and soda water.

When a joint seems inclined to be tough, pour a little vinegar over it before putting it in the oven, and cook slowly.

Silver will be as bright as new if it is covered with sour milk, allowed to stand for half an hour, and then washed and rinsed.

An excellent soap for use in an office or when travelling is a tube of shaving cream. It takes but a small quantity to cleanse the hands thoroughly.

Before putting anything hot—custard or stewed fruit—into a glass dish, set the dish on a cold, damp cloth, and there will be no danger of its cracking.

Postage-Stamps and gummed labels that have become stuck together may be separated by being covered with a sheet of paper and then pressed with a hot iron.

Methylated spirit is the best medium for cleaning mirrors, as it evaporates and does not penetrate to the back. Apply with one soft cloth and polish with another.

Steel that is rusty should be cleaned with a cut onion and left for day. Afterwards it can be polished, either with emery powder and paraffin, or with a paste made with brick-dust and turpentine.

* * * *

Household ammonia can be made at home in the following way: Mix one ounce of rock ammonia with half a gallon of cold water.

When this has dissolved the addition of a little y'e'low soap will make it cloudy.

Utensils that have been used over a coal fire should never be placed over a gas ring. The coating of soot that has accumulated is a non-conductor of heat, and therefore a source of gas wastage.

When filling oil lamps place a small lump of camphor in the oil-vessel. It will improve the light and make the flame clearer and brighter. If you have no camphor, add a few drops of vinegar occasionally.

Cracks sometimes appear in furniture made of unseasoned wood. Fill the cracks with beeswax melted sufficiently to make it pliable, smooth the surface, and sandpaper the surrounding part, collecting the dust formed and working it into the bees-wax in the crack. Stain, and the repair will be scarcely noticeable.



Truth.



Mantis shrimps are nearly four inches long and have claws growing out of their heads.

A iens maintained by London parishes in mental hospitals numbered 6o2 at the end of last year.

Spurs made of stainless steel, for the use of officers, have been approved by the War Office.

A "tube" railway is proposed for Venice. It would cover the length of the city, a distance of eight miles.

Facial surgery, including the remodelling of injured noses, ears and lips, was known in Italy as long ago as 1456

A domestic fly carrying what is estimated at 7,000,000 typhoid germs was recently shown on the films by a new process.

A French prisoner was recently allowed out on bail to marry his fiancée ; he returned to gaol immediately after the ceremony.

Good and bad habits are contrasted by means of pictures in a new health booklet

issued to children by the Hornsey Borough Council.

Constantinople's old Imperial palace, which dates back to the 16th century, is now used as a museum and storehouse for the national treasures

A JANE "Ancestor."

Saxophones, the gem of the modern jazz band, are credited to a Belgian musician, Antoine Joseph Sax, who produced the first "saxhorn" in 1843.

Bones of prehistoric reptile dug up in Tanganyika Territory, Africa, are so enormous that it took sixteen men to lift one of them when uncovered.

Smoking will be permitted on the new airships to fly between England and India. The design for these aircraft includes lounges, dining rooms, and smoking rooms.

Eclipses as far back as 1207 B.C. are recorded at Oxford University Observatory. In the same huge book are predictions concerning future eclipses as far ahead as the year A. D. 2163.

There are only 16 bridges over the Thames between the sea and Kingston. It is now suggested that nine new ones should be built to relieve the congestion of traffic.

Umbrellas are now being sold in brighter colours than ever ; scarlet and emerald are both favourite shades. Handles are also being adorned with china beads.

War pensions are now costing us about £40,000,000 less than in 1920-21. The remembrance of widows and growing up of children are two great causes of this reduction.

Prizes are given every year by the Great Western Railway for the best suggestions from the staff for improving conditions of travel. There are about 4,000 ideas received annually.

Foxes will kill their own scent, play 'possum, and escape at the last moment, make a trap go off without being caught, and drift down rivers like a derelict sack, in their cunning fight for life.

Blocks of flats, on the lines of American "apartment buildings," are being considered by the London County Council. At present the nearest approach to these are the five-storied dwellings, 80 ft. high, built by the L. C. C.

Sun baths in everyday life are made possible by the use of a new fabric, which looks and feels like silk, yet which allows

the ultra-violet rays which are so beneficial to health.

The latest use for rubber is for making bathing costumes.

Brazilian coffee, which could be bought wholesale before the War for 31s. a cwt, now costs 136s.

Velvet evening shoes, coloured in imitation of leopard skin, are expected to be popular for spring wear.

Flag day collections in London during last year brought in £2,743 on 1923.

A cross word puzzle competition is to be run by Brighton authorities, with a week's free holiday at the prize.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth a law was made that no new building should be erected within three miles of London or Westminster.

"Fifteen shillings or a pound a day is the average for a good beggar," said an official of the London Mendicity Society recently.

For a post as junior medical officer at a Sunderland children's hospital, with a salary of £100 a year, seventy-eight women doctors applied.

A Travelling, Letter-box.

To enable residents of Barkingside, a suburb of London, to post letters after the last collection at 8 p.m., a letter-box is attached to a tramcar which passes through after 9 o'clock.

King George's famous yacht, the Britannia, is regarded as one of the fastest yachts afloat. She carries 9,235 cubic feet of canvas when in full sail,

In the printing trade dull boys are said to be better for feeding machines than the so-called "smart" lad, who is always anxious to try something else.

Prince Roland Bonaparte, a famous French traveller and scientist, left legacies to all his staff of servants sufficient to bring them annuities equal to their wages.

Accommodation under the Ministry of Pensions for disabled soldiers, and airmen requiring in-patient treatment was reduced from 12,819 to 10,867 in the year ended last March.

Round the world in the ship thirty-seven times and a total voyaging of 3,000,000 miles, is the record of a veteran purser who has recently retired from the service of the White Star Line.

Prisoners in this country cost the State about £100 each to maintain. It is said the men who have served long sentences in prison are stouter when they leave prison than when they enter.

Wall-paper which has hung for two hundred years on the walls of a house in Gloucestershire is being carefully removed and used to fit up a Queen Anne room in the South Kensington Museum.

Gramophone records of Caruso roused much mirth among the natives of several African villages, while Sir Harry Lauder was

greeted with great solemnity, during recent tour of a film expedition.

"Broadcasting portions of stage plays" does not seem to hurt the American theatres in the slightest," said Sir Alfred Butt, M. P., on his return from the States recently. "Instead, it whets the appetite of the people for theatre-going."

Folding a sheet of tissue paper is one of the tests at the National Institute of Industrial Psychology. Girls who handle it deftly and fold it without undue creasing are regarded as more suitable for dressmaking than those who crease it all over.

Houses erected at Southend during 1924 average out at twenty-four a week.

Only once had corporal punishment to be inflicted on a convict in British prisons last year.

St. Dunstan's have taken in 635 men who, due to War wounds, have gone blind since the Armistice.

Hats on hire for the use of lady visitors are proving a profitable sideline with one New York milliner.

Simple repairs to clothing and footwear are suggested as a suitable addition to the training of boys in Poor Law schools.

The higher-priced joints of meat, such as sirloin of beef and shoulder of mutton are stated to be less nourishing than the internal organs, such as liver, of animals.

Spiders were found by the Mount Everest expedition last year 4,000 feet higher than any vegetable growth. They feed upon another.

An English farmstead, with prize cattle and poultry, model dairy, and fruit orchard will be a feature of a London food exhibition this spring.

Although Miss Cope has played the organ in a kingsway church, London, for 60 years, she has only missed a Sunday service four times, apart from holidays.

Among the would-be recruits to the British Army 82 out of 100 are being rejected as physically unfit. In 1922-1923 the proportion was 58 per cent.

Lemons are arriving in this country from Sicily at the rate of 30,000,000 per month, owing to the fact that America has banned the importation of Italian fruit.

House dogs should be provided with a comfortable draughtproof bed on the stairs, from where they can hear whatever is happening in any part of the house.

Voters in South Africa will not have to go to the poll if a Bill introduced in the South African Parliament becomes law. By it they are allowed to register their votes.

Covered-in buses will probably be seen in the London streets toward the end of this year. They will have windows to raise or lower, and upholstered seats on the upper deck.

Men who wear spectacles are not regarded as suitable for driving buses in crowded City

streets, as the sun shining on the lens might cause a momentary blindness, with disastrous effects.

Potatoes grown in the United States may not be imported into England and Wales on account of the Colorado beetle, an insect pest which was first noticed on potatoes in 1850 and has since done great damage.

Out of 8,801 women received into prison last year, no fewer than 7,258 had been convicted before. More than one thousand of them had been convicted between eleven and twenty times, and 2,886 more than twenty times.

Every crippled child in the counties of Oxford, Berks, and Buckingham is to be given the best chances of recovery; or, failing that, is to be trained to be self-reliant and supporting by means of a new hospital built outside the city of Oxford.

One month's hard labour for attacking the police; another month for neglecting his wife and family, twenty-eight days for default in paying maintenance, and £1 on each of five summonses for motoring offences were the sentences imposed on one man in one day at the Birmingham Policecourt recently.

The first microscope to be patented in England was registered in 1742.

The weather, modern dancing, and too many cigarettes are jointly responsible for an epidemic of sore throats.

Little aeroplanes with folding wings and flying at about a mile and a half a minute are shortly to be put on the market.

"I have known of a man totally blind working underground for ten years, and earning full wages," said a Swansen doctor recently.

Telephones in Great Britain number 26 in use for every 1,000 of our population; this is the same as Hawaii. America has 142 per thousand of her population.

Portrait models in wax are the latest fads among Parisian ladies. These figures are dressed and supplied with jewels, etc., in imitation of their proud owners.

Boots are cleaned and polished at the rate of three a minute by a newly invented machine. By means of a running belt they enter a tunnel dirty to emerge again clean and polished.

Regarded as the world's oldest living animals, some of the great tortoises on the Galapagos Islands are believed to have been alive in 1492 when Columbus discovered America.

One of the rarest birds in the world is the grey-hooded pigeon, to be found on only one island in the Pacific. The London Zoo possesses the only living specimen outside America.

Herrings have such thin and delicate scales that they rub off when the fish is handled. It is very unusual, therefore, to find herrings in inland aquariums, but the London zoo now has six.

The first wedding ceremony officially performed in England or Wales by a woman recently took place at a London register office, where Miss Dorothy Haldane acts as deputy to the registrar.

Serving first as a "tweeny" maid 84 years ago, Miss Jane Pearce has been connected with one family of employers ever since. When she was first engaged, in 1840, her wages were 2s. 6d. a week.

Giant squids, measuring 80 ft. across, are believed to inhabit the depths of the Atlantic Ocean. No specimen has ever been seen, but portions of them have been discovered in the stomachs of other great marine beasts.

Bread put through a special process invented by a Swiss baker is said to be as fresh now as it was when made last February. The inventor claims that the bread treated by his system will remain fresh for two years.

The negress who eats coarse food and carries weights upon her head is regarded by some experts as far nearer the ideal type of womanhood than the modern English-woman, with her plastered hair and slim, boyish figure.

Amateur star-gazers will be interested in the new observatory to be built near Hendon, where the public will be allowed to use the giant telescope. This is only the second public observatory in England, although Wales already has three and Scotland two.

Marshal Chang Tso-lin, ex-bandit chief, and now the power behind the Chinese Government, is the most guarded man in the world. When he goes out in Pientsin or Pekin, no pedestrians are allowed in the streets, and he travels in an armoured car, preceded and followed by other cars carrying armed guards.



The Oriental

By—S. G. Thakursingh.



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Anglo-Indians and the Bengali Society a century ago.

(By Prof. Bimanbehari Mazumder M.A. Bhagabatrata.)

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There is very little social intercourse now between the Anglo-Indian community and the Bengalis. We may almost say that in India reside at present 'The Two Nations' of Disralli, though in a different sense. But such was not the case always. A century ago Englishmen, who came to India to seek livelihood, mixed freely with the high class people of this country, and adopted or modified Indian manners and customs. Apart from the charm of novelty that India possessed in their eyes, they could find much in the character of the Bengalis worthy of respect and commendation. The Bengalis did not in that age sacrifice their own national characteristics the

blind imitation of the west. Moreover an Anglo-Indian society, in the proper significance of the term; did not arise in that age. Few could afford to bring their ladies here. Only those who were highly paid could indulge in that luxury. But even the ladies who came here, took an interest in this country and looked sympathetically upon the Indian rites and customs.

Such a lady was Fanny Parkes, who came to Calcutta to join her husband on the 23rd November 1822. That cultured lady has left us a very interesting account of the country in a book entitled "wanderings of a pilgrim in search of the picturesque during four and twenty years in the

East with revelations of life in the zenana." She was also a painter and has adorned her book with Indian pictures, drawn by her own hands.

The first thing that draws our attention to the book is the fine inter-

pretation that she has given to the religious life of our country. Kamala or Goddess Lakshmi was worshipped almost in every home in Bengal at that time. We give here below a picture from Fanny Parkes' book,



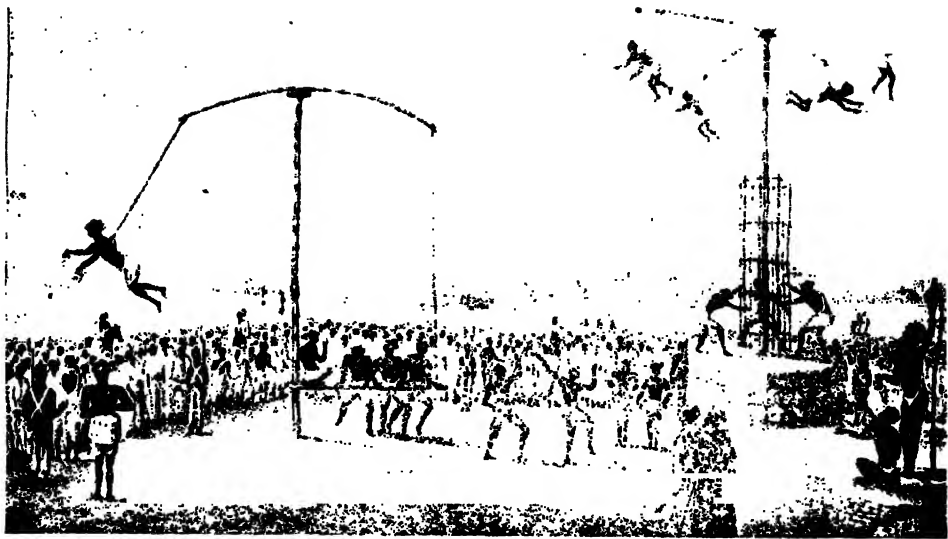
Kamala.

which paints the Goddess actually as her image is made at Nabadwip during the Ras festival at present. This shows the minute care taken by the English lady in depicting the religious life of India.

The *Charak Paja* appeared to Englishmen so very curious that Fanny Parkes has left us a picture of it, drawn by her own hands. The picture will be properly explained by the following extract from the Government Gazette of the 22nd April, 1819.

"About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, five candidates for the favour of the Divinity, made their appearance on the great road, near the Bytakhannah; each candidate had a large iron hook struck through the flesh, on either side of the back bone; these were compressed with a twisted cloth, tied firmly at the breast, which serves to guard against undue laceration of the flesh.

A large pole about thirty feet high, stood fixed in the middle of the road, on the summit of which, played a

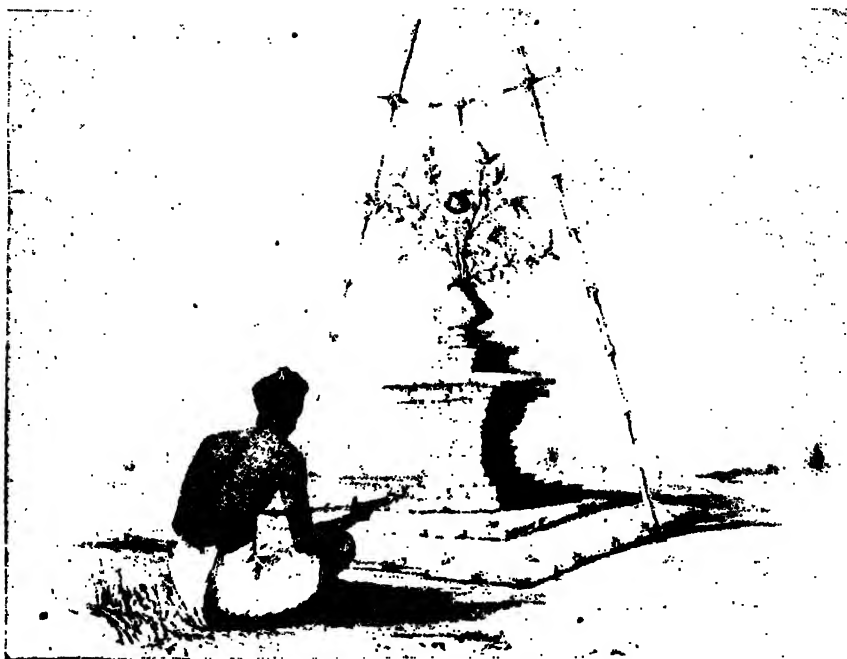


The Charak

transverse beam, having suspended rope at either end. To one of these the candidate was attached, by the hook ropes at his back; and all being thus ready, ten or twelve men bearing upon the other rope, the actor rose into the air, and was swung round for about five minutes with great velocity. During his aerial progress, he highly gratified the crowd, by liberating among them some pigeons he had carried up in a bag, as also a store of plantains and pomegranates, which were eagerly scrambled for by the pious votaries of Hindoo faith. On a signal from the actor, the swing ceased, he quietly descended into the arm of his servitors, and was directly succeeded by another candidate."

Worship of the *Tulasi* plant was, and is still now a characteristic feature of Indian religion, and this also did not fail to attract the notice of Fanny Parkes. Such minute observance of Indian life is growing rarer and rarer now-a-days.

Anglo-Indians of a century ago were attracted to the Hindus by their high moral character, cultured refinement and keen intelligence. The impression produced by high caste Hindus on the minds of the Anglo-Indians will be seen from an extract from Macintosh's "Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa." Macintosh says "The Hindus, as well as the Persians, Tartars and adjoining nations, who have inhabited Hindustan since it was-



Tulsi Pujan.

conquered by Tamerlane or Timurlung, though of different nations, religious laws, and customs, possess nevertheless in equal degrees, hospitality, politeness, and address. In refinement and ease they are superior to any people to the westward of them. In politeness and address, in gracefulness of deportment, and speech, an Indian is as much superior to a Frenchman of fashion as a French Courtier is to a Dutch burgomaster of Dort. A Frenchman is indeed by no means deficient in case of carriage; but that case is mixed with forward familiarity, with confidence, and self-conceit. The

Hindus, especially those of the higher castes are in their demeanour easy and unconstrained, still more than even a French Courtier; but their ease and freedom is reserved, modest and respectful. A Frenchman is polite because he thinks it his honour to be polite; an Indian, because he thinks it his duty. The former is polite because he regards himself, the latter because he respects you."

So the Anglo-Indians did not feel any scruple to mix with the Bengali Hindus. They were often invited in the festivities to the houses of rich Bengali gentlemen. Now Englishmen

generally go to England during the puja holidays, but at that time, they joined with all their hearts, in the national festival of Bengal. There are many reports, extant, of the sumptuous feeding and high entertainment which they received from their Bengali hosts during the Puja festival. In purely social functions like the marriage ceremony or the Annapra-sana the European friends of Bengali baboos were invited. These guests found great pleasure in witnessing the dancing performance or the nauch of this country. Even so great a reformer as Raja Rammohan Roy who was trying his best to prevent the Missionaries from making converts in this country, was friendly enough to the Anglo-Indians, to arrange nauch performance for their amusement. Mrs. Fanny Parkes was invited to such a garden party and has given us an admirable description of it. "The other evening we went to a party given by Ram Mohan Roy, a rich Bengali baboo ; the grounds of which are extensive, were well illuminated and excellent fireworks displayed.

In various rooms of the house nauch girls were dancing and singing. They wear a petticoat measuring on it, one hundred yards in width of fine white or coloured muslin, trimmed with deep borders of gold and silver ; full satin trousers cover the feet ; the doputta or large veil, highly embroidered is over the head, and various ornaments

of native jewellery adorn the person.

They dance, or rather move in a circle. attitudizing and making the small brass bells fastened to their ankles sound in unison with their movements. Several men attended the women, playing on diverse, curiously shaped native instruments.

The style of singing was curious ; at times the tones proceeded finely from their noses ; some of airs were very pretty ; one of the women was Nickee, the Catalani of the East. Indian jugglers were introduced after supper, who played various tricks, swallowed swords and breathed out fire and smoke. One man stood on his right foot and putting his left leg behind his back, hooked his left foot on the top of his right shoulder, just the attitude pour passe le temps. The house was very handsomely furnished, everything in European style with the exception of the amer." Lady Heber, wife of the famous Bishop Hober, was once invited to the house of Babu Ruplal Mullick, and witnessed similar dancing performance. Elephant-fight was another amusing entertainment to the Anglo-Indians ; but this was prevalent only in upper-India.

Not only was their social intercourse between the Anglo-Indians and the Bengalis, but also there existed a close intellectual fellowship. Better type of Englishmen were eager to learn Sanskrit, and often approached the pundit for instruction. The pun-



Elephant-fight

dits gladly complied with their request, but all the same showed a sturdy independence of character. Sir William Jones had to provide a special room, washed every day with the holy water of the Ganges, for the reception of the Pundit, when he came to instruct him. David Hare himself escorted his Pundit with a lantern in hand in dark nights. Many young civilians used to come to the house of Pundit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar.

The Anglo-Indians adopted some of the Indian manners also. They found the Hoocca as a salvation from the humdrum monotony of their routine life. The picture given on the

other page shows how a Judge used to smoke, while administering Justice. It is also noticable how he gave equal footing to an Indian Lawyer, from whom he was hearing an interpretation of the case. In a letter, dated the 23rd December, 1779, the meaning of the word Hoocca and its prevalence amongst European ladies and gentlemen, have been shown. "The hoocca is the machine from which the smoke of tobacco and aromatics are inhaled, through a tube of several feet or even yards in length, which is called a snake. To show the deference or indulgence shown by ladies to the practice of smoking, I need but



Justice as administered a century ago.

transcribe a card for the Governor General and his lady's concert and supper.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hasting present their compliments to Mr——and request the favour of his company next at Mrs H's house in town.

1st october 1779

The concert to begin at eight o'clock. Mr——is requested to bring no servants except his houccabadar."

The Anglo-Indians used almost all the articles of native country and appeared more like an Indian nabab than a member of the European com-

munity. This feature of their life will be seen from a letter dated the 23rd December 1779, which gives an account of the daily life of an Englishman in this country.

To

T. M. Esqu,

London.

Calcutta, 23rd Dec. 1779

I am now to fulfil' my promise, to give you a particular account of the day, as it is commonly spent by an Englishman in Bengal.

About the hour of seven in the morning, his durvan (porter or door-

keeper) pens the gate, and the viranda (gallery) is free to his circars, peons, harcarrahs, chuhdars, houccabadars and cousmahas ; writers and solicitors. The head-bearer and jemadar enter the hall, and his bed-room at eight o'clock. A lady quits his side, and is conducted by a private staircase either to her own apartment, or out of the yard. The moment the master throws his legs out of bed, the whole posse in waiting rush into his room, each making three salams, by bending the body and heads very low, and touching the forehead with the inside of the fingers, and the floor with the back part. He condescends, perhaps, to nod or cast an eye towards the solicitors of his favour and protection. In about half an hour after undoing and taking off his long drawers, a clean shirt, breeches, stockings, and slippers are put upon his body, thighs, legs and feet, without any greater exertion on his part, than if he was a statue. The barber enters, shaves him, cuts his nails, and cleans his ears. The chillumzee and ewer are brought by a servant, whose duty it is, who pours water upon his hands, to wash his hands and face, and presents a towel. The superior then walks in state to his breakfasting parlour in his waistcoat, is seated ; the consuman makes and pours out his tea, and presents him with a plate of bread or toast. The hair-dresser come behind, and begins his operation, while houccabadar softly slips the upper end of the snake or tube of the houcca into his hand, while the hair-dresser is doing his duty, the gentleman is eating, sipping and smoking by turns. By and by, his banian presents himself with humble salams, and advances somewhat more forward

than the other attendants. If any of the solicitors are of eminence, they are honoured with chairs. These ceremonies are continued perhaps till ten o'clock, when attended by his cavalcade, he is conducted to his planquin, and peons, with the insignia of their professions, and their livery distinguished by the colour of their turbans and and cummerbands, they move off at a quick amble the set of hearers, consisting of eight generally, relieve each other with alertness, and without incommoding the master.....At two o'clock he and his company sit down, perfectly at ease in point of dress and address, to a good dinner, each attended by his own servant. And the moment the glasses are introduced, regardless of the company of ladies, the houccabadars enter, each with a houcca, and presents the tube to his master, watching behind and blowing the fire the whole time. As it is expected that they shall return to supper, at 4 o'clock, they begin to withdraw without ceremony, and step into their plan—anias ; so that in a few minutes, the master is left to go into his bed-room. When he is instantly undressed to his shirt, and his long drawers put on ; and he lies down on his bed, where he sleeps till about 7 or 8 o'clock ; then the former ceremony is repeated, and clean linen of every kind, as in the morning, is administered.....After tea he puts on a handsome coat, and pays visit of ceremony to the ladies ; returns a little before ten o'clock ; supper being served at ten. The company keep together till between 12 and one in the morning with no greater exertions than these, do the company's servants amass the most splendid fortunes."

Our Liberal Government.



Drink and be merry—the law allows it.



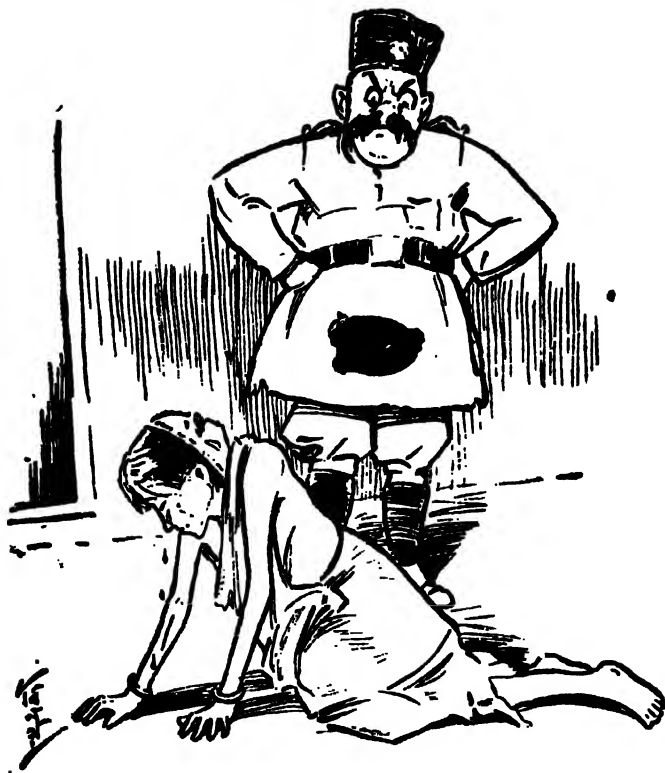
But don't be rowdy



Here at last the merry man rests—our benign government
must keep law and order.



The effect of keeping law and order—the wife
and the children become destitute.



The public thoroughfare is not meant for beggars.



And the stealing too, even if it done by a hungry little
imp, cannot be encouraged by the government.

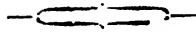
Mahatma Gandhi in Bengal.

Mahatma Gandhi has arrived in Bengal. The whole Bengal is eager to pay homage to the great man. So it will not be out of place to remind our countrymen about the request of Mahatma Gandhi, published in "Young India" of the current issue.

"I am looking forward to the Bengal tour in great hope. Bengal has the finest imagination. The Bengali youth are keen witted. They are self-sacrificing. Letters received from all over Bengal are most enticing. I wish I had the health to stand the strain that the tour should involve. My Kathiawad tour has given me malaria fever which though brought under subjection has left me very weak. I hope to pick up strength during the nine days that still remain at my disposal. But I ask the organisers to make my daily labour as light as possible. I repeat once more that I would like the whole tour to be thoroughly businesslike. Bengal is said to lack business capacity. Let the charge be falsified. When business like habits are added to a keen and imaginative intellect the combination carries everything before it. May Bengal show the combination. I expect in every place full statistical information. If every address, instead of reminding or informing me of my many virtues, were to give a faithful record of the activities of the district or town presenting it, what an education it would be for me? For instance, every address can give me accurate information about the number of self-spinning and other members, the number of spinning wheels working, the average capacity of each wheel, the counts spun, the monthly output of

yarn and Khaddar, the number of looms working with hand spun and other yarn, the number of Khaddar depots and the sales in each, etc. The address may also give the number of national schools and colleges with the number of boys and girls attending them. It may add all the information about activity among the untouchables and their condition before and after the commencement of organised work among them. It should describe the Hindu-Muslim condition and finish off with a description of the drink and opium traffic. Even if it be too late to embody all the valuable information in the addresses, it would be well to give me the information on a separate piece of paper. May I also say that it would be wrong to give me costly caskets or frames for the addresses? I should be satisfied with hand written addresses on handmade paper or on a piece of Khaddar. I need not tell Bengal that it may make an address artistic without making it costly or unportable. In Travancore, in several places, the addresses were traced on delicate little palmyra leaves. I want to reach the heart of Bengal as of India. And where heart is to speak to heart, costly things and even fine phrases are a hindrance rather than a help. I am hungering for deeds not words. Solid Khaddar work is dearer to me than heavy gold or silver plate."

A SONNET



There is a joy unknown I' the whispers slow
Of rivulets rustling down a dale'
How smothered in a silvern smile, their tale
They tell; O' their birth in mounts of pure snow,
Through dizzy peaks their wandering to and fro,
Their fights against the mighty smashing gale,
Their merry walks through valleys saffron pale,
Where pines and poplars in their plenty grow.
Then dancing with their self-same measured strain,
Through endless plains. unclayed, they sail along,
And tripping past their verdant shores, i' the main
They rush, still singing their bewitching song.
Oh ! that the Man were to learn from these rills
That life is for its joys and not its ills."

A. Wunderer.



A Joy's Flight

By M. P. Parashari

Of all the joys that are lost
By loss of eyes,
The sun, the clouds, the starry skies,
The flowers, founts and butterflies,
The vast and noble sight,
Far on the sea the gradual rise
Of nearing sail and mast,
None so deplored, so missed a prize
As a joy's flight.

Green, blue and purple flash so bright ;
A mass of flakes
Of heryl, topaz and sapphire,
Os emerald, opal and turquoise
On wing ; or spirit of a dyer
— If e'er it colour takes,
Imbued with regal hue, on poise ;
Whiche'er so gorgeous and so light
As a joy in flight ?

A floccose mass of butterflies,
Azure and violet,
All huddled close as in a net ;
A bunch of hyacuihs, so crushed ;
Or rainbow gathered from the skies,
Knotted and flushed ;

All that the fancy can devise,
From far and near get,
Enduring it with form and flight
Piece after piece ; and yet
In nature nought is to be met
Like a joy's flight.

The dazzle gets into our eyes,
Like music slides into our soul,
And oft from there it doth arise
In memory's carol.



The suffering humanity

Great is the ideal you have preached before the world. Greater still is the sacrifice you are making. In this world of unrighteousness where might is right you have taken the side of the poor and the helpless. For the misdeeds of the people you love, you are doing penance yourself.

Unlike the great patriots of the past, you have mixed nationality and the universal love in one movement; no race hatred, no weak surrender, no exploitation—that had been the essence of your preachings.

The greed of the rich and the tyranny of the powerful have reduced us to abject poverty and rendered us helpless. The might rules the world. We are explored and done for. In different ages you have appeared in this world as saviour of nations. Do now show, Mahatma, the path of deliverance.

Mahatma

Through penance and sufferance you shall have deliverance. Love, not hatred rules the world. Through forgiveness and love you will be able to conquer your enemy. Don't be violent in speech, word and deed; don't give way to evil deeds but resist it as you resist the Satan. What message can I give to you? I am like yourself suffering and helpless, but soon, by Grace of God, I shall be able to lead you to your goal and deliver the oppressed from the clutches of the greedy and the oppressor.

Gandhi--the Great Man Of India To-Day

BY GRACE THOMPSON SETON

Elements of His Leadership

"Gandhi! You will not be able to see him. No one is allowed to. He is a ³prisoner and now he is at death's door. It is impossible!"

This was the negation that greeted me when I arrived in Bombay in January, 1924. The papers carried headline stories about the sudden illness of the Great Man of India, Great because no other man of this age has fired millions of people, ignorant, uneducated and learned alike with an idea of spiritual concept. Great because he inspired them to resist a conqueror with one's unarmed body and lift no finger in resistance, relying solely upon the weight of fundamental justice and right—as the Indian sees it—to break down a superior force; because he inspired them to deny the superiority of the white race, over peoples of a darker hue, claiming it to be only a point of view, which the Europeans and their descendants have arrogated unto themselves and imposed upon the Asiatic world by virtue of the fighting spirit and "Supremacy in mechanical inventions." Because he inspired them to discard many of these Western inventions and revert to the less time-saving, less convenient methods of a philosophical rather than a mechanical people ereby "saving their own souls" instead of

"gaining the whole world." Also to assimilate only such Western culture as was compatible with maintaining the integrity of the Eastern personality, letting the world go by if need be—and to use the very weapons of organization and education which the West had taught them, to fight the growing supremacy of the West over the East. And, finally to combat by force of his own personality and dominant will the many evils of superstition and custom and diverse creeds which were keeping his people the Hindus, in bondage, and to harmonize the opposing elements of two great religions, the Hindu and the Mohammedan, each with millions of ardent followers.

These were the tasks that Gandhi the Great undertook and, through his vision of his people's needs, he set about throwing off the British "Raj" (rule). He employed a method used only by the spiritual ones of the earth, of which Christ Jesus of Nazareth is the most illustrious example. He sought to elevate the masses, by demanding that they pull themselves up with their own boot straps, as it were. It is for this that his followers, at one time numbering into the millions believe him to be an "avatar," and call him Mahatma (Great Soul).

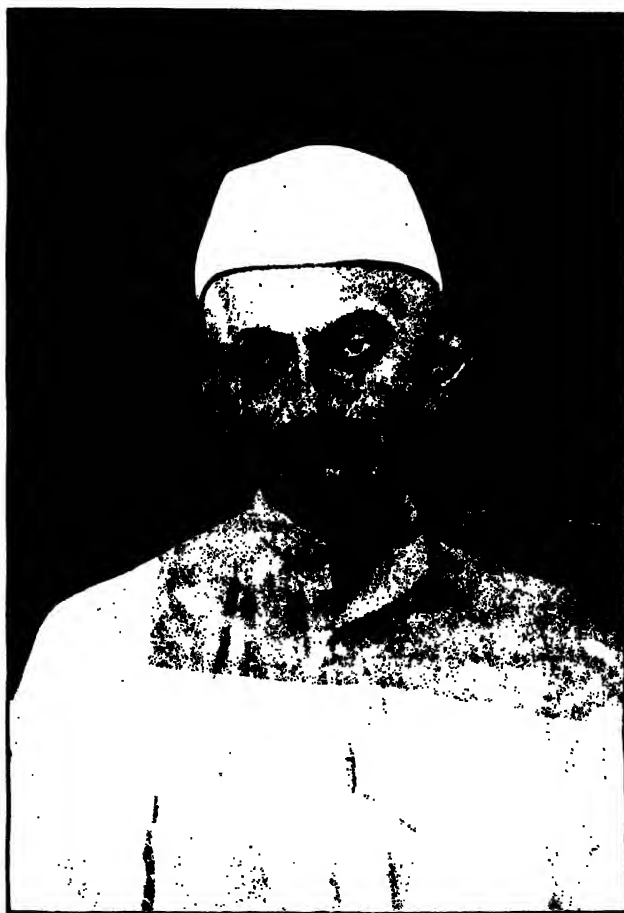


Mahatma Gandhi.

OPPOSED TO CASTE DISCRIMI- NATIONS

He risked his leadership - as he had several times before in declaring for the right as he saw it—by striking at the root of the caste evil and declaring the social equi-

nat a person of a higher caste. He preached the return to the soil, to the simple life, to home-made goods and Home Rule—"India for the Indians" In his own words, written to Mohammed Ali last February, upon his release, he believes :



Mahatma Gandhi

lity of the pariah class, known as the "untouchable." These approximate fifty-five millions of "outcastes" who do the dirty work of the nation, like the "sweepers," whose shadow even has power to contami-

"In the unity between the races, Hindu and Mohammedan, the Charka (the spinning wheel and cottage industries as a remedy for growing pauperism of the land), the removal of untouchability, and the application of non-

violence in thought, word and deed to our methods, as indispensable for Swaraj. If we faithfully and fully carry out this programme we need never resort to civil disobedience, and I should hope that it will never be necessary; but I must state that my think-

duty when its vital being is in jeopardy. I am convinced that it is attended with less danger than war and whilst the former when successful benefits both the resister and the wrongdoer, the latter harms both the victor and the vanquished."



Mahatma and his wife

ing, prayerfully and in solitude, has not weakened my belief in the efficacy and righteousness of civil disobedience. I hold it, as ever before, to be a nation's right and

A THUMBNAIL BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

It turned out that I was not to be disappointed in my desire to see Mahatma

Gandhi in the flesh, having come all the way to India with that as my dominating purpose. After the officials had given the matter careful consideration I was admitted to the hospital on the pledge "not to make him talk."

Within a few days the press announced the unconditional release of Mr. Gandhi, from serving the remainder of his prison sentence. Everybody was relieved. Progressive India rejoiced, including the Mohammedan revolutionary leaders who shortly after broke out in scathing criticism of Mahatma Gandhi.

In the middle of May, opportunity afforded another meeting with Mr. Gandhi, and this time, knowing there would be a chance for conversation as well as emotion, I fortified myself with a few facts about both the man and the movement, which are here set down for the Tired Business Man and his F. O. W. Fully Occupied Wife.

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi belongs to the Banias of Kathiowar, which is a sub-province of Gujarat on the Bombay side. The Banias are the prudent, scruffy, industrious middle-class, and into a family belonging to a sub-caste of this Bania Community in the coast town of Purbander, on the 2nd of October, 1869, arrived a male child to please the heart of the Dewan (Prime Minister) of Purbander State, the elder Karamchand Gandhi, a gentleman of high integrity of character. Thus Mr. Gandhi belongs to the Vaisya or commercial caste. As a Hindu his inherited faith was Vaishnavism, but Jainism, with its doctrine of the sacredness of all life, also affected his early youth. He was married at twelve: though he preaches against early marriages, he maintains that his own turned out most happily.

At nineteen, he went to London to study the law, where he remained for three years,

and after a few wild oats, such as studying elocution, dancing, French and the violin and dressing and acting like an "English gentleman," the while scrupulously observing a vow which he made to his mother that he would abjure meat-diet wine and women, he soon settled down to serious work for the Bar and the London matriculation examination. Cooking most of his food and living simply, he then deliberately chose the habit of austerity, which has been life-long. About ten years ago he added the vow of poverty to his list of selfdenials. He also imposed upon himself as punishment for "neglect of duty," fasts that have lasted from one to five days. Recently Mr. Gandhi's confession of faith was published. This he outlines under four counts, after stating that at one time he was strongly attracted towards Christianity, but finally found what he needed in Hinduism: the faith into which he was born:

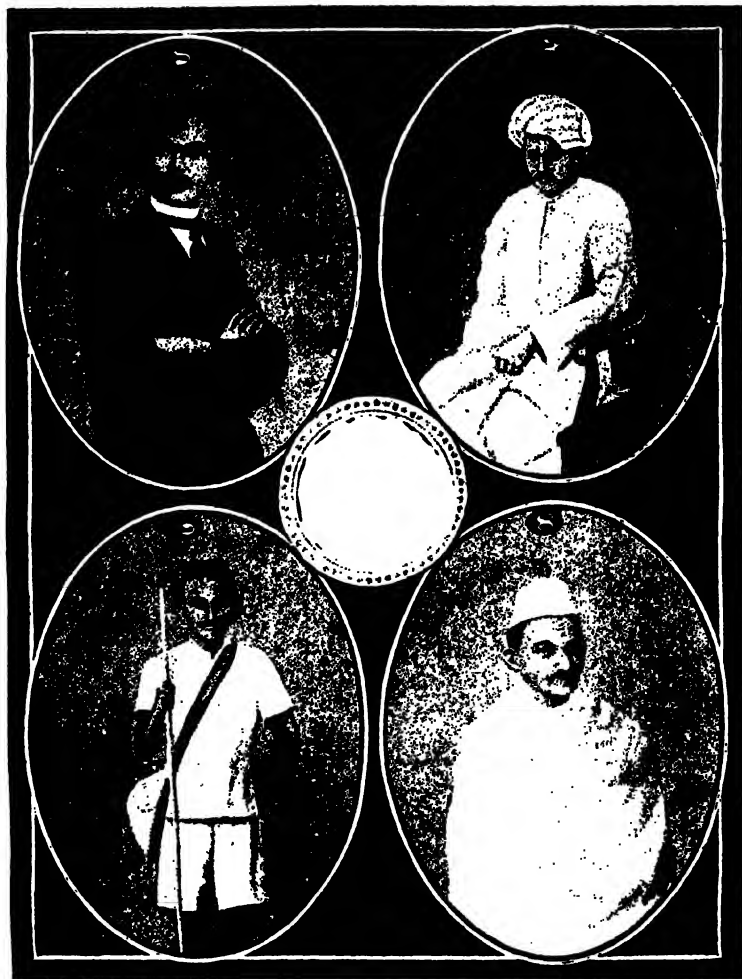
"I call myself a Sanatani Hindu, because:

- (1) I believe in the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Puranas, and all that goes by the name of Hindu Scriptures, and therefore in the avatars and rebirth.
- (2) I believe in the Varnashrama Dharma (caste in a sense), in my opinion, strictly Vedic but not in its present popular and crude sense.
- (3) I believe in the protection of the cow in a much larger sense than the popular.
- (4) I do not disbelieve in idol-worship."

THE NATIONALIST CAUSE IN INDIA

So much for the man—now for the idea.

The Indian Nationalist Movement has been gathering momentum for forty years. The germ of it dates from 1858, when Queen Victoria issued her Proclamation of the Crown



Mahatma at different ages

taking over the reins of government from the East India Company and declared the rights of the Indian people—their Magna Charta. Its first roots showed in 1861 when the Councils act arranged for the participation of Indians with the Government for legislative purposes. But the Nationalist Movement proper began in 1885 with the first Indian Congress which, writes Sir Verney Lovett, was drawn largely from the castes that were clerical, professional and mercantile by tradition, few from the territorial aristocracy nor from the "Sudras," or low castes.

"NON-CO-OPERATION" AS A BATTLE CRY.

The beginning of "Swarajya" (Home Rule) was in 1897 and of "Swadeshi." (Home-made Goods) in 1906. The first non-co-operation hartal (stoppage of business) occurred in Delhi March 20 1919. Mr. Gandhi, who publicly renounced his loyalty to the British "Raj" after the Amritsar tragedy and because of the Khilafat difficulties, was arrested April 10, 1919, on his way to Delhi, sent back to Bombay and forbidden to enter either Delhi or the Punjab. Mr. Gandhi's power increased, the widespread resentment of the Rowlatt Act and its results greatly aiding him. At a special Congress at Calcutta in September, 1920, he was in full control. This was followed by a still more overwhelming victory at the Regular Congress in December, 1920, when the creed of the Congress itself was "the attainment of Swaraj by the people of India by peaceful and legitimate means." It advised the adoption of the following resolutions :

(a) Surrender of titles and honorary offices and resignation from nominated seats in local bodies (by the Government) ;

(b) Refusal to attend Government levees

darbars, and other officials or in their honor ;

(c) Gradual withdrawal of children from schools and colleges owned, aided or controlled by Government, and, in place of such schools and colleges establishment of national schools and colleges in the various Provinces ;

(d) Gradual boycott of British courts by lawyers and litigants and establishment of private arbitration courts by their aid for the settlement of private disputes ;

(e) Refusal on the part of the military, clerical and laboring classes to offer themselves as recruits for service in Mesopotamia ;

(f) Withdrawal by candidates of their candidature to the Reformed Councils, and refusal on the part of voters to vote for any candidate who may, despite the Congress advice offer himself for election ;

(g) The boycott of foreign goods.

And inasmuch as non co-operation has been conceived as a measure of discipline and self-sacrifice, without which no nation can make real progress, and inasmuch as an opportunity should be given in the very first state of non-co-operation to every man, woman and child, for such discipline and self-sacrifice, this Congress advises adoption of Swadeshi in piece-goods on a vast scale, and in as much as the existing mills of India, with indigenous capital and control, do not manufacture sufficient yarn and sufficient cloth for the requirements of the nation and are not likely to do so for a long time to come, this Congress advises immediate stimulation of further manufacture on a large scale, by means of reviving hand spinning in every home and hand-weaving on the part of the millions of weavers who have abandoned their ancient and honourable calling for want of encouragement.



After Mahatma's release from imprisonment

At that time Mr. Gandhi's power reached its apex. Millions were influenced by India's acknowledged leader. The Government still did some "watchful waiting," though knowing that, since nothing can stand still in this day of quick transportation, it was a choice of keep ahead, or be crushed, or do the crushing yourself. The mass was beginning to move in India and, like their Jagunath cars, unless stopped, would crush what lay before it and it was headed straight for the British "Raja."

Then the non-co-operationists developed "civil disobedience," and the toboggan of their leader began. He could not quell the mass reactions of unthinking crowds who follow catch words and slogans and could not attain to his rational heights of loving the doer, but hating the deed. The country's bad blood broke out in boils—riots, outlawing, dacoiting, even bloodshedding. The attainment of Swaraj by peaceful means was rapidly disappearing. The Government remained patient until in self-defence, it had to administer some bitter medicine.

But it was not till after the Chauri Chaura riot in 1922, caused by civil disobedience, when dozens of policemen were killed and Crown property destroyed, that Mr. Gandhi was again arrested, brought to trial—one of the most remarkable on record because of the respect displayed by both the accuser and accused—and sentenced to prison for a term of six years.

THE MAHATMA INTERVIEWED.

So much for a few high lights on the spectacular, non-co-operation phase of the Indian Nationalist movement.

Illness and other considerations, having caused the Government to release this political prisoner, the scene now shifts to Juhu, a tiny seaside resort a few miles out from Bombay. Here last April went Mohandas Karamchand

Gandhi, at the age of fifty-four, still struggling with a weakened body. Asceticism may be good for the spirit but it seems not to make red blood and abounding vitality. In a big rambling house of many rooms and verandas spreading almost like a hotel on the glistening sands of the ocean, I found him after a twenty mile ride over dusty roads and muddy fields. The tall spires of the yucca in its nest of spiny leaves, punctuated with green the white glare of the beach; and there was little else save long lines of slimtrunked palmettos that soughed and rustled in the sea breeze a continuous accompaniment now high, now low, to the voice of the Mahatma. He received me on a second-story covered veranda. A goat, wandering in and out of a long line of doors in the background, gave an idyllic and truly Eastern touch to this scene, as did also the faint noises of many sleepers on distant verandas. For the hour was halfpast three and the varying group of intimate adherents were taking a siesta. It was a scorching hot day of the variety only too well-known in Bombay, sticky, overcast, 112 in the shade.

On the veranda below as I arrived, I had caught glimpses of many forms sitting or lying on couches, of a woman combing her long black hair, in a distant room a pile 'charkas' (wooden spinning wheels) waiting for the patient female hand to turn them. The "charka" has become a symbol of peace, plenty and power resulting from home industry that the Swarajists have striven to popularize so that English-made goods could be boycotted.

An ordinary Western table and three chairs formed the Mahatma's reception-room on this veranda and he came to me promptly, having graciously accorded the rare privilege of an interview in a brief note written two days before in his own hand on a postal card.

"What had America to give India?" was the first leading question, which did not "lead."

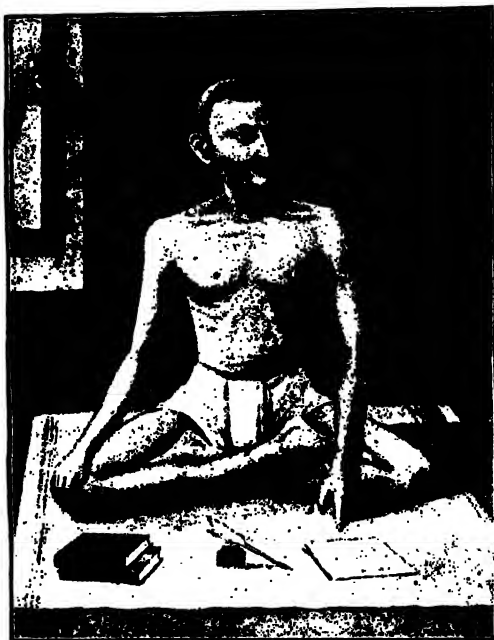
"America has nothing to give India." Then he gently modified this. "India has to work out its own salvation. We have too much Western Civilization already."

"But, for example, how about the improved implements for farming, since India is an agricultural nation, wouldn't it be benefited by exchanging the old hand plough for a tractor?"

only about six per cent, literate and know very little outside of their own village except what the priest and the political agitator tell them.

More gingerly I inquired if India had anything to give America.

"Nothing much at present. When we are a free nation—perhaps; but India is best within her own borders. The only value she could have to America now, is to point the way back to a greater spirituality. In developing all your wonderful inventions you work only for greater ease and amplifications of



Mahatma Gandhi

"In time, perhaps, but the farmer would have to be educated a long way first. The slower pace is not an unmixed evil. I admire all your wonderful inventions for your own country. Your people are largely literate—they read the newspapers, have telephones and radios, and knew what is going on all over the world,' I remembered that his people were

life. You are humanitarian but your spirituality seems languishing. Your prohibition was a good move." He admired our care for the sick and helpless and our social relief work in post-war Europe, but wondered if the Indians would be any happier with all our "restless activity."

When I asked if he liked the latest book



Gandhi at Juhu

published about him, he said, "I do not know—I have not read it and do not know the man!" Another big volume about him has met with the same fate. What manner of man is this who—living and articulate—has volumes of biography written whose authors have never had the opportunity of meeting him personally?

When I asked Mr. Gandhi what he thought of travelling on the rail-road, using the telegraph, telephone, printing press and all the other inventions brought to his country by the foreigner, he replied, "We can not stay the hand of progress, but we want only those things which we can assimilate into our Eastern life and temperament. I do not want to do away with the beneficial things which the British have brought us. Indeed I owe my life to modern science. But I would rather be without it all if the price we have to pay is our subjection to a despotic power. We prefer to govern ourselves even though we make mistakes. It is the only way to learn."

"Do you approve of Home Rule?"

The expressive face of the non-co-operation leader looked at me pityingly, before he answered with a touch of impatience.

"Why, that is what we are struggling for of course."

I forbore to tell him that in the maze of published conflicting statements it was not always easy to find the coy Goddess of Truth.

"And will you be satisfied with it?"

"Certainly, if it is the same as Dominion Home Rule—and—" a slight pause—"we retain the power to secede if it does not work out. My people have many problems. They cannot be solved in a day. America nor any other country has not much to give us until we have worked out our own salvation."

Concerning his plans for the future he answered with a gentle weary smile.

"I do not know. I am what you call 'up in the air.'"

A month before he had written: "My release has brought me no relief. The thought of my utter incapacity to cope with the work humbles my pride."

Mr. Gandhi repeated, "Yes, up in the air. Two of the Swarajist leaders, C. R. Das and Pandit Motilal Nehru are now in conference in another room. I left them to see you and I must go back. They do not agree with me entirely."

Mr. C. R. Das, Swarajist leader, and Pandit Motilal Nehru, pursuing their own courses during Mr. Gandhi's imprisonment were now seeking to convince the Great man of India of the merits of their actions—among them the policy of Obstruction in the Councils of which Mr. C. R. Das, Mayor of Calcutta and leader of the Indian Radicals, was the father.

GANDHI'S PRESENT POSITION

So far they had beaten fruitlessly upon the adamant wall of will, which is Gandhi's. Whether his followers follow or not, the originator of the non-co-operation idea pursues it as he sees it even to the bitter drags of temporary recantation of a policy which to his disciples promised ultimate victory but which he felt was leading him astray from the "passive resistance" method.

He is restrained by no consideration of self-interest such as holds the native princes, government officials and landed aristocracy, no fear of place nor pocket-book. Already vowed to a life of poverty and personal negation, what material thing has he to lose?

Mr. Gandhi has begun writing again for his paper, "Young India", but as yet has made no great pronouncement.



Mahatma is being weighed after operation

"I do what I can, but I am not quite well yet. The burden is heavy."

And so he left me to discuss "many things" with his colleagues—a slim, small figure clad only a loin cloth, a scrubby moustache and a small wisp of hair projecting from the crown of his head, indicative of the religion he follows. The Mahatma's body—thin, almost to the point of emaciation—disappeared toward a further veranda, but his spirit remained, as a tremendous, indomitable purpose, attuned to the infinite. A force limitless as electricity itself, but functioning through a defective transmitter; and for those wishing to "tune in" on Mahatma Gandhi to-day, they must use a spiritual X Y Z combination, not a material one. He left me with the feeling that his labours for his beloved Indians would enroll him on History's Scroll, not as a politician but as a saint, an avatar, a Great Soul, carrying the torch of liberty to a people awakened but not yet ready to receive it from his hands.

THE MAHATMA'S WIFE

Mrs. Gandhi is a thin, wiry, little woman,

with an indomitable purpose. Circumstances have forced her out of the quiet home life which she, according to the traditions of her country, would have preferred to lead. Like Sophia Hanum, wife of Saad Zughlul Pasha, of Egypt, Rosamonde Soong, wife of Sun Yat Sen of China, and other world figures I have met, Kasturbai, the wife of Mahatma Gandhi, of India who has been an inspiration and a very real help in a stormy career and, when need be has carried on her husband's work at no small sacrifice to herself.

During the two years of her husband's stay in prison, Mrs. Gandhi lectured and travelled about the country, telling the people many things for their own good, straight from her heart in simple language. Sitting so quietly beside me—a frail little woman in the Indian made cotton sari, snowy white with black border she seemed selfless, unassuming, supremely without ego. It was hard to realise the unquenchable, patriotic zeal that animates her until something was said that flashed the fire from her dark eyes and I remembered she had been sent to jail in South Africa for her beliefs.—"The American Review of Reviews."



Mahatma's wife



The Mirror.

By—Arya Chaudhuri.

His Darling

(Translated from the Bengalee of Mr. Hemendra Prasad Ghose)

CHAPTER I.

The autumn sun was going down in a blaze of red, blue and gold. Brajendu had just returned from office and was unbuttoning his coat standing in front of a mirror. He perceived in it the reflection of his wife Roma entering the room. She came up to him and he turned round with eyes glistening with youth and mirth. Roma had attained that age when in a woman youth sets aglow those sleeping senses and sentiments of her mind which make life beautiful with the play of light and shade and makes those graceful charms blossom forth which add to her a lustre and beauty unknown before—making her look like a river full with the flow of the rains. Her *saree* covered but half her head hiding a wealth of wavy hair but revealing the jewels in her ears shining as bright as her intelligent eyes. Brajendu feigned profound reverence and saluted Roma. Roma feigned anger and said—"If you behave thus I will not come to you

again. It is needless to say that the reverence of the husband and the anger of the wife were both pretended—the outcome of youthful love of mirth.

Brajendu said, "You should not resent such reverence for no householder can thrive without respecting you. Manu the law giver enjoins such reverence and says wherever ladies are worshipped the gods remain well-pleased—where they are not worshipped all religious observances become fruitless."

Roma said, "But does Manu refer to wives when he speaks of women?"

"Certainly; for he does not distinguish between the goddess of Fortune and ones' wife."

Roma's eyes flashed lightning and he retorted—"And does not Manu say that wives have no separate rites or sacrifices; she who serves her husband goes to heaven? Is not that so?" Up to now both the husband and the wife had been in a mood of mirth. But Roma's reference to the Code of

Manu—her correct quotation of a couple, from it made Brajendu turn serious. Does Rama know Sanskrit—the language that in India “speaks only to the wise”? He became rather abstracted as if thinking of something long forgotten.

Rama observed the change. She left the room.

When she re-entered the room with a dish of sweets and fruits for her husband, Brajendu had changed his dress and was reclining in an easy chair. He looked absent-minded. It was his sitting room furnished with several bookshelves, a writing table and a few chairs. Rama left the dish on an arm of the chair and prepared to go.

“Why are you leaving in a hurry?”—asked Brajendu.

“It is rather hot. I will go and fetch a fan for you.”

“It is no use. Better stay with me a little.”

Rama came back.

Brajendu was doing full justice to the refreshments. He asked Rama, “Do you know Sanskrit?”

“Just a little.”

“But I was not aware of your achievement!”

“I have learned the language.”

“And why such waste of energy?”

“Waste, when you want your wife to be a bluestocking!”

Brojendu wanted to laugh away this assertion and said, “Whence have you gathered this precious piece of information?”

Rama’s eyes were beaming with laughter. She said, “My sister-in-law—your sister told me so.”

His sister had been to his house the day before yesterday. It was just like a woman to refer to an old and long-forgotten affair. Well, they are worse than newspapers in the matter of keeping secrets.

But Brojendu looked still more abstracted.

CHAPTER II.

There are some men who rush on to success like a railway train on the iron lines. They find every obstacle carefully removed from their way. Brajendu was one of them. He had never suffered from impecuniosity,—

never known failure and never faced disaster.

His father was a pleader at Hugli near Calcutta. He died at a comparatively early age. But within the short period of his active career he had

amassed a fortune for his only son. He had also given his only daughter, Surama in marriage.

Brojendu appeared at the Matriculation Examination the year after his father's death and came out of the ordeal successful. Since then his success has been unalloyed and crowned with prizes.

When he was going up for the B. A. Examination his mother proposed that he should get married. But Brojendu said he would not marry till he had finished his education. His mother saw the reasonableness of her son's resolution and acquiesced.

Then he graduated and it became necessary for him to go to Calcutta for the final Examinations of the Calcutta

University for which there was provision in the Calcutta Colleges only. Brojendu told his mother—either he must be a daily passenger to Calcutta or they should both live at Calcutta for some time.

"No," said his mother, "I will not allow you to undertake the journey every day. The strains will be too much for you and the anxiety too much for me. So we can only both go to Calcutta though that will mean some additional expense."

A carriage stopped at the gate. Brojendu's mother heard the sound and said, "Perhaps Surama is come."

Both mother and son went downstairs to receive Surama, her husband and their children.

CHAPTER III.

Brojendu's mother told her son-in-law Mahim Chandra what she had been telling her son.

Mahim Chandra said, "But leaving this house locked up will mean spoiling it."

"That I admit" said Brojendu's mother, "But how can Brojendu undertake the journey in every weather?"

"Why should he be a daily passenger? He will live in town and come home every Saturday and also whenever necessary."

"But he has never lived by himself."

"And he will not. He will live with us."

Mahim Chandra turned to Brojendu and said, "Why should you have objection to live with your sister?"

Of course there could be no objection to this proposal and Surama was very angry with her mother and brother for not having thought of it before.

So all was arranged and before Mahim Chandra left with his wife and children in the evening it was settled that Brojendu will go and live with his sister at Calcutta. The problem had been solved to the satisfaction of all concerned.

CHAPTER IV.

When the college re-opened Brojendu came to Calcutta to live with his sister.

Brojendu's mother had asked her daughter and son-in-law to be on the look out for a pretty bride for her son, and Surama had asked a lot of professional match makers to get her news of eligible girls in the marriage market. This annoyed Brojendu who once said to Surama, "What is it that you are doing ? I will not marry now."

Surama asked him to be reasonable—"You see my good brother, mother never has opposed your proposal. But you ought to think how she suffers being alone at home without a companion and without any occupation save anxiety for her children. You should no longer object to the proposal."

Brojendu saw the reasonableness of her words and softened down. "I have never said," he said, "that I will never marry. One year more—I will finish my education. I will not marry before then."

"But nobody wants you to marry to-morrow. We are only on the look out for a desirable match. That means much."

Then Brojendu ceased to object to Surama engaging the services of match makers with occasional tips. He was immersed in his studies. He was young, healthy and well off. And in the "morn of youth—the unsunned freshness of his strength" he had no reason to feel a dispeptic's dislike to the good things of life. So the months glided on.

CHAPTER V.

It was about this time that a new situation was created by a new tenant occupying the house next to Mahim Chandra's. The house stood next to the room occupied by Brojendu, only two narrow verandas intervening between the two houses. The room opposite to the one occupied by Brojendu was converted into the study of a serious young and modest maiden who

was more charming than those giddy, flighty girls who hurry with the beauty of butterflies from one object to another. Brojendu seldom looked that way. But when he did she appeared to him like the silver morn—as pure as beautiful. He heard her recite the sonorous verse of Kalidasa in a rich and melodious voice and read aloud the lines of Tennyson—

"Woman is the lesser man, and all
thy passions match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and
As water unto wine."

And in spite of himself he often waited to catch her voice : How can a youngman of twenty help waiting for such a charming voice when there are stars in the sky and songs in the air ?

The maiden's intoxication for her books attracted the attention and enthralled the imagination of the young man to whom she seemed to be the vision of his ideal. Brojendu's admiration had nothing base in it and he made no secret of it to his sister.

But his words were reported to Mahim Chandra by Surama and made grave. "It is not good" said he.

Surama asked her husband, "Why—you look nervous ? What is the matter ?"

"The proper medicine must be applied before the disease becomes chronic."

Surama grew anxious at the enigmatic remarks of her husband and said, "What do you hint at ? What do you mean to do ?"

Mahim Chandra laughed at her wife's concern and said "The wings of a young man's imagination must be clipped with the scissors of matrimony before it soars high. The chains of wedded love must prevent him from drifting from the moorings."

Surama smiled at his words and said, "Why are you so afraid ?"

"What else should I be ? Brojendu has reached that age when a young man wants to love and to be loved. We must get him married."

"But he would not marry before the final examination is over."

"That is near at hand. Now we must settle what to do in the mean time."

"Surama increased her lips to the match-makers.

CHAPTER VI.

But the situation which had upset Mahim Chandra's equanimity soon changed. The new tenant left the next house as suddenly as he had come to occupy it. He had lived in the house for about three months and during that time had formed no friendship. So

nobody was sorry at his departure. Only Brojendu felt a void—the sensation of a want—the nature of which was not clear to him

Fortunately his examination was upon him and he got busy with his studies.

CHAPTER VII.

In the mean time Mahim Chandra selected a bride for his brother-in-law, saw the girl and asked his mother-in-law's advice.

Her reply was, "When you have chosen her—I can have no objection. I hope she comes of a respectable family.

"Certainly—desirable in every respect" answered Mahim Chandra.

When Brojendu's examination was over Mahim Chandra asked him to go and see the bride-elect for himself.

"Have you turned mad?" asked Brojendu.

"Why? There is nothing wrong in your doing so."

"That I know. But is it not wasteful and ridiculous excess to gild refined gold or to paint the lily? Your choice and mother's decision must be final."

Brojendu married Roma."

The result of the examination was soon out. Brojendu had headed the list of successful candidates. Then he got a Government appointment at Rs 250 a month.

CHAPTER VIII.

About six months after Brajendu's marriage Surama on the occasion of a visit to his house told him—"You like ladies to acquire knowledge. Why not arrange to give your wife a liberal education?"

Brojendu said, "Who told you that I want ladies to become blue-stockings?"

"Then why did you admire the girl who occupied the next house for some time?"

"Well, I found a young girl immersed in books and naturally praised her zeal. But that does not mean that I want every girl to carry a learned lumber in her head."

Surama dropped the subject but on her return to Calcutta wrote to Roma advising her to prosecute her studies.

Brojendu felt ashamed when Surama reminded her of his yearning after an impossible ideal. He had since to think that when home is the woman's proper sphere it is not necessary that she should cultivate unprofitable acquaintance with the literatures of the world. Neither his mother nor his sister could be called blue-stockings. But they were good housewives and good ladies—a force to reckon within the family—whose ambition was doing good. But his endeavours to eradicate the old ideal only betrayed its existence.

CHAPTER IX.

Roma's conquest of her mother-in-law's heart was easily accomplished. She was her constant companion. She helped her in her domestic duties and read to her the epics describing the deeds of gods and godlikemen. The relation of the two was a source of unalloyed joy to Brojendu. His love for Roma and its reciprocation made Brojendu's cup of happiness full to the brim.

But Surama whenever she came to see them urged surama to acquire

knowledge by a liberal education. Her mother once told her—"You see, Surama, half work of the house is done by Roma. Then she reads to me the epics. When will she read for herself? Brojendu never has expressed a desire to see her better educated.

Then Surama gave an account of the old affair—which resulted in the conversation between the husband and the wife—mentioned at the opening of our story.

CHAPTER X

That night Brojendu asked Roma, "When did you learn Sanskrit?"

Roma smiled and said, "My sister-in-law told me that you loved a young girl who has your neighbour at Calcutta only because she studied hard. That made me attempt to attain your ideal."

Brojendu got a little nervous and said, "I never loved her."

Roma laughed aloud and said, "I do not mind your loving her. I will not get jealous till you love another."

Roma's words seemed like a riddle to Brojendu who stared at him.

Then Roma said, "I am that maiden—your first love!"

"You!" exclaimed Brojendu.

"Yes, my father taught me Sanskrit, Bengalee and English. When he was transferred from Calcutta I remained with my uncle at Calcutta and continued my studies. A case of smallpox in the house made us leave our house for about three months when we were your neighbours."

The whole situation became clear to Brojendu. He laughed and said, "But then it seemed you were intoxicated with your studies?"

"Yes. But in you I have found an intoxication compared with which the old intoxication seems as moonlight unto sunlight!" There was no mis-

taking the old familiar rich and sonorous voice.

Brojendu asked, "You no longer long for books?"

"No" replied Roma "I long for love."

She kissed her husband's lips who kissed her back and said, "A darling is always better than a world of blue-stockings."

ABSENCE.

Absent thou art—my life is but a gloom,
All the beauty of nature doth assume
A dreary look—that once made life gay,
For thy beauteous presence is far, far away.

II

In my heart there reigns a ghostly night,
As of the newmoon void of brightly light,
With no silvery moon to light up the dark,
For thy blushing face illumines not my arc.

N. Narasinhamoorthi.



Yashoda and Sreekrishna

By Mr. B. C. Das



What is Civilization ?

What is civilization ? Is it railroads, telegraphs, skyscrapers, and open plumbing ? Is it the conquest of the air and of disease ? Is it literature and art, philosophy and religion, the superlative excellence of the few, or the greatest good of the greatest number ?

In the age of vast material progress too many of us are prone to limit our definition of civilization by the very prejudices born of our own particular type of the culture. We Americans, especially, are apt to regard civilization in terms of our mechanical achievements and to look down pityingly from the altitude of our progress to the backwardness of other times and peoples. To-day this attitude is being challenged by many writers, who bid us look to other cultures and see what we can learn from them. In the brilliant kaleidoscope of history many diverse civilizations have flashed and faded. According to these writers, each one has contributed something to the great wealth of culture of which we of

to-day are the heirs and beneficiaries. In a series of articles, of which the present paper is the first, various authors present to Forum readers what they consider the essentials of the cultures of those other races, nations, and epochs which have done, or which are doing their share toward moulding the world civilization we may some day achieve. This first article, by a well-known East Indian author, deals with the gifts of India to the world-stream of culture.

India's Answer

(By Dhan Gopal Mukerji)

When I revisited my country recently, after an absence of nearly thirteen years, I found such a change in the unchanging East that it hurt and shocked my spirit. That India, like the Western world, would fall victim to the illusion of Progress had never entered my

mind. So I was deeply pained to see taxicabs and Ford trucks in large numbers where I was used to seeing bullock-carts, horse drawn vehicles, and a few elephants. And how ugly and unsubstantial modern progress looks can be gauged by this picture: a second-hand truck standing near an elephant eighty years old. In spite of its utter ugliness and ephemeral nature, that symbol of Progress—the truck—has run the pachyderm out of business, if not out of existence. Little children, nowadays, do not play Hathi (elephant) as we used to. Instead they play Motor Cars. Even as a toy the elephant has had to take its departure.

Along with that sumptuous beast of burden something more valuable has departed: our old unconsciousness of ourselves, and a great part of our poetic speech. At present the Hindu youths are extremely conscious of their place in world-life and of the place of India in the community of nations. About a quarter of a century ago nobody cared anything for such matters. Also a man was never afraid of inaccuracy in speech as long as it was shot through and through with imagery and color.

One of the horrible examples of correct and unpoetic speech to which I had to listen was in the company of an American writer who was visiting my country. He was eager to study everything that savored of materia for his book on India in Revolt. There is no doubt that this American was suffering from what might be called a contribution complex. He was pumping everybody about "What has India contributed to Science and Art?" "Since Rome has contributed Law and Justice," this lean, lanky, Romannosed, blue-eyed literary man averred "Britain, Liberty, and France, the French Revolution each one of them has justified her existence at the Bar of History. Now tell me what has India contributed?"

Well, I, who believe that everything exists simply because it has been born, had no answer for him. So one rainy day he and I set out in quest of a monastery where some young men from the Benares Hindu University were in the habit of meeting. A very quiet old holy man, who loved the young intellectuals, offered them his place and never minded their criticism of his religion. They all talked about one thing: namely, that India has contributed so many things to the sum total of world-culture. It was toward their little group that rainy afternoon that I piloted my friend.

It is not easy to find one's way about in Benares where streets are not named nor houses numbered. We wandered about from lane to lane snaking our way between palaces and hovels red, yellow, brown and white. Every now and then I asked a passer-by. "Where dwell the lotus feet of the blessed Swami, whose holiness like the fragrance of flowers has called out souls like the bees? I never translated that for my American friend.

At last we reached the brown cottage of the Holy one on the river bank. By now it was about half past three. Fortunately the sky has cleared considerably. The cloud cleansed, rain-swept heavens, as we say in our tongue, now gleamed like a peacock's throat. A pang of delight went through one on coming upon those glittering spaces into which the turgid Ganges plunged like tawny lions hunting down the emerald slopes of the Himalayas.

We stood on the granite from porch of the monastery and looked to our right: temple after temple and ghant after ghant red, yellow, and brown, running along the river as far as the eye could see.

Now it was late yet because the sun shone to witness their acts of piety—troupe

after troupe of pilgrims, dressed in corise, gold, purple and green, began to go up and down the hard stone steps on the ghauts weaving audacious patterns of ravishing lines and colors. Those colors crashed and disappeared momentarily in the tawny flanges as the wearers took their dips. When each pilgrim rose to go the wet garb clung to his body almost dripping with blue, orange, olive, amber and turquoise. Here was a woman who had already finished her bath and was walking away in wet cleaning corise dress over which she threw a blue Cashmir shawl as she vanished in a narrow lane of white houses.

It would have been wonderful to stand there forever and watch that pageant before us. But since we have come to discuss other matters, we went to the ghaut of the monastery near-by whence the noise of a speech was reaching us. As we drew near to it, we found that, owing to the rain, just one young white-robed oval-faced University don had come up the river to preach at the Swami. The latter an old man of five and sixty, was dressed in the orange yellow robe of a monk. His round and shaven face glowed with perfect certainty. There was no room for doubt in those coal-black eyes, the prominent forehead, full lips, almost hard corner of the mouth and that pugnacious strong chin. He squatted cross-legged facing the professor, who was saying, "India has been ruined by religion. What she needs is Scientific Skepticism."

My American friend, who had just sat down with me native-fashion, seized upon the theme ere he had exchanged the usual civilities with the other two men. His blue eyes blazed with enthusiasm, as did his cheeks with the heat; they burnt like two ripe cherries.

"Yes," said he, "Scientific Skepticism, that is the contribution of England to this country of holy men and religion." Then booming

over us all, he added, "What do you say to that?"

Well, the young don adjusted his gold-rimmed spectacles, looked attentively at the American journalist's face—then fired his verbal gun. "The contribution of England to India's Science is a myth. Our Scientific Skepticism comes from Charbaka, Kapila, Kanada, and Aswa Ghoshia."

"All that is Greek to me," admitted my friend with alacrity. "I didn't know your country had any science. Say, where do you get that information?"

"My authorities," answered the blinking professor of physics, "are Sanskrit, Latin, Arabic, and Persian texts."

Then followed a deluge of references compared to which the river at our feet seemed a puddle. Oh, these scholars! He was so erudite that most of it was clear over our heads. However, there were scraps of information that even we could understand. Here are some of his remarks which he recited like a well-memorized expert from a brief. My American friend took them down in shorthand.

Indian scientific genius has been versatile. In mathematics the world is indebted to the Hindus for the symbols of number and the decimal system of notation. Proofs of this may be found in Asoka's inscriptions (256 B.C.) and writings of Aryabhata (A.D. 476), Brahmagupta (598—660), Bhaskaracharya (A.D. 1114).

Leonardo of Pisa brought algebra to Europe from Barbary. His work, *Libber Abbaci*, was a translation of Musa's work on Algebra based on Sanskrit *Veejganita* which was considerably in advance of the earlier work on the subject by the Greek Diophantus in as much as it contained both rational and irrational magnitudes.

But as we came to the main thoroughfare we witnessed an elephant procession that

surprised and thrilled me—as if the India of thirty years ago had suddenly arisen from the grave. One of the spectators informed us that an old-fashioned Rajah on his eightieth birthday, had brought his son-in-law and sons with him to do fitting homage in the antique style to the Timeless God of Benares. The cornices of the houses on both sides of the road to Ten Stallions' Sacrifice were crowded with pigeons, their throats gleaming in iridescence. Below them, porticos and verandas, aglow with saffron sunlight, now glistened with the scarlet and ivory dresses of men and women who were watching the procession. Below, about forty elephants, caparisoned with clothes of gold, passed on the muddy street. Elephant after elephant, swinging its trunk, ringing its silver bells moved like a bejewelled cathedral. From both sides of the street gaudy turbaned watchers gazed at them with eyes full of wonder and amazement, then all vanished like an apparition. The sun had dropped like a plummet of gold in a black sea of silence. The streets were emptied of men, women and beasts: even the sacred bulls stopped wandering about, driven by some instinct for sanctity. For this was the hour of evening silence when men and women meditate on God.

About the third evening from that day we went to call on the holy man again. We must have come earlier than we were expected, for we found him still immersed in his prayers. It seemed hours that we waited, but lo, with a sudden burst of silver wings, the stars shone in the velvet sky. Then he opened his eyes and said to us "I am glad you have come. Welcome!"

The chela brought a lighted lamp from within the little house and placed it near the holy man on the porch. He disappeared within as he had come softly like a panther. The brass lamp cast its indifferent light on

the face of the holyman as we went on questioning him. After a number of utterly unimportant questions my friend spoke out almost bluntly "I want you to tell me all about India, about Benares. Everything that you have thought and felt about your country."

Here the holy man almost laughed aloud.

"All right" concealed my friend "leave out such a large order. Just talk of religion and Benares."

"I shall be happy to drive joy by talking on such a subject. You have selected the most beloved spot to me for Benares is the epitome of India. And we know, 'What is not in India exists nowhere else,' he quoted. Instead of the lovely old man, he seemed to look like something sinister. He was so compelling and strange. His voice grew low and full of dramatic pauses as he poured through it that secrets of his soul. In the light of that lamp he sometimes looked like a wolf sometimes like an old woman grown beyond sex; then on a sudden he radiated a child-like beauty. It was all due to the uncertain light of that lamp. He was saying, "As the eagle to its prey, so India pronounces upon one's soul. I am sure, no matter where you go, in the end India will draw you. I am old, I travel very little now: my feet do not itch to cover distance any more. But once I did travel far and wide in search of God. No place could hold me. England, America, —none of them could enchant me as this place. Now, after you go hence, some of these days you will be haunted by the image of this land and called by the croon of its deep mystery."

"Why? How does it happen?"

"That no one can tell. Except that the subjective background of this homeland of the sages and God-mad men is longer than anything that I have seen. Here men have pierced the deepest secrets of Immortality. Here holy

men break into the infinite as a rhinoceros through a thicket. In India or better still, in this city of Benares all the world is represented. Here you find a Brahmin temple next door to a Mohammedan mosque, and near that is Buddhist chapel. And not far from here is the place where Buddha himself lived and taught. King Asoka planted a pillar, there on which are inscribed oblivion-defying words of brotherly love and tolerance. He was the only Emperor who turned a whole empire into a missionary college of brotherly love, peace and tolerance. Here, on the bank of that river, Asoka probably received his letters from one King Ptolemy the 'yavana' (Sanskrit for Ionian). Here the pilgrim Huen Chwang lived fourteen hundred years ago."

Suddenly the holy man paused and cast a glance at the starry sky, "What is the use of fretting you with history which is but time that binds man. History is illusion, since time is a delusion. This city of Benares is consecrated to the Timeless."

The development of mathematics in South India subsequent to the 12th century awaits further research. There are seven Chinese translations of Sanskrit mathematical and astronomical works which should also be looked into.

It is in chemistry, however, more than in any other abstract science that the Hindus made the greatest progress. The influence of Hindu Chemistry on the West was exerted through the Arabs. They gave Arabic names such as Algebra to *Vaṣṭjanita*, and Alchemy or Chemistry to *Rasayana*. The West thinks that the Arabs originated those science. How abysmal! The ignorance of the West is blacker than midnight. Here are some other Arab names for Indian sciences. Sukkar for *Surkara* (sugar). The Saracenic chemist Gabir-named Carbonate of Soda as "Sagimen Vitri,"

after the Hindu name *Saji Matti*: *Kitab al-Fihrist* by Nadim (A.D. 950) mentions that Hindu medical works were translated into Arabic under the patronage of Caliphs from Mansur to Mamun, Haji Khalifa also mentions (13th century) what his predecessors had learned from the Hindus.

Along with advance in the abstract sciences the Hindus made progress in technology also. They have been mentioned in Herodotus as the gold-digging ants and are reputed to have supplied the gold to the Persian empire in the fifth century. The bars of iron forged in India in the fourth century are larger than any known up to the last century in any other part of the world. The Hindu developed to perfection the art of tempering steel. They used to add the requisite quantity of carbon for producing steel for surgical instruments of which 127 kinds were known. Saracens learned the art of making "Damascus blades" from the Persians who again learned to make their "Jawabi-i-Hind" from India. Indians were also famed for the arts of bleaching, dyeing, calico-printing, 'annin, soap-making, etc. Pliny mentions that the best kind of glass for the manufactures of burning glasses came from India. The Cashmere shawl and Dacca muslin were much prized by Roman ladies. It is recorded that Europe once ran short of silver in paying for these Indian articles.

After that deluge of information had poured upon us, my friend said. "I guess your scientific contribution is all right. But what else has India to offer?"

"The other contributions of India's culture are too well known" growled the scholar at my friend "I shall not mention India's unsurpassed Art, literature and Drama. But allow me to point out the everyday things of our country which appeared so vital and

alluring to the semi-civilized West that they sent out Crusade after Crusade to gain access to them. But the Turks blocked them. Then Europe tried to find a sea-route to India. Christopher Columbus and other European explorers wanted not high philosophy nor religion; it was the products of the weavers, carvers, and goldsmiths of India that they sought.'

After pausing a moment for breath he resumed dithyrambically mixing up proverbs and quotations with his own words.

"Then, as now. India wove fabrics whose enchantment had to be described by such phrases as 'evening sience,' 'morning dew,' and 'delight of dreams.' In ivory they wrought such wonders of design that men in the ravishment of their spirit cried out, "Keyabat,"... what word can describe this? And the most important of all the inducements that drew Columbus towards India was gold. In those days India was fabulously rich. When poets wished to describe the acme of wealth in gold and jewels they pointed at India. It was for the physical arts, crafts, and wealth of our country that the Europeans sought for a sea-route, as before them have poured through the land routes Greeks, Arabs, Persians, Tartars, Mongols, and Huns.

"And in between those hordes came some men who wanted what even her own immense physical treasures could not touch, India's spirituality. Then, as to-day, she gave birth to sages whose holiness humbled the Himalayas. Fa Hien and Huen Chawang endured indescribable perils and hardships when they travelled to reach India in order to plunder her (as she likes to be plundered) of her spiritual wealth."

The young scholar stopped. He took off his spectacles, and with the end of his Uttaria (tunic or chudder) wiped the perspiration

from his brow. As he breathed his sigh of pleasure and the rest of us ours of relief, we noticed that the afternoon had almost passed. Very few pilgrims were bathing in the river. The embankments were deserted; at their roots the river kept on cutting with its sharp tawny current.

The Swami now rose to go, saying, "There is a man lying on his deathbed in the village of Saranath. I must go and relieve my chela who has been keeping watch over him all day. Its orange-yellow robe, rustled slightly as he vanished' against that throbbing blue sky down the road to the village. Now the boatmen were anchoring their boats near the monastery ghaut in order to be ready for evening prayer. They enjoyed praying by the sacred grounds of the monastery. It was a pity that the only man had to go to minister to the back. For we had no chance to hear his side of the case. So, we, too, left the professor who was going in quite a different direction.

"But, sir, what is it all about? What does India stand for?" cried my Nordic friend.

"Physically she stands for three hundred million souls and thirty centuries of meditation. What India stands for is that religion must permeate all life, be it birth, marriage, death, monasticism, theft, or prostitution.

"What a mixture indeed it is! But then the Infinite has room for all. If he is Infinite. He is inclusive, not exclusive. As many rivers many colors with their fierce, restless currents enter the sea and are lost under its steady emerald level, so are all things; the silver wanderers, the stars, and the worm that eats the hearts of a rose,—all are in 'H'm.

"It is that inclusiveness that distinguishes our religious life. Children are taught their

creed from the Gita, one of our scriptures : 'Whenever virtue is in decadence and vice is in ascendance, then God the Tiger of Silence is born in and among men to bring about the kingdom of Righteousness.' So a Hindu, from childhood on, can worship with equal consecration the God in Christ or Buddha, or Mohammed or Zoroaster, and 'Moses. "There is only one God," it is His prophets who have given Him many names," people say here day in and day out. 'Why quarrel about names when the One Name can end our misery? Let us find Him. Religion is realization and not belief. You may believe what you like. But He, your playmate, the Infinite, will come to play with you when your soul is realized. In this, our city of holiness, there is only one thing, namely each soul is asked Realize God : leave the definitions of

Him to the doctors, as we cast bones to the dogs. The soul's thirst for perfection cannot be assuaged by dry bones. Realisation is the chalice that holds the essence. So your religion is not what you believe, but how far you have lifted that chalice to your lips. If India has held your interest, it is because everyone here is the victim of the habits of his forebears (of these three thousand years) -- 'Longing for God.' Everything you see is trying to utter that which you cannot see

"If this land has anything to tell you, it is this : All religions lead to the same God, if you practise their golden rules and do not drug yourself with their respective theologies. The test of the perfection in a man is how much he approximates to the all-inclusive Consciousness of the Infinite God. And the only way to teach the truth of anything moral or religious is to live it so that the truth will shine without the spoken word--through eyes, mouth nostrils, hearing, hands and feet of the believer.' Once you trap the fierce Secret

of the Universe with the thongs of your realization, you will be able to hold the ocean in a thimble or to take the infinite, starshot sky and put it on yourself for a mantle."

Here the holy man's disciple brought us sweetmeats to eat and liquid sherbet to drink. Both my American friend and I did not like this interruption. But the holy man remarked :

"All interruptions come from Heaven. Had I spoken another word more I would have spoken of things larger than my realization. Heaven stopped me with sweetmeats ere I did so."

That remark puzzled us. We asked him to enlighten us on that point. He vouchsafed us only a slight quotation from the poet. "O singer, let not your art be greater than pure Truth."

The next day, that energetic American writer left Benares in quest of some new material for his book. When I told the holy man of his departure, he commended thus : "Energy is good. But the real energy that achieves all lies not in movement, but in Repose, as the Upanishads reiterate : Then by lying still you shall be present everywhere. Stillier than the hills but swifter than the swiftest flight of man's mind."

For a while that man of God sat silent, like a rock. I glanced at the river below, looking much less muddy this afternoon than on the preceeding days of rain and storm. Bouts with their green-printed sides ploughed its current. One or two vogis sat lost in meditation on the deserted steps of the ghats. At this spectacle of Benares I was impelled from within to ask the holy only question. I said "What is the essence of India? You, who have wandered through every province and visited all the shrines are the one qualified to speak of it. Of what does it consist?"

He quietly gazed into my eyes for a few moments, then looked away at the Ganges where the first flush of sunset gold burnt in sombre grandeur. He spoke slowly and almost in a whisper as if to himself.

"The essence of India ? It is like a musical instrument. You strike it. It gives out seven distinct sounds. But they have intervals. Between those sounds and interval it holds abysses of harmony and silence. All controlled yet unrepressed.

"India at the core is musical instrument. Her seven notes are the seven world-religions and their intervals are the sages meditating or articulating the Silence."

"Why do you say seven world-religions in India. I thought we produced only two : Brahmanism and Buddhism."

"Just the same, my son, the seven religions of the world are adequately represented here. I have seen and talked to their doctors and teachers if you beg and wander through India, as I did, you can't help finding them all. For instance, do you know that we have more than a million Christians in the south who became Christian long before Europe ? in Malabar (Southren India) there is a Church which was founded in the first century by St. Thomas, the apostle who doubted. In those southern churches our Christians practise rites older than the Church of Rome or Byzantium. And they have kept it up these nineteen hundred years untrammelled and scatheless.

"The only Zoroastrians in the World you will find, not in Persia, the cradle of Zoroastrianism; but in India ! Also, though not of Indian descent, has India Mohammedans in the world. There are Jews here whose ancestors ran away from the cruelty of Chintendom in search of peace and asylum. India received them and has loved them nearly

a thousand years. What is the use of telling you more of such facts ?

"If you go among the people of this land with a begging bowl between your hands and a blessing on your lips, you will find another country quite different from what you observe from a train window or a motor car. India is too big to have any room for bigotry, hate, criticism, and intolerance. Throughout the ages we Hindus have received and loved whoever came to live among us. We never persecuted them for their religion, nor scorned their prophets. We gave their holy book, bind their Teacher the same respect as we yield to Buddha, Ram, Vishnu and the creators of the Vedas and the Upanishads.

"No prophet, no matter what his religion, was stoned to death by a Hindu. No Hindu poet has been allowed to die of neglect or starvation. Here no prophet, nor a single poet has been denied his due of praise, blessings, and love.

How can you starve a poet when your scripture names God—the Supreme Singer ? We have loved and revered poets, prophets, scientists and artists as the torch-bearers from 'The House of Song' (Eternity).

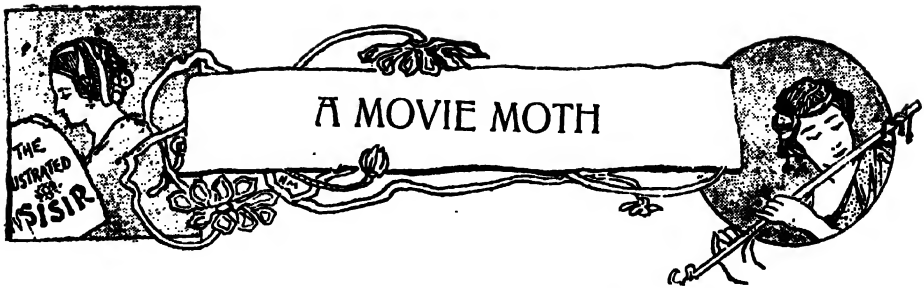
"The two things that the West will do well to study in India is inclusiveness of mind, heart and soul. Respect for all races and all truths, and realization of that inward Repose which achieves more than any movement. What that repose has done for India can be gauged by the fact that she has survived four thousand years and more of events and experiences without losing her bearing on the Truth ; she has put her emphasis on the Soul, as she has measured all human achievements by the standard of spirituality. It is not good enough to be prosperous and have every member of a community well-to-do

A community must produce its holy man if it wishes to win the freedom of the city of God. Even in these degenerate days of India she has not failed at her central task. Behold she has given birth to Gandhi. Having lit that candle at the altar of humanity she can well afford to be spoiled another thousand years."

Here the holy man stopped. After the insignificant pause, pointing at the evening gloom gathering over the river and the city, he said, "The beacon of the day is blown out. Silence is falling. Will you meditate with me till the stars are lit?"

"THE FORUM"





BY S. N. GUHA B. Sc. (Cal.)

CHAPTER XVI.

ELSIE WRITES A SCENARIO.

Next morning, broken-hearted and penniless ; Elsie went to the studio as usual. She spent a nickel for car fare, leaving her only ten cents in her pocket. She must get work to-day, otherwise she would have to suffer for food. Starvation is a monster ; little does he care how beautiful or talented one may be—his sole object is to drive mankind mad with hunger. Elsie longed for a good meal, something she had not enjoyed in two days, but she saw no prospect of obtaining it, unless, indeed, she could succeed in obtaining a job in which she would have to go on location. It is customary with the companies to provide their actors and actresses with lunch when they are taken outside of the studio. Work was very scarce in the studios that time of the year. No feature pictures, in which large numbers of extras were being used, were being filmed. Even if she secured a job, that would not help her for the day because most of the com-

panies do not pay on the same day in which the work is done. Different companies have different systems of payment. Some companies pay the day after work is done, a few pay the same day while some pay twice and some only once a week. Elsie had no idea where she would strike a job, if at all. However, she went to the studio with hope in her heart. Like almost everyone else, she lived on hope for without hope men would indeed be lost. She had come to Los Angeles with the great hope of becoming a moving picture star and that ambition had not yet entirely vanished. She still hoped. She did not know what was going to be the fate of her picture. So far she had heard only that it had been praised. She had heard that everyone in the picture had done well, excepting herself ! If it did not sell it would be only on account of her own inability as an actress—at least, so Degal had said. However, she still hoped on. What else could she

have done ? The idea of suicide crept like a serpent into her mind but she was too sane to entertain it for more than a moment. Who could tell what was going to be in her fate ? She had no friends but she was still strong and healthy and accustomed to hard work. She would win yet !

First she went to the Lasky studio and saw the employment agent. She received the same old answer, "Nothing doing to-day—we aren't using any extras." She hurried on to another studio, receiving the same answer as before. She went on to another plant and got the same answer to her inquiry about work. In this manner she visited several studios, everywhere meeting with disappointment. Finally she came to the Fine Arts where she found Cleo seated, as usual, with a crowd of girls on a bench near the employment office. She was hungry and had walked a long distance, which also made her very tired. Her face was drawn and almost bloodless and this was quickly noticed by the girls.

"Oh, why, Elsie, do you look so pale ? Come sit down !" said Cleo.

"Oh, I walked down from Lasky's" she replied, listlessly. "Nothing doing there to-day, as usual."

"Did you see Degal ?"

"Yes—I usually do."

"Then you know that the picture is a great success. He is going to send it to New York. They offered him

seventy-five thousand for the negative, right here in Los Angeles but he expects to get more for it in New York."

"Why, he told me fifty thousand !" exclaimed Elsie.

"Well, he told me seventy-five. But we don't care what he was offered here, he will do better in New York. It's a great success—that's the main point."

"I am sorry," she answered, "but I cannot think of the picture now. I must think of my present condition. Is there anything doing here ?"

"No, nothing much. Out of twenty directors, only five are working and they are all taking small stuff."

"There's nothing doing here, either, then ? I simply must get a job !"

"Well, for me, I don't care to work as an extra any more. I intend to wait until our picture is released. Degal said my actions are great. When our picture is released I won't have to go to these people. They will come to me and offer me a salary worth while."

"Well, Cleo, I don't mind telling you that I am flat broke. I have only ten cents in this world and that must go for a bite to eat. Do you think I can dream of my future under such circumstances ?"

"Oh, Elsie, you look as if you were going to faint ! You must be awfully hungry ! Come on, let's go and eat !"

At these words Elsie was so mortified with shame and the feeling of inferiority that she began to cry like a

child. Like a beggar she had been offered food as she used to offer it to the deserving poor in the old village of Brownsville. Now she herself was an object of pity and charity.

"Elsie, don't cry ! This isn't anything new— this is the way the world goes. You are not the only one who suffers. Accept this offer. Some day you may be in position to return the kindness. Go to dinner with me; that will bring you strength back. Without strength you will be able to do nothing."

Cleo was deeply touched at the outcome of her appeal. Vain and passionate she was, but not heartless. She understood the feeling in Elsie's mind so she added with true sympathy, "Dear girlie, don't cry, I didn't mean anything wrong. I only offer this as a sister. Please think of me as your sister ! Believe me your friend ! We have worked long enough together to have that claim on each other."

"Oh, Cleo, I didn't take it in that way, at all— really I didn't ! I know you are my friend !" She burst into tears.

"Elsie, calm yourself," said Cleo very gently, "Everything will be all right. Don't sob like that ! You are only making yourself weaker. Come, let's go and eat. Forget all these things, please !" Cleo pulled her toward the cafeteria, where they ate and spoke of their future. Mr. Duncan of the scenario department came with a tray,

loaded with food, and seated himself near them. Cleo was well known at the studio and knew Mr. Duncan very well.

"Hello, Mr. Duncan, how are you ?"

"Very well, thank you. How's the little girl ?"

"Oh, so—so."

"I heard you have started a company of your own ?"

"Yes, we did and have already finished a dumb drama. We are now waiting for release."

"Is that so ? Good for you !"

"This is our leading woman— Miss Smith. I must introduce you both properly ; Mr. Duncan of the scenario department, Miss Smith. Mr. Duncan, meet Miss Smith."

"Very glad to meet you," mechanically repeated both Elsie and Mr. Duncan.

"Are you closely associated with the scenario department, Mr. Duncan ?" asked Elsie.

"Well, I am employed there."

"What kind of scenarios are you

"We use everything, ma' everything that looks like a story."

"Do you write all your own scenarios or do you sometimes buy from outside writers ?"

"Very often we buy, if the stuff is worth while. Only yesterday I bought a scenario from a friend of mine, paying him a very good price for it."

"How do you buy them ?

"We pay according to merit."

"I don't mean that. I mean, what form do you want your stories in ? Do you want regular story form, short synopsis or the entire continuity ?"

"Well, generally we write our own continuity because an outsider doesn't know our requirements. We prefer the story, written elaborately, giving practically all the scenes and actions—it makes it easier for us to write continuity."

"I have a few ideas which I think worth while and I would like to make a scenario out of them. Do you think there would be a chance for me ?"

"I do not know, madam. It is rather hard to sell scenarios nowadays—too much competition."

"Well, what would you advise ? Shall I try ?"

"Oh, yes, write it ! Unless we see the idea, however, it is hard to say whether we could use any part of your work. What is your plot ?"

"Well, I have a rather good plot in Mexican atmosphere and I believe it would make a nice little five-reel drama."

"Very good—but remember, when you write anything in foreign atmosphere be sure to give credit to the Americans."

"What do you mean by that ?"

"I mean that you must make the American a hero and show the darkest side of the foreigner. For instance,

the foreigner steals an American girl and tries to reduce her but the brave girl keeps herself out of the scoundrel's reach until an American rescues her and kills the "brute." You get me ?"

"Yes, I know what you mean but why should we show only the dark side of the foreigner ?"

"To prove the bravery and good character of the Americans."

"I don't think that proves our greatness."

"Why not ?"

"Because we fail to recognize the greatness of others. How can we see our own greatness if we fail to see the nobility of other people ? Greatness is greatness, no matter what individual or nation possesses it."

"Just what do you mean, Miss Smith ?"

"I mean that there is some greatness in the people of other nations. Every one has his points of true nobility. If we cannot appreciate them it is impossible to appreciate our own goodness. Moreover, to compare ourselves with the lower types of other nations does not show our heroism or greatness. Comparisons must be made with our equals or with those who possesses noble qualities—then we can better show our own superiority."

"My dear Madam, our companies are organized to make money, not to preach or to educate the public. The public doesn't want to be educated."

"I do not believe that the public is so self-conceited. The people will surely appreciate the good of others if they expect to be appreciated in turn."

"I have told you the policy of our company. We have found out that to be the easiest way to get the best returns from our pictures."

"But if you would try the other way you might get better returns. The managers of these companies too often take the people as thoughtless fools, but it is a mistake. The people can appreciate the good things as well as the managers can. The greatness of a nation depends upon the breadth of its vision and the tolerance of its attitude toward other peoples. I believe our nation is as great as any, and perhaps greater, but by spreading the idea that we are the 'greatest' we are making the people self-conceited which is the greatest drawback for any nation as well as for an individual."

"Well your idea may be right from an ethical standpoint, but our standpoint is not ethical, it is commercial. We are working for this company and so long as we are identified with it we must do as the company bids us. Perhaps it would be better for you to try to write a drama in the American atmosphere."

"I think so, too," acquiesced the wise Cleo.

"What sort of a drama would be appreciated?" asked Elsie.

"Oh, write something with blood and thunder and thrills all through it but give us happy endings, always."

"If the company wants that I will try to do it; but I do not think it is always true to life to have a happy ending," argued Elsie.

"Our people do not want tragedy."

"Perhaps not. I suppose they do want blood and thunder stories, but they need not necessarily be tragic. I'll try to get a bunch of thrills in my story, anyway."

"Very good, girlie! Well, it's time for me to go. I have enjoyed your conversation very much. Bring your story to me whenever it's ready. I will see what I can do for you."

"I would be very glad if you could see your way to buy a scenario from her," smiled Cleo.

"I will try" he answered, "but I am not authorized to buy a scenario unless a particular brand of story is called for. Good bye for the present, ladies. Good luck to you both."

Duncan departed, leaving them at the table.

"Elsie," said Cleo, "don't lose this opportunity. Your scenario may be accepted. Try it, anyway!"

"Sure I will, Cleo, but how am I going to live these few days? It will take four or five days to write the scenario and even if they buy it it

may take a week for them to decide. What shall I do in the meantime?"

"Elsie, if you don't mind, accept a little loan from me. I offer this as your friend and sister. Pay me back any time you can. In the meantime, try to get a job somewhere but cut out the studios. It is very dull all over now and it's going to stay dull for sometime. If you find any work, work day times and write your scenario at night. It won't be long until we all have plenty of money. Our picture will soon be sold. Here is five dollars. Whenever you need more don't hesitate to call on me. Don't go without eating."

"Cleo, I cannot find words to express my gratitude to you!" Elsie's eyes filled with tears.

"Don't mention it, Elsie! I guess I will go home. Where are you going?"

"I'm going home, too."

"All right. Good bye, Elsie dear. Don't forget to call me up once in a while."

"Surely not Cleo! Good bye!"

On the way home Elsie started to think of a theme for her scenario. She thought and thought but nothing worth while came to her mind. On the street the newsboys were shouting, "Extra, extra! Big apartment house murder! Read all about it!" She bought a paper and read the details of the crime. "My God!" she ex-

claimed to herself, "this will make a great scenario!"

Reaching home Elsie went to the table with paper and pencil and busied herself in framing up the story. She wrote a page and read it over. It sounded good. She wrote another page and read them both over. It sounded better than ever. She continued to write until she got tired. This time she was not writing for pleasure, neither with the idea of acquiring fame. She was working to meet the bread and butter problem.

The next morning Elsie's thought was to finish the story but on second thought she said to herself, "No, I cannot do it—I must find a job! I must not allow good Cleo to support me long." She went out and bought a Los Angeles morning paper and went through the want advertisements. She jotted down the addresses of several employment offices and started in search of work. Walking into one of the employment offices she asked for a job, like one unaccustomed to seeking work from such a source.

"What sort of a job do you want?" asked the employment agent.

"Anything you can give me."

"Have you had any experience in housework?"

"I can cook, wash dishes, sweep and do washing. In fact, I can do any kind of housework," she replied.

"But what about your experience? Where was the last place you worked?"

"I have never worked for anybody but I have done all this work at my home on the farm."

"Well, madam, I have a few calls for experienced kitchen help and for general housework, but--"

"Well, why don't you give me something to do?"

"Because they want experienced help. You have had no experience."

"I have done all this work at my home."

"That will not do. I can't send you. If I ever have a call for your kind I will remember you. Come back in the morning. You might find something."

She went from there to other employment offices but met with the same responses to her inquiry for work. Then she remembered the advice of the old woman whom she met on the first day of her studio experience: "Never admit that you have had no experience when you go to ask for work." "I will remember that when I go again to look for work," thought Elsie, "otherwise I will never get a job."

She went home and began to work on her story. In the evening she called up Cleo, according as promise, and told her about the result of her job-hunting.

"Don't worry little girl; you will find something to do yet," came the soothing voice of Cleo. "Have you started the scenario yet?"

"Oh, yes, pretty nearly finished with it! I have only a little work left to do on it."

"That's good. I guess you'll find time to finish it tonight."

"Oh, sure! I will take it to the studio to-morrow."

"Fine, girlie! Say, if you are not doing anything, run down to my apartment. I'm alone and feeling home sick."

"All right, Cleo. I'll be down right away and stay with you awhile. I'm tired now, myself, and I'll finish my story tonight."

She went to Cleo's apartment. Cleo was alone and was smoking. She offered Elsie a cigarette but it was refused.

"Now, Elsie" pleaded her companion, "what's the harm in smoking? If a man has that privilege why shouldn't women have the same right? Everybody ought to have freedom in these little matters."

"I have no prejudice against it, Cleo. I simply don't enjoy it."

"You'll soon get used to it."

"I don't think I ought to, Cleo, because I cannot secure even my meals. Why should I create another appetite?"

There was a knock at the door. Cleo arose quickly, went to the door, opened it and ushered in Degal.

"See who's come, Elsie! I wasn't expecting you to-night, Ed!"

"Oh, so Elsie is here, too ! Well, this is quite a surprise ! I never thought of seeing you here. How is everything with you any way ?"

"Everything is just splendid, Mr. Degal. I am living on my friend's charity," replied Elsie, in an outburst of gratitude.

Degal did not reply. He was vexed to hear this. "This dirty Cleo is doing charitable work oh," he thought. "She must cut that out, otherwise, Elsie will never come to ask my help." Then aloud, he said, "That's very good of Cleo. I wish she would help me out a little."

"Don't call it charity, Elsie. That hurts me. Call it friendly assistance."

"Very well, if you wish it that way," said Elsie. "I must go now ; I have to finish that scenario."

"What's the hurry ? Wait ! Can't you ever understand that I like your company ?" said Degal, appearing, and really feeling, some what peeved.

"Mr. Degal," she replied, almost coldly, "I have something to do."

Saying good night, she left the room.

"She's getting worse every day ;" snapped Degal.

"Circumstances made her so," apologized Cleo.

"Don't blame circumstances-- she made her circumstances willingly."

"Well, I don't know."

"You are giving her money, I see.

Of course that's not my business but I think you could make better use of your money. If you must play lady bountiful, why don't you give your money to more deserving people ?"

"I could not stand her dry melancholly face," said Cleo. "I may be in the same condition one of these days-- who knows ?"

"A smart girl you will never be in that condition. If she was half as smart as you are she could live like a queen and you know it. I offered her money but the vixen refused it ! She is Hellishly vain !"

"Yes, I know she is a little vain and foolish as is always the case with a girl of her class."

"I believe she came here to ask for more money."

"Oh, no, I asked her to come. I was lonesome and wanted company."

"I shouldn't think she'd be much company for you. Why don't you call me up ?"

"You told me not to call at your home."

"You bet I did—I forget ! My wife is making it Hell for me. I'm going to get rid of her, and I'm going to do it damned soon."

"Well, I should think you would ! I enjoy your company so much, Ed !"

"Cleo, you are the sweetest woman I ever met !"

"Oh, Ed, how terrible it is to go through life alone ! And especially to be at home at night alone !"

"It is indeed, Cleo.—and to be with my wife is worse than to be alone ! In this beautiful, warm weather, when all nature is alive and athrill with joy, it is hard to have to sit gloomily, with no companion to cheer one !"

"Edward, you fully understand human nature—as no other person I have ever seen understands. That is why I like you so well !"

"Cleo, Cleo, say you love me ! Say it, say it, Cleo !"

He went closer to her and they were soon locked in a passionate embrace.

That night Elsie finished her scenario and read it all over to herself.

It was very satisfactory to her. It seemed very plausible and far more interesting than most of the stories she had seen portrayed on the screen. Next morning she went to the studio and handed the script to Duncan who promised to let her know within a week or so whether or not she had turned in "a winner."

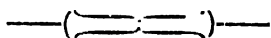
"I'll let you know by mail, Miss Smith," said Duncan, "so you needn't bother to come to the studio any more."

"Thank you, Mr. Duncan," she replied and went away with a new hope in her heart.



Seeing America From The Kitchen

By
A German House-Servant.



(The German girl who wrote this article is a graduate of the Domestic Science School in Potsdam, and was for a time a teacher of domestic science at Nienburg-on-the-Weser. She is using a sabbatical year—or rather two years—to acquire a first-hand knowledge of conditions of domestic service in the United States.)

A cook's vocation in the United States is presumably not much pleasanter than in Germany, in spite of the higher pay and the more comfortable room and the private bath that she may enjoy in America. At the outset, of course, it is a thrilling experience to cross the ocean to the New World, full of curiosity as to what the adventure will bring; but when I found myself actually approaching New York, that metropolitan Switzerland of skyscrapers, my thoughts dwelt with some trepidation on my defective English and my ignorance of American cooking. Yet even at ominous Ellis Island they are courteous to women. The examiner smiled and passed me. A clergyman from an immigrant mission, to whom I had written in advance, met me and took me to girls' home in the city.

Naturally I did not wait a minute to get out on the streets and see what this New World was like. I was rejoiced to see the magnificent fruits and vegetables displayed in the show-windows—immense grapefruits, pomegranates, bananas, and oranges. Al-

though the American ladies I passed were wearing furs, I felt as if I had reached the edge of the tropics. And the fish shops were equally interesting. What an abundance of all kinds of fish—oysters, clams, lobsters, crabs, and snails! Indeed, my first impression of America was of a land of unbounded culinary possibilities. But should I be equal to dealing with them? I thought the best investment I could make at first would be an American cookbook, and I bought the thickest one I could find. It proved useless in my case, but it was at least a comfort to have it in my possession.

Next morning I went to an employment agency. Several ladies and young ladies pounced upon me, apparently happy to have found some one with absolutely, no American experience. They surprised me with the information that a charming young woman was just then inquiring for precisely such a girl as I was. They informed the lady that I spoke excellent English, and that she ought to take me because I was 'intelligent.' That was a second surprise, for a German lady by whom I once had the misfortune to be employed used to din into my ears that the stupidest cooks were the best. Apparently this opinion does not prevail in the United States.

I guessed at the time that the lady in question probably found it difficult to keep

servants in the lonely suburb where she lived, and for that reason she might be anxious to have an intelligent, person around the house. In any case, I cheerfully accepted the position. But I was determined to sell my services as dearly as possible, and when asked my price promptly named the maximum of eighty dollars. The people at the office protested and advised me to be contented at first with sixty-five, because I probably should have much to learn in a strange country like America. As I was convinced of this in the bottom of my heart, I consented to the reduction. My new mistress paid eight dollars to the agency, and I accompanied her to her home.

But only for nine days. It was not the sort of place I sought. I was not only cook, but maid of all work. I was required to prepare the meals, to serve as chambermaid, and to scrub two floors, literally on my knees, once a week. In addition, the 'light washing,' as it had been described to me, included all the laundry for four persons except the bed linen—for American beds are so large that even the canniest housewife cannot include sheets in 'light washing.' I found the work exceedingly hard, even with the assistance of colored second-girl. The latter sang Negro songs all day long. They vaguely reminded me of Bach.

What was the opinion of my mistress, Mrs. T—? In Germany everyone told me my English was wretched but my cooking excellent, and I counted upon the latter to carry me through in America. Mrs. T—assured me that my English was excellent but that unhappily I could not cook—orthodox Jewish cooking, to the specific. But as I was, as they say in Germany, industrious and willing, she was decidedly put out when I gave her notice, telling her that I preferred a position where I should have only cooking to

do. At the end of my engagement I had a little dispute, for she tried to pay me one day less than she owed me. I had anticipated this, and had looked up all the necessary words in the dictionary before the settlement, so I emerged triumphant from the battle—and with twenty-five cents in addition.

The same employment agency sent me, the very next day to position in a fashionable quarter of New York where I was to do only cooking and to receive seventy-five dollars. More than that," I was to do all the house work for "just a few days, until they went to the seashore," Yet it seemed a satisfactory position—that is in prospect.

Consequently it was with high spirits that I ascended the elevator next morning to the top of a tall, luxurious apartment-house on New York's west side. But I learned within a very few hours that I had only physically approached Heaven. The weather was frightfully hot. My new mistress was not blessed with an angelic disposition. She had just performed the only useful service to society of her whole life,—given birth to a baby,—and it had left her excessively nervous. She began with pedantic instructions as to just how I was to clean the apartment. Let me say that this was an unusual experience. As a rule, in America my new employers hardly took the trouble to show me where to find the things I needed for my work and it is customary to leave servants largely to their own resources. Next I had to prepare breakfast. The first course was grapefruit. I had never prepared grapefruit before and though it is the simplest thing in the world, naturally blundered. Mrs. T—at once jumped to the conclusion that her dinner would be ruined, and kept running, into the kitchen all day long to give me new orders. As a result of trying to follow her instructions against my

better judgement two or three things were spoiled. For dessert she told me to bake a pie. This national American delicacy was a mystery into which I had not ventured to delve during my brief two weeks in the country. So I made an excellent German applicake that looked very much like a pie, and tasted decidedly better—to me. But the lady despised it.

Finally things came to such a pass that I had to inform Mrs. T—plainly that I must have the kitchen to myself. There was another servant, a neat white-haired nurse. One day when Mrs. T—had gone out she exclaimed bitterly: "I hate these rich people. I have been regular slave all my life. My only comfort is to think of the chicken farm that I shall be able to buy in a year or two." A few days later Mrs. T—informd me that she preferred a cook who knew 'American way.'

So I returned to the employment office, and inside an hour had my third position. It was described to me most alluringly. I was to be with charming people in a wonderfully beautiful suburb, where my only duties would be to cook and to take care of two bedrooms. The work might be a little heavier at first, because the people were getting ready to move to a fine new house. Immediately afterward there would be a wedding. But when that was over the family would consist of but four people, and my duties would be exceedingly light.

I have met very few ladies among my employers in the course of my life who have been absolutely honest in describing a situation to a prospective servant.

This place reminded me of the story of the spirit who came back from the next world to describe the life hereafter to a friend, and began his account with the words: 'It's all

entirely different from what we thought.' To be sure the moving in to a half-finished house and the wedding came off according to schedule but the new residence had no room for a second maid, and I was faced by the choice between seeking a new position or working myself almost to death. I chose the latter because, I had made up my mind that I would stay somewhere until I had earned an American recommendation. So I performed all the housework in a fourteen-room house, cooked three meals, washed the dishes, waited on table, and did my own laundry. It meant constant work for fifteen hours a day. By the time I had washed up one hundred and twenty dishes, at 8 p. m. I was a physical wreck. Finally my mistress began to be as worried as I was about my health. Also her conscience pricked her, because she had engaged me exclusively as a cook. The result was that she helped me get an easier place after I had been with her a month.

Although in my new position I had again to take care of a large house, to cook and to wait on table my duties seemed comparatively light. My mistress spent most of her time in her automobile. The other three members of the family were employed throughout the day. Consequently the house did not get dirty, and American domestic arrangements are in general more practical than in Germany. For example the cleaning apparatus does not raise a dust like our brooms. More than that, the rooms are not crowded with unnecessary furniture. At my previous place my cooking had been satisfactory: here I was fairly deluged with prairie. The more interesting provisions in the New York market are consumed for the most part by immigrants from Southern Europe, or their descendants. Native Americans confine themselves to a monotonous routine of roast

beef, steak, mutton chops, and chicken. They esteem our German cooking, but prefer the French, Austrian or Swedish, more or less Americanized.

The house in which I was now working was surrounded by beautiful grounds. It was a constant delight to me to sit afternoons on the kitchen porch preparing the vegetables, and to watch the squirrels and birds in the neighbouring shade-trees. A tall wild, cherry tree immediately in front of the porch was always alive with robin redbreasts. I discovered to my amusement that even the birds talk English in America. One kept warbling sweetly the words with which my mistress prefaced all her instructions: 'Will you? Will you.' Still another seemed to have come from Canada for it kept repeating plaintively about three times a minute, Quebec! Quebec!!

My free days were an unending delight to me. I utilized them to explore America taking long strolls through beautiful woods where grapevines and rhododendron grow wild, and climbing up to the shores of the lakes from which New York draws part of its water supply. Ruins of stone walls running through the woods showed that the land had once been under cultivation. I found many flowers and plants familiar to me in Germany, but grown large and more luxuriant in the warmer American sun. Once I discovered a magnificent specimen of Turk's-cap. I began to feel for the first time that I could learn really to love a country where there were such beautiful plants. It seemed to me as if they grew out of the very heart of this new land.

Unhappily my good fortune was of short duration. Once when my mistresses reproved me for a mistake in serving dinner her good-natured husband took my part. The lady

never forgave it. After that she nagged me unceasingly indeed, almost unendurably after I was foolish enough to give her three-weeks' notice. But I did my work with scrupulous care, for I wanted to get my second American recommendation here. My mistress knew that I was particularly anxious to have my cooking commended, but merely wrote that I was 'a good plain cook.' When I bade good-bye to her husband I said to him. I have been very unhappy in your house.' He answered; 'I know you have.'

This fourth position concluded my apprenticeship and the hardest part of my experience in America. I have talked with several German girls in domestic service, and it seems to be a natural law that greenhorns, who would be especially grateful for kind mistresses, invariably fall into the hands of the worst there are. From this time on I always had pleasanter people to work for experience once said to me: "There can be no such thing as friendship between servants and their employers in America." Against my will I am forced to confirm this. But is such friendship not equally rare in Germany? A little recognition for a faithful service! If people would only be more considerate of those whose happiness and comfort so largely depend upon them! How rare is the mistress who realizes that no one can be imprisoned in a house for 360 days a year,—after allowing for days off,—and make a comfortable home for her and her family, without an occasional crisis of rebellion and revolt. Ladies would understand better the faults of their servants if they had been for a time in a similar dependent position. It is this feeling of imprisonment that makes servants change about so often. They always hope that the new jail will be a little better

than the old one ; and if it is not, at least it will be a change.

So in the course of my two years experience I learned to know a number of American households. I secured so many excellent recommendations that I selected only the best to show when applying for a new position. But after eighteen months my craving for freedom became so strong that I packed my German knapsack and took to the open road. In two weeks I learned something about nine American states. How ? Well, all that is necessary is for a woman to shoulder a knapsack that looks heavier than it weights and start out on any country road. The chivalrous American cannot endure to see a woman tramping. Moreover, he may find his lonely automobile-ride a bit humdrum. So my weeks' vacation became a series of lifts—a glorious motor-car tour of two thousand English miles.

When I got back to New York, the idea of shutting myself up in a little kitchen was so distasteful that I decided to look for work by the day. To be sure, it is not easy to find a place as a cook when one wishes to have her evenings free—especially in a country where the principal meal comes late in the day. But I prefer this kind of work, with all its uncertainties. My room is not so comfortable as in a private house, and is more humbly furnished ; I eat at restaurants where white men and Negroes sometimes sit down at the same

table. But I am now really in America ; I have time and energy to visit museums and libraries and to hear lectures, I think of myself as a poor German poet, and find it very amusing.

Is it a case of 'All's well that ends well ? No, dear reader, but 'All's well.' To be sure a cook's life in America is by no means perpetual bliss ; but happiness is not the sole end of existence. Is not our chief object in this world to live and to have new experiences ? Is n't it a wonderful thing for us to broaden our horizon by learning to know intimately a world with the same civilization as our own but with an entirely different cultures isn't it excellent to shed our timidities and fears and to confront boldly life's great adventure ?

The German who reads these lines will in all probability be a Berliner ; and if so, he will discover many places where I made mistakes that he is sure he would have avoided. I honestly advise any of my countrymen who have an opportunity to visit in America not to let the chance of thus enriching their life-experience escape them. Let their luggage—ah, what a ridiculously big trunk I brought with me—be as light as possible, and let them leave out of it all their European pretensions, and the illusion that life is easier in America than in the Old World. But above all, let them not forget to bring in it an inexhaustible supply of optimism courage and good humor.

FROM "BERLINER TAGEBLATT (Liberal Daily)"

Hope.



Pine not for what is past,
The future has a store,
days as long and bright,
Up then and wail no more.

Who dares to say that time
Is short upon this Earth ?
'Tis we who mortal are
Time knows no end, no birth.

'Tis better to smile
In hope than always sigh
In idle grief for deeds
That can never be nigh

Again. Come laugh and play
The future has a store
Of days more bright and gay
Than ever were before.

A. Wanderer.





His Release

BY

PROBHAT KUMAR MUKHERJEE. Barrister-at-Law.

I

Babu Nagendra Nath was on a visit to his father-in-law in Calcutta during the Christmas holidays. He was a Deputy Magistrate in Eastern Bengal and Assam, recently transferred to the *sudder* station of Faridsing district. When leaving his last station he left his wife and children with his father-in-law, and has now availed himself of the holidays to fetch them to Faridsing.

Calcutta, during the present Christmas, was full of bustle and enthusiasm. The Indian National Congress was to hold its sittings shortly. The Industrial Exhibition had already opened.

Nagendra Babu's father-in-law, a retired Subordinate Judge, lived at Bhowanipur. He had three sons;—the eldest was a *rakil* of the High Court; the second an assistant in a

Government office; the youngest did not do anything in particular,—he was frequently seen delivering speeches at public meetings.

Nagendra Babu was twenty-seven and has been a Deputy Magistrate for five years. His University career was a brilliant one, he having topped the list of successful M.A.s of his year.

It was the day before the opening of the Congress. The Deputy, after a comfortable morning tea was sitting in the inner apartments, chatting with his brothers—and his sisters-in-law.

Girindra Nath, his brother-in-law, enquired—"Is there any unrest at Faridsing now?"

"No,—I haven't seen any."

Little Indumati, his sister-in-law, asked—"How is *Siradesh* getting on there?"

"Fairly well,—though it is nothing like what I used to read in the papers before going there."

Satyendra, his brother-in-law, observed—"That's only natural. The enthusiasm of early days never lasts. What we saw here in Calcutta at the beginning—"

Nagendra Babu interrupted him, saying,—"*Faridsing* is much ahead of your Calcutta in that respect. You dare not buy a piece of *Manchester dhoti* there openly. You find the school-boys patrolling the streets with *lathies* on their shoulders."

"Are they the National School boys?"—enquired the brother-in-law who was the public speaker.

"Yes, most of them. There are boys from other schools also."

"Don't the teachers try to stop it?"

"Oh, they have given it up."

"And the Police?"

"The boys care precious little for the Police. In my rambles through the *bazars*, I have often heard them saying to the Police—"Look here Mr. Constable, I am picketting"—and the Constable grins."

This caused a burst of laughter. Satyendra Nath said—"Do you intend, Nagendra Babu, to send your little boy to the National School when you arrive there?"

"Heavens!—That would be as much as my job was worth"—said Nagendra Babu with a smile.

"But supposing you didn't risk your job,—would you do it?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Then why continue in such a service?"—chimed in Girindra Nath.

"One must live."

"You have completed your terms of legal study. Why not pass the examination and start practice as a *rakil* at the High Court?"

"Oh dear! Do you think I am fit to pass examinations at my age?"

Indumati, pouting her little lips, said—"You are not willing to give up serving the *Feringhees*—that's the real reason. Let us know please, are you in favour of *Swadeshi* or against it?"

"In favour, without question. Yesterday I brought from the *bazar* about fifty rupees worth of *Swadeshi* clothes to take to *Faridsing*,—you saw them."

"Aren't *Swadeshi* clothes available there?"

"Yes they are, - but the prices are rather high."

Satyendra smiling sarcastically, said—"Don't you understand, Indu, he daren't patronise *Swadeshi* there lest the *Sahibs* should come to know of it."

Nagendra Babu said—"Well, well, —admitting that was the reason, is there any harm in doing a virtuous act in secret?"

"There isn't. But take care,

Nagendra Babu, that you don't *sin* openly to please your masters."

At this moment a chorus of voices was heard singing outside the house. Somebody said "There's the Society of Mother-worshippers, come to collect donations for the Congress." They all came out of the house and saw about fifty young men and boys, with yellow *puggries* round their heads, singing a patriotic song to the accompaniment of *mridang* and *kartal*, calling upon the devoted to pay according to the means of each one for the worship of the Motherland. Some of them carried flags inscribed with "*Bande Mataram*" and one had a big *thali* in his hand containing the money already collected.

When the song was over, each one of the household placed something on the *thali*, silver coins of different value.

Nagendra Babu gave them a ten rupee note.

A young man of the party immediately approached him and said—"Your name, Sir, if you please."

"What does it matter?"—said Nagendra Babu.

"Our rule is to take down the names of those contributing more than five rupees."

"You may write—'A Friend'."

Satyendra said—"Write down—'A Deputy'—this gentleman is a Deputy Magistrate in Eastern Bengal and Assam where buying *Sioudeshi* cloth is a felony and singing *Bande Mataram*, high treason."

Girindra interfered, saying—"No, no—don't mention the Deputy Magistrate.—'A friend will do.'"

The young men made the note as desired and departed, resuming their song.

II

It was dusk. Some school-boys were walking about the streets in the bazar at Faridsing. They noticed a person dressed like a *Khansama* coming out of a shop with a tin of biscuits in his hand.

The boys at once approached the person and said—"Hallo *Khansamaji*, let's see what sort of biscuits you have bought."

The man stopped and handed over the tin to the boys. They inspected it and said—"Oh fie, this is English manufacture."

"Yes *Babuji*, English articles are good, aren't they?"—said the *Khansama*, somewhat surprised.

One of the boys put in—"Are you a Hindoo or a Mahomedan?"

"A Mahomedan, Sir."

"Food of English manufacture is *Ha'am*, don't you know that?"

"*Toba, toba*, don't say that *Babuji*."

"How much did they charge you?"

"A rupee and a half."

"What, a rupee and a half! You may have a tin of a better quality country-made biscuits for one rupee only—fresh from the machines."

The man was a *Khansama* in the employ of a European tea-planter putting up at the *Dak Bungalow*. He thought to himself—"Well, my *Sahib* has given me a rupee and a half for a tin of biscuits. If I can get him a better quality for a rupee only, I make a profit of eight annas and he eat nicer biscuits; so, where is the harm?"... Aloud he said to the boys—"Are you sure, gentlemen?"

The boys felt encouraged and said—"Yes, *Khansamaji*, we are perfectly sure. Come with us and see the *deshi* tin for yourself. In the meanwhile let us all go and return this tin to the shopkeeper."

Four or five of the boys took the *Khansama* to the shopkeeper who had sold the tin and requested him to take it back and return the money. The latter obdurately refused to do so, saying—"Heaps of English articles are rotting in my shop on account of this wretched *Swadeshi*. If I have sold a tin, I am not going to take it back again."

The boys left the shop disappointed. They all held a short conference toge-

ther and decided to buy the *Khansama* a tin of *deshi* biscuits out of their own money. They proposed to him that they should keep the English tin themselves and give him a *deshi* tin in exchange. The *Khansama* consenting, the boys took him to the *Swadeshi* stores, and bought him a *deshi* tin on credit.

The look of the tin apparently satisfied the *Khansama*. He said—"I think this will do, *Babuji*. But it is only one rupee. What about my balance of eight annas?"

The boys said to the *Swadeshi* shopkeeper—"Kindly let us have eight annas in cash. We will repay you this amount together with the price of the tin to-morrow."

The *Khansama*, pocketing his eight annas, looked at the tin again and said—"Are you quite sure, *Babuji*, that these biscuits would be just as good as English?"

"Better, a great deal better—we can assure you. Never buy English biscuits in future. They are *haram*."

"*Toba, toba*" ejaculated the *Khansama* and proceeded towards the *Dak Bungalow*.

The boys came out of the shop and opening the tin, scattered its contents on the street. They then began to dance on the biscuits, singing in unison the opening bars of a popular song which exhorted people to kick all foreign commerce out of the country. They punctuated their song with fre-

quent shouts of *Bande Mataram*. One of them kicked the empty tin out of shape and flung it into the gutter by the roadside.

The *Khansama* witnessed the whole performance from a little distance. Having newly come from Assam, he was at a loss to understand what it all meant. Seeing another pass, he asked—"Have the Babus turned mad or what?"

"Since the *Bande Mataram* began the boys don't allow anybody to buy *bilati* things."

"What do they say? *Bundook marum*?"

"No, no—*Bande Mataram*."

"What's that?"

"Some new kind of abuse they have invented, I think. The boys shout it out whenever they see Europeans now-a-days."

III

Having made a profit of eight annas clean, the *Khansama*, returned to the *Dak Bungalow* in high glee. He found his master walking about the verandah in an impatient manner.

Seeing the *Khansama*, the *Sahib* enquired of him in an angry voice the cause of his delay and took the tin from his hand. As soon as he saw the words "Hindu Biscuits" inscribed on the tin, he lost all control over himself and hurled it with a tremendous force at the head of his servant. The poor man was standing at edge of the verandah and the impact sent him down to the ground below where a quantity of rubbish was lying scattered. The corner of the tin cut open the skin of his forehead and he bled profusely.

The *Sahib*, taking no notice of the man's condition roared out—"You

damned son of a pig—why did you bring these *deshi* biscuits?"

The *Khansama* managed to crawl up to the verandah again, and stood before his master, trembling with fear. With folded hands he said—"Huzoor,—I did buy *b-lati* biscuits at first— but—"

"You did,—did you? What happened to them?"

"But Huzoor— The school-boys—" The *Khansama* thought he had much better bid good bye to his eight annas and confess that the boys had misled him into the belief that *deshi* biscuits were superior in quality and cheaper at the same time, so he bought them. He would however never do so again, &c., &c. But his master, burning with anger, interrupted him, saying—"What, the school-boys? *Bande Mataram*? They snatched your tin away—did they?"

The *Khansama* quickly changed his mind, thinking that this was by far the best way out of the difficulty. So he replied, bowing low,—“Yes, *Huzoor*—they snatched my *bilati* tin away.”

“Why did you let them ?

“What could I do, *Khodairund* ? I was alone and they were twenty or twenty-five against me.”

The *Sahib* thought that things had happened exactly as he had been reading of late in the newspapers.

“You damned coward—why did you not call the Police ?”

“I did, *Gharibparvar*—I shouted myself hoarse for the constables, but nobody turned up. The boys broke open the tin and scattering the biscuits on the street, began to dance on them, yelling *Bundook Maro* or some such thing. The *Huzoor's* tea was getting cold and as I had a rupee of my own in my pocket, I bought a *deshi* tin. The *bilati* tins could not be had for less than a rupee and a half, *Dharma-watar*.”

The *Sahib* was convinced. “All right, I am going to see the District Magistrate at once about it. I will get these rascally boys clapped into jail”—he said, and taking his hat, marched off towards the Station Club.

The Magistrate, the Judge, the Police Superintendent and some other European officers were at the club. Some *Mem Sahibs* were also present. The Judge and the Magistrate with their coats off and their shirt-sleeves

tucked up, were playing a game of billiards. The Joint Magistrate, the Police Sahib and their respective wives, were playing bridge. The Civil Surgeon, with his pipe in his mouth, was turning over the leaves of the *Illustrated London News*. The gentlemen were drinking whisky-pegs and the ladies sipping vermouth.

The tea-planter, arriving at the gate, sent in his card to the District Magistrate, and immediately was asked to walk in. He entered, hat in hand, murmuring that he was very sorry to intrude, and then related the whole of the affair as he had heard from his servant.

The Magistrate's face became livid with rage. Addressing the Superintendent of Police, he said—“I say, this is serious. This must be seen to at once.”

The Police Sahib jumped to his feet, saying—“Yes, I will myself go and see to it.” Making over his cards to the Civil Surgeon, he left the club with the tea-planter. On the way he ordered his Chuprassi to summon the *Kotwali Daroga* to the *Dak Bungalow*, at once.

Arriving at the *Dak Bungalow*, the tea-planter said—“While we wait for your *Daroga*, may I offer you a peg ?”

“Thanks, I don't mind”—said the D. S. P.

The bottle glasses and soda-water appeared on the table. Havanna cigars were produced also.

"'Tis really very good of you to take so much trouble"—said the tea-planter.

The D. S. P. remarked—"This Baude Mataram nuisance is getting intolerable day by day. The scoundrels of the National School must have done it."

The gentlemen then discussed over their glasses the state of unrest in the country, the impertinence of the present day Bengalis, the remissness of the Government in not adopting sterner measures and the criminal folly of the "White Babus" in Parliament in encouraging native lawlessness by their foolish questions.

In the meanwhile, Kasimulla Khan, the Daroga, arrived and saluting the D. S. P., stood attention.

"Daroga, do you know that there has been a disturbance in the Bazar to-day ?

"Yes, Huzoor, I have just heard of it."

"What action have you taken ?"

"I have deputed a Head Constable to find out the complainant, Sir."

"The complainant is here. Take down his *italu* and draw up a First Information Report at once."

"Yes, Huzoor,—and the Daroga took the Khansama out into the verandah, and getting hold of a lamp, sat down to draw up the First Information. The Khansama gave the Daroga the same story as he had done to his master. In the midst of it the Daroga

enquired—"Did they assault you and were you wounded ?"

"Yes, they assaulted me rather severely and these are the wounds I received,—see Darogaji"—whined the *Khansama* and pointed out to him the wound on his forehead he had received at the hand of his master, as well as several bruises he had sustained by falling on the rubbish heap.

All this was in the hearing of the tea-planter, but he did not feel that there was any necessity of correcting his servant. He merely murmured to himself—"What liars these damned natives are !"

The First Information drawn up, the D. S. P. said to his *Daroga*—"You must arrest the culprits this very evening. Don't let them out on bail during the night." He then bade good night to the tea-planter and left.

The *Daroga* then approached the tea-planter and said with much deference.

"Will the *Huzoor* be pleased to give the *Khansama* leave of absence for a little while to come with me and identify the accused ?"

"All right, you may go *Khansama*. Show the culprits to the *Daroga*."

The *Khansama*, with great hesitancy, said—"They were a large number of boys, *Huzoor*, and it was getting dark. I doubt if I could identify them."

"*Soor*"—thundered his master—"If you can't identify the accused, I will dismiss you instantly."

"*Jo Hukum, Huzoor*"—murmured the poor man and walked off with the *Daroga*.

This excellent Police Officer, without making the slightest attempt at any kind of enquiry, betook himself to the Boarding House attached to the National School. None of the resident teachers were present then. Many of the students were also out. In the central room, four or five boys, sitting on grass mats, were preparing their lessons by the light of open earthen lamps. The *Khansama* pointed to three of the boys as having been in the row, and the *Daroga* forthwith arrested them.

Needless to say that these boys knew nothing of the affair. Greatly astonished, they exclaimed—"Why are you arresting us, *Daroga Sahib*? What have we done?"

"You shall know it in Court, young men"—was the *Daroga's* laconic reply. He gave these boys in custody of three constables and sent them to the *thana*.

The *Daroga* next took the *Khansama* to the Government Hospital and got his wounds examined by the resident surgeon and an injury report duly made out. This done, he wanted the *Khansama* to accompany him to the *thana*.

"But I have been late already and must go back to my master. What should I do at the *thana*?"

"Identify the accused."

"Haven't I done so already?"

"Yes, yes—but you must make yourself thoroughly acquainted with their faces to-night. To-morrow some Deputy Magistrate will come and mix up the three accused with half a dozen other boys of the same age—and you will be required to pick them out.* If you fail, hang goes your case."

"But the *Sahib* may be annoyed if I stay away long."

"Go and ask him for leave for a couple of hours."

The *Khansama* did as he was directed, explaining everything. His master gave him the leave, saying to himself—"How dishonest these d—d native Police are!"

The *Daroga* then got hold of certain other "witnesses"—shopkeepers and others from the *bazar* and brought them to the *thana*. For fear of the Police they agreed to depose to the very little they had seen and a good deal they had not seen. The whole of the evening was spent in giving these "witnesses" a thorough drill as to their statements in Court, and also in preparing them for to-morrow's honest identification.

* This procedure is known as "honest identification" in Police parlance.—Translator.

IV

The case was duly sent up and the District Magistrate made it over to Babu Nagendra Nath for trial.

It was evening. The Deputy Babu came home from the *cutcherry* and finishing his tea, was sitting on a verandah of the inner apartments, leisurely pulling at *hooka*.

His wife Charusila, a young lady of twenty summers, came and sat by him. Observing that her husband was rather taciturn that evening, she enquired—"You look sad. Is there anything wrong? Has anything happened?"

"No, nothing in particular."

But the lady was not satisfied with this reply. She began pressing him to tell her what was passing in his mind.

At last the Deputy Babu said—"You have heard of the students' case, haven't you? There are so many other Deputy Magistrates; it is very annoying that the case should have been made over to me for trial."

"You will try it? I am so glad. I was rather anxious on that score."

"Why anxious?"

"I apprehended that the case might be made over to somebody who would unjustly send the boys to jail, in order to please the *Sahibs*. A great weight is now removed from my mind."

The Deputy smiled inwardly at his wife's ingenuous confidence in his own judicial independence. He observed

languidly—"Yes, but supposing the case is proved, I should not acquit the boys unjustly. Should I?"

"Oh, certainly not"—was Charusila's firm reply.—"I wouldn't have you do so even if they were my own children. But, from what I have heard, I am persuaded that they are quite innocent."

"Where have you heard it?"

"The other day when I was at the Munsiff's Babu's house on the occasion of the *Barbhat* ceremony of his daughter-in-law, many ladies there said that the boys had not as a matter of fact snatched away the tin of biscuits from the *K'hansama*; that they had taken it from him with his free consent after having given him the full value of it, neither had they assaulted the man. Besides, the three boys who have actually been sent up were neither there nor were they in any way connected with the affair."

The Deputy Babu heaved a sigh and said—"Yes,—but the question is whether they would be able to prove it."

"Oh yes—there will be plenty of evidence to prove it. There are many who have seen the whole affair."

"I hope they will be able to prove it"—said the Deputy Babu with another sigh.

Charusila thought for a few moments and then added—"But supposing they

fail to prove it and their guilt is established. You should consider their youth and award a sentence of fine. You ought not to send the poor urchins to jail—as has been done in similar cases elsewhere.”

Charusila, for some time, employed her gentle arts to cheer up her husband but the Deputy Babu remained as sad and thoughtful as before. A little while after, a letter was brought in to him. He tore it open and found that it was from the District Magistrate, inviting him to call at eight o'clock the next morning.

At the appointed hour Nagendra Babu arrived at the Magistrate's *kothi* and sent his card in. Outside in the verandah, seated on a bench, were a dozen visitors who were patiently waiting for an interview. A minute later, the Magistrate's *Chuprassi* came and showed him into the office room. “The *Sahib* is at *Chota Hazri*, Sir, and will be here directly”—said the *Chuprassi*, bowing low.

A few minutes passed and then the Magistrate entered. He shook hands with Nagendra Babu, and asking him to be seated, enquired:—“How is everything in town now?”

“It is in its normal condition, Sir.”

“Any excitement among the *Swadeshi wallas*?”

“None that I know of.”

Lighting a cigarette, the Magistrate observed—“This *Swadeshi* is a damned

rot.—What do you think of it, Nagendra Babu?”

“Sir—”

“Mind you, the real *Swadeshi*—an honest endeavour to help and improve the industries of the country—is a very good thing—and it has the hearty support of us all. But this *hulla*—this burning of Manchester cloth—what is all this?”

“That's wicked, Sir,”—replied Nagendra Babu in a tone almost apologetic.

A short silence followed. The Magistrate then broke it, saying—“By the way—that biscuit case is in your file—isn't it?”

“Yes, Sir, it is.”

“Oh the impudence of these boys! They almost fractured the poor *Khansama's* skull. They scattered the biscuits on the road and danced on them like so many devils. If these young scoundrels are not taught a good lesson now,—they would turn thieves and *dacoits* when they grow up. Their punishment ought to be exemplary.”

Nagendra Babu sat silent, fixing his gaze on the carpet underneath.

Another brief silence followed. The *Sahib* then said—“How do you like Faridsing, Nagendra Babu? I find everything so dear here.”

Immensely relieved at the change of topic, Nagendra Babu replied—“Yes, Sir, it is so. Milk sells at four annas a *seer* here.”

"When I was a Joint at Bhagalpur"—the Magistrate continued—"I used to buy six large fowls for a rupee. Here I can hardly obtain more than three for that amount. There, the *Baburchi*, the *Khitmadgar* could be had for ten or twelve rupees. Here I have to pay twenty."

"Yes, Sir,—servants also are very dear here. We who are poorly paid find it very difficult to make both ends meet."

"What grade are you in now, Nagendra Babu?"

"Two hundred and fifty, Sir."

"For how long?"

"Three years."

"What?"—exclaimed the Magistrate—"Three—years!—Shame! 'Tis a downright shame. I will have a look at your Service Book and write to the Commissioner recommending your promotion to the three-hundred grade as soon as I can."

"Thank you very much, Sir,—it

would be so kind of you."

After a few minutes' more conversation, the Magistrate *Sahib* stood up and stretching his hand towards his visitor, said—"Well Nagendra Babu, I won't detain you longer. Good morning."

"Good morning, Sir"—bowed Nagendra Babu, and was about to depart.

"I say"—said the Magistrate—"If you hear anything special about this *Swadeshi* business in town, come and tell me at once. This *Swadeshi* must be stamped out at any cost,"

Greatly pleased at the prospect of promotion, Nagendra Babu responded with apparent enthusiasm—"Yes, Sir. You can reckon upon my doing my duty towards the Government."

Coming out into the verandah, Nagendra Babu cast a proud glance on the expectant *salam*-givers, still sitting patiently on the bench, and got into his carriage.

V

The case was taken up on the appointed day. On the day following the arrest of these boys, some pleaders of the local bar stood sureties for them and got them released on bail. The same gentlemen, at a sacrifice of their valuable time and money, were

looking after the case and defending the boys in court.

The *Khansama* stuck to his former statement. In cross-examination the defence pleader asked him whether it was not a fact that his master the *Sahib* had caused the injury on his

forehead by throwing the biscuit-tin at him. The *Khansama* stoutly denied it, persisting in his statement that the injury was caused by the boys who had slapped and cuffed him on the forehead.

The tea-planter, following in the wake of the "d——d natives," emphatically denied having hurled the tin at his servant's head.

Some *bazar* people spoke to the breaking of the biscuit box in the street and the boys dancing on the scattered contents of it, but could not identify the accused as having been in the assembly. The Police put in the broken tin rescued from the gutter and an envelope containing dust mixed with powdered biscuits as "Exhibits" in the case.

The merchant identified the boys and swore that they were among those who came into his shop with the *Khansama* and insisted on the English tin being taken back and the money refunded. A little while after they had left, he heard many voices shouting *Bande Mataram* from near the *Swadeshi* shop. In cross-examination he was asked whether or not school-boys for some time past had been picketing and the consequent loss but denied that it had caused him the slightest annoyance.

The Assistant Surgeon deposed that the injury on the forehead was an incised wound, probably caused by some sharp and hard substance. In cross-

examination by the defence he said that it could not have been caused by slaps and fisticuffs.

The case was then adjourned for defence evidence. On the appointed day the man who kept the *Swadeshi* Stores came and swore to everything that had actually happened. He also said that none of the boys in the dock were among those who came to his shop to buy the *deshi* tin.

A doctor in private practice said that he was passing along the street when he found some boys talking to the *Khansama*. He also swore to the fact that the latter had given up the tin to the boys quite voluntarily and expressed his willingness to take a tin of *deshi* biscuits in exchange. He also saw the *Khansama* accompanying the boys to the *Swadeshi* Stores. In cross-examination by the Police he admitted that he himself was a staunch *Swadeshi* and held shares worth two hundred rupees in the *Swadeshi* Stores in question.

The *Khansama* of the *Dak Bungalow* was next examined. He deposed that the tea-planter had thrown a biscuit-tin at the head of his servant who fell down on a heap of rubbish and sustained injuries. He was positive that when the servant returned from the *bazar* he had no injuries on his person at all. In cross-examination he admitted that the pleader Bahus were his occasional customers, ordering roast fowl and cutlets to be cooked,

and that the servants of these Babus came to fetch the things away after nightfall. That was a source of some profit to him.

The case then closed and the arguments were heard. It was ordered that the judgment would be delivered that day week.

In the meantime the Deputy Babu was seen paying two or three calls to the District Magistrate at his *kothi*. People began to whisper to each other that these visits presaged evil.

On the day the judgment was due, Nagendra Babu's *ejlash* room was crowded to suffocation. A large number of school boys had attended. There were others also, eager to know the result.

Nagendra Babu delivered the judgment. The accused were all found guilty and sentenced to undergo three months' rigorous imprisonment and to pay a fine of fifty rupees each.

As soon as this was known, the boys gave three shouts of *Bande Mataram*, just to cheer up the accused. With great difficulty the Police stopped the outburst and cleared the room.

Babu Kalikant, the leading pleader for the defence, asked for the judgment and read it through. The Deputy Magistrate wrote that no doubt there were many discrepancies in the prosecution evidence but they were only "minor discrepancies." If anything, they served to show that the prosecution witnesses were not tutored. It

was true that some witnesses said that the unlawful assembly consisted of fifteen or twenty boys, while others gave the number as fifty or sixty. None of these witnesses actually counted the number of boys there, so it was quite natural that they should differ in their estimates. The complainant swore that the accused had caused the injury on his forehead by slaps and fisticuffs while the medical evidence was that it could not have been caused in that manner. The learned pleader for the defence laid great stress on this point and invited the Court to hold that the case was a got-up one. But to the Deputy Magistrate's mind, the complainant during the occurrence must have been so confounded and panic struck that it was impossible for him to remember precisely by what means the boys caused him the injury in question. As regards the defence witnesses the Deputy was of opinion that they all belonged to the so called *Sindeshi* party and so they must be telling untruths to save the boys. The defence pleader argued that the *Dak Bungalow Khansama* was an independent witness and should be believed. But it appeared to the Deputy Magistrate that that individual was constantly patronised by the pleaders (who were all *Sindeshites*) and so it was not likely that he would incur the displeasure of his every day customers by speaking the truth to support the case

of a chance visitor like the tea-planter *Sahib*.

The pleaders immediately applied for and obtained a certified copy of the judgment. They then approached the Session Judge for filing an appeal and prayed for bail.

Hundreds of school-boy were waiting outside the Judge's Court. As soon as they heard that bail was

granted, they began shouting *Bande Mataram* vociferously. They got hold of an empty *gharry* and put the three accused inside it. They then unharnessed the horses and began dragging the *gharry* themselves. Forming themselves into a procession they paraded through all the important streets of the town, singing a popular song glorifying martyrs.

VI

That evening Nagendra Babu returned home, not quite himself. He felt as though he had committed some heinous crime. His eyes were downcast and lustreless and his face was pale,

His wife sat at a corner of the verandah, sullen and sad. Nagendra Babu approached her, but she would not even look at him. He understood what it was due to.

Nagendra Babu put off his *cutcherry* costume and after a little while came again to his wife. Charusila sat in the same position as before, almost in tears.

"Why are you so sad, Charu?"—whispered Nagendra Babu tenderly.

Charusila neither spoke nor looked at her husband. He said again—"Tell me, Charu, what it is."

"I have a pain in my head"—muttered Charusila.

"Pain in the head? I am so sorry. When did it begin? Come, let me tie up your head with a handkerchief soaked in Eau-de-Cologne,—it would give you instant relief."

"No, thanks"—Charusila replied—"it would be of no use."

The Deputy Babu left her for the present.

The house-maid brought him his tea and refreshments. Ordinarily Charusila herself used to wait on her husband at this time, but to-day she appeared not. Nagendra Babu tried to eat of the dishes set before him—but found it difficult to swallow anything. He felt as though the cavity of his breast was loaded with stones. He then sought consolation in his *hooka*. He kept on smoking for a

long while. When he could bear it no longer—he got up and approached his wife again. Finding her seated at the same place and in the same condition, he gently touched her arm and said—“Come, come,—don’t sulk like that, dear. I had such good news to tell you to-day—I thought it would please you so.”

Charusila slowly raised her head and said in a low voice—“What is it?”

“The District Magistrate has written to the Commissioner to-day recommending my promotion to the grade of three hundred.”

Charu lowered her head again and this time her tears flowed freely—tears of burning shame at the thought that that was the price for which her husband had sold himself.

Trying to raise his wife from her seat, Nagendra Babu said—“Oh Charu! Don’t be so unreasonable, dear. What is there to cry about?”

Charusila gently pushed her husband away, saying—“Don’t please, speak to me to-day. Keep away from me, just for this day—I implore you.” So saying she got up and walked away to her bedroom.

Nagendra Babu came out of the house and sat in the front verandah. The servant prepared his *chelum*. He once more abandoned himself to its ever consoling fumes. He smoked two or three *chelums* in succession during which the summer twilight deepened into the gloom of night. He gave him-

self up to better self-reproach as he smoked. He thought what he was when, fresh from College, he first sat on the *ejlash* as a Deputy Magistrate—and, what he has become since. To-day Charusila begged him not to speak to her, to stay away from her. No doubt she considered him fallen—contaminated,—was she wrong? Has he not, wearing the sacred robe of Justice to-day, dragged her to the mire instead of upholding and cherishing her? And, this was not the first time that he had done so. What made him stoop so low?—Was it not filthy lucre? The result of long years of culture and discipline—his sense of duty, piety, moral rectitude—why had he scattered these to the winds?—Merely for a handful of silver;—merely from the belief that the handful of silver would be imperilled if he displeased the power that be. Time was when half-educated Deputy Magistrates used to accept bribes from those litigating in their Courts.—They were not very much to blame, poor devils, for they knew no better. But Nagendra Babu, one of the most brilliant products of the University—has he not swerved from the strict path of justice, allured by an increment of fifty rupees a month to his salary? Was this not accepting bribe in a sense? What had he to plead in extenuation of his transgression?—Nothing, nothing whatever.

Such were the thoughts in which Nagendra Babu indulged. When he

could bear them no longer, he decided to go out for a stroll. Taking his *chudder* and his stick, he left the house and walked about only such streets as were dark and unfrequented. He dreaded a chance meeting with any of his acquaintances.

He retired to rest at the usual hour, but had little or no sleep. The next day was a holiday—so he decided to go out on tour in the *nefussil*. The servants were busy making preparations for the journey. Nagendra Babu sat in his bedroom with a book in his hand though scarcely reading it, when Charusila entered.

She looked at her husband's face—pale and haggard—and at once divined his mental condition. In a moment, her heart became overwhelmed with loving sympathy for her husband in his mental agony. She approached him and said in a tone sweetly sad—"When do you return?"

"To-morrow morning, I think"—said Nagendra Babu, without looking at his wife.

"You won't be away longer, would you?"

"Suppose I did,—you wouldn't be sorry."

This drew tears from Charusila's eyes. She hid her face in her husband's breast and sobbed.

"What's this?—Oh Charu!—don't go on like that, dear,"—said Nagendra

Babu, lovingly raising up his wife's face with both hands.

But her sobs did not abate. At last Nagendra Babu said—"I cannot bear your grief any longer. Do tell me what you want me to do—what would please you and it shall be done."

Charusila looked at her husband with an earnest gaze for a few moments. Then she slowly said—"Will you fulfil my wishes?"

"Tell me what they are."

"I wish you would retire from service a service which compels you to sacrifice your conscience for its sake. I do not want your three hundred rupees a month. I do not want all the gold and silver—the comforts and the luxuries—which you provide me with. I would much rather you became a school-master on fifty rupees a month. We could manage the household even on that allowance—and be happy."

The Deputy Babu remained a few moments in silent thought. Then he spoke—"Yes, dear, — you are right! I will do as you wish."

The *gharry* was ready outside. There were not many minutes to be lost if Nagendra Babu meant to catch the train. He said again, re-assuring her—"Yes, I will send in my resignation. I don't want you to be unhappy, my beloved one"—and kissed her good bye.

VII

The next morning, before Nagendra Babu returned home, the *chuprassi* brought in the *duk*. Charusila saw that besides a few letters, there was an unusually large number of newspapers. She opened one packet and found that it was the Bengali daily called "*Sandhya*." In it was an article headed—Vagaries of a *Ghotiram** at Faridsing. The "*Sandhya*," with the characteristic vulgarity of style all its own, had commented on the students case and heaped abuses on Nagendra Babu. The article was heavily marked all round with a red pencil. Charusila had not the patience to read the whole of it—it was so very offensive. She then tore open another packet and found that it was the same issue of the "*Sandhya*" with the article marked in blue pencil. She then examined the different packets and saw they were all copies of the same number, seventeen altogether, kindly posted by seventeen different strangers from Calcutta, for Nagendra Babu's benefit. Charusila collected all the copies together, took them to the kitchen and throw them into the fire-place, lest they should meet her husband's eyes.

Nagendra Babu returned home about ten o'clock and finishing his bath and breakfast quickly, drove off to Court.

Charusila, finding her little boy

still loitering about the house, enquired of him why he hadn't gone to school. The poor boy replied—"Mother,—I have already been insulted by other school-boys in the streets. I don't wish to take the risk of being insulted further."

Charusila understood. "Very well," she said "don't go to school to-day. I want you to accompany me to a certain place."

At noon Charusila sent for a *gharry*, and accompanied by her child, drove to the house of Babu Kali Kant the pleader.

Entering the *zenana* she found assembled there several other ladies, wives of pleaders residing in the neighbourhood. Some of these ladies were playing cards—and some were watching. They looked at Charusila but uttered not a word of welcome. Kalikant Babu's wife welcomed her, but not so warmly as she had done on previous occasions.

Charusila began talking of ordinary matters in which the hostess only joined. The other ladies kept a studied silence. At last she mentioned the students' case herself.

One of the visiting ladies remarked—It has been a very sad affair.--We did not expect it."

Kalikant Babu's wife added—"My husband was telling me that very

*When a disparaging and contemptuous reference to a Deputy Magistrate is intended, he is spoken of as a *Ghotiram*. This term was coined by the late Babu Dina Bandhu

Mitra, the greatest Bengalee dramatist of modern times, and has been in general acceptance in that sense ever since—TRANSLATOR.

likely the conviction would be set aside on appeal."

Another lady observed—"Unless of course the *Sahibs* refuse to do justice because it is a *Sitadeshi* case."

"What's the date fixed for the hearing of the appeal, please?"—asked Charusila.

"I am not certain—but it will be heard shortly"—replied Kali Kant Babu's wife.

"The boys ought to have an able Counsel down from Calcutta"—put in Charusila.

Kali Kant Babu's wife mused a little and then said—"Yes, but that means a lot of money, you know. I don't think the boys can afford it. Our husbands will do it for them as well as they can."

Charusila, with her head bent low, said—"I am willing to pay for a Counsel."

This proposal came as a surprise to those present. One of the ladies said—"You? Why should you?"

Charusila continued—"You and your husbands are doing so much for the poor boys at the sacrifice of time and money. Am I not entitled to lend them a helping hand also? Here. I have brought with me a pair of golden bracelets. Over a thousand rupees would be realised by selling them. Let that amount be spent in engaging the services of some eminent Counsel. Oh, don't refuse my offer—for Heaven's sake, let me do something for my peace of mind."—The ladies noticed that Charusila's eyes were sparkling with tears as she finished,

Kali Kant Babu's wife took the bracelets, saying—"Very well, when my husband comes home from the Court, I will tell him."

This incident thawed the other ladies immediately. They began talking to Charusila in a kindly manner and vied with each other in making up for their past rudeness.

VIII

The students appeal has been decided. A famous barrister of the Calcutta bar had appeared for them, but it was all in vain. The Sessions Judge rejected the appeal. The boys have gone to jail again. Arrange-

ments are being made to move the High Court in Revision.

The news that Nagendra Babu's wife helped the boys by selling her jewellery is all over the town. It has reached the ears of the District Magis-

trate himself. Since then that officer has been treating Nagendra Babu rather harshly. One day he had to go to the *khas camera* of the magistrate to explain some papers. He was not invited to a seat on the occasion as in days past. He had to explain the papers standing, like an ordinary clerk. Another day, in the presence of his subordinate staff, the Magistrate reprimanded Nagendra Babu severely in connection with one of the cases tried by him but set aside on appeal by the Judge.

Owing to such behaviour of the District Magistrate, and also to please his wife, Nagendra Babu has decided to retire from service, pass his Law Examination and start practice in the High Court. The husband and the wife talk over this project every day. It has been settled that Nagendra Babu would send in his resignation in a month's time.

A day or two after the Judge had passed orders in the students' case, Nagendra Babu was asked by the Magistrate to see him at his *kothi* on a certain morning. Formerly, he used to pay ceremonial visits to the Magistrate now and then, of his own accord ; but for some weeks past he has deliberately been keeping himself away.

On the appointed morning, Nagendra Babu robed himself and drove to the Magistrate's *kothi*. The bearer took his card in. There was a wooden bench placed in the verandah outside

the office room. The custom with the Magistrate was that when gazetted officers or big *semi-dars* came to visit him, they were shown into the office room to wait his arrival. Men of a lesser position were asked to sit on the bench till each should be called for by the Magistrate in his turn according to the time of his arrival. Contrary to custom, the bearer came out today and asked Nagendra Babu to sit on the bench. About half-a-dozen men of the smaller fry were seated there. Nagendra Babu keenly felt the insult offered to him and instead of sitting on the bench, began to walk about in the verandah to pass the waiting time.

A little while later, the bearer rushed out of the room where the Magistrate was having his *choa hazri* and addressing the Deputy said—"The *Sahib* is annoyed at the noise made with your boots, Sir. Kindly sit on the bench."

At this second insult, Nagendra Babu's blood boiled—but he restrained himself. He went and seated himself on the bench. The smaller fry squeezed themselves together to leave a respectable space between themselves and the Deputy Magistrate.

A little later the *Sahib* finished his *choa hazri* and entered the office room. The first man he sent for—was not Nagendra Babu. One by one the smaller fry were ushered into the august presence of the Lord of the District and dismissed after a few

minutes' conversation. Several men came subsequent to Nagendra Babu's arrival. Gradually, they too began to be sent for. Nagendra Babu had no doubt that the Magistrate's intention was to disgrace him publicly. During the interval of waiting his feelings may be better imagined than described. He was perspiring all over and his handkerchief became quite useless after a time. Sitting on the bench there, he resolved to send in his resignation—not after one month—but that very day.

At last, Nagendra Babu was the sole occupant of the bench. The last visitor departed, and he was sent for. Nagendra Babu reeled into the Magistrate's presence, like one drunk.

"Good morning, Sir."—said he as he entered.

The Magistrate, keeping his seat, said—"Good morning Babu."

Babu !—On former occasions, the Magistrate used to rise, offer his hand, and say—"Good morning, *Nagendra Babu*." He knew very well that Bengalee gentlemen of position took offence at being addressed as "Babu"

without their names being prefixed to it.*

Nagendra Babu, however, did not mind it,—as he had already decided upon the course he was to pursue.

Pressing his cigar between his teeth the Magistrate asked—"What news about *Swadeshi* in the town?"

"Good,"—replied Nagendra Babu.

"I am glad to hear it. It is the effect of the drastic measures taken in the biscuits case."

"I am afraid"—said Nagendra Babu—"you misunderstand me, Sir. I said 'good' from the point of view of the people,—not of the Government. Since my decision in the biscuits case the people of the town have become stauncher adherents of *Swadeshi* than before."

The Magistrate exclaimed in astonishment—"Then why do you say it is good? Are you a *Swadeshi* too?"

"Since the *Swadeshi* movement was started, sir, not a single pice worth of any foreign article has entered my house"—came Nagendra Babu's proud reply.

*Before the advent of the English, the word "Babu" standing alone was a term of great respect. But Englishmen by their contemptuous use of it, have rendered it obnoxious to the community. A Bengalee would not resent being addressed as "Babu" by his own countrymen; but would take offence if a European were to address him so.

If the name is prefixed to the "Babu," it is all right. The matter is purely sentimental though difficult to support by logic. It is very much like the gentlemen of Scotland claiming to be called Scotsmen and taking offence at their being called Scotchmen.

TRANSLATOR.

The Magistrate's face became crimson. He knew perfectly well that many Bengalees who were in Government service, cherished their *Swadeshi* principles privately—but so far nobody had ever dared parade it before the *Sahibs*—their masters. He also felt that Nagendra Babu was paying him back for the insult that had been meted out to him this morning. But the proud *Sahib* was not a man to betray his feelings. He feigned amusement and said with a smile—“Yes, I have heard that Bengalee ladies are keener about *Swadeshi* than the men-folk even.” After a pause, his feeling of annoyance overpowering him, the Magistrate broke out—“By the way—I have heard that your wife contributed a thousand rupees towards the costs of the students' appeal by selling her jewellery. Is it a fact?”

“Yes, Sir, it is so. Besides, my wife has promised to pay the costs of the High Court motion also”—said Nagendra Babu in the most unconcerned manner.

Now, this was too much for the Magistrate. He flared up again and said in a choking voice—“But this is not defying the Government?”

“I don't know, Sir.—The High Court has been established by the Government also, and I thought that the Government was as anxious to do justice between itself and the people—as the people themselves.”

“May be”—said the Magistrate—

“But your wife had no business to interfere. It may not be defying the Government, but it is defying the Executive.”

“Thank God, Sir, my wife is not in executive service.”

Besides anger, the feeling of astonishment also was overwhelming the mind of the Magistrate *Sahib*. He had been in the Bengal Civil Service for so many years but such undaunted spirit in a Bengalee was quite a new thing to him. Yes, Nagendra Babu was deliberately paying him back in his own coin—that the Magistrate fully realised. But wait - the *Sahib* had in his hand such a magic wand as would bring Nagendra Babu to his knees at the very first touch of it. He mused for a few moments and then said calmly—

“Let that pass. The reason why I sent for you this morning is this. Of late, you have been very negligent of your duties. Unless you become more careful, I will have to withdraw my recommendation to the Commissioner for your promotion to the higher grade. I may even be obliged to reduce you to a lower grade.”

Having delivered this oration, the Magistrate triumphantly scrutinised Nagendra Babu's face for signs of the inevitable result. He was convinced that Nagendra Babu would collapse immediately and be eager to obtain his pardon with becoming humility.

But the 'inevitable' did not happen. A smile of contempt slowly lit up Nagendra Babu's face. "You may do as you please, Sir,"—he said—"because it won't affect me."

"What do you mean?"—exclaimed the Magistrate at this wholly unexpected reply.

"I have decided to send in my resignation, Sir, and my application will reach you in your office to-day. Would you be so good as to arrange that I may not be detained beyond the usual period of a month's notice?"

The Sahib's face fell. What! The Bengalee—the Bengalee, with whom Government service was the be-all and end-all of existence—coolly flinging away the high position of a Deputy Magistrate!—Well, the Sahib was not prepared for this. Surely, the times were strange.

Nagendra Babu looked at his watch and standing up, said—"I mustn't detain you longer, Sir. Good morning."

Absent-mindedly, the Magistrate stood up and giving Nagendra Babu his hand, said—"Good morning."

A month passed. To-day, Nagendra Babu sat on the *ejlash* for the last time. At close of day a large gathering of students was noticed outside his Court. Many of them carried flags inscribed with "*Bande Mataram*."

An open victoria, minus horses, was kept ready underneath a banian tree.

As soon as Nagendra Babu came out of the Court, the boys garlanded him. They begged him to get into the victoria and expressed their desire to drag the carriage themselves through the main streets of the town. Nagendra Babu thanked the boys for their good-will but firmly declined to be made the subject of a demonstration. The boys brought the carriage from underneath the tree and implored him to grant their prayer.

At this moment, two peasants were passing by, one belonging to the town and the other just arrived from a distant village.

The village-peasant enquired of his urban company—"I say—what is all this? Is the Babu with a garland round his neck, going to be married?"

"I think, not,"—replied the town peasant in his superior wisdom.—"The Babu, I presume has just been released from jail. They garland Babus who come out of jail now-a-days and make a great fuss of them."

The boys were still pleading with Nagendra Babu to get into the victoria, but he begged to be excused. He returned home walking as he did every day. After a break of two months, to-day the reconciliation between the husband and the wife was complete.

Has Gandhi Failed ?

REV JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

During the first two or three months of his freedom, Gandhi could do nothing but seek the restoration of his health and strength. At last, when his convalescence was completed, he looked about upon his country, and found a situation very different from that which he had left two years before. In three directions at least he seemed to see disaster.

ADVENT OF THE SWARAJISTS

First of all, he discovered that the boycotts were everywhere breaking down, with the sole exception of the boycott of foreign cloth. In a frank statement in his recent address as President of the All-India Congress, Gandhi declares that "the majority of those who are immediately concerned have practically lost faith in (the boycotts)." He confesses that "scores of lawyers have resumed practise, and that hundreds of boys and girls who gave up government schools and colleges have repented of their action and have returned to them." Most serious of all was the break down of the boycott of the legislative councils, for this implied an organised opposition. Within a year after the adoption of the Calcutta programme, the All-India Congress was urged to lift the ban against the councils, so that champions of independence might run for office and thus fight for their cause inside the recognized political assemblies, but the verdict of the delegates was against them. The advocates of this change then organised a party

inside the Congress, known as the Swarajists, headed by Mr. C. R. Das, who set themselves to convert the Congress to their opinion, with the result that at a special session of the Congress in September 1923 the ban on political nation was lifted for those who might otherwise feel free to contest the election.

This was confirmed by the regular session of the congress in December. All this created a situation which called for drastic action on the part of Gandhi, and at a meeting of the All-India Congress Committee he offered resolutions calling for an explicit re-affirmation of the original non-co-operation programme. These resolutions were carried by a vote of 184 to 140. By any other leader in any other country this result would have been counted as a victory, and the advantage pressed to the uttermost. But not so by Gandhi ! He confessed himself "utterly defeated and humbled." He insisted upon describing the vote as "a triumph for Mr. Das." Then, in a statement, supremely characteristic of his great spirit, he declared that, in spite of their technical defeat, his opponents must go right on and carry out their policy. "They have no reason whatsoever," he said, "for withdrawing from the legislative bodies at the present moment."

RELIGIOUS FEUDS.

But there was a second collapse of the Gandhi movements. I refer to the fact that the old religious feuds between the Hindus and

the Moslems have been resumed as furiously as ever. A veritable revival of fanaticism broke upon the country in the summer of 1923. Arguments developed into fight, fights into riots, riots into bloodshed...At last came some thing like a religious war in the town of Kohat, and the whole country threatened to burst into a conflagration. It was at this terrific moment that Gandhi announced that in penance for the sins of his people, he was going to fast for a period of twenty-one days. The effect was like that of an earthquake shock. It was known that the Mahatma had only recently recovered from a dangerous operation. He was over fifty years old, weighed less than ninety pounds, and was in feeble health. His announcement seemed to be a sentence of death. At once there went up a cry of protest and humiliation. Within a few days leaders of the Hindu and Moslem faiths had come together and drawn up one of the most remarkable documents of religious reconciliation that I have ever seen. But Gandhi had made a vow which could not be broken, the outcome was now in the hands of God. For three weeks not a morsel of food passed his lips. At last on the twenty-second day, a mere shadow of his former self, he took a drink of orange juice amid solemn ceremonies of religious brotherhood, and the fast was over.

"CULT OF THE BOMB."

This was the second disaster which Gandhi discovered on his release from prison. The third disaster was the resumption of open violence among the advocates of national independence. I have found it difficult to get any exact information upon this point, but I have seen accounts of political assassination, references to a so-called "cult of the bomb" and in Gandhi's writings a tacid recognition of the frustration of his non-resistant principles. Evidently, during the Mahatma's im-

prisonment, young and ardent spirits were converted to the doctrine of retaliation, and had turned to violence as the easy method of striking back at the Government which had seized upon the person of their leaders. The result of course was the discovery by the British of a terrorist conspiracy, and the application in the province of Bengal of the usual measures of repression...With a gesture supremely characteristic of his benignant spirit, Gandhi now performed one of the most sublime actions of his entire life. He met his opponents, the Swarajists, and offered to abandon not only the one boycott which was in controversy between them, but all the boycotts. The one need to-day, he said, is reconciliation and unity and a meeting together in the broadest possible platform of agreement. Therefore at his own initiative, as a test of his sincerity, as a voluntary offering of good will Gandhi surrendered to his opponents the Swarajists, all that they had been fighting for. And he did this not with reluctance, regret, but with the joy of one who lives in the spirit of sacrificial love. "I have been charged," he says, "with having yielded everything to the Swarajist" does not agree that this is so by any means; but "if I have done so," he continues, "I pride myself on the fact." And again he cries, "I thank God that he gave me strength to surrender to the Swarajists all that it was possible for it was possible for me to surrender much more than I or my friends had expected."

GANDHI'S "SURRENDER"

Now it is this "surrender" of Gandhi to the Swarajists, following upon the three disasters to the movements just described which is being cited everywhere as evidence that the Mahatma has failed! As a matter of fact, the most casual examination of the agreement at the recent All-India Congress

shows that Gandhi's programme still stands in its essentials. Basic to this whole program is the principle of non-violence ; in this there can never be surrender or even compromise. But there has never been any demand for either ! "The Swaraj party", says Gandhi, "is a party of orderly progress. It accepts of non violence as a policy, and it discountenances violence because it considers it to be useless if not even harmful." Next in importance in Gandhi's mind is the spinning of native cloth, which he believes is some day to repel the invasion of western capitalism by substituting the spinning wheel in the home for the machine in the factory. This feature in Gandhi's programme is not only retained but strengthened, for the new agreement provides that all members of the Congress must "make a contribution of 2000 yards of evenly spun yarn per month of his or her own spinning." What has been surrendered are the boycotts, against which there has been opposition from the beginning. But these were never offered as anything more than experimental devices for bringing some forms of coercive pressure to bear upon the British Government other than those of violence and bloodshed. A large number of Gandhi's followers are now convinced after four or five years of actual experience that these devices are impracticable, and they would substitute for them now devices along lines of political agitation and opposition. What Gandhi has done is to concede to these people, the Swarajists, the same opportunity to test out their methods of reform that he has had to test out his methods since 1920. "Non-violence", says Mahatma Gandhi, "means utmost accommodation compatible with one's principles." The Swarajists "claim to be a growing party", and Gandhi would give them every opportunity to grow still more. Therefore he goes to the limit of his conscience to meet his opponents, and

work with them on their terms and not on his.

It is so obvious that Gandhi's programme in its essential features is still in operation, that we must look elsewhere for an explanation of the very general feeling that the Mahatma has failed. This means that we must turn away from the specific details of his policy to the policy as a whole. What Gandhi is trying to

What is the object of his campaign ? What is the task which he set himself when he laid down his programme of non-violent non-co-operation at the Calcutta Congress 1920 ?

The answer to this question is two-fold. In the first place, Gandhi is seeking the political independence of India, inside the Empire if possible, outside the Empire if necessary, and back of that, the deliverance of his country from all influences of western industry and culture. What he wants is to sever the bonds that bind India to the west, and thus to free her "for the development of her own life in her one unhindered way. Now it is this goal which has not been reached after five years of unmeasured sacrifice and devotion. There is no reason in itself why it should have been reached in so short a space of time. Gandhi took twenty years to emancipate the Hindus in South Africa. The Irish struggled for centuries. The duration of a conflict of this kind is measured more often by years. But the hopes of the Indian people have been high. Gandhi himself promised them a triumph in a comparatively short period of time. And this triumph has not come. In his recent address as President of the all-India Congress, he states his conviction that "non-violent non-co-operation as a means of attaining political freedom has come to stay" but with characteristic honesty and humility, he frankly confesses that non-violent non-co-operation has not brought us "Swaraj."

ATTEMPT AT UNITY

But this is not the whole of the story, for it must be noted that Gandhi never sought nor promised deliverance for India in any absolute sense. On the contrary, he laid down conditions of the most definite kind, and never failed to make it clear that independence, or "Swaraj," could not be had until these conditions had been fulfilled. This brings us immediately to the second object of Gandhi's programme, which is the political and spiritual unification of his people. If the Indian want to be free, they must end their differences and thus prove their fitness for self-government by revealing their capacity for self-control. They must become what they have never been at any time in the past—a single people, moved by a single impulse, dedicated to a single purpose, bound together by a single passion of love and brotherhood. It is this achievement of unity, said Gandhi which is the indispensable condition of any release from western mastery and it was with this fact in mind that he fashioned a programme which was aimed not only at independence, but also, and more particularly at that disciplining of a people which could alone make them fit for independence. Thus, he demanded the abolition of "untouchability" by which is meant the outlawry of the 3500,000 Hindus of the lowest caste who are regarded as "untouchable" by the other classes in the community. In the same way he called upon the Hindus and the Moslem to end their religious quarrels, and thus by natural forbearance and good-will to become one people before God. It was with the same purpose in view that he offered his system of boycotts, to all these proposals, as I have said, Gandhi had in mind the disciplining of his people to a national unity of thought and action. No man could declare more definitely than he declared that without this unity, "Swaraj" could never be attained. By the same token did he pro-

mise that 'with this unity, "Swaraj" could be attained in a single year.

Now it is in the failure of this endeavor after unity in India which is the real explanation of the failure to attain independence, or even to make any perceptible progress in that direction, that Gandhi has failed in this second and fundamental object of his progress, is perfectly plain. It is this which constituted the tragedy of what he discovered in his release from prison just a year ago. The ban of untouchability had been lifted from its millions of unhappy victims only in the case of a few scattered individuals. The Hindus and the Moslems were insulting one another, and every now and then resorting to rioting and bloodshed. Worst of all, the very boycotts which the Mahatma had formulated as a programme of united action against the English, had become an occasion of division in the ranks of the Nationalists themselves. The 'Swarajists' had no confidence in the programme, and sought to change it. The Non-Changers, says Gandhi, "should not have been irritated over the lack of faith in the part of their erstwhile co-workers. They should have given them the same credit for honesty and patriotism that they claimed for themselves. But instead they violently opposed them." Thus was the whole country rent with dissension. This meant that the work for independence could not continue in the old lines. "We are face to face with a situation," said Gandhi, in his address as President of the All-India Congress, "that compels us to cry halt—We are not ready for Civil Disobedience. We can but prepare for it. Civil Disobedience is an impossibility till the preliminary work of construction is done." Therefore, he says in another place, "my attempt will now be in the direction of bringing all parties together without distinction of race or colour, or creed on the ground of mutual toleration, and thus

to demonstrate that the Congress non-co-operation was not conceived in or based on hate or malice." This marks a new chapter in the Gandhi movement. Hitherto Gandhi has been aiming directly at national independence. Now he aims at that national unity without which independence is impossible. He is retreating, but only to consolidate his lines for a fresh advance.

It would be foolish, as it would be inaccurate, not to describe this development as failure. But it is the failure of—What of Gandhi's programme? Not at all! What we have here is a failure neither of Gandhi nor of his programme but a failure of the Indian people to measure up to the stature of the leader whom God has given them. If Gandhi has made any mistake it is in overestimating the intellectual and spiritual capacity of his people. The result is the same as it was in the case of Jesus, who similarly overestimated the ability of his people to take up his cross and follow. All through the closing chapters of the Gospels there runs the undertone of disillusionment, rising at last to the climax of Gethsemane and the cry of despair upon the cross. I find the same undertone in the recent utterances of Mahatma Gandhi. His people have failed him. They have not had the patience and the courage to follow in his path. They have not been worthy of his sacrifices. Not that he blames them, or chastises them! All his criticism is visited upon himself for standing their spirit to the breaking point. But he is disappointed—disappointed alike in the people and in their leaders. Referring to his sadness on the occasion of that committee meeting where his resolutions were all but defeated, he states that he was not sad because nobody had done him any wrong. "I was sad," he said, "because we were weighed in the scales of our own making and found wanting...My grief

consisted in the doubt about my own ability to lead those who would not follow." Yet he didn't despair. "Defeat" he said, "cannot dishearten me. It can only chasten me."—"I have abundant faith in my cause," he said on another occasion. "Indian humanity is no worse than any other; possibly it is better... Dark though the path appears, God will light it and guide my steps."

The failure in the present situation in India is the failure not of Gandhi but of his people. Acclaiming him, revering him, worshipping him, his followers have still found themselves incapable of obeying his word and heeding his example. The responsibility for disaster, therefore, is theirs and not his. Gandhi's failure, if it appear at all, can concern only what he himself has done in the face of his disillusionment. Three paths were open to him at the moment when he saw the chaos by which he was surrounded.

First of all, he could retire as leader of the Indian people in this crisis. He was tempted to do this at the Committee meeting where his resolutions were carried by so small a margin of votes. He was tempted again on the eve of the All-India Congress in December. But he came resolutely to feel that the desire to withdraw and thus abandon all further leadership was the voice of Ahriman, the Evil One, speaking in his breath. "For me to run away from the Congress at the present moment," he said, "would be cowardice.....I feel that I must not resist. On the contrary, I must let myself be used for the benefit of the country."

Secondly, as he saw the situation by which his movement threatened to be confounded, especially as he looked upon the opposition in the party ranks stirred up by Mr. Das and his "Swarajist" followers Gandhi could resort to the tactics followed with such vigour by Lenin and the Communist party in Russia. He

could appeal to the rights and powers of a dictatorship, fight his opponents to defeat and overthrow, and then expel them from his movement. Gandhi had the opportunity at the famous Committee meeting to which we have referred, when his resolutions carried by a vote of 183 to 140. He had a second opportunity at the meeting of the All-India Congress when a resolute challenge on his part would have brought the majority to his side for any action that he might propose. The action of the Communists in such circumstances is familiar. The majority dictates for the minority what it must do. If the majority opposes, it is silenced, then disciplined, then as a last resort banished from the party. Periodically in Communist ranks there is a "purging" of the organization, by which is meant the excommunication of the defeated minority by the triumphant majority. To Gandhi such action is of course, inconceivable. "I cannot impose my personal faith," he says "on others, never in a national organization. I can but try to convince the nation of its beauty and usefulness." Those who oppose him he must "honour for their differences, and allow them to go their way." Only in respect to an appeal to violence, would he rise up and fight to the end, "even if I was alone." But even here he recognizes "that the nation has the right, if it so wills, to indicate her freedom by actual violence." Only in this case India would cease "to be the land of my-love." But the Swarajists are not interested in violence. Therefore they must be treated with scrupulous justice and goodwill. They must be given full opportunity and privilege within the party councils. "I am aiming," says Gandhi, "at representation of all parties in the Congress, that we may learn to tolerate one another's opinions, may know one another better, may react upon

one another." To such a mind, any resort to methods of dictation, any overcoming of opposition by sheer force or numbers, was as impossible as the appeal, to violence. Although the opposite from retirement or running away, this would have been equally with this first course a confession of failure.

But there was a third feature open to Gandhi as he faced last year's crisis in Indian affairs. I refer to Gandhi's own method of non-resistance—of loving one's enemies, if walking with them rather than against them, of protecting them from humiliation and shame by visiting this humiliation and shame upon himself. When Gandhi as a teacher in his school, found that one of his pupils had disobeyed and injured him, what did he do? Instead of punishing the boy, he imposed upon himself a twenty-four hour fast in penance for another's sin, therewith binding the offender to him in contrition and reverence forever. When Gandhi found the Hindus and Moslems quarreling and rioting, did he denounce them or summon them to judgment? On the contrary, he imposed upon himself the dreadful penance of the three-weeks fast. For the "transgressions" of these people was he "wounded" for their "iniquities" was he "bruised," and therefore by "his stripes" were they "healed!" In the same way, when he found himself confronted by these "Swarajists" who were seeking changes in the programme to which he had set his heart, even when he still had majority on his side, he surrendered to his opponents. Asked for coat, he gave his cloak also! Compelled to go a mile, he went with them twain! "My opponents," he said, "have shown determination, grit, discipline, cohesion, and have not feared to carry their policy to the point of defiance...Though an uncompromising Non-Changer, I must not only tolerate their attitude and work with them, but I must even strengthen them wherever I can."

Now, just here in the adoption of this above course of non-resistance, toward those who have been opposing or betraying him, do we see the true character of Gandhi as a man. In this also do we see his victory as a leader. The Indian people, for a time at least, have failed ; but their leader has succeeded, as few men in history have ever succeeded. He has succeeded both outwardly and inwardly.

Outwardly he was succeeded by again writing the people of India. Britain faces once more an undivided country. When Gandhi came from prison, the work of the years behind him was in ruins. Old hatreds, new jealousies, conflicting counsels and opinions, had torn the nation into hopeless and helpless factions. It seemed as though not even the spirit of this greatest of modern men could avail to reunite in bonds of friendly co-operation the widely scattered forces of the country. But the Mahatma has achieved the miracle. By the sacrifice not of principle but of pride by the spirit not of dictation but of concession, by the alchemy, not of hate but of love he has lifted all men afresh unto himself. India is to-day started anew upon that road of discipline which leads not too far distant to the gleaming heights of liberty.

But Gandhi has succeeded not only outwardly with his distracted people but inwardly as well with his own soul. If "he that

ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city," then Gandhi is indeed the greatest man of our time. During the last three years, he has endured punishment at the hands of his enemies ; he has met humiliation and defeat at the hands of his friends. He has seen his follower refuse to follow. But he has not faltered in patience nor swerved in courage. He has lost neither hope nor faith. Best of all he has kept sweet his soul from all anger, vindictiveness and hate, and, in his darkest hour, has held all men as his friends. "If I have equal love in me," he cries, for No-Changers, Swarajists Liberals, Home Rulers, Independents, and for that matter Englishmen, I know that it is well for me and well also for the cause.'

Thus has Gandhi succeeded—outwardly, in the face of enormous practical difficulties, as a statesman of the first rank, inwardly in the face of sore spiritual trial, as a saint of the noblest order. And he has done this—how ? By unwavering fidelity to his ideal of non resistance ! In him do we witness the triumph of this gospel which we inherit from the Christ, and yet deride and flout. Gandhi proves what Paul proclaimed, that "love never faileth." When shall we, with our weapon of violence and our hands of blood learn this truth thus taught us by a pagan ?

KARUNA

(A Serial novel to be published every month)

Sj. RAKHAL DAS BANNERJEE, M. A. B. L.,

CHAPTER I.

THE PLEASURE GARDEN.

The spring has ended, the fiery red of the gold Mohur had set fire to the trees. It was summer time, in the afternoon a lady was sitting on the white marble pavement of the steps of the lake in the pleasure garden. The lake was full of many different kinds of lotus and a flock of bees was skimming on it. She was looking at the sports of the geese on the water having dipped her reddened soles in the clear limpid water of the lake. The deep shade of a large jack tree had covered the landing of the steps and the lady was sitting in its centre. Through the leaves mellow sun light percolated and lit up the beautiful face of the lady. The light glittered on the drops of sweat that had gathered on her fair brow and they looked like pearls on her milk white skin. On the top of the landing there was a pergola and in its cool shade a maid was sleeping. The Chourie with the silver handle and the great fan made of peacock feather had fallen to the ground from her hands.

Another maid came running to the pergola and after looking on all sides found the first maid sleeping on the ground. She pulled her up. The first maid hastened to pick up the Chourie and the fan and started fanning briskly. The second maid laughed and asked "Whom are you fanning?" The first found that there was no body else under the pergola. Then the second maid asked "where is her grace?" The first answered, "Don't know. She was here."

"Find her out, the master is coming."

"Where shall I find her? The pleasure garden of the commander-in-chief is not a small place where I can find her ladyship immediately."

"You get up and find her. Keep your speeches. Master will arrive almost immediately. Has she not gone to the steps of the lake?"

The first maid left the sweet scented shade of the pergola and advanced towards the white steps of marble. After advancing a few steps she saw

that her mistress was sitting on the marble steps with her reddened feet in water and was watching the sports of the geese on the lake. On seeing her the second maid called out, Your Grace will have to come up immediately, the master is coming in search of you. Her mistress answered back, "Let your master come, why should I get up? There is path and enough room on the steps. Let him come, sit or stand, let him do what he likes. Why should I stand?" The maid became ashamed and answered. "The lord only knows in what mood your ladyship is at times. Let me go and see how far master has come." The second maid vanished; the first held a gold damascened salver full of betels in front of her mistress and started fanning her. The second maid came back running and shouted, "Your Grace, please come up immediately, the master has almost arrived at the gate of the pergola." The lady smiled and told her, "Oh let him come, have I closed the doors of the ardour."

"O Lord! Are you not going to rise?"

"No."

At this time a fair youth shouted from the topmost step, "Has the sylvan maid become a water nymph?" The lady turned towards him and said, "My mind was not at peace because my devotee, was absent." The youth placed his cloth on his shoulder and clasped his hands in front and said in

the fashion of a devotee, "O Lady be pleased and pardon the offence of your poor humble devotee. I was busy with the work of my master and therefore there has been delay in the worship of my goddess."

"Then you need not worship the goddess, go back to the work of your own master."

"Do please forgive me, I shall perform the ceremony of expiation."

"No, expiation are needless."

The youth came down the white marble steps and knelt in front of the lady. He said, "O Goddess, please be gracious to me."

The lady coloured with shame and pulled his hands. "What are you doing?"

The maids ran away and the youth seated himself by the side of his lady. The lady was beautiful, in the first bloom of her youth—she was peerless. Her colour was as white as the Kunda flower. The contour of her body as flawless as that of a painting and beautiful. Her hair was as black as the hornet. Her eyes were blue and her cheek and lips were red. She wore costly garments made of white silk and ornaments studded with diamonds. She was hardly more than eighteen years of age. The youth possessed a well-formed body, his colour was yellowish white and he wore the snow-white cotton cloth of Eastern Bengal. He wore ornaments also; ear-rings,

bracelets and a turban studded with gold and diamonds.

When her husband had seated himself by her side the lady said to him, "Call for a boat and let us go out on the water." The youth did not answer and after sighing fell into a reverie. His wife asked petulantly, "O, What are you thinking of, the king's work in the country of Radh?" The young man did not answer. His wife then pulled him by the hand and said, "If you will think of State work even now then why did you come to the garden? You might as well have remained in Gaud? The youth said with a long face, "No Karun, I have received very bad news."

"Is it a rebellion of the peasants in East Bengal or a rising of Buddhists?"

"Karun, it is not joke. If it is true then it is very bad news indeed."

"Do tell me."

"The emperor has married a girl in his old age."

"Is that anything new for a man? One day you will do the same thing."

"No Karun, the emperor has not only married her but he wants to make her the Empress. The prince has written to me."

"Is her Imperial Highness dead?"

"I wish she were dead. In her place a mere girl will be the Empress of India."

"Is that possible? No such things have ever happened in the Gupta dynasty."

"Karun, the impossible have come to pass, the prince has sent for me. I shall have to start for Pataliputra immediately. Get up, let us go back to the city. After how many days I shall see your blooming face once more?"

"Every day."

"How so?"

"The man who selected you to be the Commander-in-Chief of the Gupta Empire was blind. I tell you that your long lashes would be troubled every day by looking at the face of the Gupta Empire was blind. I tell you that your long lashes would be troubled every day by looking at the face of the humble maid of yours."

"I can't understand the riddle."

"You will have to look on this ugly face every day."

"How?"

"Why, by taking me with you."

"Are you coming to Pataliputra?"

"I am certainly coming."

"But why?"

"There are many reasons. In the first place all men are traitors, liars and flatterers, they should not be left alone. In the second place I have not been in the capital for a long time. In the third place separation is unbearable and in the fourth place such is the verdict of astrology?"

"What is the verdict of astrology please?"

"The astrologer has said that for the next two or three years I shall have not to bear the pain of separation from you."

"How is that Karuna ? How can you go to Pataliputra now ?"

"Why in a litter ?"

"The prince has ordered me to come to the capital as soon as possible. I am going on horseback. Can a litter travel so fast ?"

"Then I shall travel in a chariot. Do you remember that after our marriage we came from Pataliputra to Gaud in four days ?"

Somebody else spoke from the top of the steps. "Yes, I do remember it very well. The shaking of the chariot very nearly separated the bones of my body from the muscles. O Lady, this humble slave of yours is obsessed with terrible hunger, yet he is very shy. You must go to the capital otherwise I shall die of starvation. Shall I bring the chariot ?"

"The lady drew her veil over her head and her husband moved apart. A jet black, fat bald-headed Brahman came and stood in the opening of the pergola. The youth asked him "It is Rishabha, where were you so long ?"

"Just behind you."

"What do you say ? That vast bulk of yours was following me yet I did not perceive it."

"How can you do so ? When Bhanumitra is the commander-in-

chief of the empire then he possesses eyes, ears, a nose, a tongue—"

The lady asked, "What else Brahman ?"

"But when he moves, meditating on the soft red feet of the goddess whose devotee he is, then he becomes a mere mass of flesh without sense."

Out of sheer shame the lovely face of the lady Karuna became very red and she drew her veil over her face. Bhanumitra asked, "Rishabha, the proceeds of the day's feasting is complete, then why have you followed me ?"

"I saw that a messenger came from the emperor on horse back from Pataliputra, that the messenger did not wait in the palace at Gaud but came to the pleasure garden in the Suburbs therefore I thought that the matter was serious. The result would be either feasts extending over a year or a long fast. I learnt from the messenger that he has come from the great Lord, the devoted worshipper of Vishnu, the great over lord the heir apparent, the Lord Skandagupta to the prince, equal in rank to heir apparent, the commander-in-chief, the Lord Bhanumitra with a letter. Therefore I had to follow you. O Brother, is the prince going to be married ?"

"No Brother, the emperor himself is going to be married, not the prince. With it the funeral obsequies of the Gupta empire are to be performed.

For this reason the prince has ordered to come to Pataliputra immediately."

"How is that?"

"No joke Rishabha, it is a disaster."

"No hope of feasts."

"We are in great danger, and we must start immediately."

"How shall I go?"

"Why should you come?"

"When the lady goes away who will feed me?"

"Karuna, are you really coming?"

"Certainly, otherwise you won't be allowed to go. I am really coming. I won't remain."

Bhanumitra said, "Then let me order the chariot to be brought round?" Karuna nodded her head in assent. The Brahman asked again, "How shall I go?" Bhanumitra said, "Why in the chariot."

Rishabha.—Brother don't kill a Brahmana.

Bhanu.—Why?

Rishabha.—I shall certainly die if I have to travel two hundred miles in a chariot.

Bhanu.—Then how will you go?

Rishabha.—Why on an elephant or in a litter.

Karuna.—Brahman, who will feed you on the road?

Rishabha.—Why, you will feed me.

Karuna.—I am going ahead in the chariot.

Rishaba.—Then what shall I do? I shall also go in the chariot. The Lord Sankara bless me.

The chariot came and the party left the pleasure garden for the city.

CHAPTER II.

DAMODARASAMAN.

Pataliputra was still the capital of the Northern India. The city situated at the confluence of the Ganges and the Sone was still populous and rich. Kumargupta I, the grandson of Samudragupta was the master of the vast empire of the Guptas. The empire extending the sea to the sea and from the Himalays to Comorin was well-governed, rich and in peace.

Half a century had passed after the death of Samudragupta, both in the north and in the south the emperors of the Gupta dynasty was peerless. At the end of the long reign of Chandragupta II Kumaragupta I ascended the throne at a mature age. Our story begins after the accession of the Kumaragupta I, in the first quarter of the fifth century A. D.

Skandagupta the eldest son of Kumara-gupta I was the heir to the throne ; the emperor's younger brother Govindagupta was the viceroy of the Scythian provinces ; Damodarasarma, the chief minister of the Chandragupta II, the Commander-in Chief Agnigupta, the Chief Justice Ramagupta and the principal Magistrate Devagupta were still holding the offices they held under that great Emperor.

In the extensive suburbs of Pataliputra there was a palace surrounded by a large garden. In the second story of that palace an old man was seated on a bed in a small chamber. He was more than 70 years of age, his head was nearly bald and one or two stray hairs which he had were snow-white. The old man was sunk in deep reverie, having placed his head on the palms of his hand. In the next chamber mace-bearers and guards were waiting with great anxiety and the palace was silent. Servants and maids were walking on tip-toe. In the female apartments ladies were placing their hands over the mouths of crying infants in order to prevent them from making any noise and were flying to a distance with the children. For several days past, the chief minister, the prince of the empire, Damodarasarma has become unable to bear any noise. He had forsaken food and sleep and was absorbed in meditation. After sometime the minister clasped his hands. A messenger knelt at the door

in response to the call. The minister asked him, "Has any messenger come from Jullundar ?" The messenger said "No". The minister said 'Good, go.' The messenger fled.

After a quarter of an hour a chariot came and stopped at the gate. A middle-aged man descended from it and entered the house. The messengers and the mace-bearers saluted him with respect and escorted him to the small room on the second floor. The severity of expression on the face of the chief minister softened on seeing him ; he asked, "Agni, why are you so late ?" The new-comer saluted the minister with reverence and said, "Lord I was enquiring whether the Prince Imperial had come. He has not come ?" The old man said, "No Agni Govinda has not come yet. The empire of Samudragupta is in its last stage otherwise one son of Chandragupta would not have attempted to depose an empress to make room for the daughter of a harlequin and the second son having heard of it would not have remained idle in Jullundar." Anger and remorse choked the end of that sentence. The principal commander of the armies of the Gupta empire took his seat in one corner of the bed.

After sometime Damodarasarma asked, "Agni, where is Skanda ? Why is he late ? Ramagupta too has not come." Before the sentence was ended a messenger shouted from the entrance, "Lord, the heir apparent is

waiting at the door." The old man did not move from his bed and said, "Who is it? Skanda? Come in." A tall fair youth entered the chamber and saluted the commander-in-chief and the Chief minister. Damodarsarman asked him, "Skanda, have you received any news of Govinda?" The prince answered, "No I have sent spies as far as Benares but they have not returned as yet."

On hearing the prince's answer the old man suddenly rose like one possessed, his loose turban fell down and his upper cloth trailed at his feet. Breathing heavily he said, "Then the law of Samudragupta will be violated by Damodara. It is the inexorable decree of fate. Skanda, at the age of seventy old Damodara will not be able to serve an actor or to dance on the stage. I have rebelled; I am Damodara, I have been nourished by Samudragupta, at one time I was the right hand of the Emperor Chandragupta II but I shall dethrone Chandragupta's son. If you do not rebel against your father or if Govinda does not agree to sit on the throne of his brother then I shall throw the throne itself into the Ganges. In the palace of Samudragupta—"

Seeing the old minister rise, Skandagupta and Agnigupta also rose. Skandagupta said at this time, "O Grandad what are you saying?" Please calm yourself." The old man said, "Skanda thou art but a lad as

yet, you do not understand what disaster it means for the empire. To-morrow the grandson of Samudragupta, the son of Chandragupta II, the great lord, the devout worshipper of Siva and Vishnu, the great king of kings, the illustrious Kumaragupta I will be married to the daughter of the dancing girl Indralekha. To-morrow your mother will have to descend from the throne and the daughter of the actor Phalguyasas will sit on it; and I, Demodarasarman, I shall look on that spectacle like a statue from a distance. Impossible Skanda, it is impossible for me, it is impossible for you, for Agnigupta, for Ramagupta for the meanest horseman of the empire. Our only hope lay in Govinda. O Prince, Kumaragupta I whom I have dandled on my knees has refused to listen to anybody, but he could not have refused to listen to Govindagupta. Govinda has not come, this disaster has overtaken the empire for Govinda. Govinda, was this your intention?"

The tired old man sat on the bed. A messenger spoke from the other side of the closed door. "The Chief Magistrate Ramagupta." A tall dark man dressed in white entered the chamber and saluted Damodarasarma. Skandagupta and Agnigupta saluted him. The old minister laughed and said, "Ram, are you ready for the celebrations? To-morrow the mother of heir-apparent Skanda-

gupta will be deposed, the daughter of the actor Phalguyasas and the dancing girl Indralekha will take her place. To-morrow the nobles of the Gupta empire will have to kneel before her. Are you not a relation of Kumaragupta ? Are you not a descendant of Chandragupta I ?

Ramagupta stared at the old man in utter surprise and then asked very slowly, "Uncle, is the marriage over ?"

"Not yet, it will be performed to-morrow. Who will stop it ? Govinda has not come."

"But there is time yet."

"Skanda sent messenger as far as Benares but he has not returned as yet."

"This is the last day, he will not be able to do anything if he comes to-morrow."

"No. To-morrow the old son of Chandragupta II will dress as a youth and therefore nobody will be able to see him. The marriage takes place in the evening, the celebrations begin in the first quarter. He who will not attend the celebrations will have to return his badge of office."

"Is this the Emperor's order ?"

"The order has not been signed as yet."

"Has the emperor ordered you to draft it for circulation."

"No. Knowing that this order will be passed I have asked the Superintendents to keep it ready for circulation."

"Uncle, how many such orders have you passed out of sheer remorse ?"

"Do not jest Ram. I have passed another order."

"What is it ?"

"I have ordered them to purchase some lyres for the emperor."

"Skandagupta laughed outright and said, "Grandad will you retire from the work of the empire to pass your days in playing on the lyre ?"

"The aged chief minister laughed sorrowfully and said. "Brother, not only me, but many Grand Dukes and princes of the empire will have to take to lyres to earn their living."

Ram.—Lord, I too have not understood the reason of purchasing lyres.

Agni.—Lord, What are you doing ?

Dam.—You will understand everything. Who is there ?

A messenger entered the chamber. The minister asked "How old is the day ?" The messenger said. "About half an hour to the evening."

"Good. Go away"

The messenger turned towards the prince and told him. "O King. a soldier in armour is waiting for you on the road. I asked him about his identity but he only said, "Please tell the prince, the Conch has come."

"Bring him here."

The messenger saluted and went out. Agnigupta asked. "Prince who is this Conch ?"

"The General Bhanumitra."

"Agnimitra's son?"

"Yes."

"Was he not in Gaud?"

"Yes, I sent a messenger to fetch him."

At this time the messenger re-entered the chamber with Bhanumitra. The latter saluted the prince the chief minister, the commander-in-chief and the chief magistrate in the military fashion by touching his helmet with the flat edge of the sword. Ramagupta and Agnigupta stood up and returned his salute, Damodara blessed him with his right hand but the prince embraced him and said, "Bhanu, when have you come? Take off your helmet," Bhanumitra removed his helmet and said, "I have come just now, the chariot is still standing on the road."

"Tell them to take away the chariot."

"There are other people in it."

"Let them go to my residence."

"Your residence will not be able to house them."

"Why?"

"I shall tell you later."

"When?"

Bhanumitra whispered in the prince's ear, "Karuna is in the chariot, where shall I send her?" The prince was astonished and ceased to ask questions. Then he said, "Send the

chariot to mother's place." Bhanumitra went away.

Damodar sighed and said, 'Hear Ram, having spent my days in the service of Chandragupta I shall have to rebel in my old age, To-morrow evening Damodara will be a rebel. The head which had bowed in humility, before the throne of the empress Dhruvasvamini will not bend before Indralekha's daughter.' "At this juncture Agnigupta said, "Lord, at first I could not decide anything. The course you have chosen for yourself is also mine. What will the chief magistrate do?"

Ram.—Agni, I shall not go to the marriage assembly.

Dam.—You will then be dismissed.

Ram.—Good, I shall retire to Benares.

Dam.—But I shall not be able to do so. I shall not be able to bear the sight of the deposition of the empress whose marriage I have arranged and whom I have anointed with my own hands, by Indralekha's daughter, Agni if Govinda had come even now?

"I have come."

Everybody in that chamber looked up with wonder and saw that a middle-aged man dressed in glistening silk was standing in the doorway and laughing.

(To be continued)

A FEAST

"So you all dine with me tonight,
Dear friends, for on this day
Was born..." "Who Sir?" with all his voice
Cried out to know, M. K.

"I'll dine" said S and "so too I"
Bawled out a puffed up cheek
"But what would you give us to eat,
Tell now said Balwant meek.

"You will have *Dal* and *Chapati*
And *Chutney* or *Achar*"
"No Sir" said K "we wo't have that
You must be *Khabardar*"

"Right ho ! Then it would be all grand"
Replied the generous host,
"You'll have *Halwa* and *Paris Crisp*
And things which you like most"

"*Kebab* and *Kofta*, *Roghun josh*
And mutton chops and all
Sweet fruits, best grapes and bananas
And apples from *Jalal*"

"Roseade, Ice Cream and Pick-me-up
And Dandy Shandy sweet
From *Kesari's* O E *Plomer's* firm
Welcome your lips to greet"

"That's nice" said M "But mind" said host
"Let none of you be late"
"Oh he "said Nath" would be a fool
"Who'd miss such tempting bait"

The day wore on, the evening came
And so did half past eight,
And one by one the guests arrived
None could in fact come late !

The host was all courtesy and they
Felt "*Be Takalaph*" and free
In fine one could then as well say
At Home, they seemed to be,

"Before we dine" the host proposed
"Let N. Nath sing a song"
"Oh yes he must" said M. Khora
"Oh yes he must Ding Dong"

He sang. Lo ! asses climbed up trees !
And fishes ran a race ! !
And pigeons swam all mad with joy ! ! !
What charming strain ! what grace ! !

It was nought but a droning snore
"O restive heart *so jit*"
But it was rather wake, for each
Cried loud Ha Ha ! Ha Ha ! !

"Once more" "No more" said host
"Now let us have a game
"O'making Nandans the best that was
Ever known by this name"

"We will, but what it is" said S
"Oh ! 'tis" said host "easy"
"Each one of us by turn shall have
Out of this room to be"

"And when he's called in, he should say
"I am" or else "You are"
"That's all ? "said Nath " then I'll go"
"Out first, I am *tiyyar*."

He did. The door was closed, and host
Asked "who's the fattest ram"
And Nath came smiling in and said
"Oh ! worthy Sir I am."

The room rang loud with laughter wild
But Nath alone was grim
"What's it" said he "that makes you neigh
Was not my answer trim ?"

"Surely." And when he came to know
The fact he too did join
Them in their boistrous youthful mirth
And roared out like a lion.

Then 'K' was asked to try. He said
"I won't be fooled like Nath"
And went out straight. The host now chose
For him a different path.

For now he asked "who's the wisest
Known to us all so far ?"
And 'K' came smiling in and said
"O worthy Sir you are !"

Ha, Ha, again the game went on
Till it was half past one,
"Now let us have our *Bhojan*" said
Sethi, "we are now done."

"Oh yes, surely." The host cried loud
"*Missar jala roti la*"
Anon a feeble voice replied—
"*Hasur abhi aya.*"

The guests to dining repaired,
Impatient for a fill,
They all perched round a table fair
Expecting with a thrill

Some nicest things to eat. 'Twas Two
And yet no Missar came.
"What's that" enquired Balwant red hot
"Spare us in Hunger's name."

"Excuse" said host, and 'gain he cried
"Bearer where are you gone"
Again a feeble echo came
"Huzar, coming anon."

And now the door opened ajar
And slowly Bearer came
With empty tumblers in his hand
He smashed at once the same.

"What's that" said host "you rascal big,
You one eyed pigmy brute ?"
The servant ran back to his room
The master followed suit,

And as he rushed he dragged along
The tables cover fair
The door was clapped through which they passed
And guests left all lone there.

Upon the naked table shone,
Writ large this greeting cool,
"Good night, dear chaps, it was a feast
O' the birth of APRIL FOOL !"

Oh ! For the grapes and bananas
Oh, for the "tempting bait"
They missed 'en Dal and Chapatis
For all came home so late !

They howled aloud like wolves enraged
And called the host "a beast,"
But when their wives enquired they said
"They had a sumptuous feast !"

The Struggle Over Asia

Modern war is waged, not by the force of arms alone, but also by the press and by public opinion. As reason, consciousness, and directed intelligence develop in modern society and the masses and organised associations of working men begin to question the reason for War, the part the Press and public opinion must play becomes increasingly greater. War-makers, who constitute the governing classes of all Governments to-day, realise the danger to which their profession is open. But they have at their disposal ancient weapons to combat the development of reason and consciousness in man. They know that reason and directed intelligence are children comparatively young which have developed late in our evolution and are not yet masters of our physical and emotional life. Our higher reasoning impulses are still at the mercy of primitive passions and instincts as old as the first amoeba.

In order to prepare the masses for the waging of war, the primitive passions of hatred and fear must be aroused and developed and the impulse to autism must be awakened. These destructive passions must, for the time being, destroy the growing consciousness of the unity of the human race with its common needs and a common goal. They must destroy all spiritual striving.

SOLIDARITY OF THE WHITE RACE

All of this is but a prelude to pointing out that to-day before our eyes these passions are being aroused as a preparation for a war

which portends to be racial. England and America are deliberately engendering racial and colour hatred by carrying on ceaseless propaganda at home and abroad for the 'solidarity of the white race.' The chief arguments used in arousing racial and colour hatred are: (1) That the brown, yellow and black populations procreate more rapidly than do the white populations, and thus the white race is endangered: (2) that all Asia is anti-white and is waiting for a chance to wage a 'holy' war on every European: (3) that Asiatics threaten another invasion of Europe as in the Dark Ages.

If we study this propaganda, so widespread now, and which is summed up in a number of books having a tremendous sale, we can observe a number of interesting flaws. First, the propaganda for 'white world solidarity' embraces only those powers which are, or are expected to be, allies of England and America in a coming war. France, which is a competitor of England in Africa and the Near and Middle East, and Russia, with its Asiatic sympathies and tendencies, are not included in the 'solidarity of the white race.' Yet they are white people, and if this were really a racial or a colour question, they would of necessity be included.

Secondly, this propaganda is of comparatively recent origin, and has grown more insistent as Asia, particularly India, which has become nationally conscious, has threatened British rule and has secured the attention and

the sympathy of many white nations ; as Japan has become a dangerous commercial rival of England and America in China ; and as the Anglo-French conflict over the ownership and control of Africa and the Near and Middle East has become acute.

In other words, behind the smoke-screen of colour and racial propaganda we can plainly see the dishonourable political and economic motives and ambitions of England and America. France is challenging England in Africa ; India demands her freedom ; Japan not only undermines English and American commerce in China, but she, by her independent political position, stands as a constant reminder that an Asiatic people need not of necessity be subjected to European powers. England's chief interest is to keep Asia as the producer of raw materials for her factories ; America's chief interest is to keep China as a market for trade and investment. But they fear they cannot do this alone ; they must have help ; so they appeal to the 'white world.' The 'yellow peril' is recalled, in America, Japan is referred to as the 'Hun of the East' ; immigration laws are passed against Asia, and Indians are denied citizenship ; there is talk of an Asiatic invasion of Europe ; and finally the Anglo-Saxon race is called upon, in the words of Lothrop Stoddard, in his "Rising Tide of Colour" to

"Shake off the shackles of an inveterate altruism, discard the vain phantom of internationalism, and re-assert the pride of race, and the right of merit to rule."

Thus we see America holding naval manoeuvres in the Pacific Ocean this winter and this coming spring two hundred American journalists will accompany the cruisers to keep the world informed of America's honourable intentions—for America always has 'honourable

intentions ! Japan replies to these manoeuvres by refusing to receive the American fleet without an explanation ; and the Island Kingdom holds counter-manoevres in which she guards and defends every entrance to Japan.

In the meantime England plans to build the great Singapore naval base and add thereto a flying base. The entire press of England and America admit that this base is directed against Japan on the one hand and against India on the other. A very frank, honest statement on the situation is made by W. H. Gardiner, Vice-President of the Navy League of America, in the November (1924) issue of the "Fortnightly Review." In this article Mr. Gardiner states that in 1923 the external trade of the British Isles amounted to nearly two billion pounds sterling, of which about half was carried by the Pacific and Indian Oceans, while in the same year the external trade of the United States, which has been increasing most rapidly in the Orient, was about four-fifths as large. After mentioning such facts he continues :

"Whatever idealism Europe and America may each indulge in at home, the fact remains that modern Eastern Asia is at least as much a realm of realism as was ante-bellum Germany—a realm in which practical conditions must be met by America and Britain each holding its pivotal position and dependent possessions with such evident firmness as to make any attempt against them obviously futile."

Of course from this, anyone can see that the coming war is going to be caused by Japan and America and England are only going to defend themselves against aggression ! The writer goes on to tell how he has spoken with the Dutch authorities in the Far East, and

the latter are all depending upon the Singapur naval base. He discusses exactly how many battleships America must have in the Philippines, and just how many England can spare from Singapore. Of course, he admits, in case of war in Asia, India is bound to attempt a revolution, and England will of necessity be compelled to use a large number of her battleships there.

THE TUSSLE IN CHINA

An indication of the part that China is causing in all this coming disaster, and of the encroachments of England and America upon Chinese sovereignty, is told by Mr. John A. Brailsford, from Japan, in a recent article in the "Modern Review" of Calcutta, Peking, Mr. Brailsford says, is kept up and is used by European powers for their control and exploitation of China. He tells of incidents such as that by which an American merchant vessel on the Yangtze recently compelled a Chinese town to behead two innocent citizens: and of the British ultimatum to Dr. Sun Yat Sen's Government in Canton last August. Dr. Sun Yat Sen tried to put down a rebellion headed by Chan Lim-Pak, the head Chinese official of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, the leading British financial institution of that part of the world. When the British threatened to fire upon Canton if Dr. Sun Yat Sen repressed the rebellion, the latter issued a manifesto to the Chinese people, a part of which reads:

"Is it because such outrages upon a weak and disunited country are perpetrated with impunity that here in Canton waters the British navy again threatens to fire upon the authorities of another Chinese city? But I see a further and more sinister meaning in this challenge of Imperialist England. Reading it in the light of the diplomatic and moral support and of the millions of the re-organisation and other loans which the Imperialist

Powers have for upwards of twelve years consistently given to the counter-revolution, it is impossible to view this act of Imperialism as other than a calculated attempt to destroy the Kuomintang Government, of which I am the head. For here is open rebellion against this Government, directed by a trusted agent of the most powerful engine of British Imperialism in China, and a so called British Labour Government threatens to shoot down the Chinese authorities in Canton should they take the only form of action which would enable them effectively to cope with a movement aiming at their own overthrow."

When we look further into Chinese affairs we see that Russia, Japan and America were for one year in dispute over the oil of Saghalien; Japan and America over wireless rights: England and Japan over the control of the Chinese market: and, until Dr. Sun Yat Sen died, England was in constant conflict with this pillar of Chinese sovereignty. The great Powers show little sign of yielding in China: each month witnesses an increasing tension and encroachment until, under the guise of bringing law and order to the country they are keeping in turmoil, they will attempt to divide it among themselves. The war will perhaps start there and the last attempt will be made to smash Japan and still the voice of Asia for another five centuries.

THE LAND ROUTE TO INDIA

There is another phase to this coming struggle which is of special concern to us, as it directly affects India. And India is going to play the decisive role in this struggle. The English are in constant political and economic conflict with France in the Near and Middle East. The English have in view the creation of an Arabian Federation under British protection—a plan which would ensure England the complete control of the land

routes in India. But this Federation, without Damascus, the capital of Syria, is inconceivable. And Syria is under French control. This Arabian Federation is to be apparently "independent," and will constitute the English bulwark against Turkish influence. England's far-reaching plan is firmly to wield the Indian Moslems to British rule by binding their allegiance to a seemingly independent Arab State which controls the holy places and which will form the seat of the Kaliphate. In this way England holds in her hands the possibility of disrupting India; if she cannot secure her allegiance, in the coming war. Indian Mohammedans are going to be presented with the opportunity of riveting their own chains about them in return for which they will have to betray the freedom and the very life interests of three-fourths of the human race. It will not matter that Indian Moslems are just as dark-skinned as other Asiatics whose colour is supposed to make them so dangerous to the white world. The fact remains that Indian Mahomedans are going to face the choice of a permanent allegiance to Asia, or of a temporary allegiance to Islam. If they choose the latter the time will come when we of the West will be asked to unite against them, not only on the ground of colour, but because the "Christian world" is endangered.

Regarding the anti-European feeling in Asia: this is the fault of Europeans and Americans, and not of Asia. The word "European," as used by the English in India, is a deliberate attempt to unite all Europeans

against India. The truth is that India is anti-English in the political sense, but not racially; and this hostility is not based upon a difference in colour.

Concerning the Asiatic invasion of Europe: we cannot forget in this connection that for three centuries, at the very least, Asia has been eaten up by an European invasion, and that these invaders now demand the right to remain in Asia, rule it, exploit the people, and poison them with opium and imperialistic ideas to render them amenable to continued slavery. Instead of Europe facing an Asiatic invasion, just the reverse is true. The Japanese always reply to the statement that Europe faces a "yellow peril" by reminding us that Asia suffers from a "white disaster."

In all propaganda concerning the danger to the white world, all such facts are carefully omitted. The object is not to search for truth and learn to know it. The propaganda of race and colour is merely the weapon used to-day by the English-American combine, in particular, to perpetrate world capitalist-imperialism. The problem is not one of colour or of race. It is simply one of whether or not capitalism imperialism shall be permitted to continue its disastrous course.

We of the white world are being asked to go to war for the continuation of this system. And when we question why, the real facts are hidden and an appeal is made to the most primitive passions which alone can arouse men to mass-murder.

"The Bharat"

Health And Hygiene

Secret Of Long Life.

In a country where most public men die a premature death, the secret of his long life given out by Sir Surendranath Banerjee in his newly published book "A Nation in Making" will be found extremely interesting. Writes that Octogenarian statesman :—

"Many of my friends have asked me to record a note as to what I consider to be the secret of my health and longevity. I am now on the wrong side of seventy-five, but I enjoy fairly good health, and my mental agility remains unimpaired. They say that my experience would prove useful.

I have endeavoured in life to carry out the principle that the preservation of health is our first and foremost duty : everything else depends upon it. The machine must be kept fit and in a degree of efficiency before it can do its work properly. Our best men, with a few exceptions have nearly all died early, Ram Mohan Roy, Keshub Chunder Sen, Kristodas Pal, Ram Gopal Ghose and others died in the prime of life. They exemplified the old Latin proverb : "Those whom the gods love die young." What a gain it would have been, if they had been spared longer to guide and lead their countrymen with their right judgment and experience.

The first and essential condition of good

health to my mind is regular exercise at stated times. It should be moderate and given up as soon as one feels a sense of hilarity. Excess is to be avoided and is bound to do harm. The physical system accustoms itself to respond to the muscular rhythm that nature feels as the result of regular exercise. Throughout life and even now I take half an hour's exercise in the morning upon an empty stomach and forty minutes in the afternoon after tea. The latter I have sometimes to give up on account of public engagements, but I must have this exercise before dinner. Walking, in my opinion, is the best form of exercise. I used to add to it dumb-bells and Indian clubs in my early days. To take exercise early in the morning before a meal is the Indian practice, and I find Miss Harriet Martineau recommends it. Almost equally essential is the habit of orderly and regular living. I am sorry to have to say that our countrymen do not always realise its importance. Sheer hours of meal and sleep are not always fixed, and they hardly recognise that the body is a machine working with orderly precision, whose wants must be carefully attended to. One of my mottos through life has been to avoid evening functions and dinners as far as possible. "Early to bed and early to

rise" is a wise precept, which I read in Todd's Students' Guide while yet a boy, and I have consistently tried to practise it. Even when, as member of the Government I had to attend state functions, I tried to run away as early as I could. On one occasion, when Lord Strath Cona gave a dinner to the press representatives in London, whom I was one, I quietly slipped away as soon as the dinner was over and the toasts began. Fortunately for me, there was a door left open to admit fresh air close to where I had my seat. I had mark it before dinner, and as soon as that was over. I quickly and quietly made my exit. I do not know if anybody noticed me, but I was comfortably in my bed by 11 o'clock.

On another occasion when at a meeting of the Imperial Legislative Council we were discussing the Rowlatt Bill, Lord Chelmsford adjourned the Council at dinner time and asked members to re-assemble in an hour and a half, I got up as soon as the announcement was made and said, "My Lord I go to bed at 9 o'clock." "You are excused Mr Banerjee," said Lord Chelmsford, with that winsome good will which never failed him. And the following morning when we re-assembled, I learnt that some of those who had attended the night sitting had to be roused from sleep to give their votes. I will give another instance to illustrate my incorrigible habit of going to bed early. This was in 1897, when Mr. Gokhale and myself were in London as witnesses for the Webby Commission. He wanted me to see Sir Henry Irving play the part of Napoleon at Drury Lane Theatre, which was close to the Hotel Victoria where we were both staying. I said, "If you really want me, you must drag me out of bed and let me return home by 11 o'clock," He said, "Alright I will do that." I was in bed and at 9 o'clock I heard a knock at my door. On the stroke of the hour, Gokhale was there. Now there was

no escape for me, I had to get up and be ready. Gokhale escorted me to the theatre where he sat by me watching me with keen interest. For me it was more or less a novel experience. To him also it was novel in another sense, watching a stiffnecked puritan like myself, who avoided theatres, succumb to the charms of the greatest living actor among English men. I enjoyed the acting thoroughly. For Gokhale it was a personal triumph; I shared it in the joy of the spectacle I witnessed. I never could understand and to me it is still an enigma how Sir Henry Irving who was I think, above six feet could adapt himself to the stature of Napoleon, who was not more than five feet four inches in height. However, that may be, Gokhale splendid fellow that he was, brought me back to my room by about 11 o'clock.

Early to bed has been the invariable practice of my life and to it I largely ascribe the good health I enjoy. I am not so sure about the early rising. I have always been a late riser, I usually sleep about 3 hours out of the 24 and sometimes I extend it to 9 or 10 hours. Sleep has been my greatest enjoyment and I find that it is more or less a family gift. When I retire for sleep close the chambers of my mind against all worry and anxiety, and that is the secret of sound sleep. At the start, perhaps, it requires a little will-power but with practice it becomes a matter of habit. I do not think excessive brain work of a real menace to health, provided it is congenial and does not interfere with sleep. On the contrary, when congenial it acts as a tonic and the fatigue of it is all merged in the delight which it generates and the stimulus it imparts to the nerves.

I have said nothing about food or drink. Abstention from smoking and intoxicating drinks has always been recommended for good health. I have been a total abstainer from

both, and cannot say that my enjoyment of life has been less hearty than that of those who smoke or drink. They may perhaps help to add our social amenities, but they are neither indispensable nor free from risk to health, even though they may not be indulged in immoderately. As for food, it varies according to climatic conditions and racial predilections. Every community has a rough sort of idea of the food upon which it can best thrive, and the idea is generally an ancestral bequest, subject to limitations that time or changes in local conditions may impose. The European is a meat-eater. The Indian is a vegetarian. The Bengalee is a fish-eater and fish is a light healthy and nourishing food. There is a marked similarity in the matter of food between the Japanese and the Bengalese. Both are rice and fish-eaters though the Japanese is more generous in his patronage of a meat diet. One thing is clear—at least that is my experience—that food should vary with age. One should follow the intimations of nature, which with the advance of years,

creates a steadily growing disinclination for animal food.

After all is said and done, the crowning aspiration of the Latin poet holds as good to-day as it did in his own time. The highest of earthly blessing is a sound mind in a sound body—*mens sana in corpore sano*. The sound body, *corpus sanum*, in sound mind is the superstructure. A clear conscience, freedom from worry and from hatred and malice, and peace and goodwill to all, are the stable foundations upon which the physical system must rest. They are moral rather than material in their essence. After all the mind and body must act and react upon one another and strengthen one another. The mind dominating the body, the physical co-operating with the moral must form a homogeneous whole checking and restraining for whatever is evil in human nature improving and elevating whatever is good in us, thus qualifying the individuality man to do his duty to himself and to society and to rise to the full measure of his stature.

The Campaign Against Malaria

(Contributed by a German Chemist)

The eradication of malaria in India is one of the most important problems with which we are confronted. A great deal of research has undoubtedly been under taken in order to strike at the root of this malady. But although quinine has been used on a large scale as a temporary relief to counteract the disease in those who have already been affected no direct means of totally annihilating the morbid agent of malaria has yet been discovered. We are therefore, compelled to restrict our efforts to the extermination of the insect that carry in themselves the germs of malaria and transfer them to human beings.

Everybody knows that insects like flies, gnats and mosquitoes are such propagators of

malaria, and, moreover they are not the adult winged insects alone, but also their young brood. It is also known that these insects have a predilection for laying their eggs in damp districts, where there are stretches of standing water and ponds and swamps. In such places the campaign against these noxious insects must be commenced, by spreading thin films of petroleum over the surfaces of the ponds and swamps, in order to suffocate their larvae. To-day chlorinated oils are also employed, because they have been found to be more efficacious. But other excellent means are to be found in the resinous products from the dry distillation of wood, whether it be wood-oil, pine-oil, turpentine, or others of a similar character. They may be employed

unpurified in their raw state. As India possesses a great abundance of wood, it is evident that for reasons of economy it could best be utilised.

The modern plant for the distillation of wood products consists of two large iron cylinders up to 10 metres in length and 2 in diameter, placed in a furnace. After having been filled with wood they are heated: the wood carbonises, while the vapours, consisting of pyroligenous acid, turpentine, woodtar, etc... are converted into liquids in an adjoining condenser. Naturally such a plant produces a large output, but on the other hand, it requires a corresponding large capital. It is simpler to revert to the primitive method of production, by carbonising in a charcoal kiln. This consisted originally of piling up a large heap of wood—leaving draught spaces for air—which was then burnt while being gradually covered with earth. When the air is excluded the wood cannot burn freely, but is slowly carbonised in the form of charcoal. The wood resins, exuding as the liquid products of the distillation process after cooling, are collected in the condition of an impure woodtar with a pungent odour in suitable pits which are dug under the kiln. If it is shaken up with water, the only product rises to the surface after it has been allowed to stand for some time. The oil is drawn off and is distributed over the standing water, ditches, ponds and swamps. The sharp, empyreumatic odour of wood-tar cannot be endured by the insects, and they die beneath the film of oil that lies upon the surface of the water. The action of this oil is of long duration and results in a very striking reduction of the approaching generation of insects.

Inside the houses various means must be employed to annihilate the winged insects. Firstly, there comes the question of attacking

them with a lure, sugar being the best of all. But it must be combined with the means of destruction. The poison most easily to be procured for mixing with it is copper. The merest traces of copper, not appreciated as a poison by small domestic animals and children, are sufficient to kill flies and mosquitoes. It is not generally known that copper and sugar form a direct chemical combination which renders it easy to make from it a permanently durable product capable of thoroughly exterminating these noxious pests.

The receipt is very simple. If a thick solution of cane-sugar is mixed with some finely-powdered oxide of copper (100 parts to 5) and shaken, it will be observed that on the addition of some carbonate of soda or caustic soda it turns dark-blue, because the copper goes into solution. (It is to be noted that it is the oxide of copper that must be used, for metallic copper would not be dissolved; precipitated oxide of copper is the easiest to be dissolved. After the addition of a sufficient quantity of citric and of tartaric acid to neutralise the soda, the solution assumes the consistency of glue, representing a durable copper saccharate. When there is no pure citric acid or tartaric acid to be obtained the fresh juice of lemons or grapes, which contain these acids will answer the purpose. If it is desired to manufacture it for transport, the solution may be evaporated and from the resulting crystals the sodium citrate can be separated by organic means, so that the product will be pure copper saccharate soluble in water; but this process is not absolutely necessary.

The insects are equally attracted by the mixed solution, the quantity of copper contained in it being sufficient to kill them. If the evaporated dry crystals are suspended in small vessels at the entrance or in the rooms, attics, cellars, and, above all in the stalls

and stables, the wholesale destruction of the insects will soon be observed. The ceilings of the rooms and stables may also be painted with a solution of copper sugar. As cows that have been stung by insects are capable also of transferring malaria to human beings through their milk, special care must be taken to protect such animals, not only in their stalls and sheds but also when they are grazing. Net-like coverings of coarse jute fibre impregnated with wood-tar products will be found very

beneficial for the tormented animals. It may be mentioned incidentally that many pests—such as for instance, caterpillars, mites leaf-lice, fungi, etc, injurious to plants, may also be annihilated by syringing the plants, or trees with weak solutions of copper-sugar.

If such easy and inexpensive means are adopted on a wide scale, both men and cattle will experience relief from the destruction of this malaria plague.

India and the West.

Dean Inge On Rabindranath's View of Nationalism.

While the nation of Europe were tearing each other to pieces in the Great War, the Indian poet and prophet, Rabindranath Tagore was lecturing in Japan and America on "Nationalism," and expounding his philosophy of history. Tagore is unquestionably one of the greatest men of our time : as a poet and thinker his position is unique : and he has never delivered his soul with more force and passion than in these lectures.

Tagore there shows himself a proud and fervid patriot, who is wounded in his most sensitive feelings by what he calls the insults of Europeans to Asiatics. The soul of India, he says, has been humiliated by the English occupation. At the same time he must not be classed with the seditious plotters who are giving our Government so much trouble. He

knows that India could not stand alone, and that our withdrawal would leave the country a prey not only to civil war, but to some other Western conqueror. He also likes and admires the English character. "I have a great love and respect for the British race. I know that these people love justice and freedom and hate lies. They are clean in their minds, frank in their manners, true in their friendships : in their behaviour they are honest and reliable."

AN EASTERN PROPHECY

We may therefore consider this Asiatic philosophy in history without any animus against the writer. His thoughts are those of an Eastern prophet surveying the good and the evil of Western civilization. Tagore is not a

Christian, but his attitude reminds us that there was a time when Christianity was an Asiatic creed—it was the time of the original Gospel. Again and again he seems, to be more Christian than the Christians.

Men and nations may choose a course (but the nations, least, have not much choice) which for a time is successful, but which ends in a death-trap. History has provided several instances, and we may trace the same law in the animal world. The sheep has the last word against the wolf. Predatory animals and races of men are at last destroyed because they are a nuisance, and it is nobody's interest to save them from their enemies. The sheep, on the other hand, though they cannot protect themselves, are useful and indispensable, they pay their way and something more. The sheep races of Asia, in the same way, may outline all their oppressors; they have a survival value. This is not quite Tagore's argument; he appeals to the eternal laws of right and justice; but I think he has science on his side.

Europe has had acute national rivalries but no race problems like India. The fact that races ethnologically different are in close contact is the great problem of India. India has tried to solve it by the social regulation of differences on the one hand, and by the spiritual recognition of unity on the other. She has made grave blunders by setting up the boundary walls too rigidly between races; she has crippled the minds and narrowed the life of whole classes in trying to fit them into her social forms. But behind all this she has fos-

tered a lofty spiritual idealism which sets at naught all human distinctions. The history of India has been only superficially a history of the rise and fall of kingdoms; the real history has been that of social life and of spiritual ideals.

ORGANIZED SELF-INTEREST.

Upon this congeries of races which has never been a nation descended a real nation, organised through and through for self defence conquest, and exploitation. This was for India a very different conquest from the inroads of other Asiatics, with their elephants and kettledrums, mosques, palaces, and tombs. This was the invasion of a scientific machine, driven by the law of its being to increase its power and wealth with an impersonal ruthlessness, a dehumanised efficiency. "We had to deal this time not kings, not with human races, but with a Nation—we who are no nation ourselves."

The Nation. Tagore says, is the organised self-interest of a whole people where it is least human and least spiritual. "Our only intimate experience with the Nation is with the British Nation, and there are reasons to believe that it is one of the best." But, he adds, 'we have felt its iron grip at the root of our life, and for the sake of humanity we must stand up and give warning to all that this nationalism is a cruel epidemic of evil that is sweeping over the human world of the present age, and eating into its moral vitality.' "It is like a hydraulic press, whose pressure is impersonal and on that account completely effective."



A Study

By—Satish Chandra Sinha.



2nd year.

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Shivaji

The Great Nation Builder

CHAPTER I.

The Romance of Shivaji's Early Life.

Shivaji holds a paramount position amongst the nation-builders of the world. The task before him was more difficult and dangerous to perform than that of Mazzini, George Washington and Gladstone; but he executed it with hardly less success and statesmanship than those European nation-builders of the nineteenth century. The career of Napoleon Bonaparte, who from being the son of an ordinary Corsican lawyer rose to be the Director of Continental Europe, has elicited admiration from all parts of the world. But if we study the life of Shivaji closely we will find that it was not inferior, either in adventure or in brilliancy, to that of Napoleon. While it will be further

noticed that his character was of nobler type and his success more permanent than that of the Corsican hero.

The Marhattas before the advent of were a mere conglomeration of tribes or clans, widely diffused and separated from one another. They were bound indeed by the community of religion, language and literature, but there was no national patriotism in their heart, to unite the different tribes. They had no national state, and no political solidarity. The soil was barren and the inhabitants, both men and women, had to struggle for the bare necessities of life. They had no time for cultivating arts or science. The general mass did not pay any heed to the political struggles that were go

ing in the outside world. The leading chieftains took service under the Mahommedan rulers and were content with their position.

Out of this political and intellectual stagnation, the genius of Shivaji roused the Marhattas. The fine character of the Marhattas came to his aid. Because all of them were hardy, frugal, persevering and brave. They had the Spartan simplicity in them, but the Spartan cunningness and tendency for bribery and corruption were also not wanting in their character. The brave example and high idealism of Shivaji's life fired their imagination; and Shivaji was able to wrought miracles with their help. Against the tremendous powers of Bizapur and Delhi, he fought single handed and amidst their constant opposition created a nation, which almost became the supreme power in India. When all the world thought that the Hindus had lost all their power, Shivaji evinced that the Valcano was not yet exhausted, it was only smouldering. So the wonderful career of Shivaji must be studied by every one who wants to elevate the status—moral character of our country at present. He was really the hero of India of the seventeenth century.

Shivaji was born on the 6th April 1627. His father Shanzhi Bhonsia was a petty Jaigirdar. By dint of his valour and tactfulness, he secured for himself a position of considerable importance. The Marhatta legend

relates how Shahzi had been betrothed romantically in the fifth year of his age to Zija Bai, the daughter of aristocratic Jadow Rao. Shahzi's father Mallozeo Bhonsla had taken his young son to the house of his friend Jadow Rao on the occasion of Holi festival. Shahzi sat by the side of Zija, a girl of three or four years of age, and began to play. On seeing this Jadow Rao asked his daughter in jest "well girl, wilt thou take this boy as husband?" and exclaimed "They are a fine pair." Mallozi's was inferior in rank to Jadow and so wanted to improve his social position by realising this jest. But when he seriously talked of the marriage to Jadow, the latter gave an indignant reply. But Malloji having acquired some riches got the command of 5000 horses and then tried to promote the marriage by every means. A rumour was afloat that the Goddess Bhavani had appeared before Mallozi and had said, "There shall be one of thy family who shall become a king; he shall be endowed with the qualities and attributes of Shiva; he shall re-establish and preserve justice in Maharastra, and remove all who molest Bramhins and violate the temples of the gods; his reign shall form an epoch, and his posterity shall mount the throne for 27 generations." This prophecy was so literally fulfilled in Shivaji's life that suspicion naturally arises as to the truth of it. However Jadow Rao was induced, by

means natural and supernatural, to bestow the hands of his daughter to Shahzi.

Shahzi at first served under the government of Ahmednagar ; but on the fall of that power transferred his services to the court of Bijapur. The political outlook of the country was an uncertain one at that time. Shahzi led a roving life due to constant attack of his enemies. So Shivaji had not the good fortune to see his father from the year 1630 to 1636. His father had taken another beautiful wife Tuka Bai and had deserted Ziza and her son Shivaji. Shivaji's elder brother Shambhuji was a favourite of his father, but Shivaji was utterly neglected by time.

But this neglect helped to form the character of Shivaji. He relied wholly on his mother. Ziza in her loveliness and adversity had become more spiritual in temperament. The very isolation of the mother and son, drew them to a closer intimacy. Ziza was a noble lady of high character. She had such a sense of self respect in her, that once being made captive by the enemies of her husband, she did not accept the proffered release even through the mediation of her father. Shivaji imbibed the deep religiousity of his mother from the early boyhood. She knew the art of guiding children. She did not unnecessarily hamper the independence of her son. Thus Shivaji from his very infancy learnt self help.

He acted on his own initiative and knew how to take the responsibility of his own act on his shoulders.

Shahzi made peace with the Mughals at the end of october 1636. He handed over the Poona district to a Brahman named Dadaji Konddev for administration. Dadaji was an administrator but that was the least of his qualifications. He was a man of high principles and keen intellect. From his judicious exercise or superintendency over Shivaji we know him to be a sound educationist too. The charge of Shivaji was given to him, and he determined to train up a hero in Shivaji.

Dadaji appointed an excellent teacher for Shivaji. But this teacher was not a pedagogue, he knew that for a boy like Shivaji military training was of greater importance than book learning. So Shivaji was skilled in "fighting, riding and other accomplishments." Most probably he did not know how to read or write. But we cannot say that he was uncultured. He listened with rapt attention the sacred books of the East, specially the stories of Ramayana and Mahabharata. He was inspired with the heroic chivalry of the ancient age and conceived a fond attachment for the Hindus. He of course did not think of forming a Hindu nation as against the Mohammedans,—that idea was forced upon him by circumstances. But he always

felt a deep hatred for the Mahomme dans. He looked around him and saw how they were trampling under foot everything dear to the heart of a Hindu. While other Marhatta chiefs were eager to enter the services of Bijapur or Delhi, Shivaji found the very idea repulsive to him. The only means of freeing at least his own self from this intolerable situation, was to carve out an independent state for himself.

His guardian Dadaji had brought conciliation with the Mavalas of Western Ghats and Shivaji was fond of spending time with the brave rude soldiers of the hill tracts over every hill and dale—acquired a perfect acquaintance with each of the rivulets of the land. While gaining this geographical experience, essential for success, he also learnt the lessons of hardship and struggle. Thus his early character was formed by circumstances as well as by association. From amongst the Mavals he selected his ardent friends and best generals. Thus Yesaji Kank and Baji Pasalkar were enrolled as his first captains. His devoted friend and life-long companion Tanaji Malusare, a young chieftain of Konkan, grew attached to him at this very time.

With the help of these brave soldiers Shivaji formed the plan of capturing some hill-forts lying about the ghats. These forts belonged to the power of Bijapur. But Bijapur

was then running fast down the path of ruin—it was full of inconstancy, intrigue and bloodshed. The hill forts were mostly unguarded and easy to be captured. But Dadaji was staunchly against Shivaji's audacious plan of capturing the hill forts. He always thought of making the life of Shivaji a safe and prosperous one. But a daring spirit like Shivaji did not choose to follow the hum-drum way of life. He went forward in his adventuring career and Dadaji in his last moment exhorted him not to give up the policy he was then following. Thus at the early age of twenty he became a master of himself.

Even before the death of Dadaji, Shivaji had begun his aggressive career on 1646—he captured the hill fort of Torna whence he took a treasure worth two lakhs of hum. Five miles east of this fort he created a new fort called Rajgarh. Whence in the next year Dadaji died, Shivaji turned his attention towards centralising the western Jagirs of his father. He snatched away the fort of Supa from the brother of Sahaji's second wife. The fort of Chakan tendered its allegiance to Shivaji, and its example was followed by the thanas of Baramati and Indapur. He next secured the fort of Kondana, a little further from Poona, by bribing the governor of Bijapur. But Shivaji saw that in order to be master of that part of country, he must seize the strong fort of Puranda,

lying 18 miles south-east of Puna. This fort was administered by an old Brahmin named Nilo Nilkanth Nayak, who deprived his two brothers of their patrimony. Taking advantage of the quarrel amongst the brothers, Shivaji acquired the fort for himself. Thus he fortified his territory by a strong chain of hill forts and then looked ahead for further conquests.

Konkan was the neighbouring province of the western ghats. Part of it was transferred to Bijapur by Ahmednagar by the treaty of 1636. But the King of Bijapur remained almost an invalid from 1646 to 1656 and so had to depend entirely upon his governors. Now this district was governed by an Arab governor named Mulla Ahmad. Subjects were disaffected and Shivaji raided the country. He not only captured all its forts, but also carried vast treasures to his coffers. Here he got that famous fort of Rairi, which under the name of Raigarh became his capital in future time. The annexation of Thana and Kalian districts made it necessary for Shivaji to create a viceroyalty of the province. He conferred the post of governor upon his general Abaji Sondev, by whose valour many of the forts have been captured. This rapid success of Shivaji emboldened him and he thought of more ambitious schemes.

Shivaji was generous to his enemies. He treated the captured governor of Kankan, Moulana Ahmed, with kind-

ness and liberated him. But when he returned back, the story of his capture created great sensation at Bijapur. The brave adventures of Shivaji attracted attention from all. So long Shivaji had hushed up all talks about his new acquisitions by bribing the corrupt officials of Bijapur. But now it was impossible to keep the matter in secret any longer. Adil Shah, the Sultan of Bijapur became incensed with the conduct of Shivaji and hurled all the blames at the door of Shahji. Accordingly he imprisoned Shahji. But Shahji pleaded that he had no control over his son and therefore could not be held responsible for the actions of Shivaji. But Adilshah did not pay any heed to these pleadings.

Now Shivaji was faced by a grave problem, which he was at a loss to know how to solve. On the one hand was his eagerness to get the release of his father, on the other hand was his newly acquired territories. He cannot submit himself to the Bijapur Sultan. In this perplexity he sought the aid of the mighty Mughal, of whom the Sultan was really afraid. But the actual release of Shahji was due to the intervention of two very powerful nobles of the Bijapure Court. But this was secured on the condition that Shivaji would not further encroach upon the Bijapur territories. From 1649 to 1655 Shivaji spent his time in organising the possessions already conquered. He organised his army on

a better footing and prepared himself for conquering the whole of the Kankan Provinces.

The State of Javali, at the extreme north-western corner of the Satara District, blocked his advance towards the south and south west. An ancient Marhatta family, bearing the title of Mores ruled there and Shivaji determined to do away with them. He sent Raghunath Ballal Korde to Javli, on an ostentatious plea for negotiating a marriage with himself, but really to ascertain their strength. The envoy found that the ruler was a drunkard and lived in an unguarded fashion. So he wrote to his master, entreating him to wait outside at the gate of the Javli with force, and enter the city at the signal of murder of the chief. In a second interview Raghunath murdered the Chief and rushed out of the palace amidst the confusion of the guards and officials. Shivaji had come near the city on a pretext of pilgrimage and rushed into it at the appointed signal. He imprisoned most of the members of the ruling family and annexed the

state in 1655. Professor Jadunath Sircar says, "The acquisition of Javli was the result of deliberate murder and organised treachery on the part of Shivaji. His power was then in its infancy, and he could not afford to be scrupulous in the choice of the means of strengthening himself" By the conquest of Javli, Shivaji not only doubled his territories, but also gained possession of a vast horde of treasures. He erected a fort near Javli, called Pratapggarh and there built a temple to Goddess Bhawani.

Then Shivaji made some improvement of the internal government of his territory. His army now reached the number of ten thousand cavalry and ten thousand Infantry.

So long he had struggled like a daring adventurer and by means, fair or foul had created a secure position for himself. Any one, with political insight might have prophesied that Shivaji would soon cut a prominent figure in the wider arena of Indian politics.

CHAPTER II.

Shivaji's fight with the Moghals.

Shivaji was still a nominal vassal of the Bijapur Sultan. But after the Death of Sultan Adil Shah in November 1656, the Bijapur State became further weakened by the rule of young and dissolute Sultan Ali Adil Shah. By that time the Mughals had fairly

penetrated into the Deccan, and had brought under subjection a considerable part of it. Now they wanted to secure possession of Bijapur, as they had done previously of Ahmednagar. Prince Aurangzeb was then the Viceroy of Deccan. He had managed

affairs there so successfully, that he was esteemed and feared by everyone in the Deccan.

Shivaji understood that some day or other he would be compelled to fight against the Mughals, if he entertained the ambitious idea of curving out an independent kingdom. But still his power was in infancy, and he did not dare to fight simultaneously with both the Bijapur Sultan and the Mughals. So he conducted diplomatic negotiations with the Mughal governor of Ahmednagar. He professed allegiance to the Mughals, if his recent acquisitions be sanctioned. The governor, under the instruction of Aurangzeb, gave a vague reply in a conciliatory tone. But the Bijapur government was in danger of Mughal attack and so asked the help of Shivaji by offering greater emoluments. Shivaji entertained this proposal. Two of his generals plundered the Mughal villages in the Chamargunda and Raisin subdivisions. Even Ahmednagar was threatened by Marhatta invasions. Shivaji himself looted the Tunnar sub-division. But the watchful policy of Aurangzeb checked his depredations. The sudden Marhatta attack on Ahmednagar was repulsed. Aurangzeb even ordered "to pursue the Marathas and extirpate them." But nothing practical could be done owing to bad weather. In the meanwhile the Bijapur Sultan made peace with the Mughals. Shivaji then thought

it useless and dangerous to carry on wars with the Mughals. He, for the first time, had fought with the Mughals and had not sustained any heavy defeat. Yet he was a shrewd statesman and wanted to retain what he had already gained. So he offered submission to the Mughals. To his proposal Aurangzeb replied, "Though your offenders do not deserve pardon I forgive you as you have repented. You propose that if you are granted all the villages belonging to your home together with the forts and territory of Konkan, after the imperialists have seized the old Nizam—Shahi territory now in the hands of Adil Shah—you will send Sona Pandit as your envoy to my court and a contingent of 500 horse under one of your officers to save me, and you will protect the imperial frontiers." But Shivaji was too astute a politician to put implicit faith upon Aurangzeb's reply. As a matter of fact Aurangzeb had given secret orders for watching Shivaji, whom he called, "the son of a dog". But fortunately for Shivaji, Aurangzeb now became involved in the war of succession to the Imperial throne, as Shah Jahon was believed to be mortally ill.

Now the Bijapur government got a short time to breathe, as the Mughals were all occupied with their civil war. The queen mother, Bari Sahiba, was now guiding the state. She first of all directed her attention towards putting

down the refractory vassals, of whom Shivaji was the most prominent. He had gathered a strong army, trained in warfare. Bijapur nobles shrank undertaking an expedition against Shivaji, as they knew that they would have to go to Jungles and hills in order to fight with Shivaji. But if it was not possible to bring him down in open war, it was at least not improbable to humble him by treachery. So the experienced general Afzal Khan was instructed by the queen mother to "effect the capture or murder of Shivaji by pretending friendship with him and offering to secure his pardon from Adil Shah."

It was the prevalent belief amongst the historians of old, that Shivaji murdered Afzal Khan treacherously but researches of modern scholars have brought to light the fact that it was Afzal who actually was the treacherous man. Afzal could not bring Shivaji to open field in battle, though he committed gravest sacrileges on Hindu religion. Then a meeting was arranged between the two. Both took

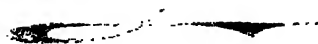
only two attendants. But while Shivaji was being embraced by Afzal, the latter attempted to strangle him. Shivaji had previous information of such a plan. So he had gone there fully armed and clad. He had a weapon called Baghnakha about his person with which he fatally wounded Afzal Khan and one of his followers cut off the general's head. A big army of Bijapur was waiting a little further from this place. This army attacked and plundered. A large booty was taken. But with wonderful magnanimity Shivaji released all his prisoners and even sent them to their places with food and money.

In 1660 Aurangzib had well established his power in Delhi. He appointed the tried general Saistha Khan as governor of the Deccan. Saisthakhan was specially enjoined upon to cripple the power of Shivaji. He was fortunate in securing the hearty co-operation of the Bijapur Court. Now Shivaji had to face the combined attack of the Mughals and the Bijapur Sultans.

(To be continued)



Master pieces of Master-Artists

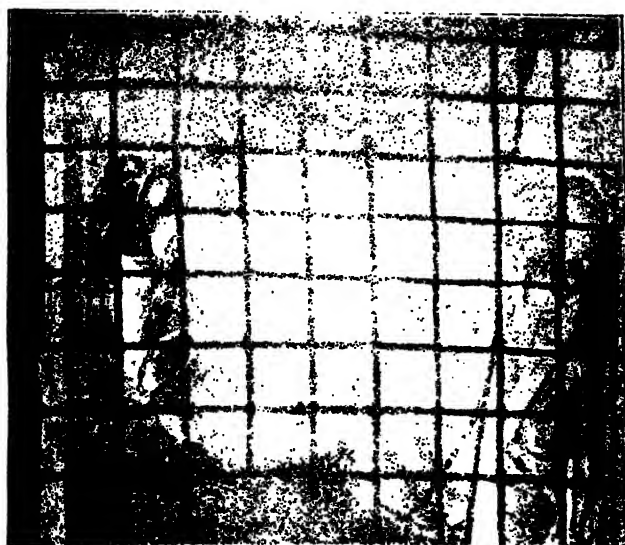


Lullaby Madonna.



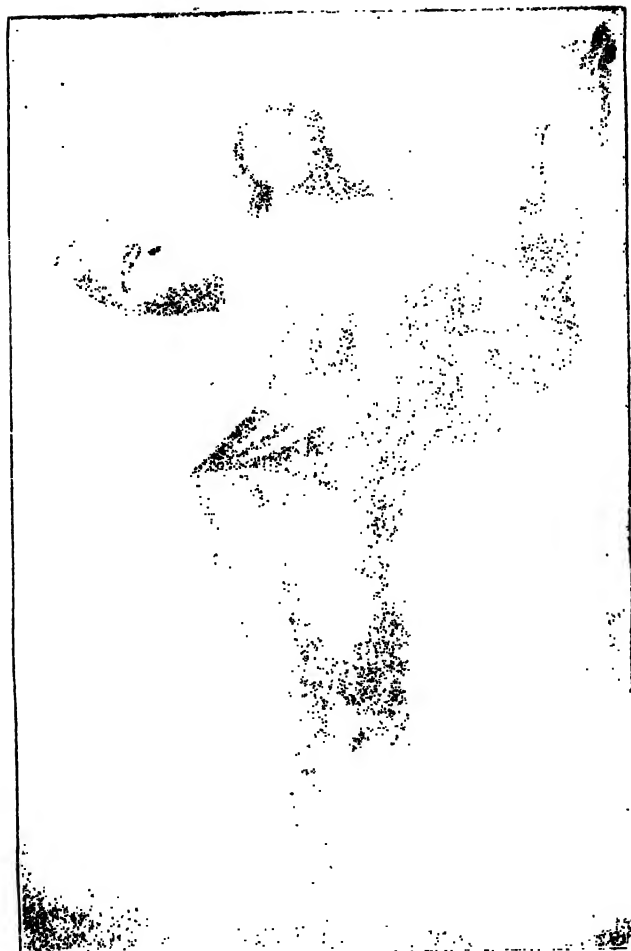
Saint Catherine.

By Raphael.



Liberation of St. Peter

Vermeer



Transfiguration

C. S. G. P.



The Vision of a Knight

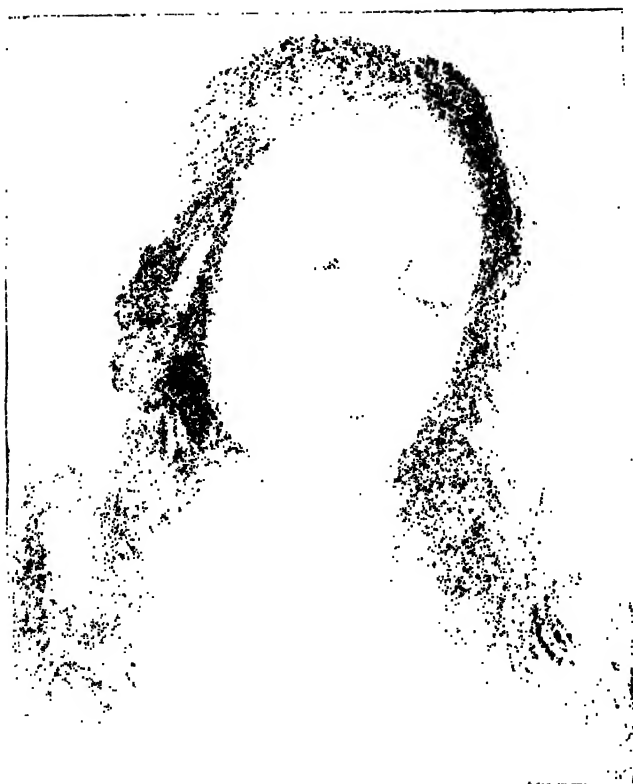


Leonarda De Vinci.



Mona Lisa

L. da Vinci



The Lord of Christ

By J. M. G. V. V. V.

Society Sketches

Mother-in-Law and the Daughter-in-Law



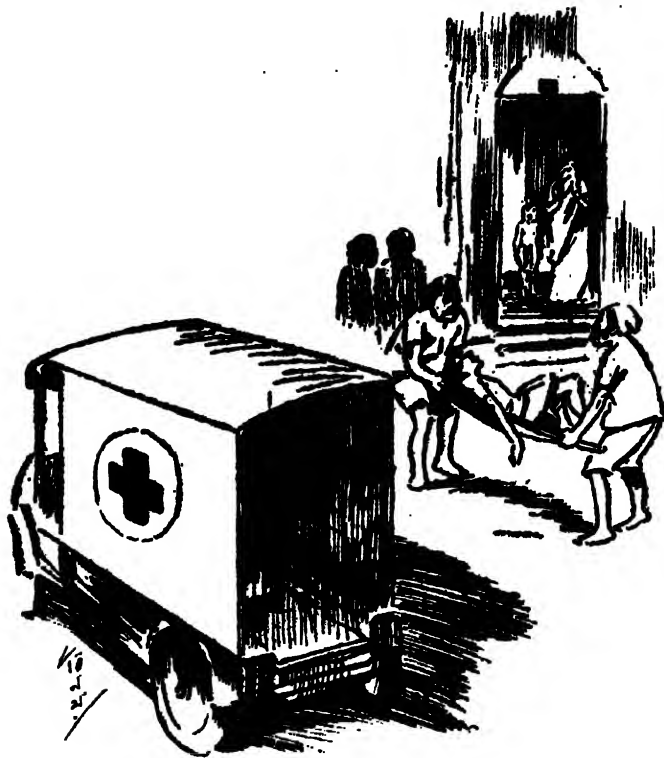
Daughter-in-law.—What ! Dare you blame my father ?—I shall see—
Let my husband come home !



Husband and Wife—meeting after the Incident.



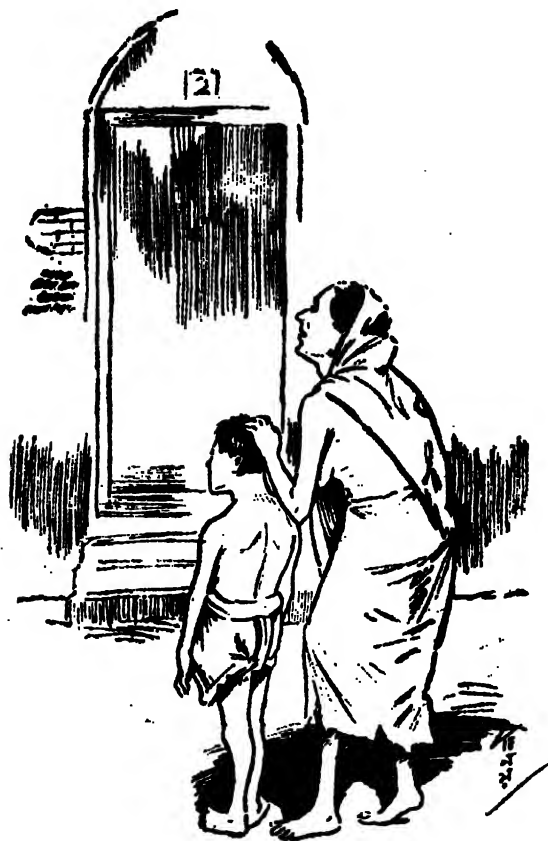
The inevitable result—going to live in a separate house.



At last when becoming sick, no one to attend.



Except the neighbours who care more for the government papers.



And the last stage of this tragedy—Mother and son going out
abegging with God as there only friend.

THE SPRING

By—H. Wanderer.

Come out
Into the smiling shine
Look ! How child, youth, and, old, all frisk about
Gay to the core o'their hearts ? What song divine
Thrills every soul on earth ?

'Tis birth
Of Spring.

Even birds are all mad
With joy. They fly from bush to bush and sing
A Flora's song. Come let us then be glad
Enjoy, let cares depart
Life's short.



The Trail Of Opium

Traces Left by an Evil That the West Has with Dramatic Gesture
Forced upon the East

BY ELIZABETH WASHBURN WRIGHT

Civilization moves forward in paths unmapped by men and often where progress is least expected. There would seem to be little connection between the sinking of the Maine in Havana Harbor and the solution of the opium problem in the Far East. Yet the one is closely associated with the other. The swift Victory over Spain left us with the Philippine Islands on our hands. There were many doubts of the wisdom of extending our authority so far beyond our own borders and assuming the responsibility that such a step must inevitably entail. And yet, but for our entrance upon that far-distant stage, it is problematic if the spread of the opium habit would have been checked for another century. As it was, on taking over the Islands, we found that Chinese laborers were introducing opium and contaminating the Filipinos with it. The United States government therefore began to take a vital interest in the eradication of the drug evil and to cooperate with other Powers to that end

It is my intention, however, to take up the story, not at this point, but at the beginning. It was among the Greeks and Romans, so far as we can discover, that the mysterious white or purple-petaled opium poppy, with its strange powers was first known. The knowledge of it spread eastward, carried probably by Arab traders, but did not at once reach the West. Europe in those days was far-distant, and there was no regular intercourse between it and the Orient until Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope in 1497 and established an oceanroute to the East Indies.

Next we learn of the opium monopoly enjoyed in India by the Moguls, and from that time on we hear much about opium. The Portuguese were then dominant in the East. In the records of silk and spices and scented cargoes with which their slow sailing-ships were laden, appear over and again entries regarding opium, and in the writings of travellers of the period are frequent comments



The captive Sita

By—P. G. Singh.

on the inveterate habit of opium in Persia and India. Akbar, the Great Mogul, for instance, like his father Humayun, stupefied himself with spiced opium, and the fighting Rajputs consumed the drug freely. There are also references to opium in Chiana, whither the Arabs had carried it through Cent al Asia. It seems to have come also by sea to Canton and overland from Burma and India. But at the early date the Chinese used the poppy for medicinal purposes only. It was not until the seventeenth century that their method of taking the drug changed from swallowing to smoking. The habit of smoking, which was to prove particularly disastrous to them, was due to the Spanish, who had carried tobacco-smoking to the Philippines, whence it spread easily to Formosa, Java and the continent of Asia. Possibly the mixing of opium and tobacco was introduced from Java. The first Chinese opium-pipe was a bamboo tube filled with coconut-husk fiber, opium and tobacco.

The chronicled activities of Portuguese Dutch and French merchants in the Indian opium trade are at best but casual and fluctuating. It remained for the British East India Company to restore the power and prestige of the old Mogul monopoly. Before the Battle of Plassey, in which Clive defeated the Bengal army, in 1757, the traffic had been of indifferent value; but, with the entrance of the British East India Company into Bengal, it came under the control of a highly organised trading machine with vast political power behind it.

China had been the ultimate destination of the opium handled by traders. As early as 1726, the Emperor, alarmed by reports of conditions in Formosa, which then belonged to China, had issued quaintly worded edicts against opium-smoking. But, apart from

amusing the traders, who regarded with some disdain the invisible power residing in Peking, these pronouncements were without effect. The trade increased by leaps and bounds. A feeble and unjust attempt has been made to show that the protest of China was not due to the fact that she feared for the health of her people but was made on the ground that the import of opium caused too great an export of sycee-silver. It was not, however, until 1827 that the balance of trade turned against China and caused the outflow of silver. After this date, fear of the depletion of the treasury supplemented, but did not supplant, fear, of the drug and its effect upon the nation.

In 1773 Warren Hastings, newly appointed governor general of India, had officially recognized the opium trade. He assumed the monopoly of opium production in India and concentrated it in the hands of the East India Company. He stated, nevertheless, that it was undesirable to increase the production of any article not necessary to life and that opium was not necessary to life, but a pernicious article of luxury, which ought to be permitted for purposes of commerce only, and which the wisdom of Government should carefully restrain from internal consumption.

From this time conflicts between Chinese officials and officers of the East India Company were frequent. Nevertheless, until 1796, opium was legally imported into China as "medicine." Then as a result of prohibitory edicts issued by the Chinese Emperor in 1795 and 1800, it was ruthlessly smuggled into the country.

The license of the East India Company expired in 1834, but the traffic was continued under a superintendent of trade, an officer of the British government. The Chinese resented strongly this new arrangement and treated the European representatives with growing

discourtesy. The Emperor, who assumed authority over all nations, was incensed that foreigners should continue the trade in direct violation of his orders. His indignant and supercilious message to the British traders further increased the friction.

In 1839 Lin Tse-hsu, often spoken of as a

our land the opium—which in your land is not made use of—by it defrauding men of their property and causing injury to their lives? I find that with this thing you have seduced and deluded the people of China for tens of years past, and countless are the unjust hoards you have thus acquired. Such



This Chinese anti-opium picture shows the incipient opium-smoker reclining at his ease in his mansion while his comrade enjoys the water-pipe common in China.

bitter enemy of Westerners and of the unholy effects of foreign trade upon the Celestial Empire, was appointed imperial commissioner at Canton and given full power to deal with the opium problem. Lin was no diplomat and addressed himself to the British traders very bluntly. "Why," he asked, "do you bring to

conduct arouses indignation in every human heart, and it is utterly inexcusable in the eye of Celestial reasoning." Commissioner Lin was a man of action and it soon became apparent that he meant business.

Yet it must be said that the British official on the spot, Captain Charles Elliot, super-

intendent of trade, was much to be pitied. His position had become almost unbearable. He wrote bitterly to Lord Palmerston of his feelings in the matter: "No man entertains a deeper detestation of the disgrace and sin of this forced traffic on the coast of China than the humble individual who signs this despatch. I see little to choose between it and piracy and

Lin insisted that the contraband opium should be surrendered. The British parleyed and protested. Lin finally laid siege to the foreign community, and in this way the British were forced to surrender over twenty thousand chests of opium, worth something like \$10,000,000. Lin personally supervised the destruction of the chests by having their



The companion picture present the confirmed opium-smoker, emaciated and penniless, eking out a miserable existence in a shelter deserted by all but his wretched family.

in my place as a public officer I have steadily discountenanced it by all means lawful in my power, and at the total sacrifice of my private comfort in the society in which I have lived for some years past." Nevertheless, when the storm broke, he must perforce side with his own countrymen.

contents mixed in trenches with salt water and lime and drawn off into a stream at low tide. He next insisted that bonds should be signed against further trading in opium, but even those British captains who complied, did not abide by their ledges. A few still carried on

their old practices in open defiance. Lin attempted to have them removed from the country and failed. The feeling between the British and the Chinese authorities grew more and more strained, until at last Lin, unable

After two years of fighting, varied by truces, this first Opium War was brought to an end by the Treaty of Nanking. In respect to certain of its terms—the cession of Hongkong, already occupied by the British and destined



"The 'Nemesis' in China," 1812

Colored caricatures of British soldiers as fighters and foragers were hawked about contemptuously in China during the Opium War of 1840-1842

either to suppress the opium traffic or to keep legitimate commerce alive, declared the trade with Great Britain ended. The British made no formal declaration of war, but in the following year, 1840, they sent forces to China

to become a great British military and naval base, the opening of five treaty ports, the creation of residential foreign "settlements" and fixing of customs duties at these ports, and the granting of extraterritorial rights to foreigners—this treaty was of the most far

reaching importance not only to Great Britain but to all Powers with which China came into treaty relations.

Commissioner Lin, who had been instrumental in bringing on the conflict, suffered the usual fate of unsuccessful Chinese officials. He was curtly recalled with the blunt reminder that he had been unable to cut off the opium trade, and the ungenerous characterization, "It appears you are no better than a wooden

received, and the situation did not improve. The legitimate trade of China was being ruined by the trade in opium and the Chinese were helpless to enforce their laws. Smuggling, piracy and kidnapping of Chinese coolies were increased through the effort made to develop the free port of Hongkong by granting British registry to Chinese craft. It needed but a pretext to precipitate another conflict, and it was forthcoming in the incident.



Early in the first Opium War Douglas Scott, a captured officer of the wrecked gunboat "Kite," was taken in a cage to Ningpo and exhibited along the way, to the curiosity and amusement of the Chinese people

image." Both good and evil were yet in store for him, but he was not destined to solve the opium problem. So no more Commissioner Lin, whose chief faults were excess of zeal and a lack of tact, due in part to his ignorance of the West.

On the heels of victory the British approached the Emperor with a request to have opium legalized. It was not favorably

of the Arrow, a Chinese boat flying a British flag. The Chinese, claiming that three pirates had taken refuge on the ship, seized her, arrested the men in question and hauled down the flag. British authorities at once demanded apologies. Incidentally it came to light that the Arrow had no right to fly the British flag, since its license had expired some weeks before, but inasmuch as the Chinese were held

to have been ignorant of this fact, it was not cited in their favor. There were demands and counterdemands. In the end the refusal of the Chinese to apologize led the British, in alliance with the French, who also had grievances, to begin operations against them.

Like the Treaty of Nankin, the Tientsin Treaties, signed at the close of this second Opium War 1856-1858, by Great Britain, France, Russia and the United States, were of profound international import. "Two Powers [Great Britain and France] had China by the throat, while the other two stood by to egg them on, so that all could share the spoil." Thus aptly has the situation been summed up. Lord Elgin, the British plenipotentiary, felt that, in securing for his country the right to a resident minister in Peking and the privilege of trade in the interior, he had plucked the chief fruits of victory. Good fruits, it may be, for all concerned. But there were others less wholesome—among them the legalization of the opium trade, with an import duty of thirty *taels* per *picul*.

It must be stated that the American Minister at that time, Mr. Reed, played a considerable part in the legalization of opium and in a letter to Lord Elgin advised him to urge the Chinese to admit the drug under a tariff, unless he could persuade his government to prohibit production in India and export to China. This despite an earlier letter to Lord Elgin, in which he condemned the trade in the following terms: "No one doubts it is very pernicious and demoralizing. I am confident that your Excellency will agree with me that its evils as the basis of an illegal, connived at and corrupting traffic cannot be overstated. It is degrading alike to the producer, the importer, the official, whether Chinese or foreigner, and the purchaser." These are noble sentiments, but the Americans had been

for a good many years too deeply implicated in the opium trade easily to square their theory.

In 1858 the last barrier of resistance to opium was broken down in China, and thereafter the country became saturated with the drug. The misfortunes of China, her vacillations, her confusions, her inability to face new conditions, must be laid in part to opium. Nor is it unfair to say that her enemies must have welcomed this trade, which alike crippled her labor and befuddled her council-chamber. Though the blame would seem to rest not alone on other nations, the initial wrong was done by others and the character of the Chinese people was more truly demonstrated long ago, in their efforts to protect the country from this scourge, than to-day, when China is in political chaos and at the mercy of the lawless men who are encouraging or forcing the recrudescence of the poppy.

Although two wars had been won and opium had become legalized, there was constant outcry in England against traffic in the drug. The public conscience has not been indifferent for the past sixty-five years. In 1891 the House of Commons decided by a good majority that "the system by which Indian revenue [at that time about \$20,000,000 annually] is raised is morally indefensible." Shortly after, the House of Commons demanded that a Royal Commission should be appointed to proceed to India and make a thorough report on opium—its uses and abuses. But soon the feeling went abroad that the gentlemen on the commission were more concerned with the financial difficulties that faced India, if the opium trade were withdrawn, than with the moral issues involved: for the Report, prepared largely from evidence submitted by British officials of the Government of India, pronounced in

favor of the continuance of the opium monopoly and the use and sale of the drug. By those who accepted the findings of the commission it was thought that the antiopium crusade was ended. Even the leaders of the antiopium movement bowed to the inevitable and ceased to trouble, except sporadically and weakly. India continued to produce vast quantities of an opium all but useless except for smoking purposes and of the miserable article eaten by the Indian natives. Wherever there was a Chinese population, Indian opium was to be found; though other races were forbidden to smoke, the Chinese were given no protection.

The report of the Royal Commission was the last official effort of the British government to solve the opium problem prior to the new movement initiated by the United States in 1903. Lord Morley's opinion of the Report, expressed in 1906, is worth quoting: "He did not wish to speak in disparagement of the Commission; but, somehow or other, its findings had failed to satisfy public opinion in Great Britain and to ease the consciences of those who had taken up the matter. What was the value of medical views as to whether opium was a good thing or not, when we had the evidence of nations who knew opium at close quarters? The Philippine Opium Committee, in a passage of their report, which he hoped the House of Commons would take to heart, declared that the United States so recognized the use of opium as an evil, for which no financial gain can compensate, that she would not allow her citizens to encourage it even passively."

Our acquisition of the Philippine Islands had in fact given new life to the anti-opium movement. By the action of the American government in appointing a committee to study the opium question as it existed in the

Islands and neighbouring eastern states, the Indo-Chinese opium question was lifted from its narrow confines and placed squarely before the international world for discussion and final settlement.

In 1904, a decade after the Report of the Royal Commission had suppressed discussion of the opium problem, the Report of the Philippine Opium Committee appeared. Copies of it were distributed throughout China. Its effect was to revive in the minds of the Chinese hopes and desires that had slumbered for ten years. An effort was immediately made by several Chinese leaders to stamp out the opium traffic and its inherent vices. In the autumn of 1906 Chinese officials visited Calcutta and exchanged views with the British authorities. These Chinese came to the conclusion that India was prepared to dispense with the opium traffic, if China would consent to a gradual reduction of the area of cultivation of native opium *puri passu* with a corresponding decrease in the import of the foreign article. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1906, at the instance of Peking statesmen, the late Empress Dowager issued an edict that was designed to eradicate in ten years the production and use of domestic opium.

A few months before, a remarkable debate had taken place in the British House of Commons, after a motion by one of its members, "that this House reaffirms its conviction that the Indo-China opium trade is morally indefensible, and requests Government to take steps to bring it to a close." This resolution was carried unanimously. It was no small matter for the coffers of the Indian treasury to forego the 30,000,000 rupees supplied each year by opium. A tax is at best difficult to levy on an eastern people, and a substitute for opium was not easy to find. Neverthe-

less, by agreement between Great Britain and China—the so called “Ten-Year Agreement” of 1907—China undertook, in keeping with the measures already decided upon,

India to all countries by one tenth annually. This agreement was to continue only if, after three years, China was able to show that she had lived up to her pledge.



During a truce in the first Opium War, Chinese, in search of arms and merchandise, looted British factories, or combined residences and business houses, situated at, but outside the walls of, Canton

to suppress the growth of the poppy within a period of ten years, by gradual reduction, and Great Britain agreed on her part to reduce the amount of opium exported from

It was at this time proposed to President Roosevelt that the United States should take the initiative in assisting China to secure prohibition of opium. Late in 1906,

it was determined the opportune moment had arrived for the United States government to suggest to the interested governments a commission of those Powers having territorial possession in the Far East, to determine if measures could be devised to bring the Far Eastern opium traffic to an end.

We had however, not realized that we, no less than China, stood in need of help; for it was only after the meeting of the International Opium Conference at Shanghai had been called, that investigations at home showed America to be consuming almost as much opium as the Chinese. Our role on the commission as a disinterested and rather pious onlooker was at once reversed. We attended the meeting, in 1909, in a very serious mood, after first having passed a law to prevent the further importation of opium into the United States except for medical use.

But since it is not my purpose to dwell on the activities of the United States or to discuss the various international conferences, I must revert once more to the East and complete this phase of my story. China, with the initiative gained through the Ten-Year Agreement, assailed her problem at home with such fervor that in an incredibly short time, the poppy was practically eradicated from her soil. The representatives sent by the British government to determine whether China had made satisfactory progress during the tentative three years, made so favourable a report on both the willingness and the ability of the Chinese to suppress the production and use of opium that, on May 8, 1911, the two governments entered into a new agreement, which continued the arrangement for the unexpired period of seven years. In commenting on the report, the London **Daily News** said: "To appreciate the extent of the miracle, one

must resort to analogy. It is as if the tobacco habit had come to an end in Europe a few years after decision to that effect by the Hague Conference."

Sir John Jordan, for many years British Minister to China and one of the principals in negotiating the Ten-Year Agreement, stated at a recent meeting of the Opium Advisory Committee of the League of Nations, in Geneva, that China was practically free from opium cultivation in 1917. Unfortunately there had been, he pointed out, a grave relapse, due primarily to political events and encouraged by an enormous illicit import of morphine, a derivative of opium, for which American and British subjects and also the Japanese were largely to blame.

If, on the heels of India's sacrifice and China's admirable effort, the International Opium Convention drawn up at The Hague in 1912 had been enforced, the recent complications would not have occurred. But in 1914 the World War abruptly checked good work and good intentions. Out of all the nations represented at the Conference of 1914, but five signed the Special Protocol and put the Convention into effect.

The war interminably continued, and China, isolated as never before, became the victim of selfish nations and interests. The price of drugs went soaring, and the recultivation of the poppy was systematically encouraged. The direct import of opium from India was curtailed, it is true, but the thousands of odd chests let loose in the East inevitably made their way to China or to those colonies of the Far East where the Chinese congregated. The Chinese farmer, disheartened by the influx of foreign opium, began once more a tentative planting of poppies. Then planting was forced by the group of military leaders who, ignoring the mandate of the Central

Government, secured from opium funds to pay their lawless followers. That the poppy should once more be grown in China has brought bitter criticism, not only from India, but from Persia and Turkey and the nations at large.

The situation is most serious. More opium is now being produced in China than in all the other countries combined. We return once more to the crux of the question. The opium problem can never be solved until cultivation of the poppy is reduced to the mini-

mum required for medicinal purposes. But such a program means new crops and new sources of revenue for the poppy-growing nations. The question, though primarily moral, has vital economic aspects, and these the forthcoming Conference in Geneva must face. There is no desire ruthlessly to destroy the economic prosperity of any nation, but it is indeed a paradox—and must be proved so to the mind and the heart and will of the whole world—that any nation can live on its own death.

"ASIA."





Wordsworth

THE FALL IN APPRECIATION.

By Sanjib Chaudhuri

An evil day has come for Wordsworth. Time was when he ranked among the greatest of English poets. First was Shakespeare, then Milton and the third honoured position was reserved for Wordsworth. He was believed to have made a new discovery for poetry, to have added an altogether new province to it. His healing power was eloquently sung of by such great critic as Matthew Arnold. But those days are gone. Wordsworth has fallen on evil days and evil tongues. He is falling in appreciation and his place is being contested sometimes by Browning and sometimes by Tennyson. If the current of present opinion would flow on, if people will see only as they see now, it is not improbable that in course of time Wordsworth will pass off to be one of the antiquities of literature.

In the beginning of his poetic career Wordsworth found little appreciation. He seemed to hold up an altogether new theory of poetry. The shadow of the age of Pope and Johnson was upon his own age. And he had to exert himself to no small degree to free the soul of the age from the unnatural bondage. Following in his wake Shelley and Keats wrote. And they too did not find much of appreciation in the age. But good days Wordsworth saw before he went down to the grave. He saw ardent admirers round him. He received admiration from the masterly souls of later days both of his own country and of the continent. But the English mind has again changed. There has again been a trough in the appreciation of Wordsworth. Some would say he wrote no-

thing worth reading after the poem known as the Tintern Abbey. Some would say his best poems could be counted on fingers and would as it were by courtesy count the famous Immortality Ode as one. Some again would challenge the noble Wordsworthian theory of poetry, his definition of poetry itself and his right to stand in the first rank of poets. And this spirit of depreciation has gone so far that students of research are harping even on some unpleasant relations of his private life to discredit him to the readers.

To the Indian mind however Wordsworth seems to be a saintly spirit and as much saintly as Carlyle. Without a soul pure and open, open in the real sense of the term, the beauties in nature are invisible and unperceptible. Wordsworth had such a soul, he composed with such a soul. What has then brought him down? What has happened in the course of less than a century that he is falling behind? What new changes have been ushered in, what novelties introduced into the English mind that this mighty poet is not receiving as enthusiastic admiration as he received of late? How is it that the father of the Romantic movement, the inspirer of so many souls, the beaconlight of the new ideal that animated the whole literature of the nineteenth century, the poet, the philosopher, and the seer is receding back in estimation? We shall see.

Wordsworth laid full emphasis on the individual soul as Shakespeare and Browning did. To have the evolution of the individual as such was all in all. He saw his own age, saw the spirit of getting and spending that permeated it so fully. He condemned the age. He invoked the spirit of Milton to condemn it in stronger terms. He felt confident that mere worldly interests could not give perfect satisfaction to the soul. But in all his ideas, in all his advices he emphasised on the individual soul, laid stress upon the influence that nature could exert on it. The growth, evolution and perfection of the individual soul is therefore his theme. And it is in the study of the individual that the present age delights. The popularity of the novel, the admiration for Browning and Shakespeare all owe their origin to this delight that individuals feel in the study of individuals. Here, then, is not to be found the secret that is detracting in this age from the appreciation of Wordsworth.

Two spirits have stood in this age against the appreciation of this great poet. One is total absorption of the soul in material concerns, and the other, the spirit of analytic science. The first of these Wordsworth himself saw. And much it grieved his heart to think 'what man has made of man.' He lamented that 'getting and spending' people of his age laid waste their powers. The powerful spirit of mate-

rialism he saw in his poetic vision as creeping unwarily like the snail to absorb the whole human interest. And he therefore exclaimed that he would rather be a pagan suckled in creed outworn than fall in with the tendency of the age. If Wordsworth were now living, he would have proclaimed with the voice of thunder his protest against the present spirit of materialism. He saw the symptoms, and he prescribed no howly varied anodynes.' His remedies were all too ineffective for those who accepted them. And as Arnold rightly remarks, he had the greatest healing power for the soul

Time may restore us in its course

Goethe's sage mind and Byron's
force ;

But where will Europe's later hour
Shall again find Wordsworth's
healing power.

Wordsworth is dead. And so materialistic is the age that has followed that it doubts the very efficacy of the healing power of his poetry.

Another force that has lessened to no small extent the appreciation of Wordsworth's poetry is the analytic spirit of science. Wordsworth was a strong advocate of science. He saw the possibilities of it. But he could never tolerate the idea that science would ever interfere with our sense of beauty. He gave a high place to human intellect. But he could never hear the idea that heart should ever be caught and enmeshed in the coils of

the intellect. This, however, is exactly what has happened. The analytic spirit has stupefied the heart in men for sometime. The beauty of the rose is recognised and appreciated ; the voice of the cuckoo thrills ; the celandine is as beautiful a flower as it was in Wordsworth's time. But they are not such things as of beauty and joy as they were to Wordsworth and Keats. Their glory has now vanished to a considerable extent. The rose now is more for adorning our garden of show than for awakening in us sentiments of sweetness. The modern analytic would much rather examine the filth out of which the beautiful rose plant grows than feel the beauty of the rose itself. It is this analytic spirit, that has attacked Wordsworth's poetry, has analysed even his *Luftern Abbey* and the *Sublime Ode* so ruthlessly, forgetting altogether that poetic Truth is not always convenient with the truths is Philosophy, Science, or of common life, that poets open new vistas for sentiments and emotions. And it would not be far wrong to say that it approached with a more critical spirit as apart from the emotional, though time has made even such an unfortunate attitude possible, poetry of no poet however great, will ever be able to hold its own. The literary critic should realise how he should differ from other classes of critics. He should not approach literature if he does not possess this realisation.

The spirit of analysis just referred to has challenged Wordsworth's theory of Nature. That Nature has the power to kindle and restrain, to rouse the best in us and to heal, it would not admit. That Nature has power and joy and peace which she can give us and before which our hearts, if open, would exult it would not concede. It would clutch at that epithet of Tennyson, 'Nature red in tooth and claw'. It would see more of cruelty, more of hideousness, more of the bitter struggle of existence in nature than of beauty and glory. That 'one impulse from a vernal wood' can teach us more of man than all the sages, it would take as a mere poetic licence having no truth at the bottom. Wordsworth's Lucy to the men of this spirit is a mysterious, if not an unnatural being, a mere projection of Wordsworth's imperfect idea of an ideal being framed and nursed by nature. What is worse, they would even interpret the Prolude as the experience of a soul altogether alien to the common. All these, it may be submitted, are products of imperfect ideas that hardly reach and realise the whole truth. And we shall presently show how they are so.

When we see a greater person than ourselves we respect him. A still greater one we revere, and one who is still more great receives our veneration. We forget at the moment that from the strictly logical and scientific point of view he is no more a man than our-

selves. He breathes, he eats, he moves and talks. And he, too, has common needs of life to satisfy. Yes, for his safety he kills other animals too. We forget all these when we see him. Our heart falls prostrate before him in veneration, we think more of the spirit within him than of the body, more of the 'Supernature' than of the native in him. This is human, or rather this is the Dignity in humanity. As before the spirit of a great poet or a sage we bow, so may we before the spirit of Nature. And who would deny that in spite of the incessant toil and labour and struggle of the surface there is the mighty, steady soul within that creates and uncreates kindles and restrains, exalts and depresses. And as modern Science has revealed nature, she is grander still. Who is not awed before this mighty spirit? Who will not feel that this spirit that does so much for the whole in us, also and can do much for our soul if only it would be open into it. Feeling is there all through the creation if we see it right. And it has this gigantic spirit of nature full of power and feeling that Wordsworth realised and the presence of which the poet felt. What spirit of analysis will stand for long before this mighty reality this grand Synthetic Truth? A time is coming when like the mist before the morning sun all pretty and superficial notions of Truth will vanish and the grand Reality will make itself visible to the soul of man.

And it is with the full realisation of this Reality that Wordsworth wrote. The Tintern Abbey is the proof. As Wordsworth himself says, this Reality laid him sometimes 'asleep in body,' and made him 'living soul' what is more, it gave him a vision into the life of things.

In the course of evolution we are only marching towards this great realisation when the heart in man has shown that it is mightier than the intellect, that the intellect may itself be a more off shoot of it, man's mind will change once more. His heart will turn to

Wordsworth again, and will realise in the poetry of this great poet the kindling, the restraining and the healing hours. He will feel as Wordsworth felt, think as Wordsworth thought and will have similar visions. The lull in the appreciation of Wordsworth is therefore something transient. And Wordsworth will, before long have his own right place in the noble galaxy of the great poets not only of England but of all countries. He is not one of those who can be forgotten. And if he has now suffered a loss in appreciation, the fault is more in the age than in any inherent defect of his poetry



Memorandum on Opium

[As I wish to give all possible publicity to the Memorandum on Opium which follows, because it contains the salient facts, and may be kept for reference, I publishing it as an Opium Supplement. It was written by me for the information of the members of the Council of State and the Legislative Assembly at Delhi during the recent Opium Debates. In the Council of State, the Opium resolution was not passed: but in the Legislative Assembly, the Government were defeated by a majority of 60 votes against 52, and an Enquiry was promised by Sir Basil Blackett provided that the local Governments accepted the suggestion and approved. C. F. A.]

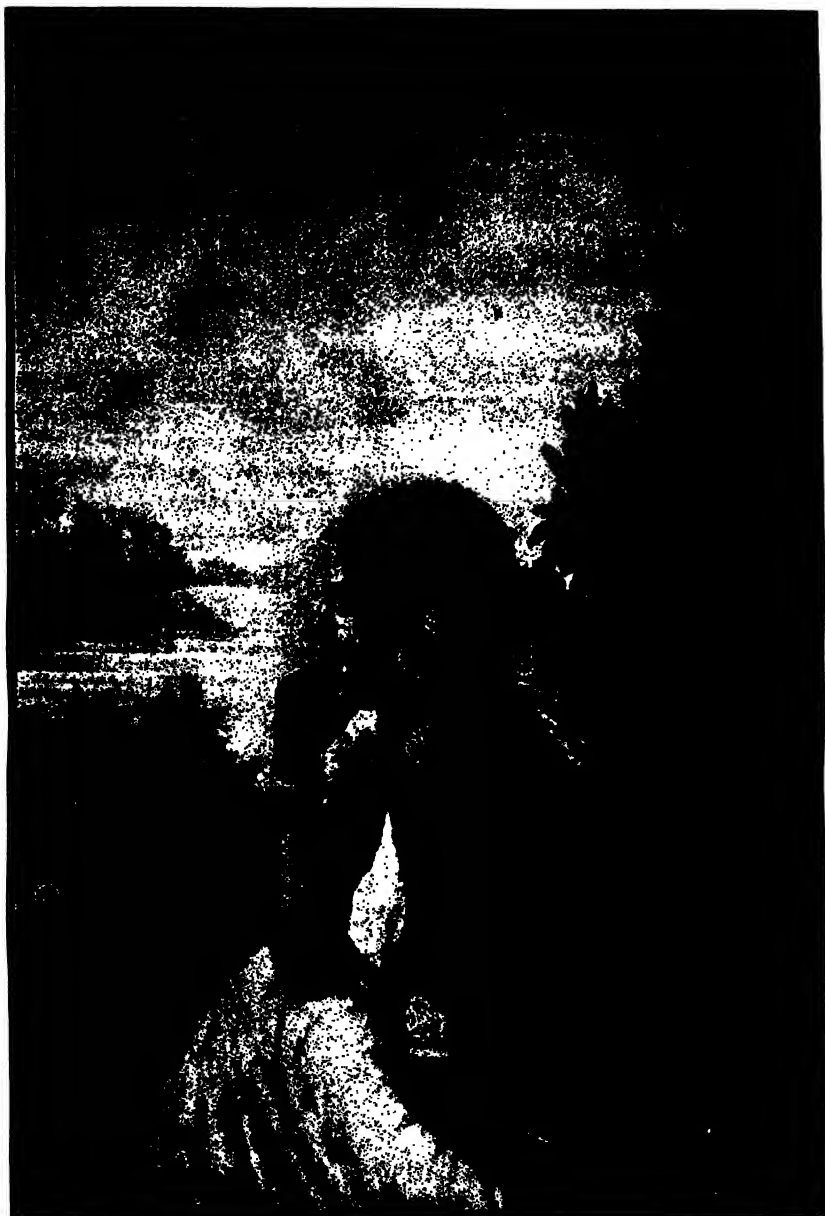
The rapidly growing consumption of opium, with its alkaloids, morphia and heroin, is now becoming a menace to the world, in the same way as the 'white slave' traffic and such diseases as 'plague' or 'leprosy'. Such evils can only be overcome by united international agreement. They can never be conquered by selfish isolation and national exclusive policy.

At the present time, India stands to lose the friendship of those nations of the world who are on the side of humanity in the great struggle against the opium poison, if she is unwilling to fall into line with the world reform movement, which aims at restricting the actual cultivation of opium to the full medicinal requirements of the world's population, and to leave nothing over for smuggling purposes.

This was the great issue at Geneva; and America, China and Japan were on the side of the world reform movement. Many of the smaller nations sympathised with them. But

Great Britain and the Government of India stood out stubbornly against this world solution based on restriction of cultivation. They suggested instead a very long process of gradual reduction of opium smoking and a stricter safeguarding of the manufactured drugs of morphia and heroin, so that they should not come into the hands of unlicensed dealers. Those powers which were financially interested in the sale and manufacture of opium into morphine and heroin sided with them.

The contention of the opium reformers was, that it is quite impossible to stop the secret sales of the drugs, when once they have been manufactured. On the other hand, it is easy to detect how much of the opium poppy, with its white flower, is being grown. 'Stop excessive cultivation,' say the reformers, 'and you get at the root of all the mischief: but once let the tiny pills of opium and its alkaloids loose upon the world and they will be



A Study

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sure to be consumed by some one : they will be smuggled through, and no one will be able to detect them.'

When the solution put forward by the opium reformers was rejected by the Governments of India and Great Britain, America threatened to leave the Geneva Conference in despair. Great Britain tried to avoid this disaster and sent Lord Robert Cecil as a delegate in order, if possible, to smooth over matters and come to a compromise. But Lord Robert Cecil only offended the American delegation still further and refused to accept their proposal. Therefore, President Coolidge recalled the American delegates ; and the Chinese delegates also left the Conference with them after three months of incessant delay and obstruction. Such a deadlock has been an event of world importance. It is likely to prevent America finally from becoming a member of the League of Nations. For America is saying ; "If we cannot agree upon a purely humanitarian issue, such as opium, how shall we agree about political questions ?" A little less stubbornness on the part of the representative of the Government of India might have brought about a different result.

There were two main disputes over which the break and deadlock came. In both of these unfortunately India was involved. They were as follows :—

- (i) With regard to India's internal consumption of opium.
- (ii) With regard to India's external opium traffic.

We may take these two disputes in order and deal with them separately. Below will be found the argument in each case :—

(i) Internal Consumption

The Government of India declared at Geneva that India's internal consumption of

opium could not be limited to India's medicinal needs. But the opium reformers, including America, would have been satisfied, if India had agreed to reduce internal consumption approximately to the index figure of the League of Nations, which stands at 6 seers per 10,000 of population. That amount of 6 seers per 10,000 is arrived at after much calculation, and is regarded as sufficient to supply amply the full medicinal requirements to civilised people. Today, the opium figure for the whole of India is nearly 12 seers per 10,000 of the Indian population, or nearly double the estimate of the League of Nations. But while there are 'opium' addicted areas in India, where the consumption is enormously too high, there are also many whole provinces, wherein the League of Nations index figure is hardly at all exceeded. For instance, the United Provinces stands lowest, with a rate of 6 per 10,000,—exactly the League of Nations figure. Bengal, Bihar and Madras stand next, with a ratio of 8 per 10,000, The Punjab stands in the middle, with an average of 11 per 10,000. Bombay is double the amount, with 22 per 10,000 ; and Burma's figure is 25. Assam is far the worst of all, with the alarming rate of 52 per 10,000. In some districts of Assam, where the Assamese race predominates, the rate goes up to 173 seers per 10,000 and 189 seers and even to 237 seers in one instance. The last named figure is the worst in India and Burma. In Burma, the presence of the Chinese make for a high average. We have Mergui, with its tin mines which employ Chinese labourers, with a consumption of 147 seers per 10,000 and Tavoy with 66 per 10,000 and Katha with 55 and so on. These high figures in Burma are due to the presence of Chinese who are opium smokers.

But the most alarming figures of all are probably to be found in the modern industrial centres of India itself. There the excessive

consumption of opium is very marked, and we know from the records of Bombay and Ahmedabad and Calcutta how much of this is given by mothers to young babies. The figures are as follows :—

Calcutta	consumes	114	seers	per	10,000
Rangoon	"	108	"	"	10,000
Ferozepore	"	60	"	"	10,000
Ludhiana	"	49	"	"	10,000
Lahore	"	40	"	"	10,000
Amritsar	"	28	"	"	10,000
Cawnpore	"	29	"	"	10,000
Ahmedabad	"	42	"	"	10,000
Bombay	"	43	"	"	10,000
Broach	"	51	"	"	10,000
Sholapur	"	35	"	"	10,000
Karachi	"	46	"	"	10,000
Hyderabad	"	52	"	"	10,000
(Sind)					
Madras	"	26	"	"	10,000
Cuttack	"	25	"	"	10,000
Balasore	"	56	"	"	10,000

In Calcutta and Rangoon the presence of Chinese probably accounts for the extraordinarily high percentage. It is not difficult to see that on the whole the mass of the Indian village population remains remarkably free from excess in opium consumption (except in Assam and Burma). But the town population, where the religious sanctions of the village life have broken down, has begun to succumb to the insidious opium habit and the danger is very great indeed of still further increase of the vicious consumption of opium. I have already mentioned the daily doping of babies. This leads to chronic constipation and children who are thus habitually doped suffer from debility and intestinal weakness for the rest of their lives. We are in danger of producing a weakly and debilitated industrial population which will be a terrible drag on the prosperity of India in the future.

Let me before passing on, give in a table the opium consumption of the different provinces and areas ;—

United Provinces	6·6	per	10,000
Bengal	8·1	"	10,000
Behar and Orissa	8·3	"	10,000
Madras	8·5	"	10,000
N. W. Frontier	10·2	"	10,000
Punjab	12·0	"	10,000
Central Prov.	16·1	"	10,000
Bombay	22·2	"	10,000
Burma	28·7	"	10,000
Assam	52·1	"	10,000
Baluchistan	6·0	"	10,000
Ajmere	52·7	"	10,000
Coorg	2·3	"	10,000
Delhi	not given		
Grand Total	12·0	per	10,000

After examining these figures very carefully it will be seen that it is in the most thickly populated **agricultural** provinces, on the whole, that the lowest records are made. The first four provinces, whose records are fairly near the League of Nations index figure 6 per 10,000, have a population of 170,000,000. It is clear, therefore, that if we were to deal thoroughly and drastically with what might be called the darker areas, such as Assam and the industrial centres, we should effect two objects :

(a) We should counteract the terribly near danger of the vast bulk of the Indian population becoming infected—a fate which has already happened to China.

(b) We should be able to bring down the final grand total for the whole of India, which is now just double the League of Nations index figure, to a much more decent level. Indeed we might bring the 'All India' record within the medicinal limits recognised by the League of Nations itself.

It may be stated, without hesitation, that if we could bring the All-India figure down to 8 instead of 12, the League of Nations at Geneva would be satisfied. The actual figure for America to-day is 8 grains per head of the population, which works out at about 4 seers per 10,000 of the population. But Switzerland even with a dangerous Drugs Act is as high as India's present rate of 12 seers. I have quoted these figures to show that there is still so undoubtedly large variation even in the West, where opium can only be obtained under medical prescription.

What follows from this analysis is the fact that if we seriously tackle the three outstanding evils of the present internal opium situation in India, namely,

- (a) The Chinese evil in Burma and Calcutta.
- (b) The Assamese race addiction.
- (c) The increasing evil at industrial centres.

we might actually be able, **without a dangerous Act at all** (which would be very difficult to work in India), to bring our opium consumption down to a much lower figure than at present and we should be able to stand a very fair comparison with Japan and the nations of the West. But for such a drastic revision and enquiry to be effective an All-India Committee must be appointed. It would not be satisfactory merely to rely on local enquiry; for as will be seen from the above analysis, the problem must be tackled as a whole. I hope that such a drastic enquiry will be asked for when the Opium Vote is brought forward on the Budget. The Royal Commission of 1894-5, on which the Government of India continually relies, is now out of date. A new India has come to birth since then, with new industrial and other problems. Also India has become an original member of the

League of Nations. For these and other reasons a new enquiry is absolutely necessary. Whether it should be a Royal Commission or not should be decided by the Legislative Chambers.

It ought to be made clear to everyone that Japan and the United States and practically every western country have refused to make revenue out of opium because they are aware that consumption beyond medical requirements **is a dead loss in health and strength and moral stamina to the whole nation.** As Ruskin so well pointed out, the ultimate wealth of any country is the well, or well-being, of the people. No financial return can make up for loss of health and moral stamina. Therefore, every rupee saved from the opium revenue is equal to many rupees saved in public health and public efficiency. A fall in the opium revenue must be always a matter for congratulation. A rise in the opium revenue is a thing to be feared.

(ii) **External Consumption.**

It is now necessary to turn to the export of opium from India to the countries of the Far East for purposes of opium smoking. In the end, at Geneva, it was over this opium exported for smoking,—rather than over the internal consumption of opium in India beyond medical requirements,—that America finally broke away and left the Conference. It is necessary at this point very closely to follow the American argument, because the good faith and honour of India are involved. America has publicly accused the Indian Government of conniving at a breach of a solemn contract signed and sealed at the Hague Convention of 1912-13. In the plainest possible terms and in quite undiplomatic language, Great Britain and India were accused, before the League of Nations of a breach of treaty. Many apologetic words

were uttered afterwards by Lord Robert Cecil, in trying to smooth matters over; but in spite of all attempts at a compromise and appeals to the American delegation to withdraw the words uttered, the strong, blunt and almost brutal accusation still remained unrepealed and uncorrected. President Coolidge, fully approving of the action of the American delegation, recalled the delegates by a curt cablegram in disgust.

Let us examine very carefully the actual point at which this breach occurred and the accusation which was levelled against Great Britain and India as responsible and civilised nations.

The Hague Convention of 1912-13 in Article VII states as follows :—

"The contracting powers shall prohibit the import and export of prepared opium. Those powers, however, which are not yet ready to prohibit immediately the export of prepared opium shall prohibit it as soon as possible."

A very large proportion of the opium exported from India goes to the British possessions in the Far East. It is at once prepared by the Governments of those British possessions for opium smoking and sold in opium dens under a Government monopoly. The Government of India gets out of its contract by saying that it does not send out 'prepared' opium but 'raw' opium. The American Delegation stated that this was a mere quibble. It was a connivance between two parties at a breach of treaty and contract, because it was well-known that all the opium sent out from India to the Far East was used for smoking purposes.

The British possessions in the Far East which **imported** this Indian opium took shelter under the words "shall prohibit it as soon as possible." They said that they need-

ed time to bring the traffic to an end. The American delegates pointed out that thirteen years had already elapsed since the signing of the Hague Convention on January 23, 1912. How much **more** time did the contracting Powers want? Could they go on delaying till Doomsday?

Then Lord Robert Cecil brought forward on behalf of Great Britain and India the proposal that first of all it should be ascertained by an international commission that no opium was being smuggled from China. **After that date**, fifteen years should be allowed to elapse, at the end of which the contracting Powers should agree to suppress opium smoking.

America replied that this would mean only another interminable delay. By such a dilatory course opium smoking would be suppressed somewhere near 1950. Even then, just as there had been thirteen years delay already since the signing of the Hague Convention, so there might be again still further postponement.

Then America made a last offer. America agreed to a period of 15 years delay from the present actual date, or 25 years delay from the actual date of the signing of the Hague Convention. Was not that long enough?

Great Britain and India refused and Lord Robert Cecil insisted on his own formula of "fifteen years after it has been ascertained by an international commission that no smuggling is taking place from China."

From that point, the deadlock was final. One adjournment after another took place, but both parties maintained their position. America still offered a fifteen years' delay from January 1925. Great Britain offered fifteen years from the time that China should go dry.

Let us see how the matter stands for India itself and the obligations of the Indian people to world opinion and the opinion of the League of Nations.

Now it is quite certain that practically every chest of opium that leaves India for the Far East is immediately prepared for smoking, and used for smoking. Therefore, Indian opium which is used all over the Far East should come under this article of the Hague Convention. The only real ambiguity lies in the closing words: "Shall prohibit it as soon as possible."

Having signed this article VII, we in India ought as soon as possible to have reduced our export of opium to the Far East to such amounts as are sanctioned by the League of Nations, i.e. to about 6 to 8 seers per 10,000 of population. At present, the consumption of Indian opium for smoking in the Straits Settlements, is well over 1,000 seers per 10,000 of population. The same is almost equally true of Indo-China and Macao and other Far Eastern possessions. Whatever we may lose in revenue by forfeiting this trade we shall win back a hundred times over in moral prestige throughout the world.

Here again, the whole problem of opium exported from India should be settled after a careful and thorough enquiry by a first rate commission. At Geneva as I have already shown, and repeat for the sake of absolute clearness, the Government of India along with Great Britain proposed that first of all an interval should be allowed for opium smoking

to continue in the Far East until China stopped its excessive opium cultivation; **afterwards**, a period of fifteen years should be counted, and at the end of this whole double period, opium smoking should be suppressed. America proposed that fifteen years should be allowed from the date of the end of the Geneva Conference, not from the time when China ceased to cultivate excessive opium. Furthermore, America declared that the attitude of Great Britain and India had been merely obstructionist throughout.

We ought not to be satisfied with this attitude taken up by the Government of India on our behalf which has so offended America that she left the Geneva Conference. At least, we should submit our export traffic to a thorough investigation, just as we should submit our internal consumption. If there is anything which is against the dictates of humanity, we should be at once ready to sacrifice this very small fraction of our Indian revenue. In the long run, the moral credit that India will obtain in the world, by taking up a truly humanitarian attitude on this question, is of far more material and spiritual importance to India in her history than a certain number of rupees in hand to-day which are obtained by offering to other people what is recognised as a poison. Just as Great Britain won great credit in history a century ago by the suppression of the slave traffic, even so India may obtain great credit in history to-day by the suppression of the opium traffic.

C. F. Andrew.

China's Plight

(By C. F. Andrew)

In order to understand the nature of the evil that has been done in the past by the export of Indian opium to foreign countries, it is necessary to go, as I have twice done, to China and to witness there with one's own eyes the ravages which have been wrought owing to the opium traffic from India which went on for one hundred years against the will of the Chinese people. It was forced upon China by the gunboat and the bayonet, when the Chinese were armed still with spears and bows and arrows and matchlock which would not shoot. The Indian Government received in all some hundreds of millions of pounds sterling in revenue out of this 'morally indefensible' traffic.

The condition of things in China has literally gone from bad to worse. Dr. Aspland thus describes the growth of the morphia habit :—

"These pills are morphia made into pill form with flour. The wholesale disposal is in white cotton bags containing 10,000 pills. The quantity of morphia in each pill varies with the price charged. Presuming that each pill contains a quarter of a grain of morphia, then the man who swallows a dozen daily has produced in his body the same effect as the man who laboriously smokes an ounce of Chinese opium. Further, the ounce of opium costs at least twenty to thirty times more than a dozen morphia pills, and amongst the poor this is a great consideration."

"There is hope for the inveterate opium smoker," says Dr. Aspland, "But practically none for the morphia eater. A much higher percentage of cures is recorded among the 12,000 addicts in the 'curing houses' in the Yenmen district of Shansi, where

opium alone is used, for instance, than among the 36,000 Tsining addicts who have been in 'curing houses' during the year." These figures, it must be remembered, represent the state of affairs in the one province in China, where the Governor is really trying to enforce the anti-opium laws. The Governor of Yen dealt with no fewer than 20,000 drug traffickers in the course of last year. Yet complete rounding up of these delinquents is impossible, as the Shansi Branch of the Anti-Opium Association says, "while opium enters through mountain passes from neighbouring provinces and morphia pills are dumped at railway sidings."

It is true that the morphia used is not manufactured out of Indian opium. But the craving for the drug was caused, generation after generation, by the Indian opium traffic.

Sir Basil Blackett in the Legislative Assembly spoke of the Indian Government having ~~sacrificed~~ her opium revenue in favour of China. What really happened was that after a hundred years of this morally indefensible method of making revenue from the export of opium, the India Government under the pressure of the world conscience agreed to surrender it for the future. There was no 'sacrifice' here, but only a very tardy act of justice and repentance. When I spoke in Delhi about this century-old wrong the answer was :

"Oh that is out of date ! India has made ample compensation."

Has India made ample compensation ? The very condition of China to-day cries out against any such statement. The law of Karma cannot be so easily evaded as Sir Basil Blackett thinks.



BY S. N. GUHA B. Sc. (Cali.)

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE CAFE.

The five friends were eating dinner. There were two girls and three men. This was not unusual. They assembled several times a month, not to commemorate a mutual friendship of any particular incident but merely to have "good times." Many an evening was spent in this manner, not that they were so fond of one another's company but because they were all comrades of The Gay Life. They were perfectly at ease in this place which showed that they were well known at the cafe.

"Rather a strange thing happened to me not long ago," said one of the men, taking a sip of red wine. "It was when we went to shoot a few scenes of Bradwell's picture in the Busch Gardens."

"What was it? Shoot it out!" exclaimed the other members of the party.

"I'm afraid these girls will be jealous if I tell it."

"No, we won't" chorused the girls.

"The scenes were finished," continued the first speaker, "and while they were loading the props I sauntered off to take a look through the garden. At a distance, under a bush, I saw a woman. I didn't see her entirely, of course, but I caught a glimpse of her beautiful leg. I couldn't see her face but I imagined it must be beautiful. I approached in that direction very softly. She raised her skirt slightly, exhibiting her legs fully. Of course I was fascinated. I went nearer to her and caught sight of her face. She was a beauty. She was reading a novel and as I approached, she glanced up at me from the corners of her eyes and then dropped the book on the grass."

"I believe you are connected with the motion picture company," she said, "Isn't it beautiful to be a performer?"

"Yes, Madam, it is," I replied.

"I am so glad to see you," she went on. "I'm just crazy to know all about it."

"Yes, Madam, it is an interesting field," I replied, "and I wish I could tell you something about it, but I have no time, as our car is leaving for the studio."

"I will walk with you a little distance," she smiled. "I also am going home."

"We started to walk slowly, talking about the picture work. Suddenly she uttered a little cry and sat down on the ground.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"I have sprained my ankle" she said.

"She sat flat on the ground and held her ankle in her lily white hand, pulling her skirt slightly above her knee. I had a happy little feeling but when I saw the agony on her face I lifted her up gently. She could not stand without my support.

"Mr.—" she began.

"Mr. Lovejoy," I replied.

"Oh, Mr. Lovejoy, you must help me home!"

I had a full dress suit on, for it was a society picture, you know.

"Yes madam," I said, "but my car is waiting for me; they are all ready to go back."

"Are you going to leave me in this condition?" she said.

"Not at all, Ma'm," I said, "I simply want to take leave for a few

minutes to tell them that I cannot go with them."

"All right—let me sit down until you return."

"I helped her to a seat on the grass and went and told the assistant director that I intended to stay in Pasadena with my cousin that night. Then I went back to the girl and told her all about it. She seemed damn glad and asked me to help her home. When we reached her apartment house I wanted to ring the bell but she stopped me and said softly, "No, don't do that! They might be busy now and it would take a long time for them to answer. You are so kind! Will you help me to my apartment on the second floor?" That sounded good to me and I helped her into her apartment. She invited me to enter, which I did. The place was rather richly furnished. She asked me to help her to a seat on the divan and I did so. She pulled off her stocking and asked me to put a bandage on her foot, praying me to excuse her for giving me so much trouble. Her maid was out, she said. However, after a few minutes the maid entered and said, "I did not know you were back, Madam." "

"Yes, Jane," she said, "I had an accident. I sprained my ankle and this gentleman helped me home. I thought you had taken the day off?"

"Yes Madam, I had intended to, but you told me not to go?"



Through the Sandy Tract.

By—Edmund Dulac.

"Oh, yes, I had forgotten about it?"

"'Can I help you in any way?" asked the maid.

"No thank you, Jane. You may go until I call you?"

It was about six o'clock and I pretended a little anxiety to leave, but she said, 'won't you take supper with me? I don't like to eat alone. It is terrible to be alone—especially at this beautiful time of the year. I always like company, anyway.'

"So do I, Madam" I replied. But do I not trouble you?"

"Not at all, Mr. Lovejoy—you are helping me", she smiled. She called for her maid and ordered supper for two. Then she dismissed the maid who returned soon with our supper. She dismissed the maid again and after supper we started to talk. It was a warm night, warmer than tonight. In the course of conversation I forgot myself. It was getting late but I never thought of leaving the place. It was about ten o'clock.

"It is very warm tonight", she said.

"I haven't felt such warmth in a long time," I replied smiling.

"Will you excuse me for a few minutes?" she said. I can't stand these toga. I am sweatering?"

"Surely, Madam!" I said. I glanced at the clock. It was after ten. I knew it was time for me to leave because I had to go to work early next morning but the girl had fascinated me and I said nothing. Presently she returned wearing a loose gown and her hair fell loosely over her lovely shoulders. She came over and seated herself by me on the divan. She looked so beautiful that I could not resist her. I placed my arm around her fragile body and kissed her.

To make a long story short, I left the place late at night. At six o'clock next morning the alarm clock woke me. I did not want to get up but I had to or I would have lost my job. Several days afterward I went back to see her but was surprised to find that she had gone away. I asked for her address but the clerk said she came from the east and had gone away again, leaving no address."

"Well, that was some luck," said one of the men at table.

"He's always lucky with the women," smiled another.

"Now, I wonder if these girls are jealous?" said Lovejoy.

"Jealous your foot!" replied one of the girls. "What do you think we are? Laundry girls? We are movie actresses. Little

things like that never worry us for a second !”

“Yes, I know you are good sports,” said Lovejoy, placatingly.

“Sure we are !”

“Look there ! Look who is behind that cigar counter ! exclaimed the other girl.

“Who is it ?” asked the men.

“Look for yourself !”

“Don’t you see a girl there ?”

“Oh ! Elsie Smith, as I believe ! Degal’s leading lady !”

“What is she doing there ?”

“She’s selling cigars.”

“Selling cigars ? Is she working here ?”

“I guess so.”

“What’s the matter with her ?

“Don’t ask me. Maybe she’s quit the movies.”

“Well, a girl like her ought to be out of the movie game.”

“Sure she ought ! She’s no actress. She came from the farm in the first place.”

“No ?”

“Surest thing you know.”

“Well, I didn’t know that. I thought she was Los Angeles girl.”

“Bet you a hundred dollars she isn’t !”

“How did Degal get hold of her ?”

“Why, don’t you know ? Everybody else knows. She met Degal in

the country, became crazy about him and wanted to marry him. But poor Degal was already married and couldn’t marry any more so he refused her. She became so crazy about him that she couldn’t stay on the farm, so she followed him to town. Then she came to the studio where he was and told him that if he did not marry her she would kill herself. From that time Degal became friendly with her. Didn’t you notice at the studio that he paid more attention to her than to any other girl ?”

“Yes but I thought he was after her.”

“Nothing of the kind ! She was after him. Do you think Degal would go after a country girl when so many city girls admire him ?”

Then why did he take her as a leading woman ?”

“That’s easy. It was because her money was used to finance that picture, and he couldn’t very well get out of it.”

“Where did she get so much money ?”

“She stole it from her dad’s safe. You see, her father has a big wheat farm. He sold a lot of wheat and was paid in the evening, so he couldn’t put the money in the bank. She knew that and one night she bagged the dough and vamoosed. Her dad came after her but it was too late. The money was gone—nobody but the girl knew where. He tried to take her back home but

she wouldn't go. She said she'd rather die than leave Degal and her new work—so there you got it !”

“Degal was a lucky dog to get hold of that wad.”

“Oh no, he didn't want her money. He told her to go home and give the money back to her father, but nothing doing with Miss Elsie ! She said if he talked like that she would kill herself. So Degal took her money and shot the picture. He could get plenty of money from other sources, too, if he cared to.”

I don't know. It's pretty hard to get money these days.”

“It might be for you, but not for Degal—he is on !”

“I heard a different story than that,” said one of the men.

“Yes ? What did you hear ?”

“I heard it was Degal who persuaded her to invest the money in this business,” he replied.

“That's a lie ! I heard the story from Degal himself !”

“Perhaps—perhaps, I say, he has lied to you.”

“Not on your life ! He wouldn't lie to me !”

“When did he tell you that ?”

“Last night. I went out with him and he told me everything.”

“I haven't seen him at the studio for some time. What is he doing now, anyway ?”

“Why, he's busy preparing to take another big picture. This picture that

he's just taken is a peach and it's going to bring him a load of money.”

“Has he sold it already ?”

“Oh no, he wouldn't sell it here ! He has sent it to New York !”

“Well, I don't believe Degal can make a good picture.”

“No matter what you believe ! He can ! He has offered me a good part in his next production.”

“Has he ?”

“Yes, he has, and between you and me and the lamp post, I think he will give me the lead.”

“What about his leading lady—I mean Elsie Smith ?”

“He's going to send her back home as soon as he sells this picture.”

“Why doesn't he make her go home now ?”

“He told me he tried his best to send her back but that she wouldn't go.”

“Well, she'd better go back, instead of working like the Devil in a cafe.”

“My dear sir, cafe work is far easier than working on a farm.”

“But that's her father's farm ; she doesn't have to work there !”

“That's all you know about these farmers ; they make every member of the family work.”

“Oh, no, they don't,”

“Surely they do, though. Degal told me so.”

“Have you ever been on a farm, young lady ?”

"I should say not! Do you think I'm a farmer? I am born and raised in this town. My mother sent me to high school and wanted me to learn stenography, but I wanted to be an actress so I quit high school and joined the movie band."

"What does your father do?"

"I haven't got any father; my mother is a widow."

"Who supports your mother? You do, I suppose?"

"No, I can't do it. The money I earn I spend for my wardrobe. You know it's necessary for an actress to have an elaborate wardrobe. Sometimes I even have to borrow money from my mother."

"Then your mother has plenty of money?"

"No, not a great deal, but she does sewing and earns enough to get along on."

"Come on; let's go talk to Elsie" suggested the other girl. "I want to hear what she has to say."

"I'm with you," replied the other girl, rising. The girls left the table and went toward the cigar counter. The man glanced at one another,

"What foolish girls!" exclaimed one of the men.

"How's that?"

"Didn't you hear what she said?"

"No, I wasn't paying much attention. What was it?"

"All the money she earns she spends for wardrobe— and also borrows money

from her poor mother who makes her living by sewing."

"Oh, well, they're all alike. None of them will hesitate to go with a man for a good time."

"Sure they wouldn't! I would never allow my wife and sister to work in the damned movies."

"I don't blame you—neither would I."

"The other day my wife came to the studio and fussed around for quite a while. That day our company was using quite a bunch of girls and my wife was anxious to work. I told her 'Nothing doing!' I stopped her from visiting the place, too. She's only seventeen and a damned nice little girl. She cried a good deal about it but I told her to cry as much as she wanted to but I wouldn't let her mess around the studios. A studio is no place for a married woman."

"That's the way to do; I would have done the same thing."

"Sure! A decent woman has no business in the movie studios. Those places are no better than——"

"Look! There they are, talking with Elsie."

"Well, they can say what they like but I think that girl is a beauty."

"She sure is a love."

"I wouldn't mind having her myself."

"She isn't that sort of a girl, Lovejoy."

"How do you know?"

"Because if she were she wouldn't be working in this cafe. She is beautiful, as you say, and could get work every day in the pictures."

"I don't believe it. it doesn't take long for me to win a girl. If I don't do it the first time I'm sure to win her the second time. If any obstacles comes the second day, however, I win 'em at the third trial. My victory is sure."

"Then it's dangerous to let our wives loose around you !" said one of the men, mockingly.

"Well, I guess somebody else thinks that way, too. You remember the other day in Balha ? I got to talking to a young woman down there and when her husband saw it he took her away. Next day when we went there again I saw her on the beach. She looked at me—you know, one of those looks which tell more than a thousand tender words. I saw an appeal and desire in her face. I tried to talk to her but she never answered me. I know that her husband was the cause of it all—damn him !"

"I think her husband was wise."

"I think so too," admitted Lovejoy.

"A married girl has no right to flirt with other men."

Such were these men. They would not let their wives work in the pictures or enjoy other men's company, however innocent the companionship might be—but they never hesitated to contribute to the downfall of other

men's wives. What wrong is there in honest work ? What wrong in the moving picture business that these men feared for the safety of their wives and sisters ? If there be wrong in this work then you men made it so. If you were all on the square and treated other women as you want your wives and daughters treated then there would be nothing to complain about. But you men, apparently strong, cannot resist temptation. You are worse than beasts. Can you not be strong enough to resist these temptations ? If you will do your best to be brave and control the senses you will soon become men. Do you know that the conservation of strength is necessary for success in any kind of work ? He who conserves is strong and able. He who wastes his strength is lost. While you are working in the moving pictures it is your duty to look after the safety of these girls, instead of dragging them down. If you would but perform your duties aright everything would go smoothly enough. It is your combined duty to clean out of these studios this undesirable element. It is impossible for the manager of a company to do that because one man, be he ever so wise, cannot find these scoundrels out. There could be detectives among the workers but that also would be undesirable and would look bad for the workers. If you men would do your duty you would make these places clean and then you would

not hesitate to let your wives, mothers or sweethearts avail themselves of the opportunity to do honest work.

Let us now turn our attention toward Elsie and the other girls.

"Hello, Elsie. how are you? We saw you from the table. We are having a dinner with Lovejoy and some others. What are you doing here?"

"Don't you see what I'm doing?" replied Elsie, mortified with shame.

"Well, we see you are working. Yes. Very good for you!"

"Well, it doesn't matter whether it's good or bad; I must earn my living."

"That's rather a strange way for an actress to earn a living."

"Say what you please, but I can't help it."

"Why, you could get jobs in the movies! We are working nearly every day."

"Perhaps you are lucky. I tried, but could get nothing."

"That's strange!"

"Yes, I admit it is strange. If I could only have got one day's work a week I would never have taken this job."

"Haven't you a friend who can give you a little money when you need it?"

"I'm afraid I haven't."

"Then why don't you find one? It's easy. Then you wouldn't have to worry about your food. I very seldom pay for my lunch in the studio. Very

often I eat in the cafe. I have several friends—if half of them are broke, the other half are fresh."

"I don't want any friends. I am very happy without them."

"Oh, I see! You're still thinking of Degal and don't want anybody else. Well, you can't get him."

"What do you mean?" she said indignantly.

"Now don't get peeved, girlie! I know all about it. He told me everything."

"Just what did he tell you, please?"

"He told me how he met you on your father's farm, how you got infatuated with him and wanted to marry him and how he refused and came to Los Angeles. But you didn't leave him alone, he said. You came right after him and stole money from your father's safe which you invested with the company. He refused to use your money at first and ask you to go back to the farm but you wouldn't do it. You tried to kill yourself, so he was bound to start the company with your money. I don't blame you, girlie. Degal is a fine man. I wouldn't mind having him myself."

Elsie did not hear the last sentence. For a moment she was blind and deaf from anger. "Oh, the scoundrel!" she cried aloud.

"Yes, you call him a scoundrel now."

"Will you please go to your place and let me attend to my own

business?" said Elsie. "I don't care to hear anything else!"

"Oo! Poop!" The girls returned to the table turning and making faces at her as they went.

"What's the matter, girls? You look sore." This from one of the men.

"Oh, she's a boob! What's the use to talk to a boob?"

"Why sure she's a boob—otherwise she wouldn't be working here. Well, girls, let's go." Laughing and talking they left the cafe.

"And so," thought Elsie, "that's what Degal is doing—talking about me. He says I came after him and stole money for his sake. Well, I can do nothing to prove my innocence. I have neither friends nor money and I can't write to David. I must earn my own living. I will work in the cafe until I find something better. I may get a good job in the movies yet—who can tell? How fine it would be if a good, honest director should come into the cafe, see me at the counter and come to me and say, 'Lady, have you ever worked in the moving pictures?' 'Yes, sir.' Well, this is

director So and so. Here's my card. You are just the type I am looking for. Will you take a part in a picture at a very decent salary?' 'Yes sir, and I thank you.' Then I would have money and I would protect myself from the scoundrels as all the stars do."

"You may go home now, Miss Smith. You look tired." The voice of her employer wakened her from her reverie.

"Thank you," she said and left the cafe for the night.

Next morning Elsie found a large, legal-sized envelope, addressed to her, on the table at the entrance of her apartment house. From the way it was addressed, in type, she knew what it was. This was not the first time she had such an experience. She had seen this sort of envelope before, but before this these envelopes came from magazine editors. This was from the scenario department, of the Fine Arts studio.

"Well," she mused listlessly, "If it is written in my fate, let it be! My time will come some day."

(To be continued)

Gandhi and Lenin

An American Estimate

By Mr. Harry F. Ward.

History will rank Lenin and Gandhi as the two influential men of this period. Each of them has secured and held the allegiance of more people than any other leader. For a brief period Woodrow Wilson outranked them in leadership of the common people of the world; but his star rapidly fell and his influence belongs to the future, not the present.

It is strange coincidence that these two men of such different training, environment and temperament, one the product of the cold North and the other the child of the warm South, should have so many characteristics in common. The fact may throw some light on the type of leadership that will increasingly develop as the masses come more and more into power.

Lenin and Gandhi came from the same class. Gandhi's father was of the merchant caste and came to positions of influence in public life. Lenin's father was an educational administrator who attained the rank of petty noble. From this background, they both came to live and work for the undeveloped multitudes. Lenin by way of exile and the constant dangers of a revolutionist's career, Gandhi by way of renunciation of the income and position of a highly paid lawyer. To Lenin the world-wide social revolution for which he worked meant a larger life for the millions and to Gandhi freedom for India

means emancipation for the toilers of the villages and the rapidly developing industrial cities. Neither man makes any bid for the affection of the people by any parade of devotion to their interests. Lenin added to the reserve of the North the Communists' suspicion of idealism, but after his death his wife, Krupskaya as she is affectionately called, had to say in her brief and simple memorial statement: "Nicolai loved the common people and lived only to serve them, though he never said anything about it." Gandhi puts in the forefront of his programme the removal of "untouchability," that is, the barrier of isolation which has kept the lower castes and the outcasts "the untouchables," away from the best things and the best influences of life. Also his demand for universal hand-spinning and weaving has another motive than the release of India from the grip of the British cotton manufacturers and market. He thinks it will restore the old economic well-being of the villagers by giving them an occupation for their spare time. But the devotion of the common people of Russia to Lenin and of India to Gandhi is not due to any intellectual appreciation of their programmes but rather to a broad sense that they are aimed at the common welfare and more particularly to an intuitive recognition of the fact that these men are absolutely disinterest-

ed. Here after all is the essence of leadership in an increasingly democratic world—the people must feel that their representatives act without ulterior motive that they have no axes to grind. The proof of this in the cases of Lenin and Gandhi is the bare simplicity of their lives. In outward circumstances they shared the lot of the millions so far as was reasonably possible by taking only the necessary minimum of food and clothing. When Russia was on food rations and the peasants hearing that Lenin was not well, sent him gifts of extra food, he passed it on to the common stores. When his associates put something extra in the drawer of his work table in the hope that he would absentmindedly take it, they found it untouched. Gandhi dresses with a few yards of homespun cotton. He rides in the overcrowded and unsanitary third class and by his personal testimony has forced some improvements in a situation which as he points out makes money off the discomfort of the poor in order to enable the rich to ride in spacious luxury.

Dislike of Being Waited Upon.

These men also share a dislike of being waited upon. They think it necessary that one should do all things possible for oneself. After Lenin was partially paralyzed and had lost the use of his right hand, the doctor one day discovered that he had taught himself to write with the left, by persuading an attendant to bring him pencil and pad and practising unobserved beneath the blanket. Gandhi insists on doing his own "sweeper" work which in India without modern sanitary conveniences, means one of the most disagreeable tasks of the household to which the "sweeper" class have been confined by the custom of caste.

It is this living of their word, the doing of the thing instead of merely talking about it,

which has enshrined these men in a sure place in the hearts of their humbler fellow country-men. And this sure instinct for reality on the part of uneducated people is one of the big guarantees of human progress. It is for this reason that crowds sweep all over Russia come constantly to see the body of Lenin as it lies preserved by a new process, in the simple yet beautiful wooden tomb surrounded by a lovely garden, under the walls of the Kremlin, in the great Red Square. It is for this reason that the crowds all over India shout their "Gandhi forever" whenever he appears, and personally give him reverence that is almost worship while he is constantly saying, "I do not want you to shout Gandhi forever, I want you to do the things that I say."

These men are also alike in their supreme self confidence, which is not mere egotism but a certainty in the rightness of thing more than their own. It is, however, their message and programme as being somewhat of a different nature come of a different source in each case. Lenin was convinced of the correctness of his logical analysis, he felt sure that he had rightly read history and applied it to the present course of events. Hence in two of the greatest discussions with his comrades concerning decisions that were vital to the future of the Russian revolution, it is recorded of him in one case that after speaking he went out and sat alone on the stairs to play a little lonely game with his knife and in the other that he covered his head with his coat so that he might not hear the debate. In each case his associates finally came to his view and the course of events proved that he was right, so that in the later years his powers of analysis were regarded by them as unerring. He regarded this as scientific precision. Gandhi on the other hand is led by an inner

urge which he regards as the voice of God. He gains little or nothing from the experience of others. He follows the compulsion of great principles which seem to him divine and like Lenin he goes his own way heedless that others counsel differently. When most of his friends urged him to discontinue his twenty-one days fast, lest his life be lost to India, he replied that it was his duty to finish it in penance for his mistake and the sins of his countrymen, that he had studied the discipline of fasting and was sure he would come through, and that moreover his counsellors had not reckoned with the power of prayer.

Public Admission of Errors.

Dispite this supreme self-confidence, Lenin and Gandhi share a capacity for publicly admitting error which is rarely found in great leaders. The idea of "saving face" which is responsible for most of the hypocrisy and duplicity of politicians does not lead them astray. "Let us hope that we will make fewer mistakes this chief year than last" was a part of Lenin's New Year's message to Russia and Gandhi now abandons "non-co-operation" as a national policy, because he was mistaken in the belief that India was ready to carry it through on the basis of non-violence.

There are, however differences between these two men, as vital as their similarities, and these may prove the determining factor in locating their final place in the story of mankind. Their common disinterested devotion to the interests of the common people as they see them determines the amount of allegiance they now receive but their ultimate contribution to the welfare of mankind will be settled by their basic principles.

In the matter of religion they are diametrically opposed. Lenin is anti religious believing not only that religion as he knew it was superstitious, corrupt and enslaving but that science alone is the true guide for human conduct. Gandhi on the other hand, finds all his inspiration and motivation in religious sources, and looks forward to a future society in which science shall serve religious ideals.

From this divergent ground there develops an absolute difference in the basic principles underlying their respective programmes and goals. Lenin's philosophy is a philosophy of power, his programme a programme of force. Gandhi's philosophy is a philosophy of love, his programme a programme of non-violence. Lenin would emancipate the people by organizing their latent power and expressing it in absolute control of the state through the directorship of the proletariat, as the means to the co-operative common wealth whose final bond would be not force but co-operation. Gandhi would set India free by developing the spiritual resistance of its people until it would disarm and dissolve all opposition, and by the demonstration of its love make impossible for very shame, the continuance of an alien rule. Lenin says we will overcome the force of the oppressor by more force of the same kind. Gandhi says he will overcome it by a different kind of force. Thus in overcoming evil with good we will transform evil into good, in ourselves as well as in others, and so reduce its power in the future.

Which of these utterly different principles will secure the desired results it is too early to say. Certain things can be put down to the credit of each of them. The Red Army has put down counter revolution and kept other nations out of Russia. Whether the coercive proletarian state will give Russia freedom remains to be seen. Gandhi's method has given India a strength and her cause a standing before the world which no other policy could have done. Whether England will yield in time is yet to be told.

There are even bigger issues at stake. On the conflict of ideas and ideals embodied by Lenin and Gandhi turns the future of mankind. The people at the bottom must come up into a larger life. Are they to get it by gradual accommodation and sharing on the part of those who now have more privileges and opportunities or will they be forced into a struggle of power which will destroy the very elements of civilization? The answer lies first of all and most of all not with them but with the people of privilege.

Waterloo.

(As described by eminent Generals, Historians and Statesmen)

Napoleon : The Last Phase.

By G. L. DE, B.A.

Waterloo is the hinge of the nineteenth century. The disappearance of the world's last great man, the man of Destiny was necessary for the advent of the great age. Waterloo is only the stupified date of liberty. The old order became the new order, and the master of Europe was put in a cage. Europe after Waterloo was dark, for an enormous void was long left unfilled after the disappearance of Napoleon. To outward appearances absolutism was stronger after Waterloo than it had been half a century earlier. It was time for this vast man to fall. His excessive weight in human destiny disturbed the balance. This individual alone was of more account than the universal group.

The battle of Waterloo is an enigma as puzzling to those who won it as to him who lost it. To Napoleon it was a panic, Blucher saw nothing in it but fire, Wellington did not understand it at all. Look at the reports:—the bulletins are confused, the commentaries are involved, the one stammers, the other stutters." Waterloo is a

battle of the first order won by the captains of the second order. It was a triumph of the mediocracy, sweet to the majority. What is Waterloo,—a victory? No, a prize in the lottery,—a prize won by Europe and paid by France.

In its grandeur and momentous incidents, Waterloo ranks just after Leipzig—the grandest battle of the world. The huddled millions of Xerxes, or any Indian invader, present nothing to the mind but confusion and disorder. But at Leipzig the numbers of these ancient and barbaric hosts were nearly equalled, and all the skill of modern warfare and the destructiveness of modern weapons were brought into play. There the multitudinous hordes of armed Europe, after gigantic struggle and tremendous conflict, at last succeeded in defeating the mighty conqueror of Europe, ruined and humbled after the terrible Russian disaster, which only made a possibility of his fall. The disaster at Moscow was the end of all things. There that overpowering personality, who struck nations

with wonder and awe, and for whose genius sublime, all Europe seemed the appropriate quarry, met his fate. His destiny was fulfilled and it was the destiny of an irreparable disaster.

Thus the militant and enraged Europe, only succeeded in conquering the conquered Napoleon at Leipzig. Leipzig in its turn made Waterloo possible. There sunk the greatest not the meanest of mankind. And the conqueror of the world became its captive. History is full, down to this day of imbecility of kings and governors. They are a class of persons much to be pitied, for they know not what they should do. When a natural king becomes a titular king, everybody is pleased and satisfied, for, there is something in the success of grand talent which enlists universal sympathy. For, in the prevalence of sense and spirit over stupidity and malversation, all reasonable men have an interest; and as intellectual beings we feel the air purified by the electric shock, when a material force is overthrown by intellectual energies. This capacious head, revolving and disposing sovereignly trains of affairs, and animating such multitude of agents; this eye which looks to Europe; this prompt invention; this inexhaustable resource appeal to the imagination by transcending the ordinary limits of human ability and wonderfully encourage and liberate us.

The prudence with which all was seen and the energy with which all was done, make him the natural organ and head of what may be called, from its extent, the modern party. He was the agent or attorney of modern society. He was democrat incarnate. Napoleon had been the first man of the world, if his ends had been purely public. Precisely what is agreeable to the heart of every man in the nineteenth century, this powerful man possessed. If Napoleon is French, if Napoleon is Europe, it is because the people whom he sways are little Napoleons.

Napoleon was the King of the Third Estate, the man of the people, the worshiped idol of nations. His gospel was the divine right of merit which made heroes out of peasants. Napoleon had a true spirit of liberalism far in advance of our own ideas of government in his time. Napoleon Bonaparte was the representative man of the epoch which ushered in the 19th. century. That period was the most tumultuous and yet the most fruitful in the world's history. The abundant facts of his career are not facts at all, unless considered in the light not only of a great national life, but of a continental movement, which was inclusive of all civilisation in its day. This momentous change was of course a turbulent one, the most turbulent in the history of civilisation, as it has proved to be the most comprehensive. Consequently its epoch is most inter-



The Retreat from Moscow

Re-Moscow.

esting, being dramatic in the highest degree, having brought into prominence men and characters, which rank among the great of all time, and having exhibited to succeeding generations, the most important lessons in the most vivid light. By common consent the eminent man of the time was Napoleon Bonaparte, the revolution queller, the burgher sovereign, the imperial democrat, the supreme captain, the civil reformer, the victim of circumstances, which his soaring ambition used, but which is unrivalled prowess could not control. Gigantic in his proportion, and tiantic in his fate, his was the most tragic figure on the stage of modern history.

In one sense it is true, that the first emperor of the French was a man of no age and of no country ; in another sense he was as few have been, the child of his surroundings and of his time.

In particular his mind was dazzled by the splendours of the Orient, as the only field on which Alexander could have displayed himself, and he knew what but a few great minds have grasped, that the interchange of relations between the East and West had been the life of the world. The greatness of England he understood to be largely due to her bestriding the two hemispheres.

He was a man of ancient mould, like one of Plutarch's heroes. He was a citizen of the world. He was perceptibly superior to the world about him

in almost every aptitude, and particularly so in power of combination, in originality and in far sightedness. Not only could he bend the bow of Achilles, but he always had ready an extra string. He cared nothing for accomplishments and had none. He was a man of the world without rancour or exaggerated partisanship. Morally considered, Bonaparte was a child of nature, born to a mean estate, buffeted by a cruel and remorseless society, compelled to fight and regenerate world with its own weapon. His ideal of liberty therefore was not the levelling of men to one class, but the breaking down of the old barriers, which prevented men from rising from one class to another.

Posterity has not yet ceased to be perplexed by Napoleon's career. He inflames national partialities more than any other personage, and his activity, by embracing many countries, transcends the field of view of the historians of each nation. It may almost be said the history of the whole of Europe condensed into to the life of this greatest genius of the world.

He was the last of the mortals who played in the world the parts of Alexander Hannihal, Caesar and Frederick. They are only required to comprehend or judge of the prodigious talent of this Modern Mars, who has thrown a doubt on all past glory, and who has made all future renown impossible, and before whom all others

would pale, 'and all future generations yield unquestioned homage.

They alone have the right of understanding him. Alexander, who from the mountains of Macedonia penetrated into India and returned victorious, would have been astonished at the retreat from Moscow, and would have sought to know the cause. He also would have praised Napoleon for his generosity to his conquered foes. Hannibal who at an advanced age, earned for himself the imperishable military renown, of having crossed the lofty snow-capped Alps with his army, after infinite troubles and momentous vicissitudes, would have simply wondered to notice, the same extraordinary feat performed once again in the records of history, by a young beardless general, in the plenitude of whose resources every obstacle seemed to vanish; when he said "There shall be no Alps." Caesar who died invincible, would have asked an explanation of the disasters of Leipzig and Waterloo. He, moreover, would have admired his having built up an empire out of the scattered fragments of public liberty. Frederick so great in his reverses and so measured in his enterprises, would have wished for an explanation of the prompt destruction of his monarchy, and of its brilliant resurrection in 1813. He would have been also particularly pleased at seeing his own system of war receive such new and extensive developments.

It would require the observation of a Thucydides directing the pencil of a Tacitus to portray, by a few touches, this colossus of gigantic proportions; and modern idiom, even in their hands, would probably have proved inadequate to the task. Equal to Alexander in military achievements, superior to Justinian in legal information, sometimes second only to Bacon in political sagacity, he possessed, at the same time, the inexhaustible resources of Hannibal, and the administrative powers of Caesar. Never were talents of the highest, genius of the most exalted kind, more profusely bestowed upon a human being, or worked out to greater purposes of good or evil.

For such a 'light-nimbus' of glory and renown encircled the man; the environment he walked in was itself so stupendous, that the eye grew dazzled and mistook his proportions.

He was the greatest of all men that had been in the world for some ages. He surpassed them all in his force of genius and greatness of soul. His military glory surpassed all glories. Moreover, the brilliant lustre shed by the exploits of a single individual has eclipsed all other glories, and if, during a protracted war, there have been circumstances in which the greatest warriors have appeared but dwarfs, it is because they were seen by the side of a giant. His immense superiority over those around him produced in them an extreme diffidence of their own abili-

tics. It is a trite remark that diamond can be polished only by diamond dust.

According to Chateaubriand the giant had to fall before his height could be measured. Ordinary measures and tests do not appear to apply, to the exceptional position of this unique personality. We seem to be trying to span a mountain with a tape. In such a creature, we expect prodigious virtues and prodigious vices, all beyond our standard. Marshal Jomini observes, that pigmies may rise up against him, but they can never obscure his glory. As for them, we have the authority of Napoleon himself when, he said :—"It would be something serious, if Frederick the Great, were living and criticised my campaign, however, I should be able to answer him, but such persons cannot cause me any alarm." Great generals were always great, without accessaries without attendants, and they will remain great in spite of adversity. Equal to themselves in the display of all the powers of the human mind, no species of elevation escapes from their immensity, such appeared, with different destinies, Hannibal and Caesar among the ancients, Frederick and Napoleon among the moderns.

In the vast and copious range of the great Napoleonic literature, a military history from Von Moltke "the greatest stratigist of the age since Napoleon, and his only pupil and fer-

vent admirer." is glaringly conspicuous by its absence. It would have been of the highest authority, as only he could understand and follow to an extent, that unparalleled and extraordinary military genius. However, that sad want has been to a considerable extent redeemed, by the valuable military history of Napoleon by Baron Jomini the General-in-chief and Aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia, whom Sir Archibald Alison regards, as the greatest military historian of Napoleon. The work of Baron Muffling, a prominent Waterloo hero, the military governor and commandant of Paris, nominated by Prussia, on the ground that her army was the strongest, is also remarkable for its just, intelligent and impartial narration of facts. Amongst the political and general histories, the grand work of M. Thiers sheds an imperishable lustre, on that most eventful and momentous period of European history. M. Thiers, the liberator of the territory, belonged to what is perhaps the highest, as it is the smallest, class of statesman, the class of those to whom their country has had recourse in the great disaster. His great and monumental work, "The History of the Consulate and the Empire," the result of his unbought, ability, vasterudition, and twenty years, learned, laborious and patient researches, in the vast and voluminous archives of the different European States, accessible only to very few, has merited

for itself, the just and esteemed recognition of the French Accademy, the premier literary souvenirs of Europe. About the veracious impartiality of this noble work, it will be sufficient to mention here the authoritative remark of Prince Metternich, one of the veteran and redoubtable statesmen of the age, though he had been the decided adversary of the great historian. He said :—"About the Austrian policy in the year 1812—13, all that I could write is laid away in the archives for the use of the historian of the future. To-day I can refer those, who may be curious to inform themselves, to the fifteenth volume of M. Thiers' History."

H. W. Halleck, L. L. D., Major-General of the United States' Army, and author of the Influence of Military Arts and Science the International Law, and the Laws of War. etc., regards Thiers' history as "a work of great ability and impartiality," where as he condemns the work of Sir Archibald Alison, as "exhibiting, an utter

disregard of fact and historical truth." Various other standard histories French English and Prussian, the best of the period, have been freely consulted and quoted. We have tried our best to give in a short space, as much as possible, their authentic and well-collated facts, in their own graphic and vigorous style.

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White J.



Swift Retribution

I

It was evening. Sitting inside the Telegraph Office at Sirajpur Railway Station Dr. Ilara Govind Chatterjee, addressing the young operator, said—“You needn't feel anxious. Send somebody with me and I will give him a powder and a mixture for your little boy, to be taken once in two hours. There is nothing serious.”

“Thanks very much indeed,”—replied the telegraph-operator. —“Your assurance is a great relief to me, Sir. That's our only child you know, and my wife is greatly distressed over it. We really have passed some very anxious hours.” Saying this, the telegraphist offered to pay the Doctor a couple of rupees, being the latter's usual fee for a visit and eight annas as his *gharry* hire.

The Doctor looked up smiling and said—“What's that? Oh no, no,—never mind, never mind, Keep your money, please.”

“Thank you for your kindness, Sir. all the same. —But—but—it would be

extremely unfair to you if I did not pay for your trouble,”—the young man pleaded.

“Unfair to me? Why should it? Just wait,—let me cure your boy completely—and then you may treat me to a dinner on the full-moon day following and I promise to come. There is great merit in feasting a Brahmin on a full-moon day—there is, indeed,”—and the good Doctor burst into a genial laughter. It was a rule with him never to accept fees from poor people.

As soon as the laugh subsided, a cheer of “*Bande Mataram*” was heard on the platform outside, joined in by numerous voices. The Doctor looking surprised, said ---“What is that?”

“There was a *Swadeshi* preacher come from Calcutta,”—explained the telegraphist—“and I think, people have come to see him off.”

Both walked out into the platform. The preacher was no other than the well-known editor of the *Hir Bharata*

(Heroic India) newspaper, Srijut Benoy Krishna Sen.

Though a Government servant the Doctor Babu, in common with other Indian servants of the Government, was a true *Siradeshi* at heart. It was whispered that under cover of night, he frequently visited the *Siradeshi* shops of the town and brought home loads of forbidden, that is to say, country-made goods. He could not resist the temptation of going and speaking to Benoy Babu. After a few minutes' conversation, however, the train steamed into the station.

The *Siradeshi* preacher, accompanied by pleaders, *Mukhtears*, students and others who had come to see him off, hurried towards the train. He held a second class return ticket. Just as he opened the door of a compartment, a European passenger who was inside, shouted out—"Oh you, this is not for *kala admiss*."

"You don't suppose my rupees were black too, do you? I also happen to hold a second class ticket,"—retorted the *Siradeshi* preacher and stepped inside.

Now this was too much for the *Badshah-ka-dost*. He got up in a fury and gave a violent push to the disloyalty incarnate—clad in a *dhoti*,

kurta and silk *chudder*. Although Benoy Babu was the worthy editor of the "Heroic India," he was not much of an athlete. His health and his strength he had sacrificed at the shrine of the Calcutta University and had received a few pieces of paper by way of blessing. He had obtained, besides, a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles elsewhere, for which he had to pay extra. He fell flat on the platform and his glasses went to pieces.

The next moment, a tremendous shout of *Bande Mataram* rose from the assembly who had come to see Benoy Babu off. Two or three of them unceremoniously dragged the European out into the platform and began to belabour him mercilessly. Hearing the uproar the Eurasian guard was approaching there to see what the matter was. As soon as the real state of affairs became apparant to him, he ran breathlessly back to his brake-van and waved the green light as signal for the engine driver to start.

The bystanders, with great difficulty, extricated the poor European from the uncomfortable situation he was in. By this time the Doctor Babu too arrived there. Seeing the *Sahib's* condition—he was bleeding profusely—he offered to take him to the Govern-

* The allusion here is to the military officer, who wantonly assaulted a respectable Punjabi Pleader on the Kalka-Simla road some years back and at the same time boasted that he was *Badshah-ka-dost* (a friend of the Emperor himself)—God save the Emperor from such friends.—Translator.

ment Hospital and bandage his wounds. The *Sahib* readily consented.

In the meanwhile Benoy Babu had got up and quietly seated himself in an Intermediate class compartment.

The next day he arrived at Calcutta without further adventure and published a furious article in his paper about the insolence of Europeans in this country.

II

Babu Hara Govind was in charge of the Government Hospital of the town. He had grown old and commanded a large practice. There were two M. B.'s, and half-a-dozen L. M. S.'s in the town—but still Hara Govind Babu was in great request. No one else inspired so much confidence in the minds of the public as did Hara Govind Babu. He was so much sought after that he had scarcely time enough to have his meals in peace.

Babu Hara Govind had two sons—the elder, Ajay Chandra was studying for his B. A. degree at the Ripon College in Calcutta; the younger, Susil attended Zilla School of the town. Ajay was now at home during his summer holidays. He had recently been married and his wife was here also.

Babu Hara Govind returned home from the Hospital after ten o'clock that night.

"How is the *Sahib*, father?"—said Ajay Chandra as soon as his father arrived.

"Much better now. He was rather seriously hurt on the head—but he will be all right I hope. He has been handled very roughly, poor fellow."

"Served him right, father,—don't you think so? Just because he has a white complexion, he thinks he is the Viceroy himself. I am *not* sorry for him."

The Doctor Babu mused for a while. Then he said—"No doubt the *Sahib* acted wrongly. But five men attacking one man—was it a fair fight? I am ashamed at the conduct of my countrymen."

"I do not think,"—rejoined Ajay—"can there ever be a fair fight between an Englishman and an Indian?"

"Why not, pray?"

"Because everything is unfair right through. Should there be a criminal case in connection with this matter for instance, would justice be done to such as are hauled up as accused?"

The Doctor smiled.

"I don't think much of your logic, Ajay"—he said.—"Because somebody

else does what is wrong, is that any reason why I should act similarly?"

Ajay did not know how to meet this. After a little while he said—"What seems to me, father, is, that in such matters, number ought not to be the criterion for judging whether the fight has been fair or otherwise. A Bengalee is nothing but an individual in such cases. An Englishman on the other hand, is an individual, a member at the ruling race --and not infrequently, one vested with some amount of authority. So it follows that it would take three Bengalees to match an Englishman—or perhaps more than three."

"Do you know Ajay," said the Doctor, a little piqued—"that you insult your own nation by advancing this argument? An Englishman, like a Bengalee, is nothing but an individual. May be he is a member of the ruling race—may be he is the District Magistrate himself—but do you think

that these considerations would lend additional strength to his muscles?"

"Not to his muscleless certainly,—father; but wouldn't it help to strengthen his mind?"

The Doctor Babu felt the force of this argument. Aloud, he said,—"To a certain extent, no doubt, you are right, Ajay. But I can never bring myself to believe that one Bengalee wouldn't be a match for another man, to whatever nationality he may belong. In such cases, wouldn't there be strong influences acting on the mind of a Bengalee also. When one of us stands up determined to save his self-respect from being sullied, to protest against oppression and tyranny, to protect his mother, his sister from insult offered by any one. I am sure these considerations would lend additional strength to his honest arms."

About this time the house servant made his appearance and announced that supper was ready. Father and son walked into the inner apartments.

III

The next morning there was a great sensation in the official circles, owing to this European assault case. The District Magistrate's temper was on fire. He issued strict orders on the Police to complete the investigation and

send up the accused persons for trial within three days. The town Sub-Inspector Radan chandra Ghose, took up the investigation. Foregoing food and sleep he rummaged the town all day long in search of evidence. He

arrested a few junior pleaders and *mukhtears*, and also some students noted for their robust constitution.

The investigation made a rapid progress during the first day. The next morning at six o'clock, Doctor Ilara Govind was sitting in the front verandah of his house, enjoying his early morning *hooka*, when the Sub-Inspector, dressed in his *dhoti* and *chudder* made his appearance. He had a silver mounted Malacca cane in his hand which he was swinging to and fro sportively. His face was beaming with a self-complacent smile.

The Doctor Babu welcomed his visitor and begged him to be seated.

After a few commonplace observations *Daroga* said "It has become difficult for me to keep my job Doctor Babu."

"How so?" queried the Doctor, somewhat surprised.

"That *Sahib*-assault case of the day before yesterday will bring me to grief I fear," responded the Sub-Inspector in a plaintive tone.

The Doctor with a smile faintly sarcastic, remarked—"But you have arrested a good many of the culprits. haven't you?"

"Yes, I have,"—replied the *Daroga*—"but I have failed to collect much evidence, so far."

"If there isn't any satisfactory evidence, what led you to arrest them"—and the Doctor again indulged in a smile full of meaning.

"Oh, I have arrested the right persons, sure enough. Those fellows are great ruffians. Many a time have I seen the Magistrate-*Sahib* driving along and these lads, coming from the opposite direction, let the Magistrate-*Sahib* pass by without even *Saluaming* him."

"Is it on that ground that you have arrested them?"

"Oh no, no,—not at all,"—replied the *Daroga* with vehemence.—"There is no doubt that they assaulted the Englishman. I have got witnesses too—but not what the courts call credible witnesses."

"If the witnesses are not credible, surely you ought not to keep these men in *hajat*," observed the Doctor Babu.

The Sub-Inspector said with a shudder—"If I let them off,—I shouldn't remain in my post long, Doctor Babu. There is only one day intervening. The trial begins the day after to-morrow. That's what I have come to you for."

"To me?" queried the Doctor, somewhat surprised. "To me?—But how can I help you?"

"You can Doctor Babu,—of course you can,"—grinned the *Daroga* and continued in a tone extremely polite and solicitous—"I hear that you were present there,—so I have come to beg you to give evidence in this case."

"I was present there at the Station no-doubt, but not on the platform

where all this happened. I came on the scene when the assault had been over. The assailants had dispersed before that. So how can I say who assaulted the *Sahib*?"

The Sub-Inspector looked as though he was very much vexed with himself. "Is that so? I have made a mess of it then. I wish I had known—I really do,"—he said.

"What's the matter, *Daroga* Babu?"

The *Daroga* shook his head slowly, pursed up his lips and looked at the ceiling. Then, in a regretful voice, he murmured—"I am so sorry. I have created trouble for you—but how could I know?"

What have you done?"—asked the Doctor Babu rather anxiously.

Slowly, the *Daroga* proceeded to explain—"You see, it was in this way. Yesterday afternoon the District Magistrate was at the Club and he sent for me. I went and stood there, *Saluaminy* him. 'Well *Daroga*'—he said—"have you collected good and strong evidence in the European assault case?"—Yes. "*Huzoor*," I replied—"There are a constable and two *chowkidars* who saw the whole occurrence and can identify all the accused." The Magistrate seemed to be very angry at this. 'Nonsense'—he exclaimed—"a constable and two *chowkidars*? Couldn't you find out any credible witnesses?" The bloodshot eyes of the Magistrate *Sahib* threw me into such a state of confusion that I did not

know what I was saying. 'Yes, *Dharamnabatar*,'—I faltered out—"there is the Government Doctor, Hara Govind Babu who also was present there and recognised all the accused persons." 'All right'—said the Magistrate *Sahib*,—and walked off to the tennis court."

The Doctor felt very much annoyed. You ought not to have said this to the Magistrate without ascertaining if it was a fact,"—he said.

"But how am I to blame, Sir? You were present there, you brought the gentleman to the Hospital, how should I know that you did not witness the occurrence?"

"Well—all that you can do now is to go back to the Magistrate and tell him the real facts."

"Oh no Doctor Babu, how can that be?"—the *Daroga* burst out. "What? Blow hot and cold in the same breath? I am not the man to say one thing to-day and the opposite thing to-morrow. I am a man of my word and I stick to my word through thick and thin,—come what may."

The Doctor smiled. He then said—"I will go and tell the Magistrate *Sahib* myself."

The *Daroga* held up his hand in solemn warning. "I wouldn't do that if I were you, Doctor Babu." Then after a little pause, he said—"Do you know what the consequence will be?"

"What?"

"It is an official secret and perhaps

I am betraying the Government in disclosing it to you. But I am your friend and I shall do it. Listen,"—and the *Daroga* said in slow and solemn words—"You are already in the bad books of the Government, because it is known to the *Sahibs* that you have abandoned Manchester cloth in favour of country-made *dhotis* and are no longer eating Liverpool salt. If you go now and tell the Magistrate *Sahib* that you did not see the assault on the European gentleman, he would naturally think that you are unwilling to depose as a witness because it is a *Swadeshi* case."

"Is it disloyalty to wear Bombay-made *dhoties* and eat country salt then?"—the Doctor flared up.—"Besides, what has *Swadeshi* to do with this assault, pay?"

The *Daroga* replied with great composure—"Don't excite yourself, Doctor Babu. Don't you see how times are? Granted, it is not disloyalty to eat country salt and wear Bombay cloth. Granted, this assault has nothing whatever to do with the *Swadeshi* movement. But *they* think it so. You cannot alter that fact. What's the use of beating your head against the wall?"

This had the desired effect on the poor Doctor. "Yes, I suppose you are right. But the question is how am I to get out of it?"—he said.

Very much pleased at the prospect of bringing his host down from the high horse he was riding, the *Daroga* said—"You must make the best of the situation, Sir. Just half an hour in the witness box wouldn't harm you much. Shall we walk to the *thana* now? You will see the accused there confined in the *haji*. You ought to have a good look at them now, so that there may be no mistake when identifying them in Court. I will also read out to you the case-diary from which you will know what the other witnesses are going to say before the Magistrate. Nothing like being thoroughly prepared beforehand."

There was an immediate explosion. Hara Govind Babu stood up, trembling with indignation. Shaking his fist at the Sub-Inspector he said—"What? You dare propose that to me? You think I am the man to give false evidence, do you? Get out at once. —Anybody there? —Kick this wretch of a *Daroga* out of the house."

Babu Badan Chandra rose. Adjusting his *chutler* round his neck, he said—"Take care, Sir. You will have to smart for this."

Hara Govind Babu shouted out—"You can do your worst. Go and tell your father* the Magistrate *Sahib*—I don't care."

* This is a common form of abuse in India.

IV

The *Daroga* Babu, mad with rage, returned to the *thana* as quickly as he could.—Addressing his Head Constable, Hafez Ali, he said—“*Jemadar Sahib*, do you know the names of the Doctor's two sons?”

“The Doctor's sons? Which Doctor?”

“Hara Govind,” replied the *Daroga* impatiently.—“Hara Govind, who else?—The man who eats the salt of the Government and is faithless to it.

“I am afraid I don't know their names,”—the Head Constable ventured to reply.

“Will you get me their names quickly?”

“Yes, I will. What's the matter with them?”

“Oh, don't stand there brandying words with me. Go.”

The Head Constable disappeared. The *Daroga* then paced the verandah of the *thana* like a tiger in fury and began to murmur.—

“What!—He dares insult the *Daroga* himself? Get his servant to kick me out of the house? What does Hara Govind fancy himself to be, I wonder! I will get both his sons arrested before they are an hour older—yes, I will. But that won't satisfy me at all. I will crush the Doctor under my heels—see if I don't. I will get up a case against him—a very serious criminal charge—take my word

for it. What shall it be? Yes—he receives stolen property. Thieves come to his house at night and dispose of their booty to him at half price and quarter price. I will search his house and discover heaps of stolen property. I know how it is done—nothing easier. But—but would the Deputy Magistrate believe it when trying him? Wouldn't he? To Deputy Magistrates the words of a *Daroga* are as the Holy Gospel. Acquit the Doctor—would he? I would like to see him doing that. I would go to my Superintendent and get him to send a long report to the Government about the conduct of the Deputy Magistrate and what would happen when the next Gazette is published?—Why, the Deputy's promotion would be stopped for two years—of course. That's why the Deputy *Sahibs* are so afraid of the *Darogas* now a days—that's the secret of it. But should the Judge set aside the conviction on appeal? Should he, for instance, say—‘Here is a Doctor earning so many hundred rupees a month—is it likely that a man of his position and education would receive stolen property?’ What then? Yes, the Judge might do that. They are dangerous men—these Judges. Pity they are not under the thumb of the Executive. Let me rather do another thing. The other day I sent some injured persons to him for examination

in connection with a rioting case. He certified the injuries as being of the nature of simple hurt. I will get hold of one of those persons and make him lodge a complaint to the effect that his injuries were really severe, coming under the definition of grievous hurt, but the Doctor Babu took a bribe of three hundred rupees from the accused persons and reported the injuries as simple. That would seem plausible enough, and I should like to see how the Doctor gets out of *that*. Wouldn't the fellow lodge the complaint if I wanted him to? Would he dare disobey me? Does he not know that I can start a bad livelihood case against him and send him up under section 110 any day I choose?"

At this moment the Head Constable returned and gave the names as being Ajay Chandra and Sushil Chandra.

The Sub-Inspector immediately sat down to write a confidential report to the District Magistrate, praying for a search warrant. The following is a faithful translation of his Bengali report—

Hail Cherisher of the Poor!

During my investigation in the European Assault Case, as directed by the *Muzoor*, I have found that two other boys took part in the outrage. They are Ajay Chandra and Sushil Chandra—both sons of the Assistant Surgeon Hara Govind Chatterjee. Ajay, it seems, is a very turbulent young man, studying at Babu Surendra

nath Banerjee's College in Calcutta. It appears that it was at the instigation of Ajay Chandra that the other accused persons fell upon the European and began to beat him. I am taking steps to arrest both the brothers forthwith under section 54 of the Criminal Procedure Code.

2. By diligent enquiry I have also found that this Ajay had also taken part in the recent Beadon Square riots at Calcutta. He has started a *Samity* here to teach youngman the use of the *lathi* and this nefarious society is supported by monthly subscriptions given by many gentlemen of the town. The other boy Sushil Chandra, though very young yet, has started a "Children's Stone Throwing *Samity*," the object of the members being to throw stones at European ladies and gentlemen whenever they get a chance of doing so.

3. Having made a confidential enquiry I have come to know that the bloodstained *lathi* actually used in assaulting the *Sahib* is concealed in the Doctor's house. The subscription list of the *Lathi-play Samity* is also there—and an examination of its pages may give me additional clues in detecting more culprits. I therefore pray that Your Honour may be pleased to grant me a search warrant under Section 96, Criminal Procedure Code, to search the house of the said Doctor Hara Govind Chatterjee.

4. I also desire to bring to Your Worship's notice that Dr. Hara Govind is a staunch supporter of *Swadeshi*. Only country-made sugar and salt are used in his household. He has purchased shares worth five hundred rupees in the Indian Cotton Mill in the *benami* of his wife. Both his sons being accused in this case, I apprehend that he would not depose truly if examined as a prosecution witness. I have therefore removed his name from the list of witnesses. I have also heard

that the Doctor is going about telling people that he does not care a fig for any Judge or Magistrate.

Your most obedient servant,
BADAN CHANDRA GHOSE,
S. I.

In the meanwhile the two ill-fated boys were brought to the *thana* under arrest. A little while after, some pleaders came to have them released on bail, offering to stand sureties themselves. The *Schib's hukum* is against it"—was the *Daroga's* laconic reply.

V

The District Magistrate signed a search warrant as soon as he received the *Daroga's* report. His *Chuprassi* came to the *thana* and delivered it to the Sub-Inspector. At that time the *Daroga* was engaged in striking a bargain with a man accused of cattle-lifting. The accused, with folded hands, was saying to the *Daroga*—"Here I have got a hundred rupees, your Lordship, to collect which I had to sell off my ploughs and bullocks. Be pleased to accept this amount and let me off." The *Daroga* was replying that not a *conari* less than two hundred rupees would he accept, and if that sum was not forthcoming within the day, he would send him up to take his trial the next day." But the opportune arrival of the search warrant so pleased

the Sub-Inspector that he immediately relinquished his just claims, accepted the hundred rupees, and submitted a final report in the following words:—

"On enquiry I find that the accused is innocent of the charge. The complainant's cow ran away from its den and trespassing into the cowshed of the accused, began unlawfully to eat the fodder which was stored there. The accused therefore tied the cow up by way of punishing it. Mistake of facts."

Having thus dismissed the cattle-lifter, *Daroga* Badan Bahu read the search warrant through very carefully. He then hurriedly put on his uniform, and getting together a force of ten or twelve constables, marched heroically to the Doctor's house.

Arriving there, he called two of the Doctor's neighbours to witness the search, as required by law. Standing at the front door, he began to shout vociferously, demanding admission.

Babu Hara Govind came out, looking very much surprised. The *Daroga* showed him the search warrant and requested that the ladies of the house might retire and shut themselves in the kitchen till the search was over.

The *Daroga* then entered the house and began his operations. He told the constables to take all the boxes and trunks from the different rooms and heap them up in the court-yard. This done, he unlocked such boxes the keys of which were forthcoming. The rest were forced open. He caused the contents of all the boxes to be thrown down in a heap and began his search by kicking them about. *Shawls, almons saria* from the looms of Dacca and Santipur, coats, shirts, chemises, blouses, handkerchiefs, socks flew about in every direction. From the box belonging to the Doctor Babu's daughter-in-law came out a bundle of love-letters from her young husband. The *Daroga* grabbed the bundle saying—"Evidence of sedition and conspiracy—to be sure." He stowed it away very carefully in the inside pocket of his coat. From Ajay Chandra's box came out a copy of *Ananda Math*.* The *Daroga* yelled

with delight and pounced upon it. When the contents of the boxes had been ransacked the *Daroga* visited each room in succession and broke open almirahs drawers,—in fact everything he could lay his hands on. The Doctor's book containing copies of prescriptions, two or three files of old letters, the household account book, a framed portrait of Babu Surendra Nath Banerjee, monthly magazine containing portraits of Bepin Pal, Aurobindo Ghose, Tilak, Lajpat Rai, &c., were all seized with avidity. Opening the almirah containing medicines, he examined every phial minutely to see if anything of an explosive nature could be discovered. There was a bottle enclosed in a wire-netting, displaying a label well known to the *Daroga* by its appearance for he could not read English. He took it out, held it against the light and addressing the two search witnesses, said—"Hello,—I didn't know the Doctor went in for such things. I thought he was a d—d testotaler." The *Daroga* looked at the bottle very affectionately—and turning to the others said—"Have a drop gentlemen?"

"No, thanks, we don't drink,"—replied one of them.

"Nothing like an ounce of brandy, taken neat, when you are tired,"—and

* A patriotic novel by the late Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, the most eminent Bengali writer of modern times.

the *Dar ga* suited his action to his words.

But it tasted so peculiar that the *Daroga* felt some misgivings as to the nature of the liquid. Handing over the bottle to the search witnesses, he requested them to see what it was. They read the label and declared it was excellent cognac, the produce of France.

The *Daroga* then found his way to the Doctor's bed room. "Rip open the pillows and the mattresses,"—he said to his constables.—"On many occasions have I discovered incriminating things concealed inside them."

The constables carried the bedding to the court yard, ripped everything open and shook down the cotton wool. Nothing incriminating came out, however. The winds sportively carried away a great portion of the cotton wool and showered it down on tops of trees and heads of wayfarers in the neighbouring streets.

So the search came to an end. Badan Babu then began to draw up a list of the articles seized. Suddenly he recollected that no *lathis* had so far been found.

"Look every where, constables,"—he said.—"If you can discover any *lathis*."

Sew Ratan, the up-country servant of the house, was the happy possessor of a heavy bamboo stick brought from his native village in the Mozafferpur District. The constables soon got hold

of it. The *Daroga* examined it minutely to see if there was anything which could pass for an old bloodstain. But there was no such mark. The *lathi* nevertheless was entered in the search list with the remark "One heavy bamboo club, stained with blood." Strange to say, when this *lathi* was produced in Court the next day but one, it *did* show unmistakable stains of blood. The *Daroga* then got the witnesses to sign the search list. Giving the Doctor Babu an ironical salute, executed in the military style, he triumphantly marched back to the *thana*.

All this time, poor Babu Hara Govind was quietly sitting in a chair, placed just outside the kitchen door. The ladies were inside—so he did not stir from there for one single moment, lest the ruffians should offer any insult to them.

When the *Daroga* cleared out, Hara Govind Babu left his post and came outside. The search witnesses were still loitering there. "You have seen everything, gentlemen,"—he said.

"Yes, we have,"—said one of them.

"I am going to see the District Magistrate. would you mind coming with me to his *hungulom* for a few minutes?"

"What for?"—said one.

"I want to go and state the whole affair to him. I want to see whether he takes any steps to mete out justice to me."

The two men stood silent for a little while. The Doctor, growing impatient, said—"What do you say, gentlemen? Would you come with me?"

One of them replied -- "I think you had much better go and speak to the Magistrate yourself, Sir. It is a very delicate matter—and I hardly think—the presence of third party --"

The other man was more outspoken. He interrupted his companion, saying—"I hate diddle-daddle. I tell you plainly, Sir, your going to the Magistrate would be perfectly useless. Besides,—we won't speak against the Police—we can't. We are poor men and contrive to maintain our family somehow. After having seen, Sir, how you a Government servant and a man of wealth and position—have fared at the hands of the Police, it would be insane for us to court their displeasure. To you, they haven't done anything worse than searching your house. Us, they would handcuff and drag along the public streets, poking at our ribs with their batons all the way."

Hara Govind Babu looked at them for a minute in silent contempt. Then he said—"just as you please, gentlemen."

"Good afternoon, Sir,"—and the two men departed.

The Doctor then dressed and walked to the Magistrate's *bungalow*. The *Sahib* was then in his tennis suit with a racket in his hand and was preparing to bike to his Club.

'Good afternoon, Sir'—saluted Hara Govind Babu and stood before the Lord of the District.

'Good afternoon. What's it, Doctor?'

"I am here to seek justice at your hands, Sir. The *Kotwali* Sub-Inspector, on pretence of searching my house this afternoon,—"

The District Magistrate interrupted him, saying -- "Haven't two of your sons been arrested to-day in connection with the European Assault Case?"

"Yes, Sir, they have. But it is out of sheer malice that the *Daroga* has done so. Only this morning --"

The *Sahib* became crimson with anger. "How dare you!"—he shouted -- "how dare you come and try to bias me, knowing that I try your sons' case the day after to-morrow?" The *Sahib* then jumped into the saddle of his bicycle and the next moment he disappeared.

Babu Hara Govind heaved a deep sigh and with languid steps, walked back to his house.

VI

It was dusk. The Doctor was sitting inside his house, surrounded by his wife and daughters. The false accusation against his sons, the disgrace and the insult he had suffered, had cast a gloom over the household.

The hours wore on. No arrangements were being made to cook the evening meal. Nobody had any appetite. The Doctor himself was suffering from a head ache. He was lying down on a sofa. His daughter was applying eau-de cologne and water to the handkerchief with which his head was bandaged. His daughter in law was fanning him.

Somebody was heard shouting outside, 'Doctor Babu—Doctor Babu—'

The servant Shew Ratan went out to see who it was. He returned and said—"There is somebody who wants you to go and see a patient, Sir."

"Tell him I am unwell this evening. He should fetch some other doctor," said Babu Hara Govind.

"Yes, Sir,"—and the servant went out.

Half-an-hour passed. Again there was a shout—"Doctor Babu—Doctor Babu."

Shew Ratan, went out again. Coming back, he said—"The same man has returned, Sir. He says he wouldn't leave this time without seeing you."

"All right Show him in,"—said the Doctor with some annoyance.

The ladies retired. The man entered, bowing ceremoniously.

"We are in great distress, Sir. It is a bad case," the man said.

"Who is ill?"

The man stood speechless, fixing his gaze on the floor.

"Who is ill? What's the trouble?" The Doctor repeated.

"I hardly know what to say, Sir."

The Doctor was not a little astonished at this mysterious reply. "Who are you, please?"—he said.

"I am the writer constable at the *thana*. My name is Hara Dhan Sircar. The *Daroga* is very ill. He is extremely sorry and repentant for all that has happened to day. Is he past forgiveness?"

"What is he suffering from?"—enquired Babu Hara Govind.

"He has a great pain in his chest and the head. Do come, Sir, and forget the past."

"There are other doctors besides me in this town. Go to one of them."

The writer-constable then drew out of his pocket a hundred rupees in silver and currency notes. Placing the amount near the Doctor Babu's feet, he said—"Have mercy, Sir."

The sight of the money highly offended the Doctor. "Have you come to tempt me with money?"—he said angrily.—"Do you suppose that everybody is as money-grabbing as the

Police ? I wouldn't come for a *lakh* of rupees even. Take yourself off, Sir, at once."

The writer-constable then gathered up the money and departed.

The clock struck nine. The Doctor's wife said to her husband—"Will you drink a little milk ? Shall I boil some for you ?"

"Yes, thanks.—If you don't mind," said the Doctor.

The lady went into the kitchen and lighted a fire, when the milk had nearly boiled, the rumbling of a carriage was heard stopping at the back door. The next moment a young lady, accompanied by her maid, entered.

"Who are you, madam ?" asked the Doctor's wife.

"She is *Daroga* Badan Babu's wife, madam"—replied the maid-servant.

"I am the person you are looking for."—the Doctor's wife said. The young lady came inside the kitchen and stooping down, caught hold of the feet of her hostess.

The Doctor's wife was greatly embarrassed. "What is all this ?"—she demanded in an astonished voice.

"Madam, my husband is dying."

"Is he so very ill, then ?"

"Yes, madam. Your husband says, why don't we send for some other doctor. But madam, no other doctor would do him any good because they would not be able to diagnose the case properly. My husband drank something here which caused this illness."

"Drank something here ?"—exclaimed the Doctor's wife.—"He didn't drink anything."

"Yes, he did,"—said the young lady. "Would you kindly take me to your husband so that I may tell him everything ? I wouldn't hesitate to speak to him at this crisis, though I am a stranger."

The lady of the house took her visitor to the Doctor.

"Have mercy on my husband, Sir. Save his life,"—said the young lady entreatingly.

The Doctor's wife then explained everything.

"Drank something here !"—said the Doctor with surprise. "What did he drink ?"

"He was telling me that when searching your dispensing room, Sir, he found a bottle labelled brandy—and he drank some of its contents, thinking it was brandy. But now he fears that it wasn't brandy at all."

"A bottle labelled brandy ?—Wait a minute"—and the Doctor disappeared. He went into his dispensing room and examined the bottle.

Returning to room he exclaimed—"Good God ! He has poisoned himself. Madam."

Tears began to flow down the cheeks of the disconsolate woman.

"Have you come in *ghurry*, Madam ?"

"Yes, Sir, I have."

"Then I am going to the *thana* in your *gharry*. You please wait here till I send it back to you.--Saying so, the Doctor hurriedly got together some surgical appliances and a chest of medicines, and was ready to depart.

"Do you think, Sir, that my husband will be saved?"—asked the young lady in a voice choked with sobs.

"It all depends on Providence, Madam"—and the Doctor shot out of the room.

He spent the night at the *thana*, attending on his patient. The *Daroga* was saved.

In due time the European Assault Case was decided. The two sons of the Doctor were acquitted, as no witness could identify them. The others got six months hard labour each.





Ideals of Ancient Indian Education.

By Professor J. N. Samaddar.

Whatever may be the **exact** ideals regarding the various aspects of Education in Ancient India, it cannot be denied that the ideals inculcated in the Literature of Ancient India regarding this important question were of very high order. Knowledge **only** was considered as the highest thing and as Chanakya has observed, "If the King was honoured in his own Kingdom, the learned were honoured throughout the world." That theoretically the position of a learned man, even of a student, was superior to that of the king was best explained by Manu when he said that, "If the King and a **Snataka** meet, the latter received respect from the King." "Way is to be made for one in a carriage, one in his tenth decade, a sick person, one carrying a load, a woman, also for the King, and a student who has returned home, and for bridegroom. But of (all) those (if) met together, the student who has returned home and the prince are to be honoured (with the right of way): but of

the prince and the student who has returned home, the student receives this honour from the prince." (1)

Exceptional, indeed, were the privileges which a student in ancient India enjoyed. He could not be a witness (2), because as a commentator has well explained, he had to attend to his duties (3) and his being a witness would naturally have stood in the way of his studies. The King himself was to guard the property of a student which descended to him by inheritance until he could return from the house of his preceptor (4). What was gained by a scholar from a third person was considered as the acquisition of the scholar only and could not be divided among co-heirs. What was gained as a fee for answering questions or for ascertaining a doubtful point of law or what was gained as a reward for displaying knowledge or for victory in a learned contest or for reading the Veda with transcendent ability, was not subject to dis-

(1) Manu II, 138 and 139.

(2) Manu VIII, 65.

(3) Medatithi.

(4) Manu.

tribution, but other things were the joint property of co-heirs.

Periods of Study.

Different are the opinions expressed regarding the periods of study. Svetaketu Aruneya was sent to school in his twelfth year and returned when he was twenty four, having finished the three Vedas. Manu suggested that the vow of studying the three Vedas under a teacher must be kept for 36 years or for half that time, or for a quarter, or until the student has perfectly learnt them (5). Apastambha was, however, of opinion that a student was to sit at the feet of his **Acharya** for forty-eight years, if he was to learn the four Vedas. There were, however, according to this teacher, exceptions. For forty-eight years (if he learns all the four Vedas); (or) a quarter less (i.e., for thirty-six years, (or) less by half (i.e., eighteen years). Twelve years (should be) the shortest time (for his residence with his teacher) (6)."

Baudhayana (7) also has the same orders. "The term of studentship," according to this authority, "for learning the Veda, as kept by the ancients is forty-eight years (or) twenty-four years, or twelve for each Veda or at the least one year for each khanda, or until the Veda has been learned, for life is uncertain."

In one instance, at any rate, we find a student becoming a lifelong teacher (8). We find Indra living with his teacher as a pupil for not less than one hundred and five years (9) and on another occasion we find the **Sastras** enjoining not only life-long study—but

through different lives. In the **Taittiriya** Brahmana we read (10) "Bharadvaja lived through three lives in the state of a religious student. Indra approached him when he was lying old and decrepit, and said to him, "Bharadvaja, if I give thee a fourth life how wilt thou employ it?" "I will lead the life of a religious student," he replied. He (Indra) showed him three mountain-like objects. From each of them he took a handful and calling him said, "These are the three Vedas. The Vedas are infinite. This is what thou hast studied during these three lives. Now there is another thing which thou hast not studied; come and learn it. This is the Universal Science." That would of course show the longest length and the highest ideals of studentship.

Discipline.

The discipline aimed to be observed was of a very high order. As Manu noted (II) :—

"A student who resides with his teacher must observe the following restrictive rules, duly controlling all his organs, in order to increase his spiritual merit. Every day having bathed and being purified, he must offer his libations of water to the gods, sages, manes, worship (the images) of the gods and place fuel on (the sacred fire). Let him abstain from honey, meat, perfumes, garlands, substances used for flavouring food, women, all substances turned acid and from doing injury to living creatures; from anointing his body, applying collyrium to his eyes, from the use of shoes, and of an umbra lu (or parasol), from

(5) Manu III.

(6) Apastambha, 1, 1, 2.

(7) Ibid 1, 2, 3.

(8) Brh. Ar. ii, 23, 2.

(9) Chhand Up, IV, 4, 4.

(10) III, 10.

(11) II, 175 &.

sensual desire, anger, covetousness, dancing, singing and playing musical instruments : from gambling, idle disputes, backbiting, and lying, from looking at and teaching women and from hurting others. Let him always sleep alone, let him never waste his manhood : Let him fetch a pot full of water, flowers, cowdung, earth and kusa grass, as much as may be required by his teacher." Vishnu also lays down that : "He must avoid Sradddhas, salt, food turned sour, stale food, dancing, singing, women, honey, meat, ointments, remnants of the food (of other persons than his teacher), the killing of living beings and rude speeches. He must occupy a low couch. He must rise before his Guru and go to rest after him. He must salute his Guru after having performed his morning ablution. Let him embrace his feet with crossed hands, the right foot with his right hand and the left foot with his left."

Another teacher, Apastamba (12), has laid down the following rules regarding the duties of the students. "He shall obey his teacher (except when ordered to commit crimes which cause loss of caste) he shall do what is serviceable to his teacher, he shall not contradict him. He shall not eat food offered (at a funeral oblation or at a sacrifice). Nor pungent condiments, salt, honey or meat. He shall not sleep in the day-time. He shall not use perfumes. He shall preserve chastity. He shall not embellish himself (by using ointments and the like). He shall not wash his body (with hot water for pleasure)."

The student's actions were restricted in every way. "Let him not look at dancing.

Let him not go to assemblies (for gambling, &c.), nor to crowds (assembled at festivals). Let him not be addicted to gossiping. Let him be discreet. Let him avoid dancing, singing, playing musical instruments, the use of perfumes, garlands, shoes (or), a parasol, applying collyrium (to his eyes), and anointing (his body) (13).

Professedly, it was a very hard life. For, "one should not sit down on a bed or couch or being approached by a superior and one sitting on a bed or couch should arise and salute him. For at an old man's approach the vital breath of youth goes out upwards ; by rising and saluting he gets it again" (14). In the Jataka also we find a student (a well-born lad) bringing wood, pounding rice, cooking, bringing all that was needed for washing the face and washing the feet" (IV, 474, P. 125). It was indeed, discipline of the mind, discipline of the heart, practice of self-control and self-denial, cultivation of virtues like humility, modesty, reserve and charity.

Even corporal punishment was restored. "As a rule," as Gautama has observed (15), "a pupil shall not be punished corporally. If no other cause is possible he may be corrected with a thin rope or a thin cane."

Very high reverence was paid to the teacher. And the reason ascribed was, that of the natural father and the giver of the Veda, the more laudable was the teachers. "Let the student consider that he received a mere animal existence when his parents begot him through mutual affection and when he was born from the womb of his mother" (16). But in the case of the birth which the teacher

or the small short of a cane." "If the teacher, however struck the student with any other instrument he was to be punished by the King." (Gautama II, 44).

(16) Ibid II, 47.

(12) 1, 1, 2.

(13) Bandhayana, 1, 2, 3.

(14) Manu II, 120 and 121.

(15) Manu also observes, "A pupil may be corrected when he commits faults with a rope

procured for the student, it was real, it was exempt from age and death (17).

It was evidently with this ideal in view that the student was to fetch water daily in a vessel. Daily was he to fetch fuel from the forest and place it on the floor in his teacher's house. Indeed, whenever a student wished to become a pupil, he had to approach the teacher with fuel in his hands, as a sign that he would help the teacher in maintaining the sacred fire (18). In the Atharvaveda (19), there is a hymn the object of which, evidently,

(19) XI, 5, cf. Also Satapatha Br. X, 65.

is to describe the sun under the figure of a Brahman student who brings fire wood and alms for his teacher. In the Buddhist age, 'let him who is going to choose an upajjhaya adjust his upper robe so as to cover one shoulder, salute the feet of the intended upajjhaya, sit down squatting, raise his joined hands, and say, "Venerable Sir, be my upajjhaya." This was to be repeated three times, and if the bhikkhu who was addressed expressed his consent by word or gesture, then the choice was complete and the relationship of preceptor and pupil began. After having kindled the fire and having swept the ground around the altar, he was to place the sacred fuel on the fire every morning and evening. He was also to sweep the place around the fire' (20).

A similar injunction was laid down by Manu (21). "Let the student collect fuel, go abegging, sleep low on the ground, and do what pleases his teacher." 'Every day,' another teacher observes, "he shall put his

teacher to bed after having washed his (teacher's) feet and after having rubbed him. He shall retire to rest after having received the teacher's permission. And he shall not stretch out his feet towards him. He shall not approach his teacher with shoes on his feet, or his head covered or holding implements in his hand. He shall approach his teacher with the same reverence as a deity, without telling idle stories, attentive and listening eagerly to his words. He shall not sit near him with his legs crossed. If on sitting down, the wind blows from the pupil towards the master, he shall change his place" (22).

And we may add, that the period of studentship was looked upon not only as a time of learning, but as a period of discipline. In the leisure time left from the duties of working in the house and in the field or attending to the guru's sacred fires (23) or to look after his cattle (24) or even to collect alms for the guru's maintenance (25), that the Veda had to be studied.

The Mahavagga has given us beautiful description about the regulation regarding the teacher and the taught. "Let him arise betimes; and having taken off his shoes and adjusted his upper robe so as to cover one shoulder let him give to the upajjhaya the teeth-cleanser, and water to rinse his mouth with. Then let him prepare a seat for the upajjhaya. If there is rice-milk, let him rinse the jug and offer rice-milk to the upajjhaya, when he has drunk it, let him give water to the upajjhaya, take the jug, hold it down, rinse it properly without dama-

(17) Ibid II, 148.

(18) Mund up. 1, 2, 12.

(20) Apastambha, 1, 1, 4.

(21) II, 10. 8.

(22) Apastambha, 1, 1, 4.

(23) Chhand up, IV, 10, 1.

(24) Ibid. IV, 4, 5.

(25) Ibid. IV, 3, 5.

ging it by rubbing, and put it away. When the *upajjhaya* has risen, let him take away the seat. If the place is dirty let him sweep the place." After this he was to help the preceptor to dress and get his alms-bowl ready if he wished to go out to beg. If the preceptor desired it, the pupil was to follow him as his attendant on the begging tour, keeping not too far away and not too near him. If the preceptor speaks, he is not to interrupt him. After the begging is over the pupil was to get back quickly to the monastery, prepare a seat, get water for the washing of his feet, a foot-stool, and a towel. Then he must go and meet the preceptor and take his bowl and robe from him. He must fold the robe and attend to the clothes of the preceptor. If the preceptor wishes to eat the food in the alms-bowl, he must bring him water and then offer him food. After the meal the pupil must wash and dry the bowl and put it away and also put away the robe. After the preceptor has risen the pupil must take away the seat, and put away the water for the washing of feet, the foot-stool and the towel. If the place was dirty he was to sweep it. Then he was to help the preceptor to bathe, getting for him cold or hot water, or accompanying him to the bathing-place if he wished to go there. The pupil also bathed at the same time, but had

to dry and dress himself quickly so as to be ready to help the preceptor. After the bathing was completed he was to ask the preceptor for a discourse, or ask him questions (26).

Duties of the Teacher.

The duties were reciprocal. A good teacher was he who, like the powerful sun, shows every object in its true colours and by means of discipline and practice protects the powers that lie hidden in his pupils. He must have a respectable character, and should be good-looking as well as true and faithful, should have a happy soul and a retentive memory (27). The teacher had to love his student like his own son and full of attention, he was to teach him the sacred science without hiding anything in the whole law (28). "And he shall not use him for his own purposes to the detriment of his studies, except in times of distress" (29) for, a teacher who neglected to instruct his pupil was no longer to remain a teacher (30). The Mahavagga lays down that the teacher ought to consider the *antevasika* as a son the *antevasika* ought to consider the *acharya* as a father. Thus these two, united by mutual reverence, confidence and communion of life was to progress, advance and reach a high stage in doctrine and discipline (31).

(26) I-Tsing thus states: "The pupil rubs the teacher's body, folds his clothes, or sometimes sweeps the apartment and the yard. Then having examined water to see whether insects be in it, he gives it to the teacher. Thus, if there be anything to be done, he does all on behalf of his teacher. This is the

manner in which one pays respect to one's superior."

(27) Rig Veda, 1, 63, 2.

(28) Apastambha, 1, 2, 8.

(29) Ibid.

(30) Ibid.

(31) I, 321.

As the Mahavagga has observed, "the **upajjhaya** ought to observe a strict conduct towards **saddhiviharika**. Let the **upajjhaya** afford spiritual help and furtherance to the **saddhiviharika** by teaching, by putting questions to him, by exhortation, by instruction." The teacher was to see that the pupil possessed an alms-bowl, a robe, and the other simple articles which a student was allowed to possess. If the pupil was sick the preceptor was not only to nurse him, but to wait upon him and attend to him, just as the pupil was required to wait upon himself in health (32).

Hardy in his *Manual of Buddhism* (33) has thus well summed up the question. "He must be continually solicitous about his welfare; appoint the relative portion of time in which he is to work, to rest and to sleep; when he is sick he must see whether or not he has such food as is proper for him: encourage him to be faithful, persevering and erudite: divide with him what he has received in the alms-bowl: tell him not to be afraid, know who are his associates, what places he frequents in the village and how he behaves in the Vihara; avoid conversing with him on frivolous subjects: bear with him and not to be angry when he sees a trifling fault in his conduct; impart to him instruction by the most excellent method, teach him in the fullest manner without any abridgement whether it be relative to science or religion, try each fond endearment to induce him to learn as with the heart of a father: with an enlarged mind teach him to respect the precepts and

other excellent things; subdue him to obedience in order that he may excel; instruct him in such a manner as to gain his affection; when any calamity overtakes him, still retain him without being displeased when he has some matter of his own to attend to; and when he is in affliction soothe his mind by the saying of bana. By attending to these rules, the duty of the master to his scholar will be fulfilled" (34).

Classes of Teachers

It appears that there were at least three classes of teachers (35)

First, there was the *acharya* who initiated a pupil and taught him the Vedas, with the *Kalpa* and *Rahasya*. But he who for his livelihood taught a portion only of the Veda was the sub-teacher or *upadhyaya*. The third was the *guru* who performed according to rule the rites on conception (36).

Patanjali has, however, mentioned four kinds of teachers—*Acharya*, *Guru*, *Sikshaka* and *Upadhyaya*. The first title was applied only to those of the highest type of teachers while the three others applied to the ordinary teachers (37).

In addition to these, there were assistant teachers (II, 100) who were the most advanced or senior pupils, while on one occasion a teacher appointed his oldest disciple as his substitute (141). These senior pupils becoming then associated with the work of teaching, became afterwards teachers themselves.

(32) I-Tsing also has said, "In case of a pupil's illness his teacher himself nurses him, supplies all the medicine needed and pays attention to him as if he were his child."

(33) P. 497.

(34) *Manual of Buddhism*, p. 479.

(35) It was forbidden to a *Ksatriya* to teach. *Manu* X, 77.

(36) *Manu* II, 140, ff.

(37) There were also women teachers—*upadhyaya*. (*Vartika* IV, 1).

Fees.

Manu condemned the habit of taking fees from students. Teaching the Veda for wages according to him, made one lose his caste (38). Both the teacher who taught for a stipulated fee, as well as the student who was taught on that condition, were to be carefully avoided (39). It seems that during Manu's time only presents—and even those after the completion of study—were allowed (40). Indeed under the Brahmanical system, the general practice was to pay the fees when Brahmacharin became a **Snataka**.

But Apastambha insisted on a fee. "After having studied as many (branches of) sacred learning as he can, he shall procure in a righteous manner the fee for (the teaching of) the Veda (to be given to his teacher), according to his power" (41). But that the acceptance of any fee was considered ignoble, is evidenced from the fact that the student having paid the fee, he was not to boast of having done so (42).

The system of paying fees was more in evidence during the period of the Jataka (43). There we find mention of a fee of a thousand pieces (44). It must however be admitted that even then there were students who did not or could not afford to do so. The teacher asked of his student, "Have you brought a teacher's fees or do you wish to attend on me in return for teaching you." Those who brought the fee were treated like the eldest sons in his house, while those who could not afford to pay any remuneration had to perform menial duties. Occasionally fees were paid after completion of education (45).

No. 252 of the Jatakas gives us an insight into the atmosphere of learning and culture, while the educational system and organisation they bring to light are very well indicated in that. It places before us the chief feature of the educational system of the times. "Once on a time Brahmadatta, the King of Benares, had a son named Prince Brahmadatta. Now Kings of former times, though there might be a famous teacher living in their own city, often used to send their sons to foreign countries far off to complete their education, that by this means they might learn to quell their pride and highmindedness, and endure heat or cold, and be made acquainted with the ways of the world. So did this King. Calling his boy to him—now the lad was sixteen years of age—he gave him one-soled sandals, a sunshade of leaves and a thousand pieces of money with these words, "My son, get you to Takkasila and study there." The boy obeyed. He bade his parents farewell, and in due course arrived at Takkasila. There he enquired for the teacher's dwelling and reached it at the time when the teacher had finished his lecture and was walking up and down at the door of the house. When the lad had set eyes upon the teacher, he loosed his shoes, closed his sunshade and with a respectful greeting stood still where he was. The teacher saw that he was weary, and welcomed the newcomer. The lad ate, and rested a little. Then he returned to the teacher and stood respectfully by him.

"Where have you come from?" he asked.

"From Benares."

"Whose son are you?"

"I am the son of the King of Benares."

(38) Manu XI, 6, 7.

(39) Manu III, 156.

(40) II, 245. Also Vishnu, 28, 42.

(41) I, 27.

(42) Ibid.

(43) Ibid.

(44) I, 55; IV, 445; IV, 522.

(45) IV, 478.

"What brings you here?"

"I come to learn," replied the lad

"Well, have you brought a teacher's fee or do you wish to attend on me in return for teaching you?"

"I have brought a fee with me" and with this he laid at the teacher's feet his purse of a thousand pieces."

The resident pupils attend on their teacher by day and at night they learn of him.

Selection of Students

Some consideration was made regarding the selection of students. Here also Manu's words have to be noted. "Ten are legally to be instructed—the son of one's teacher, an obedient youth, one who communicates knowledge, one who is virtuous, one who is pure, one who is trustworthy, one who is able, one who gives wealth, one who is good, and one's own relative (16). And again, "where merit and wealth are not obtained by teaching, nor due obedience, in such soil sacred knowledge must not be sown on barren ground" (47). Even in times of dire distress, a teacher of the Veda was to die with his knowledge than sow it in barren soil (48).

Subjects of Study

The Chandogya Upanishad (49) refers to a conversation when Narada speaks of the subjects which he had learnt. Rig Veda, Yayn Veda, Sama Veda, Atharva Veda, Itihasa, Purana, Grammar Pitrya, Rasi, Daiva, Nidhi, Vakovakya, Ekayana, Devavidya, Brahavidya, BhntaPidya, Khavirijavidya, Nakshatra Vidya, Sarpauidya, Devagana

Vidya. In the Vishnu Purana we find how a student (generally in the evening) spent a few hours daily in receiving lessons in the secrets of religion and in the various sciences and arts (50). In the Brhadaranyaka Upanishad we find a somewhat similar list, viz. Rig, Yayur, Sama, Atharva, Itihasa, Purana, Vidya, Upanishads, Slokas, Sutras, Anuvyakhyanas and Vyakhyanas" (51). In the Ramayana we find the young princes learning Vedas and the art of archery.

In the Jataks we find that the three Vedas were learnt by heart while 18 branches of knowledge were also taught (52). Five knowledges (whatever these were) and eight attainments were taught at Takashila (53).

Science also was taught there (54) while there was also specialisation (35), while students had to travel to master local customs. An instance is found of a student's exhibiting before his parents a practical demonstration of the knowledge he had acquired with his teacher. Teaching was also practical.

Hsien Tsiang has given us an idea as to the Course of Study in the University of Nalanda. "In beginning the education of their children and winning them on to progress they follow the twelve chapters." When the children are seven years old, the great treaties of the five sciences are gradually communicated to them. The first science is Grammar, which teaches and explains words and classifies their distinction. The second is that of the skilled professions concerned with the principles of the mechanical arts, the dual process and astrology. The third is the science of medicine, embracing and exercising charms.

(46) II, 109.

(47) II, 112 ff.

(48) Ibid.

(49) VI, 1, 2.

(50) III, xi, 96.

(51) Brh. Ar. Up. ii, 4, 10.

(52) I, 50 (P. 126).

(53) V, 426.

(54) IV, 38.

(55) III, 115.

medicine, the use of the stone, needle, moxa. The fourth is the science of reasoning by which the orthodox and heterodox are ascertained and the true and false are thoroughly sought out. The fifth is the science of the Internal which investigates and teaches the five degrees of religious attainments (lit. the five vehicles) and the subtle doctrine of Karma.

In concluding this question, I make no apology in referring to the courses of study as laid down by Kautilya, the author of the **Arthashastra**, regarding the education of a prince. All the four sciences, viz. **Anvikshiki** (which included the Sankya, Yoga and Lokayata philosophies), **Varta** (i.e. agriculture, cattle-breeding and trade) and **Dandaniti** (i.e., the science of Government, including a knowledge of criminal law). These sciences, according to him, were to be studied and their precepts strictly observed under the authority of specialist teachers. The prince was to learn first the alphabet and arithmetic. After investiture with the sacred thread, he was to read the triple Vedas, the science of **Anvikshiki** under teachers of acknowledged authority, the science of **Varta** under Government superintendents, and the science of **Dandaniti** under theoretical and practical politicians. Strict discipline had to be maintained and in maintaining efficient discipline, he shall ever and invariably keep company with aged professors of sciences in whom alone discipline had firm root.

Kautilya also planned the hours of study. The prince was to spend the fore-noon in receiving lessons in military arts concerning elephants, horses, chariots and weapons, and the afternoon in hearing the *Itihasa*. During the rest of the day and nights, he shall not only receive new lessons and revise old lessons,

but also hear over and again what has not been clearly understood." Thus we see that the order for the princes was indeed a big one.

Universities.

Takkasila, as we see in the Jatakas, was the most famous seat of learning which attracted scholars from every part of India, just as Nalanda and Vikramasila drew students from all parts of Asia. The teachers of all these three Universities were 'renowned throughout the world.' At Taxila, we read how "youths of the warrior and the Vrahman caste came from all India to be taught the arts by him" (56). At the two other Universities also as at Taxila, there were specialists teaching their special subjects. The three intellectual centres at different times were flocked by students who wanted to complete their education they had in their native schools. We have no idea so far as Taxila and Vikramasila were concerned as to the number who could get admittance into these universities, but thanks to Hiuen Tsiang we have got a fine description showing the working of the Nalanda University. The priests there numbered several thousands though at Taxila the individual teacher's maximum number of pupils was 500. 'If men of other quarters desire to enter and take part in the discussions, the keeper of the gate proposes some hard questions; many are unable to answer and retire. One must have studied deeply both old and new before getting admission. Those students, therefore, who come here as strangers have to show their ability by hard discussion, those who fail compared with those who succeed are as seven or eight to ten" (57).

Nalanda and Vikramasila, see "The Glories of Magadha."

(56) III, 158.

(57) For accounts of the Universities of

The above statement shows that Nalanda was a University where students flocked to complete their admission, the matriculation examination being a hard one. Taxila also gave higher education, for students went there at sixteen or when they were of age (58).

The Universities, further, were more or less of residential types. Day scholars however, were admitted, and in one instance we find of a Prince living in a house of his own (59). while in another, a married Brahman at Benares came from his house to listen to his master's teaching two or three times every day (60), and the expenses of the students were borne by the people and often by the Kings. We know of an instance where the people used to give day by day commons of food to the poor students so that they might not be inconvenienced. Entertainments to the students were given by villages (61). The Monasteries in the days of Fa-hien were endowed by Kings and merchants with fields, houses, gardens, and orchards. In addition to these the annual tribute from the harvest was given. For the Nalanda University the King of the country remitted the revenues of about 100 villages for the endowment of the University. 200 householders in these villages, day by day, contributed several hundred piculs (1 picul = 133 lbs.) of ordinary rice and seven hundred catties (1 catty = 160 lbs.) in weight of butter and milk. Hence the students being so abundantly supplied, did not require to ask for the four requisites which were clothes, food, bedding and medicine. Hieun Tsiang was given daily 120 Jambiras, 20 puga (arecanut), 20 nutmogs, an ounce of

camphor and a peck of rice. At Taxila we read of rice gruel (62), while occasionally sugarcane, molasses, curd and milk were given (63).

There were evidently denominational colleges, for though in many instances we find Brahmana and Kshatriya students, sons of merchants and tailors and of fishermen (64) all reading together, we also note that some teachers had only Brahman students (1,307, 407) while one teacher had only princes as students.

The reputation of these schools and universities must have gone out of the limits of India with the result that there was an influx of students from other outside countries and which continued for a very large period. And it was of this search of truth to get imbued with the learning and culture of India that over-took all obstacles. In the words of Fa-hien, "that I encountered danger and trod the most perilous places without thinking of or sparing myself, was because I had a definite aim and thought of nothing but to do my best in my simplicity and straightforwardness. Thus it was that I exposed my life where death seemed inevitable if I might accomplish but a ten thousandth part of what I hoped."

From the time of the Rig Veda, when the Aryans were living in the land of the Five rivers, their educational system began. That was the nucleus. It developed from time to time, the introduction of the teachings of Gautama Buddha gave it a great impetus what was further developed because of the patronage of a number of Buddhist Kings.

(58) V, 162, 210.

(59) IV, 96.

(60) 1, 463.

(61) III, 171.

(62) 1, 318.

(63) 1, 318.

The three Universities of Ancient India, Taxila, Nalanda and Vikramsila,—all belonged to the Buddhistic age. The last two disappeared more or less due to Mohammedan incursions as well as to the teachings of Sankaracharya's Brahmanic education. The long struggle with Buddhism ended in a triumph for the Brahmans, but not without their own system becoming modified. "Meaningless and trivial as many of these regulations seem to us, they were no doubt regarded as of real value by those who used them in those far off days. They must have been intended to emphasize the great solemnity of the work in which pupil and teacher were engaged, and to impress upon the pupil the mysterious sacredness which, was supposed to characterise the knowledge which was being passed on to him by his teacher (65).

We cannot but conclude by repeating the Parting Instructions as given in the Taittiriya Upanishad (66) "Say, what is true, do thy

duty, do not neglect the study of the Veda. After having brought to thy teacher his proper reward do not cut off the line of children. Do not swerve from the truth, do not swerve from duty. Do not neglect greatness. Do not neglect what is useful. Do not neglect the learning and teaching of the Veda. Let thy mother be to thee like unto a God ! Let thy father be to thee like unto a God ! Let thy teacher be to thee like unto a God ! Whatever actions are blameless those should be regarded, not others. Whatever good works have been performed by us, should be observed by thee, not others. Whatever is given should be given with faith, not without faith, with joy, with modesty, with fear, with kindness. If there should be any doubt in thy mind with regard to any sacred act or with regard to conduct, in that case conduct thyself as Brahmans, who possess good judgment, conduct themselves therein."

We do not think there could be a better ideal.

"Hindustan Review"

(64) III, 172.

(65) Keays, *Ancient India Education*, p. 37.

(66) 1, 12.

The test of a picture

By NANDALAL BOSE

A great difference lies between the picture of an object and the photograph of it. In the picture, besides the form of the object, we perceive particularly the joy of the artist in the object. While in a photograph we see only the material form and not the artist's joy. It may be argued that one may take pleasure in a photograph, just as one finds pleasure in Nature. But that is not necessarily true, for an individual may see nothing in an object which gives intense joy with fact: hence in the photograph there will not be that light of inspiration, which will play over the work of the artist.

Then we may say, that a picture is the expression or embodiment of the heightened joy and emotion of the artist. There are two worlds in God's creation—the world of phenomena and noumena. The eternal world consists of the sun, the moon, stars and all other material things, while the mental consists of impulse, feeling, joy etc. To express the joy of mind, man has created 64 kinds of **Kalas** (Fine art). The impulse finds outlet to give expressions to our personality in songs, in dance, in pictures, in sculpture and so on.

What is the need for this expression? Joy demands expression. It does not matter whether others need it or not, a lamp will, shine, when kindled; when a flower blooms, it must exhale its fragrance. Now the

question arises, how is it possible to express this joy and yet maintain fidelity to the forms of nature?

To explain this I will have to take the readers into a little digression on technique, which I will try to make as simple as possible so that the layman will not find it difficult to follow.

Let us discuss painting. On analysis we find three things, first the mind; second the object, the subject matter of painting, third the materials of painting. It is the mind, that sees everything through the eyes. Everybody knows that only the eyes in themselves have not the power of vision. When inattentive, we don't see a thing, though present before us. On certain occasions, we see a part of it only. Again sometimes we see it otherwise than what it is.

As an example, we see a large banyan tree, with aerial roots coming down from its branches and we liken it to a sannyasin. Now, here, the form of the sannyasin is associated with the form of the tree. Again sometimes we take one thing for another, a rope is sometimes confounded with a snake.

Many will not allow to oriental art real perspective. But real perspective is a thing, which can be found only in geometry. According to my contention, perspective is nothing but the way in which the mind apprehends it.

Now comes the object, the subject matter of painting. When we see a thing, we apprehend it by the following attributes. First the shape, second the solidity or bulk, third the colour. In a picture it will be found that the artist has discarded one or more of these attributes at will.

Lastly come the materials of art. First the ground, on which the picture is done, namely paper, cloth, wood, wall etc., second

--pencil, brush etc., third colour. The technique will differ with the material used and this is desirable for different materials hamper an artist differently in expressing his ideas.

The obstacles lead an artist to the discovery of new days of creation. I would like to deal with this point more carefully on some other occasion.

"Current Thought."



KARUNA

A Serial Novel

BY BABU RAKHALDAS BANNERJEE, M. A.

CHAPTER III.

Kumargupta's Father-in-law,

Evening had come, in the public streets of the city of Pataliputra. Thousands of lamps had been lighted. It was summer time, the doors and windows of shops had been decorated with sweet smelling flowers. Young boys and girls were selling garlands of flowers in the streets. The citizens were purchasing garlands of Jasmine and the *Kunda*. Gradually the crowd began to increase in the streets and the swells of the capital came out in chariots drawn by two or four horses, dressed in clothes bedecked with jewels ornaments made of flowers. Those who did not possess carriages of their own came on foot dressed according to their means.

There was a narrow lane by the side of the guild of merchants of precious stones and in that lane there were several wine shops. These shops sold costly wines only and therefore the general public did not usually come into this lane. That evening a short fair man entered the lane by the side of the guild of the jewel merchants.

He was dressed in a torn loin-cloth but a costly gold embroidered *chadar* of Banares silk hung from his shoulders and on his head was a turban made of Bengal silk. After going along this lane for a short distance, the man entered a large wine shop. This shop was lighted by two or three small lamps and a black man, seated in front on a high wooden platform, was chewing betel-leaves while two servants were nodding by his side. After entering the shop the man asked the old shop-keeper, "Hallo Akshaya-Hago, how are you?" The old man failed to recognise him in the semi-darkness and asked, "Who are you." The man replied, "I am Ohandrasena - have you forgotten me inspite of our long acquaintance?"

"That is so, indeed you are Ohandrasena. What do you want after such a long time? Will you pay off your old debt now?"

"Akshaya, it has been a great mistake. Your bill has been due for a long time. Look here, I shall pay you

off in-full within two or three days. What is the amount ?”

“One thousand eleven golden dinars and six drammās. It has been due for nearly three years.”

“Akshaya, day after to-morrow morning I shall pay you twelve hundred golden dinars in-full payment of your bill and compensation for the delay.”

“Look here Chandrasena, you are the son of a Brahman. Your father and grand-father were long devoted to the service of the empire. Among members of your family you only are living in this degraded state. For satisfying Indralokha you have spent your fortune, even your dwelling has been sold. where will you get so much money that you will pay me twelve hundred golden dinars day after to-morrow ? Will you take to burglary at the end ?”

The man became angry on hearing the words of the wine seller but he suppressed his feelings and said, “Akshaya, that is a long story. I shall tell you another day. On that day, on which I shall pay you twelve hundred golden dinars stamped with the name of Kumaragupta, I shall tell you all. My evil days are over and my good fortune has returned. Now I want ten bottles of the Kadamba wine of Bengal.”

The old man said stopping the utterance of the rest of the sentence, “Old son, I am very happy to hear that fortune has smiled on you again.

You are the son of a Brahmana, please do not take offence, but I shall not be able to give you any more credit, if you can not pay off your old debt.”

“You do not understand, to-day I have come to purchase wine in your shop as a favour. From to-morrow nobody will see Chandrasena walking in the streets of Pataliputra.”

“Whatever that may be, I have sold you too much wine on credit and shall not be able to do so any longer.”

“Listen to me, don't waste words like a lunatic. If you give me ten bottles of Kadamba wine of Bengal now, then only you will get twelve hundred dinars day after to-morrow. Kumaragupta does not touch any other wine but Kadamba.”

“Kumaragupta ? Who is Kumara-gupta ?”

“My son in-law that is to be.”

“Now you are talking like a lunatic. You have not been married as yet then who is to be your son-in-law ?”

“Why do you interrupt me ? Let me finish. You know what is my relation with Indralokha. I was married to her according to *Gandharva* rites. Exchange of garlands has taken place. Therefore Indralokha's daughter Ananta is now my daughter. Kumaragupta is mad for Ananta. To-morrow evening Ananta is to be married to Kumaragupta. You ask who is Kumaragupta ? The great Lord, the great over-Lord, the devout worshipper of Vishnu Siva, the great

king of kings, the illustrious Kumara-gupta. As soon as he will be married to Ananta Kumara-gupta will become my son-in-law. It is not a mere marriage—after the marriage Ananta will become the Empress; Kumara-gupta has promised to drive away Skandagupta's mother from the throne."

Old Akshayanaga listened to the story quietly and then asked slowly, "what do you say Chandrasena? The great king of kings is to be married to Indralekha's daughter? I had heard that in his old age the emperor is going to marry a low-cast girl, but I never heard that Indralekha's daughter will become the empress."

"True Akshaya, it is very true. Not a word of it is false. If you do not believe me then you come with the wine to Indralekha's house; you will see your great king of kings seated there."

Two soldiers were passing along the lane, they halted on hearing the end of the sentence. Akshayanaga said, "Very well, you can take the wine but please pay me day after to-morrow." Chandrasena cried out in triumph, "Akshaya, may you be victorious, I am a Brahmana, I am blessing you; may you be blessed with a long life, let the goddess of fortune make her abode permanently in your dwelling, Day after to-morrow I shall tie Kumara-gupta to your door-post." According to the wine-sellers order a servant brought ten glass bottles of wine.

Chandrasena tied the bottles in his costly *chadar* of Benares silk and said, "Look here Akshaya, I have settled that from day after to-morrow nobody will be allowed to sell Kadamba of Bengal or Persian wine in the city of Pataliputra. I shall dismiss old Damodara Sarman first of all."

"The soldiers came close to the entrance of the wine shop. Chandrasena standing close to it on the inner side said, "Akshaya, tell you servant to take the bundle to Indralekha's house. I shall go to Madanika's shop for purchasing garland and to koshab Dasa's for betel leaves."

The wine sellers ordered one of his servants to take the wine bottles to the house of the dancing girl Indralekha and told Chandrasena, "You have been talking quite a long time Chandra, wont you quench your thirst?" Chandrasena said in haste, "No, no, not to-day—I am going."

As soon as he came out of the shop, one of these soldiers asked him. "Who are you?" Chandrasena became very angry and asked, "And who may you be?" The second soldier said, "whoever I may be, I see no necessity on your part to enquire about that. Tell me who are you?"

"Look here, if you want your own welfare than stand aside, otherwise, to-morrow or the day after I shall have you beheaded."

Before he had ended the first

soldier took him by the ears and dragged him into the faint light shed by the lamps in the shop, looked at him from the head to foot and kicked him. He asked, "Now tell me quickly who are you?"

"I am Kumaragupta's father-in-law."

"Which Kumargupta?"

"Which Kumargupta indeed? The great king of kings Kumaragupta. I shall teach you to-morrow."

The soldier kicked him again and again and said, "You—the father-in-law of great king of kings! You must be drunk." Chandrasena began to cry loudly on being beaten, "Who is there—do come quickly—they are killing me—I am Chandrasena—I am the emperor's father-in-law—Kumaragupta's father-in-law—I am Indralekha's husband—Oh! my father—"

On hearing his outcries the wine seller and their servants came out of the shops. Many of them knew Chandrasena, because he came of a noble family and at one time had squandered a big fortune by purchasing costly wine in this lane. On being asked why they were beating Chandrasena, the soldiers replied, "This man was blaspheming the great king of kings and was abusing him so we have beaten him." On hearing the emperor's name nobody ventured to say anything. Old Akshayanaga advanced through the crowd and asked, "Sir what did this man say?"

"He said that he is the father-in-law of the great king of kings and standing in the shop of a wine seller he also said that he will bring the illustrious great king of kings and bind him to his doorposts."

"Akshayanaga ran away and the soldiers carried away Chandrasena from the lane of wine sellers. Somebody cried out from the crowd, "Chandrasena is not yet the father-in-law of the great king of kings, but he will be so to-morrow; then what will happen to your heads?" The soldiers did not reply and left the lanes. Having left the lane far behind, they tied Chandrasena to a tree and began to consult each other. The first soldier asked, "Look here if this man is really the future father-in-law of the emperor, then we are in great danger." The second soldier said, "What danger? This man was abusing the emperor in the streets, therefore we have arrested him. What harm can befall us for that?"

"I have heard that fascinated by the beauty of a low caste girl the emperor has decided to depose the empress. If this man is the father of that girl then we are in great danger."

"Then, instead of taking this man to the prefect of Police, let us take him to the prince Imperial."

"Where can the prince Imperial be now?"

"I don't know."

"Then let us take him to the prince

Harshagupta. After consulting him we shall hand him over to the Prince Imperial or the heir apparent. That's better. Let us take him to the palace in a chariot."

They tied Chandrasena with his turban and placed him in a chariot. One man took his seat by the side of the charioteer and the other sat on the unfortunate Chandrasena's body. The

charioteer did not venture to object and the chariot clattered over the cobbles into the first gate of the palace. At the second gate the guards enquired about their identity but hearing the name of the Prince Imperial Govindagupta they allowed the chariot to enter. At the third gate they paid off the charioteer and entered the palace of Govindagupta with Chandrasena.

CHAPTER IV.

The Gentle Sea Breeze.

On hearing the voice of the Prince Imperial Govindagupta almost everybody in that room stood up. Skandagupta fell at the feet of his uncle and started crying softly. Agnimitra and Bhanumitra gave him the military salute by touching the point of their swords to their forehead. Ramagupta advanced to embrace him, but Govindagupta not seeing Damodarasarma, asked him, "Uncle, where is uncle Damodara?" "Skandagupta rose hastily and saw that the old minister had fainted. At his call servants entered the room with cold water and fans. The old minister regained his consciousness within a short time. The tired old man asked with closed eyes, "Govinda, have you really come, then it is not a dream?" Govindagupta caught hold of the emaciated arms of the aged minister and said, "No uncle,

it is not a dream. I have really come."

"If you had come to-morrow then everything would have become useless. Son you protect your father's empire, the old man has finished his work."

Having said so the old man fell asleep in a minute. The servant informed those presents that the aged minister had not slept in a bed for two months. Then Govindagupta, Skandagupta, Ramagupta, Agnigupta and Bhanumitra went to another room for consultation. The Prince imperial asked "What has happened?" Ramagupta said, "Gupta family has met with a disaster. Now that you have come, it may yet be saved. At the time of the autumn festival the *danseuse* Indrallekha came to dance in the palace. At that time her daughter used to come with her. The emperor being fasci-

nated by the youthful beauty of the girl, took her to the Imperial pleasure garden on the banks of the Sona. There her songs and dances fascinated many others and for sometime Ananta lived in the pleasure garden. In the beginning we were invited every evening but gradually that became very rare. I heard after sometimes that the emperor was going to marry her. Even then we could not realise the gravity of the situation. On the fifth day of Magha my wife after her return from the palace told me that the empress desired to see me. Before that, seeing the emperor inattentive to the business of the State the empress had ordered me to find out a suitable bride for the heir-apparent. So I thought of informing her that the daughter of the grand duke Jayasthin of the Chodi family was a suitable bride according to her beauty, qualifications and birth. But after entering the female apartment of the palace I was thunderstruck. The vast female apartments were empty and silent. I learnt from a chamberlain that the empress was in the temple of Syama—

"What did the empress say?"

"Her Majesty told me that in his old age the emperor has lost his senses being fascinated by youthful beauty. Indrallekha's daughter had sworn that she will not enter the palace as an ordinary queen. If she is consecrated as the empress and if the son born of her is selected to be the heir-apparent

in the place of Skandagupta then only she will consent to marry old Kumara gupta."

Govindagupta laughed aloud and said, "If the daughter of a harlot does not seat on the throne of Samudragupta then affairs will not come to a fitting end. What did the emperor say?"

"Then he was mad. He had consented to drag the empress from the throne in order to make room for Indrallekha's daughter and to remove Skandagupta from the position of the heir-apparent"—

"I do not want to listen to any of these scenes. Then what did you do?"

"Everybody who was connected with the empire tried to dissuade the emperor from this resolution but without effect. Day after day the aged minister Damodarasarman knelt before the throne with hands clasped in front but even he could not bring back Kumaragupta to his senses. Everything has been settled, even up to the date of the marriage and coronation. A great disaster has befallen the empire. Seeing this the chief minister Pundarikasarman was sought. We understood that without Govinda there is no other way of saving the empire. From the day on which news was sent to you Pundarika and Damodara have delayed the date of the marriage and coronation of Indrallekha's daughter by putting forth false pleas such as, inauspicious days and periods. Now you have come, see if you can

save the dignity of Samudragupta's family."

"Uncle, don't fear ; I shall stop the marriage tomorrow."

"What will you do ?"

"I shall go to meet brother just now."

"If the emperor does not see you ?"

"He must see me. I am none else but Dhruvasvamini's son. Kumara gupta's brother, son of that conqueror of the world Chandragupta II. I shall not get an audience ?—Impossible ; You come with me, call the well wishers of the Gupta dynasty — wherever they are. Indrlekha's daughter will not be married tomorrow."

Govindagupta rose. Skandagupta and others left with him. All of them started in their chariots for the palace. At the first gate the guards informed Govindagupta that the emperor had left the palace before sun set and gone to the city. Where—to whose dwelling he could not tell. The chariot turned, Govindagupta said, "Go to the house of the dancing girl Indrlekha close to the Kapotika monastery." The charioteer did not reply but turned the chariot. After a few minutes the chariot arrived by the side of the massive stone wall of the Kopotika monastery and Govindagupta sprang from it. A woman asked from the verandah of a house on the opposite side of the road, "What is it, is it

Chandrasena ? What were you doing so long ?" Govindagupta replied, "No I am not Chandrasena. He will come afterwards."

"Then who are you ?"

"Will you remember me ? I am the gentle sea breeze."

"What did you say ?"

"I shall tell you again when I have entered."

Govindagupta ordered the charioteer to wait for him and entered the house. The woman moved away from the veranda. The Prince Imperial entered the dark basement of the house with ease like a man used to do so. He went up to the first floor. There in a small room a little lamp was burning and three or four men were seated on the floor. One of them started on hearing the foot-steps of Govindagupta. A Kashmere shawl was spread on the floor and the walls were decorated with costly garlands of Shofali and Jasmine but it was illuminated with a cheap small earthenware lamp. In the weak flickering light of that lamp a beautiful young girl was dancing. Govindagupta stood at the entrance of that room and saluted in the military fashion. Those who were seated in the room asked, "Who is it ? The answer was, "I am Govinda." One of the men in the room stood up. The dancing stopped. He asked, "Who is it —Govinda ? When did you arrive from Jalandar ?"

"Just now. I have come here because I could not find your Majesty in the palace."

"Come let us go."

"At this time the woman who was standing at the veranda entered that room hastily and said, "How is that your Majesty? To-day is Ananta's day of preparation for her marriage. The marriage comes up to-morrow—how can you go away? All arrangements for the celebrations are ready and all dancing girls will arrive just now." She glanced at the girl and the latter caught hold of the emperor's hand. The emperor stood quietly. Then Govindagupta snatched her away and pushed her into one corner. He told the woman, "The arrangements for emperor's marriage are usually made in the palace not in the dwelling of a dancing girl. You can come to the palace of Dhruvasvamini with your dancing girl."

The eyes of the woman flashed with anger and she cried out, "Your Majesty must not go away with this man, otherwise the marriage will not take place to-morrow." Then she turned towards Govindagupta and asked him in the vulgar tongue, "Who art thou? At whose bidding hast thou entered my dwelling? Note ye that I can make dog's meat of thy carcase?" The Prince Imperial laughed and said, "Oh darling, have you forgotten so much love altogether? I am that gentle sea breeze from whom you could not

have departed even for a moment and leaving whom you ran away with the actor Phalguyasas. My name is Govindagupta, I am the son of Second Chandragupta; therefore to make dog's meat of me is beyond the power of Kumargupta I. not to speak of the likes of you."

The woman had advanced a few steps on hearing the phrase, "Gentle sea breeze"; but she stepped backward hastily on hearing the name of Govindagupta. Govindagupta then caught hold of the emperor's hand and told him, "Brother, let us go to the palace." The emperor emerged from the house and entered the chariot. On the other side of the road several other chariots were waiting. Govindagupta took his seat by the side of his brother and ordered the charioteer to drive to the palace. The chariots started and the other chariots followed it.

When the chariots were out of sight a man emerged from the dark gateway of the Kapotika monastery and entered the dwelling of Indrasena. The latter was then shouting from the courtyard of the house. The man approached her and told her in a whisper, "O Lady I have received news just now that Govindagupta has come and has gone to the residence of the Chief Minister. Hiding in the darkness by the side of the Kapotika Monastery—O my Lord—"

Indralokha had started belabouring him with a broom and was crying,

"Great news hast thou brought—Govindagupta has come—that Govindagupta has just now wrought my ruin—where were you so long ?" The man bore two or three blows of this broom quietly and then ran away. He had come in great hope that he will receive a good reward having brought such important news ; but the nature of the reward astonished him.

When Indralekha's messenger had fled, another man emerged from the dark basement of her house. He crossed the road and entered the Kapotika monastery. Having crossed it he went out on the gate of the other side. By the side of the gate a man was waiting with a horse. He

mounted the horse and left for the residence of the chief minister. There Damodara had just waited and was getting ready to go to the palace in search of Govindagupta. The spy entered the room where the Chief Minister had been and having saluted him said, "Lord, I have brought news of the Prince Imperial. The aged minister asked, "What news ?"

"The Prince Imperial has taken the emperor from Indralekha's dwelling to the palace."

"Good."

"The spy saluted and went away. Damodara then started for the palace in a litter.

CHAPTER V.

The Guest at the Chaitya of Kanishka.

When Govindagupta was taking his older brother from the dwelling of the dancing girl Indralekha to the royal palace, at that time a traveller was quitting the Khaibar pass with long strides and approaching the western gate of the city of Peshawar. The first quarter of the night was already over and the road from the Nagarahara to Peshawar, or as it was called in these days, Purushapura, was already empty. The traveller was able to walk swiftly because he was acquainted with

the road. While the city was still a couple of miles distance, the auspicious music of the second quarter of the night struck on the top of the gateway. As soon as he heard it, the traveller stopped. In those days of peace, the city gates were closed at the end of the first quarter of the night. The traveller lost all hopes to getting into the city on hearing the music on the gate. As soon as the music on the gate stopped, numerous conch-shells were sounded and bell

ring in another place. Thousands of lamps were lighted and the traveller saw that on a mound close to the western gate of the city thousands of small lamps were moving slowly like fire-flies. After sometime he advanced towards the lights.

Suddenly the sound of music stopped, the lamps went out and the traveller was started. Then he had approached the very close to the place where the lights were originally burning. On hearing many voices the traveller moved again. After sometime he saw that a line of human figures were coming towards him. One of them asked him, "Who is coming?" The traveller replied, "I am a tired traveller. Having seen many lights I was coming in search of shelter but while I was approaching the lights went out. Can you tell me where I can find shelter?" The interrogator came close to the traveller and asked him, "Whence are you coming?" The traveller answered, "From the city of Balkh. What place is this?"

The outskirts of the city of Purushapura,"

"Where were so many lights burning?"

"At the Chaitya of Kanishka.

"Why?"

"Most probably you are not a Buddhist. This is the showing of the lights of the second quarter of the night."

"I am a Brahmana. Do they show

lights to the gods here every quarter of the night?"

"Yes."

"How far have I to travel before I can obtain shelter?"

"Come with me."

"Can't I obtain shelter in the Chaitya?"

"Sir, it is beyond the capacity of monks who are beggars to repair the Chaitya of Kanishka. The monastery of the son of heaven, the Shahi and Shahanushahi Kanishka is in ruins. We live in huts in the midst of these ruins."

After walking for sometime with the stranger the traveller entered the ruins of a vast stone structure. His companion entered a small hut in the courtyard of the building and brought a light. Then he said to the traveller, "Come." The traveller went with him without words on the other side of the courtyard. The strangers stood in front of stone-built doorway and asked another monk who was standing behind it, "Dharmasimha, where is the Abbot?" The monk said "the Lord Abbot is in the chamber. Do you want to see him?"

"Yes."

You can't see him now. The Lord Abbot has ordered that with the exception of the teacher Sangharakshita he will not see anybody else before the end of the third quarter of the night. Who is your companion?"

"A guest. Dharmasimha, please

go and tell the Lord Abbot that Buddharakshita has brought a Brahmana from the country of Balhika and wants to see the Lord Abbot according to his orders. The guests has not rested as yet."

"Please come after resting."

"No, the Lord Abbot has ordered me this morning that if possible he should be brought to Lord abbot. Don't delay, get move on you."

The second monk entered the ruined building but returned immediately and said, "Buddharakshita, the Lord Abbot is waiting for you, please come to the chamber of the Lord with the guests." They entered the building. In the feeble light of a lamp which was burning in a niche the travellers saw another light was burning in a room beyond and fair monk was standing at its door. Buddha rakshita saluted the fair monk by touching his feet and the Brahmana saluted him by raising his hands to his forehead. The fair monk said, "Welcome, are you coming from Balkh?" The traveller said, "Yes, my name is Vishnubhadra and I live in the country of Balhika. I have come to India on business."

"Sir you are a guest, kindly excuse me. I was obliged to bring you here, before giving you the guest's drink and food for some special reason. This is against the rule of the order but I was obliged to act in this manner for some special reason. I want to

ask you some questions regarding the country of Mahlika."

"What are they?"

"The subject is very confidential. Buddharakshita, please bring food and drink for the guests into my chamber."

When the monk had departed the Abbot and the guest entered the chamber. Vishnubhadra saw that the small chamber was full of books; a bright lamp of clarified butter was burning in a corner and by its side there was a seat inkpot, a pen and several pieces of birch-bark. There was a small pallet with a narrow bed by the side of the seat. The Abbot requested the guest to sit himself on the bed while he himself sat on the seat. The Abbot asked, "Sir when did you leave the city of Balkh?"

"Nearly two months ago."

"Where are you going?"

"If my purpose is not served in Peshawar then I go to Jullunder, but if I fail in Jullunder then I shall have to go to Pataliputra."

"When you started did you hear anything of the Huns?"

The Brahmana started and asked, "What did you say?"

"Did you hear anything about the Huns?"

"Why do you ask this question?"

"I have asked you to come here so that I may ask this question."

Vishnubhadra sat speechless for sometime and then spoke slowly, "Lord Abbot, I have come to Purusha-

pura from Vahlika for the Huns and perhaps shall have to go to distant Pataliputra." The Abbot was struck dumb on hearing the words of his guest and Vishnubhadra also need not speak because he thought he had pained his host. The flame of the lamp began to dance with the wind and the shadow of the tall Abbot became taller on the walls of the chamber. Suddenly the lamp went out but none of them spoke. After sometime Buddharakshita came with food for the guest. On hearing his foot-steps the Abbot asked "Who is there?" The answer came, "I am Buddharakshita. I have brought food for the guest."

"The lamp has gone out, please bring another."

Buddharakshita placed the tray of food on the floor and went away to fetch a light. Then the Abbot asked, "Will you start to-morrow morning?" Vishnubhadra said, "Yes, tomorrow I shall go into the city and meet the governor. Afterwards I may start for Jullunpur. Sir, I am a foreigner, if I have pained you in any way—"

"Sir, I feel no pain. The news that you have brought is not auspicious for India, but I have been waiting for it the whole of my life."

At this time another monk entered the chamber with a lamp. He saw that the guest was staring at the face of the Abbot in surprise. The Abbot was saying, "please do not be surprised—for a long time the Abbot of the monastery

of the Purushapura are waiting for this news. For three centuries from Abbot to Abbot we have heard that disaster will overtake the illustrious order when the noseless barbarian will cross the Oxus." Vishnubhadra spoke out, "I have heard that in the old days the great river was called the Oxus. But the news that I have gathered in secret and am talking to the emperor—how did you come to know of it?"

I have heard it from my preceptor, the Bodhisattvanagarjuna came to know of it by means of astrology. More than a century ago when the Huns overran Central Asia, then the Abbot of the monastery of Purushapura came to know that the noseless barbarian was called Hun. From that day we have been waiting for the advent of the Huns."

"Why?"

"The holy Nagarjuna foretold that the Chaitrya of Kanishka will be destroyed by this noseless race."

"Strange, for three hundred years you have been waiting for the invasions of the Huns?"

"Yes."

"Have you sought any means for the protection of the faith and country?"

"There are no means. All can be saved if the Huns can be driven to the other side of the Oxus."

"Who can perform this feat?"

"Otherwise everything will be lost."

"Who is the fittest man in the Gupta family."

"First of all the Prince Imperial Govindagupta and after him the heir-apparent Skndagupta."

"Where is the Prince Imperial?"

"He is the over lord of the Scythian regions and lives in Jullunder. But I hear that for some special work he has gone to the capital."

"The heir-apparent?"

"He is also in Pataliputra."

"Pataliputra is too far."

"Have the Hunas crossed the great river?"

"Not yet, but they will do so next summer."

"Please eat I shall tell you the rest afterwards."

Vishnubhadra left the bed and sat on the seat. When he had finished, the Abbot asked him, "Sir have you got any friends or acquaintances at the capital?"

"None."

"Then how will you bring your news to the notice of His Majesty?"

"I trust God."

"Do not be afraid. I shall come with you to Pataliputra."

(To be continued)



RAISULI

A GREAT MOORISH FIGURE

Perhaps no other country but Morocco could have produced Raisuli for of all the figures who have dominated the Moorish stage he was the most interesting. Born at Tetuan, of one of the best families in the country, a direct descendent of the Prophet Mohamed through Mulai Idris, the founder of the Moorish empire, birth and rank foretold a promising future to the young Shereef.

No doubt the situation of Tetuan influenced him in his youth. The beautiful old Moorish town lies surrounded by high mountains which harbour some of the wildest tribes in Morocco. In company with the young mountaineers Mulai Ahmed would often spend days together in the country, joining in the cattlelifting, of his adventurous companions. At length things grew to such a pitch that he abandoned Tetuan, and with a faithful band of followers risked his life almost nightly in the wild adventures. The writer knew him well in those days—a young man of pale complexion, handsome, but with an expression of great sadness.

An act of treachery on the part of the Governor of Tangier led to his arrest. He was sent to the worst prison in Morocco, that of Mogador. For three years he lay in chains.

Then he escaped—a file had been brought to him in a loaf of bread. Together with two other fellow-prisoners he severed his fetters and when all was ready they felled the prison guard and broke out. But they had forgotten

one thing—that weakness, and three years in chains prevented their walking. They crawled through the streets, but missed their way and were recaptured. Heavier and more cruel fetters were put upon Mulai Ahmed and he was chained to the wall. Two years later he was pardoned and returned to Tangier. Once more he took to the mountains and, as soon as his strength allowed, adopted his old career. But his character had changed, he had become hard and cruel, and act after act of barbarity was committed.

EXPLOITS WITH EUROPEANS

At length to such an extent had his robberies increased—and even large caravans were pillaged—that the Sultan sent an army against him. Camping within a few miles of his residence at Zinat in June, 1903, the commander-in-chief called upon him to surrender. He refused, and a few days later the army attacked. Zinat was burned, but Raisuli and his men taking to the high rocks above the village, escaped.

It was the same afternoon, when riding out in that direction—for Zinat is only some 14 miles from Tangier—to see what had occurred that the writer was captured, by Raisuli's men and taken a prisoner to his house. Only the ruins of which remained, with the exception of one small and dirty room. In this hovel the writer spent 11 days and nights to be moved on the twelfth day into the highlands of the Anjara tribe, where another

12 days were spent. At length the by-no-means easy negotiations were completed—the army was withdrawn, and 16 rebel prisoners, confined in various prisons in the country, were set at liberty. Little the worse for over three weeks of very considerable anxiety and discomfort, the writer was released. It was the first of Raisuli's exploits with Europeans.

A year later, pursued and persecuted Raisuli once more made a "coup". This time it was Mr. Perdicaris, a wealthy American gentleman, who was captured in his own country villa and carried away from the midst of family into the mountains. He remained in captivity seven weeks and was only released after Raisuli had received a ransom of some £14,000 and had extorted from the Sultan his own nomination as Governor of all the tribes in the Tangier districts.

He kept order, but overstepped every treaty and every "Capitulation." He ruled with a rod of iron and committed every kind of cruelty, with the result that "incidents" were of almost daily occurrence in Tangier. At length things reached such a pitch that a large force was sent against him. Five thousand troops attacked his stronghold at Zinat, which was defended by only 63 men. The army was driven off, unsuccessful, in spite of its numbers and its artillery. The following morning the army attacked again, but Raisuli and his band had fled to the mountains in the night. Failing by force, the Maghzen turned its hands to negotiation, and in 1906 Sir Harry Maclean was authorized by the Sultan Mulai Abdul Aziz to offer Raisuli terms. A meeting was arranged near Alcazar, and Sir Harry Maclean was treacherously seized and held as a captive.

If the negotiations for Mr. Perdicaris's release had been long, those on behalf of Sir Harry Maclean were infinitely longer. and it

was not until seven months after his capture that he was released. Raisuli's terms were more exorbitant than ever. He received £20,000 in cash, was made a British protected subject together with 20 other of his brigands as well as extorting numerous other concessions of minor importance.

A STRONG RULER

In 1906 Mulai Abdul Aziz had been turned off the throne, and in January, 1909 his successor, Mulai Hafid, appointed Raisuli Governor over 13 of the northern tribes, a district of over 3,000 square miles in extent. In return Raisuli abandoned his British protection and restored the £20,000 which the British Government, owing to the Moorish Treasury's lack of funds, had paid for Sir Harry Maclean's ransom. He settled down in the little town of Arzella, and probably for the first time in the history of Morocco succeeded in stamping out the anarchy which had always existed amongst the mountain tribes. He governed with a strong, even hard hand, but there were no complaints of any of the cruelties he had practised before, and on the whole he displayed a desire to act justly and honestly by the people under his jurisdiction. During the occupation of Larache and Alcazar by the Spanish troops in the early summer of 1911. Raisuli maintained his position of Governor of those districts with considerable tact and success and it was entirely owing to his prestige and power that no outbreak against this incursion took place amongst the tribes under his jurisdiction.

RELATIONS WITH SPAIN

But new factors were arising in Moorish politics. The Spaniards acting under their arrangements with France, proceeded to occupy other portions of their Moroccan zone. Raisuli himself had been an active party to the

Spanish occupation of Láraiche, Alcazar, and Arzeila, and for a time his relations with the new masters of the country remained satisfactory. It was however, quite impossible that this should continue long. Raisuli's inordinate ambition and pride, his intention to remain the supreme authority in Northern Morocco, could not be supported by the Spaniards. Raisuli took to the mountains and became, to all intents and purposes, an outlaw. All advance of the spaniards ceased, and they suffered heavy losses in their tribal warfare.

Public opinion in Spain protested at the expense and loss of life which this Moroccan policy necessitated, and the Spanish Government found itself obliged once more to come to terms with Raisuli. He received extravagant subsidies and many honours. He was supplied with arms and ammunition, and permitted to raise troops. He was charged with the governorship of all the tribes in the North-West portion of the Spanish zone. He became in fact, dictator of this part of Spanish Morocco.

When war broke out in 1914 Raisuli became an active German agent. He received large sums of money from the Germans in Spain and was in active communication with the German Embassy at Madrid.

The end of the war made Spain realize the danger of her former policy and the Spanish Government decided to take vigorous steps to put an end to a situation that was insupportable. Raisuli's exactions had lost him the good will of many of the tribes, and the Spaniards took advantage of this disposition. Many German agents were expelled from Tetuan and Láraiche and a new policy was introduced. Early in 1919 General Berenguer was nominated Spanish High Commissioner and he undertook immediately a series of expeditions. The Anjera tribeland was

occupied and advances into the mountain districts took place from Alcazar. Raisuli was again a pronounced enemy of Spain and engaged in active warfare against the Spanish troops.

RAISULI'S TRIUMPH

A series of operations in the Wad Ras tribelands were carried out in July, 1919. Every attempt was made by the Spanish authorities to conceal the facts, but the truth leaked out. In three day's fighting—July 11 to 13—the Spaniards lost about 300 killed and 1,000 wounded. The arms and money and the ammunition which the Spanish authorities had been supplying to the brigand chief were now used against the donors. In one ambush in a ravine a little column of 170 Spanish soldiers was annihilated.

In 1921 the Spanish forces made some progress and Raisuli's tribelands were invaded. His house was repeatedly attacked by aeroplanes, with no very serious results, though the surrounding buildings were damaged. By July the Spanish troops were in the vicinity of Tazrut, and the stronghold was more than once bombarded by artillery. An encircling movement had been carried out to the south and the final attack was fixed for July 26. On the afternoon of the previous day the Spanish commander was informed of the overwhelming disaster which had befallen the Spaniards in the Riff and received instructions to counter the attack upon Raisuli. It was indeed hard luck. Once again Raisuli had escaped out of the very jaws of death! The mountain tribes, stirred by the story of the Spanish defeat in the Riff attacked the military post a few miles away and massacred its garrison. A colonel, six other officers and 200 men perished.

The Spanish Government, influenced by public opinion in the Peninsula, at once set out to make peace with Raisuli. The terms

it had to give, deeply wounded Spanish "amourpropre." Raisuli's properties—including his palace at Arzeila, which had become the military hospital—were restored to him. He received a very large sum of money as damages, and the troops who had bombarded his Tazrut stronghold were made to rebuild it. It was Raisuli's triumph—and not his first.

After that Raisuli resided at Tazrut, keeping order among the tribes. He remained on more or less friendly terms with the Spanish authorities and undoubtedly rendered Spain valuable services in keeping the peace in those regions.

A few months after the arrival in power of the Spanish Directorate in September 1923 General Primo de Rivera, Marques de Estella, decided to initiate a new policy in Morocco where the position of the advanced posts and isolated camps on the front had become precarious. He announced the Directorate's intention to withdraw all the outlying troops

and to evacuate a large area of the occupied territory. In the early summer of 1924 this movement began, and was accomplished with much skill by the end of the year. The difficulties that the retreat entailed cost the Spaniards exceptionally heavy losses. Raisuli behaved well. He supported the Spaniards and his tribesmen fought against the Riffs of Abdel Krim's army as they followed the Spanish forces towards the sea. Their withdrawal left Raisuli isolated at Tazrut. He was a sick man suffering from dropsy but he refused to leave his mountain fastness where his hoard of money was kept and where he possessed stores of arms and ammunition. The mutual distrust which existed between Abdel Krim and Raisuli increased and eventually Abdel Krim dispatched his contingents to attack Tazrut. On Tuesday, January 27, 1925, the stronghold was taken, after a stubborn resistance and a few days later Raisuli was led away captive to the Riff. There he had since remained.

Times.





TURMOIL IN INDIA

BY HARRY F. WARD

The outstanding fact on the surface of things in India is the transfer of the political leadership of the Nationalist movement from Gandhi and his Non-co-operation followers to the Swaraj Party under the leadership of C. R. Das. This change in the political conformation was preceded by several dramatic incidents: the twenty-one day-fast of Gandhi on account of Hindu-Moslem strife and the conference on unity which occurred at the same time; the new repressive measures instituted by the Government in Bengal, followed immediately by the Bombay conference of leaders of all political factions seeking to effect a common program.

Behind these events, however the deeper course of things had for sometime been moving in the direction of change. Gandhi's program of non-co-operation and non-violence was a program of faith and hope. It expressed the spiritual instincts of India; it was the voice of the soul of the masses in its highest mood. The immediate results that he promised himself and the nation were impossible of realization. The intellectuals followed this program largely because they were swept by the rising current of mass feeling which caught them in the emotional mood of the war period. The program itself required of them a sacrifice and

of the masses of self restraint which neither was able to sustain.

Consequently, when Gandhi came out of prison he found that many of the non-co-operating lawyers had gone back to practice and the students to their schools and colleges. This backsliding continued so that his presidential address at the recent session of the National Congress gives us one reason for the suspension of non-co-operation as a political program the fact that it no longer commanded a sufficient support to make it effective. The deeper reason for Gandhi was that non-co-operation and non-violence are absolutely interdependent. When he became bitterly aware that his people were not yet prepared to practice non-violence his spiritual integrity required the suspension of non-co-operation.

The significance of this change in political leadership is that the intellectuals have returned to power. They made the Nationalist movement to begin with. It was, in part, an expression of their economic situation, for numbers of them educated in the Universities found themselves without adequate employment or social status. This group formed the militant wing of the Nationalist movement, mostly in Bengal, and developed the program which the Swaraj Party is now carrying out.

The moderate-section of the Nationalist movement organized as the Liberal and expressing the situation, on the Bombay side of India, has had more political experience. It developed the outstanding leaders of the pre-war period and is willing to work with Great Britain toward ultimate self-government if the outcome be not long delayed. If the Liberals who left the National Congress a few years ago when Gandhi captured it with his non-co-operation program should return to it and work with the Swarajists, it would mean a unity of intellectual leadership. At present the Liberals are still undecided as to their course and the Government might offer them sufficient concessions to detach them from the combination which Gandhi is striving to bring about.

In this combination the swaraj policy of capturing the Councils and then obstructing legislation as Parnell did so long in the British Parliament, would continue its successful beginnings. Gandhi will devote himself to three objectives—the securing of Hindu-Moslem Unity, the removal of untouchabilities, and the spread of hand-spinning. These measures have to do with the deeper aspect of independence for India and mean that Gandhi is devoting himself more to preparation for self-government than to its immediate accomplishment. The rest of the Swaraj program moves on to the reorganisation of the villages. They are to be trained in self-government, economic improvement, and co-operation by a staff of organisers for whom the money has just been raised. The idea is to restore the old autonomy and economic independence of the Indian village. It is an ambitious program, and again follows somewhat the Irish situation but it has long been outlined in Bengal. If this should succeed the next move will be non-payment of taxes and after that violence will

inevitably follow on the part of those who believe in it.

At present the abandonment of non-co-operation does not mean that non-violence has been thrown overboard with it. There is a section of the Swaraj Party which believes in non-violence only as a matter of expediency. But Das is on record in his address as president of the National Congress as believing in non-violence on also luke moral grounds. Whether he has a sufficient following in his own ranks to be able to hold this position is doubtful, but those who reckon things on the score of political expediency know that they must have Gandhi with them as they move, because he holds the masses in his hand. But might Gandhi once again be swerved from the central conviction of his life, which has become much deeper and stronger, since he suspended non-violence in the emergency of the world War and helped England get her recruits?

This is a vital question for the whole world as well as for India because of Gandhi's wide moral influence. At present he suspends non-co-operation for the sake of the principle of non-violence. He makes the personal surrender of political leadership and yields his program for his principle. Has he thereby manoeuvred himself into a position where sooner or later an emergency may arise in which love of country might overpower his principle? Whether or not this may happen the significant thing for the British Government in the recent shift in Indian leadership is that it will not get from Das and his following anything like the same chivalry which it has been receiving from Gandhi. It will be hard hitting and no quarter from now on with purely political weapons at present.

On the British side there has also been a

significant change corresponding some what to that among the Indian forces. The adoption of the recent repressive measures in Bengal one of which takes away all right of trial and allows the indefinite confinement of men without even a hearing, means a tacit confession of the inability to govern by even semi-constitutional process. The Governor of Bengal has publicly made the same sort of defence for these tactics which Mitchell Palmer and his supporters made in the United States. He says: "We are dealing with anarchists. They have put themselves outside the pale of the law: they must therefore, be dealt with without law." But this is to make the Government also anarchist and to destroy the foundations of order. The defence of the Viceroy for not seeking the co-operation in dealing with a small anarchist conspiracy in Bengal of those Indians whom England has asked to co-operate with her in the gradual transfer to their nation of the powers of government was that this would have brought about a publicity which would have prevented the securing of the safety of the Government. This, of course, is an open confession of inability to manifest that spirit of co-operation upon which the whole present scheme depends. It is another evidence that the Reforms are dead and their scheme of Dyarchy an impossibility. On the one hand the Swaraj Party has killed the Reforms by obstructing their working; on the other hand, a section of the British Administration in India has joined in the slaughter by failing to develop that spirit without which the Reforms could not live.

It is demonstrated beyond a doubt that England cannot secure the co-operation from India which is necessary if her government is to continue even on the basis of the present plan of the gradual transfer of power. It is the unpleasant recognition of this fact which is leading disinterested British civil servants

in India to welcome their time of retirement or to retire before it comes. It is the spread of this knowledge in England which is the basic reason for the appointment of a commission on the problem of recruiting for the Indian Civil Service. Government to-day, especially in India, is a matter not simply of the consent of the governed but of the co-operation of the governed in jointly administering their own affairs. It is the control of education, health, economic development, and it cannot be carried on no matter how able or disinterested its officials may be, if the people are continually sabotaging the process.

ENGLAND'S LOSS.

There is another and even more fundamental fact for England to face and that is the loss of her moral prestige among the Indian people. In the past this has been her greatest strength and when it is gone she is like Samson shorn of his locks. But gone it is. Formerly the word of an English official was a rock of refuge for the common people of India in the shifting currents of her unstable life. But to-day the masses of India have lost confidence in the integrity of Great Britain. This distrust was formerly confined to the intellectuals, but to-day it has spread through the whole of the population. The war took thousands of Indians to Europe and brought them back to their villages and cities after they had seen a new world and breathed a new air. Then the Gandhi movement put the consciousness of Swaraj into them. After that the failure of the non-co-operation movement to realize its promise of speedy independence became, as in part it truly was the failure of England to fulfil the promises made in the stress of the war when she needed Indian's help. Hence Great Britain has no moral authority in India except with that section of the landlords and capitalists whose unjust

privileges with no intention of hers, are made more secure by her rule. It is common talk in India that the word of many of her present officials is not like the word of those who were there in the earlier days. But the deeper thing in the moral atmosphere is that which is still poisoning the air in Europe and America, the consciousness of the broken promises of war days.

It is time for England to realize that this loss of moral prestige added to the increasing capacity for sabotage on the part of India means not simply the death of the reforms but the impossibility of the continuance of her control. Her situation is like that of the man who had the bear by the tail and could neither hold on nor afford to let go. Unless England will soon decide the time and manner of her leaving India, another Ireland is likely to develop in Bengal; and after Bengal there is

the Punjab, with its more martial race, and that will be another story. England may keep arms out of India, but what will she do about gas, a weapon open to both sides, practically without control.

There is only one thing that can clear the situation. It is the offer of definite self-government and the immediate calling of a conference to fix the time. This discussion cannot be postponed until 1929, the time set by the Reforms scheme. The guarantee of dominion status as speedily as the transfer of the various governmental services can be effected—the time to be set by joint-agreement would probably satisfy most Indians to-day. But soon that offer will be too late. A little more delay and those who insist upon complete independence will carry the day and what course will then be open to England?—

“New York Nation.”



Medicine's Responsibilities in the Birth-Control Movement

(By William Allen Pusey, M. D.)

It is not for me to elaborate upon the problems of population that are concerning us. These topics are peculiarly your own: but an amateur may perhaps with propriety say a word upon them, because he at least is at the advantage of having a different viewpoint.

With the Earth's population increasing, under the favourable conditions of modern civilization, at an unprecedented rate with the frontier advancing so rapidly that the hospitable parts of the Earth will soon have been occupied, with the saturation point in sight, beyond which the Earth cannot afford decent sustenance for its inhabitants, the time is rapidly approaching when the problem of population will engage some consideration from even the less thoughtful of men. What is to happen to the world's population is a question that should now be recognized and considered by the thoughtful. Mankind must face the extreme probability that, under the favourable conditions of life of present day civilization, we are rapidly approaching the point where the support of the population of the Earth will be its most pressing problem.

No intelligent student of the subject believes that population will continue indefinitely to increase with the rapidity of geometrical ratio, but it requires no particular gift of prophecy to see that if the tendency of population remains unchecked, we will soon be upon a situation, where an unsuccessful struggle for decent maintenance will have become the lot of most men throughout the Earth, as it is their lot now in the most

densely populated parts of it. The only possibility that anyone suggests that might prevent this otherwise inevitable development is some 'deus ex machina' in the form of inventions of chemistry that will furnish food for mankind in some altogether unnatural and now unknown way. No man of reasonable caution can rely upon this as offering any probable solution of the problem. It is altogether probable that it offers no prospect whatever for the furnishing of a food supply for the world, greatly beyond what can be produced by methods now in use. Let the situation develop naturally and the only relief for the over-population of the world lies in wars of the strong against the weak for a place in the sun, in pestilence and other great disasters, and in the inevitable increase in the disease rate and the death rate that are sequences of the degradation and misery of over-population.

I saw a statement recently by Dr. Raymond Pearl, I think to the effect that this all seems so inevitable that he is inclined to question its accuracy. I imagine he must have had in mind the various unhappy influences that would affect the otherwise inevitable development of this situation, for I cannot understand the reasoning that questions the accuracy of the conclusion that two and two make four because it seems so unassailable. Subject to the restraints, which can only act to postpone the situation, but not to prevent its ultimate occurrence one must accept the conclusion that the situation is in sight now where the population of the Earth will tax its capacity for furnishing sustenance.

HUMANE RESTRAINTS.

What can be done in the face of such a prospect? The obvious answer would seem to be that mankind should strive to imitate nature and attempt to provide for the preservation of the most fit of its members. Nature provides for this in the long run by its cruel and inexorable methods of eliminating those least able to preserve themselves. It is the temporary setting aside of this principle through the applications of man's new knowledge which has within a hundred years brought us face to face with this situation. But these are possibilities of producing nature's results by less cruel and costly means. There are two rational measures that present possibilities in this connection. One is to improve the race by breeding; the other is to check by birth control the tendency to the submerging of the better stock by the greater fecundity of the inferior.

The practical application of eugenics, except in the gross way of eliminating the manifestly unfit, presents an exceedingly difficult problem. It is a problem, however not beyond man's attacking. We can see in isolated human strains now some fortunate results of its action. There can be no question of the importance of the problem and the fact of its practical difficulties should not make us give it up as hopeless or even altogether impractical.

The application of methods of birth control is also a matter of great difficulty, but it is a more tangible problem. It is capable of more direct application and it offers some practical prospect of influencing the situation. It would seem, in the face of the facts we now have to be one of the highest duties of thoughtful men to consider it. The question is, in fact, when it is reduced to its bald terms this: Shall we undertake by intelligent

methods to put some guidance, through birth control upon the population of the Earth, or shall we leave the problem to be handled by nature's ruthless methods of checking population of the Earth, by fetal and infant mortality. But as I have said the problem of the Earth's population is one upon which the physician must appear as an amateur in any group whose speciality is the study, not of the individual, but of society as a whole. There are certain aspects of birth control which fall peculiarly within the purview of the physician and upon which he can speak perhaps with some authority from the standpoint of special experience.

Upon no class can it be impressed more than upon physicians, that the sexual appetite after hunger, is the dominating influence in life. But in spite of its overwhelming importance, the relations of the sexes is the unsolved problem of civilization. Nature makes the sexual appetite one that is insistent. On the other hand society says it is an appetite that must be repressed, but it need hardly be said does not abide by its precept. The irresistible biological fact and the attitude of society towards this fact are not consistent and this inconsistency produces a situation in which there is constant deceit—with all that, that entails—struggle and failure.

No one who knows anything about the history of man's rise from savagery would advocate regardless of any freedom he might have from considerations of conscience unrestricted sexual license; But those who, like physicians, get a view of the concealed part of the motives and activities of life must realize the supreme importance to the happiness of mankind of a proper sexual life. It is society's business to see that this is attained by providing proper conditions of married life. Civilization is built upon the family and satisfactory civilization can be

built only upon satisfactory family life. I do not mean to intimate that happiness in family life is dependent altogether upon sexual gratification. I know that in extraordinary conditions satisfactory marital unions can be built upon the higher aspirations and tastes of life alone, but I am willing to say bluntly that sexual life is the elemental fact upon which satisfactory family life as a rule, depends and that without satisfactory sexual life, marital life as a rule, is irreparably damaged.

And it is here that the importance of birth control comes into this problem. Nature has provided in man, as in animals, for the maintenance of the species by a capacity for reproduction far in excess of the needs for it or for the possibilities of its exercise. The way that nature takes care of this anomaly in man, as in animals, is by providing under conditions of extreme hardship, for the reduction of fecundity, but more frequently by the destruction of the excess. Always some form of birth control or of destruction of the young or the less resistant is exercised by nature. In man, even if child-bearing is carried to the limit, nature provides restraints upon it; frequently by breaking down the overburdened woman, and always by the disappearance of fecundity in the woman in middle life. Civilized man, who is above the state of brutality, always exercises some form of birth control in the general sense of that term. Consciously or unconsciously practically every couple make some effort to avoid breeding like rabbits. And the higher men rise in the intelligence scale the more effort they make to avoid nature's inexorable methods of eliminating the excess, by limiting their progeny to those that they can provide for.

And it is in this effort at birth control

in married life that such havoc is played with the happiness of marriage. In the lack of knowledge of how to attain the ends that they must attain—in other words, in the lack of knowledge of proper methods of birth control—in the uncertainties of the situation, penalties are put upon what should be the pleasure of proper sexual life in marriage that are so great that they often utterly destroy it. Sexual enjoyment is largely psychical; the constant intrusions of the necessity for these restraints, their uncertainty and the consequent anxiety tend to destroy it. It is particularly in the plastic period of young married life that these unhappy factors have their widest play and do so much to break down the happiness of marriage. There is I believe, no other factor that contributes more—I think I might say as much—to sexual immorality than the seeking by married men of that sexual gratification from illicit intercourse that they have found lacking in married life. And this situation arises largely as a result of the difficulties and anxieties that come from efforts at birth control. There could be no greater contribution to the morality of the world, as well as to its happiness, than would be the removal of this unhappy state that interferes so greatly with marital happiness.

Now these are material facts. They are not facts that appeal to the mooning sentimentalist, or the so called moralist, or to the ethical dreamers who would like to have mankind not as it is, but as their dreams would picture it. But they are facts. Sexual life is a part of man. It is not unclean or disgusting or something to be hampered and repressed and destroyed. It is the foundation of the family, and happy family life is one of the few great enduring satisfactions of life. But with all of its esthetic and psychical values, family life is

founded upon biological and unchangeable facts.

Even in irregular sexual life there are, I believe, good grounds for the advocacy of birth control. It is a sad fact, but nevertheless a fact, that under the conditions that modern civilization sets up, sexual immorality is common. I do not mean to intimate, and I do not believe, that this is not altogether deplorable. It is much commoner men than in women, but it is by no means restricted in women of those who has beyond the bounds of human protection or of humane efforts for their care. The regular prostitute has no problem of birth control; nature as a rule, takes care of that by making her sterile and, if nature does not, the prostitute herself does by having no fear through shame of an accidental child or any compunctions about abortion. But for all except the hardened prostitute, the situation is entirely different. under the standards of morality which society sets up, but does not observe, an illegitimate birth is a fact for which there can be no atonement, either by the mother or the child with the sexual instinct as it is with custom stimulating teis appetite by every suggestion prurient ingenuity can devise with the possibility of marriage refused to many women with the atonement for an illegitimate child beyond any possibility, the women of any intelligence or decent instinct who find themselves in this condition—and there are plenty of women of this sort who who find themselves in this condition—are confronted by only one possibility, and that is abortion. The aggregate of human agony that is the result of this situation is beyond any computation. I am not saving in order to avoid argument, that these women are not deserving of their agony, but I would call attention to the fact that it would be better for society if the situation were handled differently.

The result of it now is unending abortions with disease, physical and moral injury and death in its trail. This is inevitable under the present conditions of society. With the penalties of illegitimacy what they are, for the mother and for the child, women will escape them by the ruthless termination of conception at any risk to themselves and at any risk of the law's penalties for their acts. The fact that they can do this is not due to the low honour of the medical profession—medicine's position upon this matter is higher than that of society in general; the knowledge of how cruelly to produce abortion is as old as any knowledge in civilization. The trade is passed down from mouth to mouth and, with the demands there are for it, cannot be extinguished. The trade is most common among those who are least competent to practice it. It is one of the tragedies of civilization which is most completely concealed. Practical methods of birth control offer the only relief from this tragedy.

The objections which are onered to facts that I have referred to above are, first, that as respects married life, it puts gratification of sexual appetite above ethical ideals; and second, that it promotes immorality by relieving it of part of the penalties of extra-martial intercourse. To the first, I would, make flat denial. I would maintain on the contrary that an easy, unrestrained, happy sexual martial life renders most probable the realization of its other ideals. As to knowledge of birth control promoting illegitimate sexual intercourse, it would undoubtedly tend to that end to a certain degree by freeing it of one of its two great hazards. It is the same objection that is raised to measures for preventing venereal diseases, the argument being that venereal diseases and fear of conception restrain irregular sexual intercourse, and for that reason it

is immoral to offer any protection from these dangers. When we are brought face to face with what this attitude means, it is this ; It is better that the world should go on being scourged with venereal diseases and with abortions and the agony of desperation that illegitimate conceptions produce than that it should be freed from these horrors at the expense perhaps of increasing illicit sexual intercourse. I do not believe this is a sound ethical position and I am still more strongly of the opinion that it is not humane, to use no stronger term. I do not believe any moral code in the long run will be benefitted by such an attitude. But aside from its ethical defects, it is not effective. The history of all time shows that fear of venereal disease and of illicit conception is not sufficient to check the exercise of the sexual appetite in those who have not the strength of character to control it. Nothing in fact except strength of character is effective, and I would like to see the efforts for the much desired control based upon that premise.

But I do not believe that knowledge of birth control actually increase sexual immorality. On the contrary I believe the tendency in this direction would be vastly more than offset by the improvement in sexual morality that would result from making marriages, as a rule, more successful sexually. That of all things would tend most to sexual morality in civilized communities.

It is considerations like these, which I think from their experience are borne in more upon physicians than upon most men, that make me feel that adequate and satisfactory methods of birth control and widespread knowledge of them would not only conduce to human happiness and social betterment, but would be invaluable influences in favor of sexual Morality. They would, indeed, promote morality in its broadest and best sense.

I know how shocking to some minds are the truths of sexual life that I am expressing : and I am expressing them, not from desire, but from a conviction that necessity, as well as honesty and sincerity, compels their expression. One of the most mischievous factors in our handling of sex problems is that we do not face the truths of biology and experience ; but we try to think them away, to ignore them, to persuade ourselves that they do not necessarily exist, that they are not as we find them, but as a certain sort of unreal sentimentality would have them. It is not that this attitude is simply a false one, but much more important. It is the cause of a great part of the enormous difficulty of the problem. In this problem, as in any other one, fundamental truths, even if unpleasant, must be met and given frank consideration, if any sound progress is to be made.

Another argument that is advanced against birth control, upon which the physician is entitled perhaps to say a word, is that the Earth would become depopulated, if child-bearing could certainly be prevented by easy methods universally known. Assuming that there could be a situation where such knowledge was universal, I am sure nothing is further from the truth. Remembering the relative rarity of sterility, it is an impressive fact how frequently we are called upon to see if we cannot furnish relief for it. One of the facts that is brought home to physicians, as it is to everyone else who takes occasion to consider it, is that men and women, as a rule, want children ; that the desire for children is a strong instinct and that the pleasure of their upbringing is the most satisfactory one in life. Indeed probably all the altruism that man has is based upon this instinct. The way that men and women as a rule wish to have children, even under conditions of the greatest sacrifice of comfort and opportunity to themselves, and

the way they strive to do their duty by them is the most inspiring human phenomenon. I can think of few more fortunate conditions in the world, than one in which the regulation of the number of children that a family might have, could be reasonably within the decision of the family itself, without the payment of such unhappy, dangerous, demoralizing penalties as are now exacted.

There is one aspect of this problem—obvious when it is stated—which is not commonly recognized, but which is constantly emphasized in the experience of physicians; that is that this is peculiarly woman's problem. Of course it is man's problem also, but men are not concerned in it in the way that women are. It is women that bear the penalties in injury, disease and death and mental torture that are involved in it. They have a right to know how they can intelligently—not crudely and dangerously—control their sexual lives. And they are justified by the highest considerations in fighting vigorously and persistently until they have this right granted to them.

The relation of medicine to this problem is obvious. Methods of birth control have to do with the human body; and is our province. As I have said before, medicine has not given to the problem the attention that it deserves—not because medicine is not confronted with it every day—but because the subject is taboo and the adequate exchange of scientific knowledge concerning it illegal. It is a problem that requires the technical skill of medicine. I think it must be said that its methods now are crude and unsatisfactory. There is a possibility, with our present knowledge of

biological reactions and with intensive consideration of the subject, that improvements might be made that would put these methods on a plane that has hitherto been impossible and that would make them practical agencies for effectively influencing the future history and happiness of mankind. These possibilities are so large that they are worthy of the best efforts that medicine has to offer.

At the present time, however, the situation could hardly be more unsatisfactory. The first prerequisite to satisfactory study of any subject is free access to knowledge of it, and that necessitates the unrestricted interchange of experience and information among scientific men. That is not allowed now upon the subject of methods of birth control. We are not even in a position where we can freely determine the merits and demerits of the subject. It is not that methods of birth control are not discussed and practised they are everywhere. But the facts—and the fiction—are passed from individual to individual—ignorantly, crudely, unsatisfactorily and in ways that often are vicious. It is only scientific, decent discussions of the subject that is prevented, the sort of discussion that is necessary and can only be had, when it is untrammelled, among self-respecting men, who can bring to its consideration knowledge and wisdom. This situation is medieval. From the history of similar situations in the past it cannot be doubted that it must in time give way. To see that this is brought about as quickly as possible is a thing worthy of the vigorous efforts in that direction that are now being made.—“Birth Control Review”



Life-Partner.

By—Jatindra Kumar Sen.



2nd year.

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Protection of Indian Match Industry.

(By K. C. Sen, author of "Match Industry in India,"

"Match Industry in Danger" etc.)

The specific duty of Rs. 1/8, charged per gross of foreign matches, imported into India, has made the Indian consumer pay three times and in villages four times as much as he had to pay for a box of matches before the European War. But on the other hand, it has enabled the country to organise and develop the Match Manufacturing Industry which has proved its suitability of development both along the factory and the cottage lines within a period of four or five years. These circumstances again have given rise to a persistent effort, not without success, on the part of foreign capitalists to wrest the control of the industry from the Indians.

In the article I propose to confine myself mainly to the discussion of questions relating to results of all these, good or otherwise, to Indians.

The present rate of duty on imported matches has of course created exceptionally favourable conditions for the inception, growth and expansion of the Industry in this country. When the imported matches were sold in the Indian market at about -/15/- per gross, the duty charged at that time being only Rs. .5/- per cent. *ad valorem*,--the industry could not thrive, it being difficult to manufacture matches at such a low cost; inadequate workshop facilities and other disadvantages, besides, rendering it

unprofitable to undertake the manufacture of matches in this country.

But the enhancement of duty on imported matches, helped by other favourable circumstances, has made it easy now for men of small capital to manufacture matches at a cost which enables them to undersell the imported matches. Within a short time a very large number of small factories have come into existence in almost every part of India including the Native States, Madras being responsible for the largest number. The average outturn of these factories, all of which may more appropriately be termed 'home industries', varied from 5 to 25 gross per diem, and the margin between the average cost of production and the selling price left them a profit of about 10 to 14 annas per gross, and in some cases more, during the first few years of the development of the industry.

The difficulty of securing a continuous supply of wood and the absence of workshop facilities for the repairs of the wood cutting machines, especially in Mofussil, stood for some time on the way of a steady progress of the industry. But, by and by, several factories were established near forests, for the production of splints and veneers, to be sold to factories suffering these inconveniences and they now found it more convenient, from the point of view of ensuring continuity of work, to buy these things instead of manufacturing these themselves.

The number of small factories again began to rise steadily and by the middle of the last year it had reached several hundred.

All this time the big capitalists were watching the development of the Industry with an eagle eye. First with scepticism, then with the doubt of a semi-believer, and then ceasing to scoff, these capitalists began to start large factories in some of the principal commercial centres of India. At first they began work with splints and veneers imported from abroad and this system enabled them to pass their products as foreign ones and to earn a larger profit. I must give my readers an idea of the profit earned by them during the first period of their entrance in the field. Most of these factories, which were financed by Japanese Capitalists, had large capacity of output, exceeding 1000 gross per diem in most cases. Their cost of production came up to about Rs. 1-6 while their selling price averaged between Rs. 2-6 and Rs. 2/10, leaving them a profit of more than a Rupee per gross, the capital needed, not being, at all, proportionate to the income it yielded, an initial capital of about Rs. 1,75,000 only enabled a manufacturer to earn this profit in those days.

The success of the first batch in the field induced other capitalists to join the industry and a keen competition soon followed as a result of which the selling price has now come down to about Rs. 2 per gross. But the price

of matches manufactured on cottage scale has gone down to a greater degree the reason being that they are made of Indian wood which is generally of an inferior quality especially from the point of view of colour whereas large factories invariably used foreign wood for splints. It may, in this connection be stated that Government of India having introduced a specific duty of -.4.6 and -.6- per pound of imported splints and veneers respectively with effect from the 1st April, 1924, to protect the interest of their Revenue, the importation of these materials became costly and in view of the unsteady market, it has become risky to import them. Certain factories have been importing logs of foreign timber which are charged with an *ad-valorem* duty of Rs. 15 p. c. to avoid the heavier duty charged on imported splints and veneers.

Thus it is that although competition has sprung up between large factories, it has made the cottage producer the greatest loser. A profit of a few annas per gross may satisfy a large factory but it cannot pay for the system of cottage production which has to bear larger overhead charges. Many small factories have discontinued work while a good many of them are on a moribund state. Another significant point to which I must draw the attention of my readers, is that there is a tendency on the part of most of the factories financed by foreign capi-

talists to combine and direct an united effort to crush Indian competition. It is an acknowledged fact that in a race of competition in a matter like this, the party which is financially stronger succeeds in beating its rival in the end.

Up to this moment the countries sending their representatives to India with large capital for investment in the industry are Japan and Sweden. English money was also raised for investment in the Industry, not directly by the Englishmen but by a powerful combine of Swedish manufacturers of matches who have already started some big factories in Calcutta, Karachi, Ambarnath and Madras. Sometime ago a warning note was struck in the Bombay Legislative Council by a non-official member purporting that a strong American Syndicate had come to India with large sums of money to buy up all local factories in order to monopolise the production of matches in India. But I have not as yet any definite information as regards their activities in this country.

The accumulated capital at the disposal of the foreign capitalists now carrying on the industry in the different parts of India is sufficient to enable them to supply the entire demand for matches in this country and by and by when they do so, the Indian competition will be completely broken down if no remedial measures are applied to prevent such a calamity.

I have perhaps made it clear in the foregoing pages that the gain derivable from the development of the industry in India under existing circumstances has been taken the fullest advantage of by foreign capitalists. It may be suggested that the competition which has brought down the price of matches is a positive gain which ought to satisfy the Indians at all events the Indian consumers. But this is not a fact. The consumers have not been benefited and are paying the same high price as before and the extra profit is being earned by the distributors. But even they will not continue long to earn it. When the Indian competition will be strangled and there will be no necessity to keep down the price any longer, the surviving factories will gradually raise the price to a figure just necessary to compete with the importers of foreign matches which are saddled with a heavy duty.

The Government of India are also losing heavily in consequence of the development of the industry under existing conditions. There has been already a considerable reduction in the importation of foreign matches into India and a reduction of each gross means to them a loss of Rs. 18.

I wonder why up to this moment the situation has not attracted such urgent notice of the Indian public and the Press as it deserves.

Most people will agree that in every country its fiscal policy ought to be

declared by its Government in such a way as to serve the interest of its people. A country which may not be favourable for the growth of any particular industry, ought to maintain a system of open door' policy with regard to the product of that particular industry, but where there are facilities for its growth and development, it ought to be helped by a judicious regulation of tariff and excise. Heavy customs duty without any safeguard against the rush of foreign capitalists within the country itself is as has been the case with the Industry, a suicidal policy.

The gravity of the situation was fully realised by the Indian Match Manufacturers' Association who, in the year 1924, submitted an application to the Government of India, requesting that in order to ensure the very existence of the Indian section of the manufacturers of matches in this country, an excise duty might be imposed on the products of factories financed wholly or partly by the foreign capitalist. Later in December a deputation of the Association waited upon the Hon'ble Finance and Commerce Members with the Government of India and emphasised the urgency of the proposed legislation.

But replying to a question in the Legislative Assembly in February last the Hon'ble Commerce Member said that the Government of India did not propose to levy any excise duty in the way suggested by the Association.

Another proposal made by the Association later on has too been met by a refusal from the Government of India. The rates of duty on matches, splints and veneers are included in the schedule of revenue duties, and may be reduced at any moment. Indian capital is ordinarily shy and unless the duty is formally recognised as a protective one, capitalists will not feel the confidence they need in the success of the industry, to encourage them to invest their capital in it.

There are other advantages protection gives to an industry ; for instance, it may be easier for it to obtain concessions as regards freight for the carriage of raw materials and finished matches from the Indian Railways and Steamship Companies, it being otherwise difficult to convince them of the necessity of and to obtain, from them such concessions.

But the proposal has not found favour with the Government of India who do not consider the question of the protection of Match Industry to be urgent enough to warrant its reference to the Indian Tariff Board. It is only the other day that a Report of the Tariff Board on the claims to protection of Magnesium Chloride Industry was published in the Press disclosing the fact that the Industry was not one of national importance and that the total amount invested in it was only a lakh and a half ! The investment in Match industry in Calcutta alone

amounts to about 20 lakhs and if, next to the textile industry, there is any other industry which touches the interests of the Indians most, in view of its suitability for expansion both on factory as also on cottage scales, it is the Match manufacturing industry. And yet the Association has been refused the right of having its claims with regard to the Industry examined by the Board !

The motive underlying the proposals of the Association is clear and simple and it ought to appeal to any Government which have the interest of the country they govern at heart. Under similar circumstances the proposals would have been accepted by any national Government merely from the instinct of self-preservation,—a nation, however generous, cannot bleed to intense blood into the veins of other nations. No country, except India would have allowed itself to be taxed, and taxed exorbitantly, not for the benefit of its people, or for the benefit of the Government to be applied for some national cause, but to be earned by a group of foreign capitalists at the sacrifice of its industry and the interests of its people. These wrongs cannot be ignored with equanimity by any country governed by its own people. It seems that the Government of India have been misinformed with regard to the importance of the industry or else they cannot, consistently with their action in referring the question of the

protection of the Printing Ink and Magnesium of Chloride industries to the Tariff Board, refuse the same treatment to the Match Manufacturing Industry which is much more important from every point of view and which satisfies all the necessary conditions required and deserves protection in accordance with the Government resolution on the subject.

If, however, for reasons known only to the Government of India, they are unwilling to allow the industry to

stand the test of public examination by its reference to the Tariff Board, let them reduce the rates of duty on matches, splints and veneers, to the pre-war level and lighten the burden of taxation, now shouldered by the Indian consumer. The industry has already ceased to be a source of such profit to the Indian manufacturer as it was before and in the near future it will completely pass on to foreign capitalists unless the proposals made by the Association are given effect to.



Master pieces of Master-Artists



The creation of Sun Moon and the Planets.

By -- Michael Angelo.



Prophet Ezakiel

By—Michael Angelo.



Michael Angelo at work



David.

By—Michael Angelo.



The Portrait of the Artist.

By—Titian.



Madonna

By—Titian.



Salome with the head of St. John.

By—Titian.



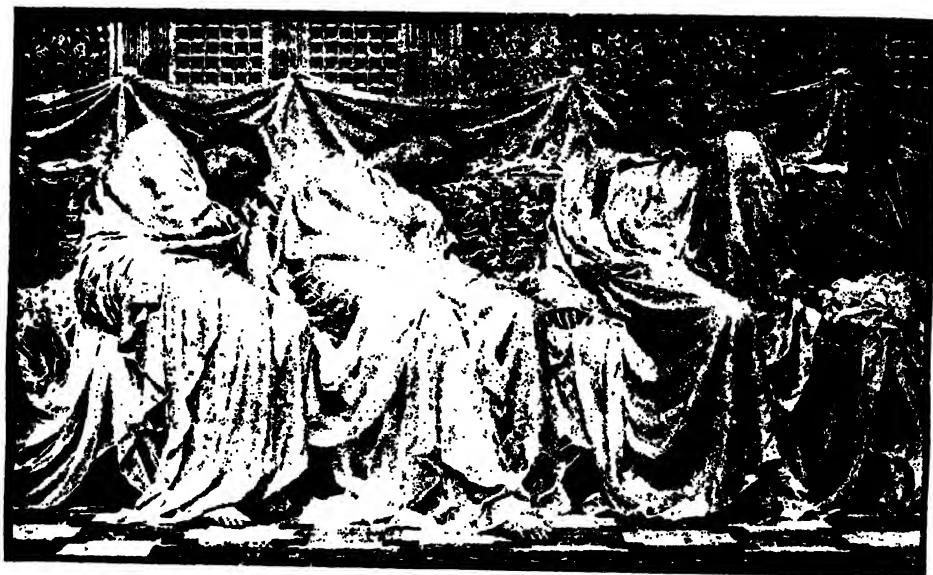
Christ and Magdalene

By—Titian.



Entombment

By—Titian.



The dreams

By—Albert Moore.



The Head of a Warrior.

By—Leonarda De Vinci.



The Hugueknots.

By—Sir John Milay.



The Blue Boy.

By—Gainsborough.



The Age of Innocence.

By—Sir Joshua Reynolds.



Two Friends.

By—Van Dyke.



Van Dyke.—Portrait.

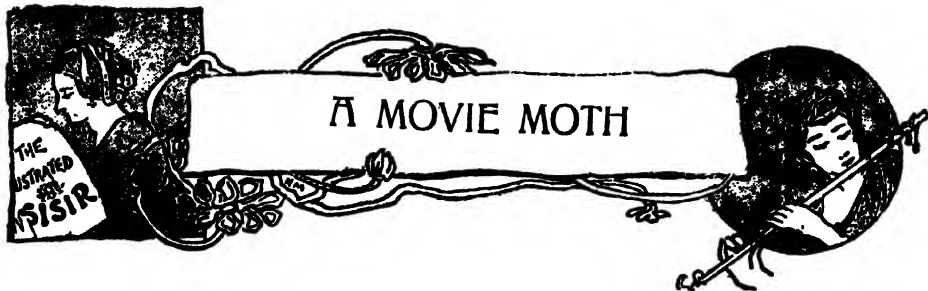
The Hero.



To come out or not—that is the question.



The hero is out at last.



By S. N. GUHA B. Sc. (Cali.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Plot.

"Hello, Lucile !"

"Well ! Mr. Degal ! You're quite a stranger ! How are you, anyway ?"

"Fine and dandy, thank you ! How's the girl ?"

"Oh, I'm just doing fine. We've been missing you lots—glad to see you back."

"How is everything around the studio now-a-days ? I haven't been here for quite a while."

"Well, things aren't so good. I heard you'd finished your picture long ago. What have you been doing since ?"

"Well, for one thing, I've been attending to the business side of it. Also, I've been making preparations for my next production."

"Good ! Glad to hear it. Say, give me a part in that next picture, won't you ?"

"You bet I will ! It's going to be a big thing and I'm going to need lots of good people."

At this point in the conversation, which took place at the entrance of a motion picture studio, Lovejoy appeared.

"Hello, Degal ! What are you doing here ? Did I tell you, you could come back ?" he asked jocularly.

"Oh, I just sauntered around to see all the folks," smiled Degal.

"Sold your picture yet ?"

"Not yet, but I'm not worrying about that. It will be sold and for a good price, too."

"What's your company doing now ?"

"Laid off for awhile—until I start the next picture."

"By the way, I saw your leading woman last night."

"Yes ? Did you go out with her ?"

"Oh no—although I wouldn't mind taking her out, if I could get the chance."

"Then where did you meet her ?"

"You couldn't guess ! She's leading lady in a cafe just at present."

"Doing cabaret stuff, is she?"

"Worse than that."

"Then what the Hell is she doing?"

"Make a guess."

"Not washing dishes?"

"Nothing doing! She's a saleslady, if you please—selling cigars."

"That's not so bad."

"Say, Degal, she's a pretty little trick. Why don't you take care of her?"

"Oh, you know I couldn't do that. I have to look out for my self-respect."

"Oh, you do?"

"You heard me say it, didn't you?"

"Well——"

"Where is she working?"

"In the Boston Louvre. Why so anxious to know?"

"Because I want to send her back home."

"Best thing for her—if you can do it."

"Well, I don't know. She's rather impertinent."

"Well, it's about time for me to make up—see you again!"

Lovejoy went away, leaving Degal to his own reflections.

"Now's the time for me to get hold of her," thought Degal. "If I lose this chance it may be hard to find another opportunity. If I arrange this right she can't escape me this time. I'm going to do it right, too, but—now how am I going to act? She won't even talk with me—but

that's my own damned fault. I misjudged her and acted too hastily. I oughtn't to have been so plain with her—that's the worst thing a fellow can do when he's after a girl. If she were a girl like the kind I'm used to it would be all right—but not with her! I thought she has worked in the movies enough to have become contaminated by the poison of this sort of life. For awhile she acted that way and that's why I was such a fool as to lose my self-control. Is Mr. Degal, who has always had such luck with women, to be fooled by such a little gump? Nothing doing! She will be my slave yet! Once I've broken her in she can't go back to her family—she'll be ashamed to go. Now to find the means! The field is open. There could be no better preparation than this. She broke and is working in cafe. What more could I want? All I need is a good partner. Where will I find one? I can't think of any one on whom I could depend and who would be shrewed enough to help handle the job. There's good money in it for somebody and there'll be good money in it for Elsie, too—and there'll be still better money in it for yours truly."

While thus absorbed in reverie he suddenly heard a man's voice calling his name. He woke from his dreams and saw Merino coming toward him.

"My Gad! You, Merino? Where do you come from, old pal?"

"Just got here from the South yesterday."

"You're just the man I've been looking for"

"What's up your sleeve now?"

"Something pretty good."

"Come across! Shoot! I'm in need of 'something pretty good' right now."

"Hold on! This isn't the place to 'shoot'." What have you been doing?"

"Oh, I promoted a girl show—went out with Carvar and McClister carnival people, played a few bloomers, went broke and beat it for Los."

"I see. A long story in a few words. How many girls did you have?"

"Six."

"Where are they now?"

"I left 'em in the South in a good, lively mining town—plenty saloons and dance halls. They're making the dough, all right."

"Hurray for the girlies!" He bent a little closer to Merino. "Come with me," he whispered. Let's take a little hike to the orange orchard where we can talk things over."

Walking down to the orchard they selected a secluded spot under an orange tree and sat down. After looking around carefully to make sure they were not observed, they began to talk.

"Merino, I have a nice little game up my sleeve and there's good money in it if we can do it successfully."

"You know I'm with you. Go ahead!"

"We'll have to be Hellishly cautious. There's a little country girl who is flat broke."

"Then it's easy."

"Not so fast! It isn't easy as you might imagine. She is now working in the Boston Louvre. She's impertinent as the Devil and wouldn't give in but she's very ambitious. On account of my folly I made it harder. She won't even talk to me. We must fix a way to get her. Once we get her she's ours for keeps for she hasn't a soul to protect her. She's quite a stranger in this town—comes from the north. If she is missed from this burg nobody will bother to look her up."

"Sounds pretty good would there be likely to be any newspaper agitation?"

"Not a bit! The question is, how are we going to get her?"

"What is she doing at the Boston Louvre?"

"She has charge of the cigar stand."

"Have you thought of any plan to get her?"

"Not yet"

"Then let's think and think quick! This is a good time to get money out of a little girl like that."

"I know, but how are we going to get her?"

"Why can't we take her to a cafe, get her drunk and then take her wherever we want her?"

"I don't believe she'll go to a cafe with an unknown person and I'm sure

she won't go with me. She's getting wise—the vixen!" "Where did you meet her?"

"In the studio. She's crazy to be an actress."

"Then why doesn't she work in the pictures?"

"Because she isn't game enough to secure a job in the regular way."

"Then she wouldn't be game enough for our work."

"Don't worry any on that score, your Honor! She is young and beautiful, I told you. Once we get her started she'll be O.K."

"You think so?"

"Sure Mike! I want to get her started here. Then we can take her to Chicago or New York where she can work among the big bugs."

"Nothing doing! She might turn out like the damned Miranda."

"But this time we'll be careful. You treated Miranda too well and you never tried to make her your own mistress. If you haven't lived with a girl it's hard to keep her under control."

"May be so, but I was afraid to attempt that for fear she'd back out, although of course I was tempted to try it for she was a beauty! Don't you think it's easier to work among the poor than the rich? The rich are too wise and strong; they can do whatever they want and you can't touch 'em. 'Money is power.' The poor don't dare

to yell because nobody ever hears 'em."

"You're right—but the poor have n't any money. You have to soak so many of them to get rich. But a rich guy never hesitates to spend all kinds of dough if you get him just right. If we are careful and know how to handle this game, it'll be easy enough."

"By Crash, I believe you're right! I ought to have made Miranda my mistress before sending her to catch that rich guy. Then she couldn't have played that dirty trick on us!"

"You bet not! Now, let's get our heads together on this things!"

"Couldn't we get her in some dark place on the street, catch her and gag her, put her in a car and vamoose? We could keep her chloroformed until we reached our destination."

"Too dangerous, laddie, too dangerous. Besides, I doubt if we could get her to such a place."

"How about some sort of dope? We could use that easy enough."

"Yes, but how are we going to get her?"

"I don't know. What can we do, what can we do!"

"Wait! I have an idea, but we'll have to be damned careful."

As I told you, she's bugs about the picture game. Now, if you could impersonate some well known director—"

"Great! That's easy! I'll do it!"

"It isn't so easy as you think. She's

wise, I tell you. She's wise, I tell you. She won't go with anybody and everybody. She must be satisfied that you are a real director, somebody she has heard of but who she hasn't had the 'good fortune' of meeting. Get me?"

"It's easy, I tell you! Have some cards printed with the name of some well known director. I'll take the cards and go to dine at the Louvre. Suddenly I'll notice her, tell her she is the type I've been looking for, ask her about her picture experiences and present my card."

"Fine, fine, fine! I will tell you what we can do! You know that director. Wing is coming here from the east to shoot a picture. It's been advertised in the papers and he, has rented the old Majestic studio. The girl hasn't seen Wing of course. You can be Wing. How does that strike you?"

"If hits me where I live! And then?"

"Then we can take her to Mexicali. The rest will be easy!"

"Old boy, you're a genius! Let's get busy!"

"All fine! One, two, three—go! First let's have the cards printed and make everything ready. We'll hire a machine and I'll lend you my best suit. I can't go with you in the same machine. I'll take the stage or the train!"

"Fine! Let's go!"

As they started to depart their eyes fell on a woman lying under a tree, apparently asleep. She was of about middle age and her wan face showed the marks of dissipation.

"My God! I thought we were alone!" whispered Degl.

"She may have heard everything!" said Merino, fearfully.

"Damnation! Go and see what she's doing there—the hussy!"

"I think she's sleeping."

"I think so, too, but go and see!"

Merino crept nearer to the woman, satisfied himself and his comrade that she was sound asleep and the two men departed on their devilish mission.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Alurement.

In front of the Boston Louvre two men stood looking anxiously up and down the street, evidently waiting the arrival of a third party. The men

were Degal and our old acquaintance, Merino.

"What's the matter with that guy, why doesn't he show up?" said Degal.

"I don't know. He surely wouldn't back out? He needs money too bad."

"What time did you tell him to be here?"

"I told him to come about 7-30."

"Well, it's a quarter to eight."

"Let's wait a few minutes more."

I think he'll show up all right. If he doesn't, well we will have to arrange with some one else. I really didn't want him to take part in this game, anyway. He's a dirty Italian and he might squeal."

"Don't worry about that. He doesn't know why we wanted him to do it, and he never will know."

"You can never tell."

"Yes, I can tell, too! There'll be no fuss about this at all for the simple reason that there's nobody to make a fuss about it."

"She may have friends and relatives in town."

"But she hasn't, I tell you! I know what I'm doing or I wouldn't have gone into this game."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure as daylight! She won't be messed."

At this juncture another party arrived on the scene.

"Hello, folks! Already waiting for me?"

"You are late, Tony," said Degal.

"I know I'm late but I couldn't help it. I was detained by a pal of mine. Shall we do that stunt now?"

"You bet we shall!" said Merino.

"Well, said Dega, "You two do your work and I'll attend to my part of it. I'll leave you now. Do the thing right, now for God's sake! Don't get balled up!"

"Butcher life!" said Tony.

"Wait! Can't you wait awhile and see how it turns out?" asked Merino.

"No, I can not! We'll need money for this fun (Degal winked at Merino) so I'll go after it. I'll try to borrow a few bucks from Cleo. She'll come across. She knows I'll give it back to her when I sell the picture. I'll get a few plunks from the wife and if that isn't enough I can pawn my watch and ring."

"All right—then you'd better skip."

Degal departed, again having warned them to be careful.

"Now Tonio, do you understand what you have to do?"

"I think so, but explain it to me again. I don't want to fail."

"All right, here's the plan. I go into the cafe and take my seat at a table facing the entrance. I can see you when you come. I order something and start to eat. You know about how long that'll take."

"About twenty minutes?"

"Just about. You wait here about that long and then enter the cafe slowly. As soon as I see you coming I go to the cigar stand for a cigar. Be sure to give me time to get there ahead of you."

"I'll walk slow : I'll give you good time."

"As soon as I get there and order a cigar you get there, too. When the cigar girl goes to hand me the cigar, you get surprised to see me there and say, 'Why Director Wing. When did you arrive in town ?' and so on and so forth—you know the stuff. Shake hands with me and ask lots o' questions about the picture I'm going to take. You've worked long enough in pictures to know what to ask."

"Yes, that's easy !"

"Use your head a little and do this right or the whole thing will kerflunk."

"Don't you bother about that ! I'll do it like a shark !"

"All right—remember everything. So long then. Be sure you wait long enough before strolling in."

Merino entered the cafe and selected a table facing the entrance. He glanced at the cigar stand, saw Elsie there and smiled to himself. A waiter came to his table and he ordered something to eat. After about twenty minutes Tony entered. Merino saw him, immediately left the table for the cigar stand and ordered a cigar. Tony approached and waited to buy some tobacco. Elsie started to open the cigar case for Merino to choose a cigar when Tony, looking at Merino in great surprise, suddenly burst forth with, "Well, Director Wing ! How do you do ! When did you get here ?"

"Why, hello, John ! How are you ? I got here about a week ago. Glad to see you again, old chap !"

"Thank you ! I've been reading in the papers all about your company."

"Oh yes, they're advertising us quite a bit"

"I thought of going to see you at the studio, but I wasn't sure you were here yet."

"No ? It was in the papers."

"I suppose you're working for yourself ?"

"Oh no ! It is advertised that way and it is known as my company, but the Art Craft people are financing it."

"Are they ? Well, that's news to me."

"Yes, and they've given me liberty to spend a considerable sum of money on the picture. They want to make it as perfect as possible."

"Well. Mr. Wing, they haven't given the power to an unworthy man, if you'll permit me to say so. They are business men, they know what they're doing."

"I suppose so," drawled Wing, smiling.

"What kind of pictures are you going to shoot ?"

"It'll be a western drama."

"A big feature, I presume."

"I believe you've brought your cast with you from the east ?"

"Oh, yes I brought only the leads. The rest I'm taking in here."

"Is there a chance for me, Mr. Wing?"

"I'm sorry, John, but I doubt if I can use you. You see, I'm only taking types."

"Couldn't I be a 'type'?"

"I don't believe so. It's mostly cowboy stuff and, besides, you look too good for that mob work."

"Have you started to shoot yet?"

"No, not yet, but I'm going to in a day or so."

"How can they get the sets ready so soon?"

"The sets aren't ready yet. I don't believe they'll be ready for some time."

"Then what are you going to shoot? Some tests?"

"Oh no—I have plenty of location work some good stuff, too. I'm going to the Mexican border to shoot several of the scenes. It may take a week. Part of my people have already gone and are looking up locations. Part of them go to-morrow morning. I expect to go to-morrow myself."

"Have you lined up your people already?"

"Yes, pretty nearly—excepting for a few special types for which I'm looking high and low."

"You'll find them easy enough."

"I thought so, too, but I haven't been able to procure them yet. My assistant is looking all over the studios. I won't shoot the picture until I find types."

"That's the idea, Mr. Wing."

"Well, I'm going to stick to it!"

"Your company may not stand for it."

"They'll have to! My contract is made that way and they can't tell me a thing."

"That's the way to do! If every director could do that way we would have some great pictures."

"Oh, hello! I forgot all about the cigars!" exclaimed Director Wing's impersonator. "Beg pardon for having kept you waiting so long, young lady." He turned toward Elsie, chose a cigar from the case and paid for it.

"That's all right! Thank you, sir," said Elsie, her eyes opening wide as she looked at "Wing" who seemed not to notice her keen scrutiny.

"Come on, John, let's have a little drink."

"The two men went to a table and ordered wine."

"Merino, I want to go now—pay me!" said Tony.

"All right. How much you want?"

"I told you I'd do it for five bones."

"That's a little too much. I'll give you two."

"You come across with that five!"

"Don't act like that, Tony! I won't get away with your money. I'll give you the rest later—how about that?"

"Nothing doing! Pay me what you promised, and pay me now!"

What's the matter with you ?
Don't you believe me ?"

"Come across with that money, I say, and come across quick ! If you don't I'll make a scene !"

"Hush, don't act like a fool, Tonie ! In the first place, you don't dare make a holler. Haven't you known me long enough ?"

"Sure ! Betcher life I've known you long enough—that's why I don't trust you. Now are you satisfied ?"

"You misjudge me, Tonie ! I thought you were a good fellow."

"Give me the money—no more talking !"

"Now, Tonie—"

"Give me the money, I say !

"Oh, well—take your dirty dollars and——."

Merino paid him the money and Tonie left the cafe somewhat hurriedly.

Naturally, Elsie had overheard the conversation that had taken place between the two men at the cigar stand. "So that's Director Wing !" she thought. "And he is going to shoot a big picture ! I remember reading some thing about it. But he's only looking for types. Wonder if I'd have the ghost of a show. If I happened to be the type I'd have a job worth while."

As she stood thinking of the possibility of getting a place in the new picture, Merino approached the cigar stand with the pretence of buying

another cigar before leaving the cafe. Suddenly he glanced at Elsie, pretending that this was the first time he had caught a good view of her face. For several seconds he regarded her scrutinizingly and then spoke.

"Young lady," he said, "you are a splendid type for a big picture I am shooting now."

Elsie blushed a little, became confused and did not know what to say.

"Have you had any experience in pictures ?" continued Merino, keeping his eyes fastened on her.

"Yes, sir, I have worked in several pictures."

"Only in the mob scenes—in the back ground, I suppose ?"

"Not always sir ; I have been used in the foreground many times."

"Then you are camera-wise ?"

"If you chose to put it so, yes sir," she smiled.

"From what you say I can see that you have had considerable experience," he went on. "Experience is the one thing absolutely necessary. I think I could use you. Would you leave your present position for picture work ? I'll pay you a good salary and will use you all through the picture. I'm going to shoot a ten reel feature. It will be a three or four months job. What do you say ?"

"I'll be very glad to take it, sir !"

"Part of my company has already gone to location on the border," continued Merino, pompously, "and part of

them are going to-morrow morning. I expect to drive down there sometimes to-morrow. Could you leave here to-morrow sometime?"

"I could be ready any time, sir."

"Then it's a bargain. Let me have your address and telephone number. Of course my assistant might have selected some one else for the part, but

I'll let you know to-morrow sometime, —say about ten o'clock in the morning. How will that suit you?"

"That suits me very well, sir."

"Here's my card. I'll probably call for you to-morrow morning."

"Thank you, sir!"

Merino left the cafe and, upon reaching home he telephoned Degal about his triumph.

(To be continued)





Nanda, the Pariah Saint

I

During Gandhiji's sojourn in South India, last March, I heard the story of Nanda, the Pariah Saint, from several lips. We had been in South India twice before this, but had never heard of Nanda. The good fortune this time was entirely due to the fact that the tour was preeminently an anti-untouchability tour. 'Nanda, a pariah, was canonised centuries ago by Brahmins themselves' said a friend who told me the story, 'and to-day's Brahmins are proving false to their ancestors.' I thought I had better get together the facts about this remarkable saint. I hit upon an interesting story of the saint in Mr. Madhavia's 'Nanda,' and I summarise it here for readers of "Young India."

It is difficult to ascertain the precise date of Nanda's birth, as in case of many of our saints, but it is fairly certain that he was born about six hundred years ago of "pariah" parents in Adhannur, a village in the Tanjore district. The word 'pariah' which ever since the late Mr. Gokhale used the telling phrase 'pariahs in the Empire,' has passed into the English language, is derived from Tamil "parai," is drum "pariah" meaning a drummer. He naturally thus takes charge of the

dead cattle; looks to their disposal, treats and tans the hides and sells them. He is also an agricultural labourer. I need not dilate on the pariah's miserable lot, his wretched huts, his squalid surroundings, and the life of filth and mire which has been forced on him. The life, the superior class of Hindus has compelled him to lead, has brought other evils also. He has to stay far away from human haunts, he eats on carrion or beef, drinks foul water and inferior toddy or liquor whenever he can get it to forget the wretchedness of his lot.

Boy Nanda was like any other of his class in all respects but one. God had blessed him with a fair measure of pity for lower animals and the bleating of a lamb or the screeching of a fowl under the knife would send a shudder through his body and fill his eyes with tears. He was of course used to animal food, but not to seeing animals actually slaughtered. One day he happened to eat stale beef, and got very ill. His mother was very much upset, she thought that the Gods were angry, and as was the custom among them whenever any one in the family was ill, she vowed to propitiate the demon Katteri by sacrificing a goat to him. Nanda got better in the usual course, and the

goat had now to be sacrificed. There was no money to buy one with, but there was a lovely little goat in the house itself, which was the delight of Nanda's heart, and which loved Nanda so much that it would refuse fodder when Nanda was ill. The choice was therefore before them to displease the Gods or to displease Nanda, and they preferred the lesser evil. Whilst Nanda was yet in bed one day they went and sacrificed Nanda's pet goat, of which Nanda saw the carcass when he awoke. This was Nanda's first shock in life. He wept bitter tears and remained unconsolate for days. The iron had gone into his soul and he began to examine himself, and his surroundings. "Mother, what do the Brahmins do, in case their boys get ill? Do they also sacrifice goats

like we do? was the question he put to his mother one day. 'Nothing of the sort, my boy,' she said, 'they pray to their Gods and break cocoanuts before them and offer sweets.' 'Why should we then kill innocent goats?' asked Nanda. 'Their Gods are not like ours, they are benign and not fierce like ours. Ours are revengeful and would be satisfied by nothing but flesh and blood.' 'But, then, why should we not pray too, like the Brahmins?' asked the insatiable boy. 'How silly' said the mother starting at the very idea, 'how silly! How can we pariahs pray to Brahmins' Gods? Are we like Brahmins? We eat meat and beef we drink liquor, we are so filthy. How can we worship Brahmins' Gods?'

II

Nanda was silenced that day, but the truth within him was not silenced. He vowed that henceforth he would not tell his father or mother if ever he fell ill. No goats would be killed for his sake, and he would pray to the benign Gods to cure him. But how were his prayers to reach them, when he was not like the Brahmin boys? 'No meat or liquor for me, therefore, hence forth he said to himself. He had heard of the law of "Karma" being cited by his mother so often. What was that law? Were his "Karmas" so horrible that he should have to be born a hundred times before he was fit enough to pray to the benign Gods? But if he like the Brahmins did not touch meat or liquor, and allow no goats to be killed for him, would it not be enough? Or did the Brahmins belong to a

superior species? But he had eyes and ears and every other limb like the Brahmin boys. Were their blood and bones different?

One evening whilst Nanda was grazing cattle in a field near a threshing floor, some boys, among whom there was his Brahmin master's son, were playing "Kitti pillu". Suddenly the "Kitti" came whistling through the air and dropped on the field. Fain would Nanda pick it up and give it to his young master, but how dare he do it? The young master came running, picked it up and as he was running back had a fall over a stone and began to bleed profusely. He sprained his ankle also and cried out for help. Nanda ran to the spot at once, was touched by the sight of blood, but stood at a distance. The Brahmin master could not even bear his going to suc-

cour him, called him names, and flung a stone sharply at him. It struck Nanda on the temple, he fainted and fell down bleeding. The other boys were there to help the Brahmin boy, but Nanda got only jeers. As soon as Nanda recovered himself he got up and walked

back home, lost in deep thought: So his blood was like Brahman blood and equally like any other blood? But why was the Brahmin boy so ungrateful and callous? And if Gods heard the prayers of such boys would they not hear his?

III

The opportunity was coming. Nanda was now a fairly grown up boy and he lost no time in sharing his thoughts and troubles with boys of his age. He had thus a small band of boys who were fully with him in his views, if not always with him in his plans. Once some pariahs from a neighbouring village came with cholera on, and infected the whole village of Adhanur. Nanda's father was first attacked, and died within an hour. Some of Nanda's own band also were carried off and the elders of the place who were very angry with Nanda because of his reforming zeal now openly declared that the epidemic was nothing but a visitation from the Gods Nanda had offended. They threatened him with all kinds of punishments. In course of time he too was in the grip of cholera and elders were glad that their forebodings were coming true. Nanda's mother's fortitude was shaken and she urged Nanda to permit her now to sacrifice a goat. His friends also followed suit. But he was adamant. Why should he take away a life to have his life?—"The moment has come when our faith is going to be tested, he said, to his friends. "We have often gazed at the "gopuram" to yonder Tiruppungur and longed to see the great Shiva. He is putting us to test. I shall only pray to him and ask you also to do likewise." But we are only pariahs, they argued, and he is the God of the Brah-

mins." To which Nanda could now say, 'But Brahmin and Pariah are one in the eyes of Shiva. Let me pray to him and you also pray for me.' They obeyed and prayed as best as they could. In another corner of the village were the elders met in solemn conclave and cursing Nanda and even wishing for his death. Nanda's poor mother fell an easy victim to their evil counsels and said, 'I agree my son has erred and we are reaping the fruit of his folly. We are too poor to buy a goat, but I have a "thali" which I can spare. Get a goat with it and sacrifice it to Katterh.'

Nanda's prayers had been heard. He had not slept in the night, but had been praying and at the end had something like a vision. God Shiva of Tiruppungur had appeared before him and blessed him. He woke up absolutely cured and when he told his friends what had happened, there burst forth a shout of victory to Mahadeva.

Nanda's mother in her turn sacrificed a goat, and also sung praises to Shiva. Nanda now thought of a pilgrimage to Triuppungur to offer his thanks to the God who had saved him. He had enough presents to carry with him as his band had also now fully cast in their lot with him. They took big pieces of leather and also "gorochana", a perfume used by the worshippers and obtained from certain

parts of carcasses. To these they added a few coconuts and bananas. They had their baths and smeared their bodies with sacred ashes and marched forth to Tiruppungur. On reaching the temple they went round it thrice and sent word to the priests, who sent their servants to receive the presents. The presents delivered, they stood in front of the temple gates to get a glimpse of the image. Nanda could see some of the lights and the worshippers, but no image, as the huge figure of Nandi hid the image from view. Nanda went from side to side, but to no pur-

pose. His grief knew no bounds. The sweet smell of "goroohana" and frankincense choked him and made him half-senseless. Oh, I am a parish and a sinner, and my sins have taken the form of the Nandibull to hide the God from me, he cried and again fell in a trance. When he awoke, to the surprise of all the stone-Nandi had leaned to one side, giving a full view of Mahadeva. To this day the Nandi at Tiruppungur is not in front of Mahadeva but slightly bent towards one side and the story goes that God did it out of pity for Nanda.

IV

It is said that Nanda and his band out of gratefulness dug a tank before the temple of Tiruppungur, and kept on making free gifts of leather and "goroohana" to the Brahmin temple. They also made it a point to attend temple festivals, even though it may be from a distance, and offer their gifts to propitiate the Brahmin Gods. At one of these festivals, Nanda heard for the first time a Brahmin "puranik" telling the story of Nataraja at Chidambaram. Nanda drank in every item of the story, one thing going straight to his heart: 'He who sees Nataraja at Chidambaram crosses the ocean of life, even if he be a "chandala."' These words contained nectar for him, and he impatiently asked the Brahmin. Pray tell me where is Chidambaram. 'Only about a day's journey' replied the Brahmin. 'And does Nataraja save even "chandalas," in very truth?' 'Certainly' was the reassuring reply, and the Brahmin even gave his authority for it—the "Sthala-Purana."

That gave Nanda the signal for another spiritual effort and he hastened to start to the

North, telling his friends that he had set his heart on seeing Nataraj and being free from death and birth. 'How can we take a Brahmin too literally?' they must have remonstrated. But Nanda stuck to his resolution, until a clever friend laid his finger on what he thought was Nanda's weakest spot—his obedience to his master. 'We are servants yet. We came here, because we were off duty, but can we take a holiday "without so much as seeing the master!'" And Nanda immediately consented to go back to Adhanur. All the hours of the day Nanda thought of nothing but Nataraja and often saw visions of that God's eternal dance and play in the objects around. People began to regard him as mad—as he would often stop in the midst of work and stand gazing at the sun, and when accosted would say 'I was lost in admiring Nataraja's dance in the sun.' Nanda's master was shocked at these antics and he once ordered him to be brought in his presence. 'What is this madness, Nanda? Or are you itching for the whip' he asked. 'I am itching to see Nataraja, pray

permit me to go, I shall soon come back,' was Nanda's reply. The master was even more angry at what to him was Nanda's presumption. 'Have you forgotten that you are a 'pariah'?' The wise man argued with him. 'I have not.' 'But the Tiruppongur God was once merciful to me, and I doubt not that even Nataraja also can be seen by me, Nanda replied. 'A Brahmin like you assured me that even a "chandala" could be free from birth and death by seeing Nataraja.'

The wise men of the village told Nanda's master that it was all the mischief of that Brahmin "puranik," and asked him to permit him to go to Chidambaram and return wiser. 'But he must first harvest the six fields' said the master. At this Nanda danced with joy and straight went to the fields, sickle in hand. Before day-break he was back to tell the master that the harvesting was complete and that the crops were there properly stacked on the threshing floor. The master

could not believe it. "You must have hired labourers. Speak out the truth," said he. 'I worked the whole night,' said Nanda 'and none helped me, except it be the merciful God Nataraja.' The master proceeded to the threshing floor and was surprised to see many days' and many men's work done by Nanda singlehanded in the course of a night. That was the very threshing floor from which the proud master, as a lad, had disdained, to look at Nanda proffering his help, and had struck him on his temple, the scar still bearing witness to the story. All that passed before the Brahmin master's mind as in a flash and the tears of contrition washed all vanity, off his heart. "Oh Nanda, my Nanda, come and hug me. All these years I did not know you," he cried in a broken voice. 'Forgive me and bless me.'

But Nanda drew back and simply said, 'You are my master and I your slave. You need not ask for forgiveness. Pray permit me to go to Chidambaram.'

V

The permission was now given out of a warm and contrite heart and Nanda and his friends reached Chidambaram the next day. Nanda prostrated himself before the temple as he first sighted the top and went round the village as soon as he reached it.

But how was the temple to be approached? There were 2999 "Dikshitaras" guarding the temple. They took the gifts but scouted the idea of Nanda over seeing Nataraja. Nanda cited the authority of "Sthala-Purana" the only scripture he had heard and that too only by name. 'Right enough', said they, 'but there is no authority in the text, for a "pariah" to enter the temple. So Nanda sat discon-

solate the night through, before the temple wall, now hoping and fearing and yet for ever praying.

Whether it was the result of these prayers or something else, the "Dikshitaras" of Chidambaram had the same dream that night. Nataraja appeared before them and said "Nanda, the Adhanur pariah, has come to see me at my bidding. Though a "pariah" he is pure in thought, word and deed. His love for me is without bounds. Make him pure in body and bring him to see me. And they met in solemn conclave to interpret the dream. 'We must obey Nataraja's command straight way,' said one. 'But he is a "pariah" and we have to

make him pure in body,' said another. 'The easiest way to do that is to give him a bath in the Homakulam,' said a third one. Yet another said, 'No, he must first be burnt to ashes and the ashes taken to Nataraja.' A kindhearted "Dikshita" was shocked at this and said, "Agui" alone can take him pure, it is true. But don't take the text literally. Even cow's dung, burnt to ashes, will do.' But others had set their hearts on a drastic plan and wanted to punish the "pariah's" presumption, if possible. 'Nanda must purify himself by passing through the fire,' they insisted. These things reached Nanda's ears, and he jumped and danced with joy and begged of them to get the fire ready. Even if Nataraja burns me up' he said to himself, 'he will do it because he thinks it the best way to end this life of slavery. And so he had a bath in the Homakulam smeared his forehead with sacred ashes,

and with the wet cloth round his loins walked thrice round the blazing fire, saluted the temple gate, and leapt into the flames with prayer on his lips and joy in his heart.

For some time there was deathlike silence all around, and then arose a peal of joyous cry. "Hara ! Hara ! Mahadeva," as Nanda came out unscathed, his wet cloth still dripping with water !

The humiliation of the Brahmins was complete. They saluted Nanda and led him to Nataraja's image. They showed him over the sacred spots as they went, but Nanda saw them not. As he saw Nataraja he gazed and gazed on him, until he was one with that Benign Presence.

Nanda the Pariah, is now one of the Three Score and Three Shaivite saints of the Tamil land, his image being worshipped like other images in most of the temples.

"Young India"





Damayanti and the fowler.
A Scene from "NALA-DAMAYANTI."

By—Sri. Bhuvan Mukherjee

The Lady From Benares

By

Prabhat Kumar Mukherjee, Barrister-at-Law.

Babu Girindra Nath, the Head Goods Clerk of Dinapur Railway Station, lived in a small thatched cottage away in the *bazaar*. After entering upon service he led rather a wild bachelor life for about ten years. But now he was quite another man, having recently taken unto him a wife.

Mrs. Girindra was not quite a child as Hindoo brides generally are—he saw to that. Her name was Maloti. Her complexion was rather dark, but there was a tenderness about her that made her sweet though she could lay no claims to beauty. Young as she was she had to keep house for her husband. She had no mother-in-law, no sister-in-law to look after her, poor child! When her husband was away at work, she had no one in the house to talk to no one except Bhojooa's mother who spoke no Bengalee. This person was there in the capacity of a domestic servant. She had to be paid a rupee extra per month because it was stipulated that she should stay in the house all day long—looking after her young mistress.

It was winter afternoon—past three

o'clock. The sun had declined towards the western horizon. Maloti, coming out of her bedroom, stood in the verandah. Bhojooa's mother, according to her custom, was lying down in a corner wrapped up in blankets and snoring away. Maloti felt a little amused as she saw her in this condition. "The amount of sleep she can get through"—muttered Maloti to herself—"is really wonderful."

At this moment a hoarse voice was heard shouting outside—"Babu !—Eji Babu !"

Maloti ran towards the door and peeping through a chink, saw that it was a station porter loaded with baggage. An elderly Bengalee lady with widow's weeds on, stood by his side.

Maloti ran back to the verandah and called out the name of Bhojooa's mother, trying to wake her up. She did it several times, all to no purpose. Then at last she began to shake her violently crying—"A gay Bhojooah kay mayee !" At last the woman did awake, went to the door shivering and let the lady in.

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A second later, the stranger stood in the verandah, calmly looking at Maloti. The girl thought she must be a relation of her husband's—but then no one was expected. She remained in a state of perplexity and could not decide whether to *pronam** her or not.

"Is this Girindra Babu's house?"—the new comer said.

"Yes"—replied Maloti.

"Are you his wife?"

By a shake of her head Maloti indicated that it was so. Then she mustered courage to speak—"Where are you comin' from, madam?"

"I am coming from Benares"—the widow sweetly replied. "I was going down home but unfortunately, while in the train, lost my ticket. They told me that the next train was not due till midnight. Being alone in a strange place, I thought I had much better find out some Bengalee family and beg them to let me pass the time in their house. Would you mind?"

"Oh, not at all.—You are welcome, madam. Pray be seated."

At Maloti's bidding, the servant spread a *durry* in the verandah for her to sit on.

"Here *Dai*, run to the *bazar* and buy some refreshments for this lady"—said Maloti, handing a rupee to the maid.

"Oh, don't trouble, thanks"—said the Benares lady. "I have got some fruits here in my bundle. I wouldn't however mind a plate of rice as I took the train early in the morning."

"Oh, certainly. How stupid of me not to have thought that. *Dai*, light up the kitchen fire, quick."

The *Dai* returned the rupee to her mistress and went about her work. The two ladies sat on the *durry*, talking.

"What is your name, dear?"

"Maloti,"

"Where is your parental home?"

"Uttarparah."

"Are both your parents alive?"

Maloti, in a tone of embarrassment, replied—"My father died soon after I was born. My mother also died when I was quite a young thing"—saying which Maloti got up to see how the *Dai* was getting on with the fire. She scolded her for her awkwardness and began to do it herself.

A little while later, Maloti was cooking for her guest and the latter was sitting by her side, talking.

"How long have you been married?"—asked the lady from Benares.

"In the month of Bysakh."

"Only that! How long have you been here?"

"About two months, I think."

* **Pronaming** is the Hindoo way of doing reverence on special occasions to one's elderly relations or to friends who belong to a higher

caste. It is done by kneeling down in front of the revered and touching the ground with the forehead.

"When does your husband leave for office?"

Maloti blushed at the mention of her husband. "At nine o'clock in the morning"—she replied,

her eyes directed towards the floor.

"And when does he come home?"

"At six,—sometimes as late as seven o'clock."

II

Girindra Nath returned home no sooner the lamps were lighted. Maloti after giving him the accustomed welcome, said—"So early to-day?"

Girindra smiled and stroking his wife on the chin playfully, said—"I thought you were feeling lonely and so I made haste."

With beaming eyes Maloti said—"But I am not alone to-day. Guess who has come."

Girindra looked surprised. "Who is it?"—he enquired.

"A Bengalee lady—a widow. She was going home from Benares by the afternoon passenger. But as she had lost her ticket, they stopped her here."

"A Bengalee lady from Benares? Was she alone? How old is she?"

"She was alone. She may be forty or fifty."

Girindra smiled as he heard his wife's conjecture. "You won't find out the difference between forty and fifty till you are forty yourself"—he said.

"What do you mean?"

* When a Bengalee woman has the misfortune to make a *faux pas*, her people, in order to avoid scandal, often remove her from the family dwelling house and provide her with a

"Sixteen thinks forty and fifty to be very much the same. But forty refuses to class itself with fifty"—saying which he pinched the cheek of her who was sixteen.

But the playfulness of his attitude did not last long. "I say, there are so many Bengalee families about here, why should she have made us her special choice?"—said he.

"Do you object?"—said Maloti, rather taken aback at the remark.

"I certainly do. Is she good-looking?"

Maloti frowned. "What does that matter?"—she asked, shooting an angry glance at her husband.

"It matters a good deal, indeed. An unprotected female, from Benares too, of all places in the world. I am only thinking what sort of a widow she is."

Maloti understood her husband's meaning.*

"Oh, no,"—she said with conviction—"she is not what you suspect. She is perfectly respectable."

house elsewhere, Benares being selected in most cases. It not infrequently happens that after some time these unfortunate women are left to shift for themselves.

"As if *you* knew"—remarked Girindra sarcastically. "When is she leaving pray?"

"I didn't ask her."

"The next train leaves at midnight."

"How can she go alone in the night??"

Girindra stood up saying—"Never mind that. I will see her to the station myself. The sooner we get rid of her the better"—and he walked out of the room.

Maloti sat there, looking dejected. Girindra returned a little later and seeing his wife in this condition, said—"What is the matter with you now?"

"It is so awkward for me. She hasn't said anything about leaving to-night. I can't turn her out, can I?"

"Don't you fret about that. If you can't, I will."

Having said this, he walked to a cupboard and took out a bottle encased in a wire netting. He poured out some of its coloured contents in a tumbler and drank it off. During the next quarter of an hour he repeated this process two or three times.

Wonderful were the effects of the coloured liquid! His vexation departed mail speed. He became very lively and began talking to his wife in an exceedingly amiable manner.

In the meantime, the lady from

Benares came and stood outside the room. Girindra Nath suddenly went out and *pronamed* her reverently, saying—"It was so good of you to have come, madam."

The lady spoke not. Girindra then stood up and said in his suavest manner—

"May I ask where you live?"

"I am living at Benares now."

"Where were you going to?"

"I was going down home,—but unfortunately I lost my ticket—"

Girindra interrupted her by saying—

"Yes, yes, I have heard all that. Pray make yourself quite at home, madam. You could proceed by the same train to-morrow afternoon."

"It is very kind of you, my son. But isn't there a train leaving at midnight?"

"Of course there is—but you don't want to kill yourself by going out in the raw cold night, do you? If you did—we simply wouldn't let you"—and he burst into a melodious laughter.

Girindra Nath wrapped himself up in a warm *shawl* and helping himself to a *pani*, went out to visit friends.

It was late when he came back. Everybody else had gone to bed—only Maloti was sitting up. As soon as she

opened the door for her husband, he kissed her on both cheeks. His breath was smelling of liquor—but Maloti had got accustomed to it.

"So late!"—exclaimed the wife.

"There is good news."

"What's it?"

"I have been transferred to Tari Ghat."

"Any increase in pay?"

Girindra Nath mentioned the amount. It was a very good lift. Maloti's face flushed with joy.

They now reached the bed-room. Girindra said that they would have to leave for the new station in three or four day's time.

The next morning, before leaving for office, he noticed the lady from Benares. Aside he said to his wife—"Didn't the woman go last night?"

"Goodness! Didn't yourself tell her to stop till to-day? She was only too anxious to leave."

"Did I?"—said Girindra, much vexed. "Anyhow, I will send a porter to fetch her before the afternoon train. See that she leaves—and you had better be careful about the plates."

Maloti said nothing—she only looked at her husband reproachfully with her large, sad eyes.

After breakfast, Maloti and the Benares lady sat in the courtyard, enjoying the warmth of the sun. They talked a great deal. Never since Maloti left Bengal, had she a chance of enjoying a conversation such as this

with a lady friend. She had grown quite tired of talking Hindustani to Bhojoo's mother.

It was two o'clock now. The porter from the station was expected every minute. The Benares lady packed up her things and made ready to go. "I have been with you"—she said—"only one day—and yet I feel it hard to part."

Maloti also entertained a similar feeling. She had obtained the companionship of a lady friend in her solitude and it was very soothing to her.

It was half-past two. The porter could not be long in coming now. Maloti said to her friend—"Suppose you did not go to-day but stayed on a few day's more. Couldn't you do that? I feel so lonely at times, all by myself. Sometimes I feel like crying."

"Yes, I could stay over easily—but wouldn't it annoy your husband?"

"Oh, nonsense,"—said Maloti, although she knew that the apprehension was only too well founded. "Well, I will risk it"—said she to herself.—"It surely cannot be very wrong to have this lady with us for a few days longer. Here I am, going through the household drudgery day after day all alone,—couldn't I allow myself a little relaxation by way of having a friend to talk to?—I certainly could—and I will." Then she began to rehearse in her mind as to what she

would say to her husband in the evening when he should express his displeasure. She would give it pretty hot to him,—indeed she would.

It struck three, but the porter never turned up. The train came and went, they could hear the distant rumbling. Oh, it was such a relief ! Maloti began to chatter away in the most lively strain.

Towards evening, Maloti was sending her maid to the *bazar* to buy refreshments for her husband. The Benares lady said—"Why do you use these *bazaar* things ? If I were you, I would prepare them at home myself."

"Who is going to take all that trouble"—laughed Maloti.

"It is no trouble at all. Let me show you to-day how to do it."

III

Girindra Nath was unusually late coming home that evening. When he saw the Benares lady, he exclaimed—"It was so stupid of me ! I forgot all about sending a porter to fetch you, madam. Since you have given us the pleasure of your company for two days, extend it another day, I haven't got to go to office to-morrow and I shall see you off myself."

Maloti smelt of wine directly she came to her husband. "Things are looking bad"—she crossly said. "You will get worse and worse at Tari Ghat when you earn more money."

Girindra in caressing tones, said—

"Dear, oh dear !—Do you imagine there is Kellner there ? Oh, no—it is a very small station—quite out of the

way. Once there, I will purify myself by a dip in the Ganges and give up these sorts of things *ek dum*."

"Aren't you going to office to-morrow ?"

"No, I have finished my work here and made over charge. The day after to-morrow I will give a dinner to my friends to celebrate my lift and all arrangements for it must be made to-morrow."

Girindra Nath then sat down to his supper. It was such an improvement over his ordinary evening fare that he enquired of his wife how it was so. When told that it was the work of the Benares lady, he said—"A thought strikes me. Do you think, if we asked her, she would stay over till the day

after to-morrow and help you to cook the dinner ?”

“You had better ask her yourself”—said Maloti, greatly pleased.

“But I shouldn’t go and speak to her in this condition—should I ?”

“You silly !”—said Maloti in a tone of soft rebuke. “Didn’t you

speak to her as you came in just now.”

“Did I ?”—gasped Girindra. Then in a moment his recollection seemed to revive—and he kept on saying—“Yes I did—of course I did.”

Maloti communicated her husband’s request to the Benares lady, who cheerfully assented.

IV

It was Sunday—the day fixed for Girindra Nath to leave for Tari Ghat. The Benares lady said—“I have changed my mind and do not want to go down to Bengal now. I will go back to Benares.”

Maloti proposed to her that she might go over with them to Tari Ghat and spend a few days there and then go on to Benares, which was only three or four stations off.

In the meantime Girindra came and asked his wife for thirty rupees in order to pay off his *bazaar* accounts.

“Thirty rupees ! But I haven’t got it”—Maloti exclaimed.

“Didn’t I bring you eighty rupees the other day ?—Surely we couldn’t have spent all that.”

“Well—let me see how much is left. You had fifty rupees to buy things for the dinner and last evening when your guests arrived you took

away the remainder on two or three different occasions for fresh bottles to entertain your company.” Having said this, Maloti opened her box and found that it contained two rupees and fourteen annas in all.

“Bless me—what am I to do now ?”—ejaculated Girindra.

“You have yourself to thank for it”—said Maloti after a short silence. “Your drink will be the ruin of you some day. You never stop to think *then*—you simply clamour for money.”

Girindra did not pay much heed to his wife’s well-intentioned sermon. Preparing to go out he said—“I must get somebody to lend me the amount.”

The Benares lady, who was standing outside and could hear everything that was passing, now called Maloti to her and said—“Would your husband mind accepting the amount as a loan from

me ? I am not going home now, so I could easily spare it."

Maloti communicated the message to her husband, but he would not hear of it. Oh, no,"—he said—"we hardly know her at all. How could we accept a loan from her ?"

The lady then walked in herself. Speaking to Girindra for the first time face to face, she said—"What harm is there if you did, my son ? After some little time, when you have settled down at Tari Ghat, I will come again to visit you. You can return me the money then."

Girindra pondered for a few seconds and replied—"It is really very good of you, madam. Would you mind coming to Tari Ghat along with us now ? I could then repay the amount to you there in five or six days."

"Well—well—there is no hurry about it. We can settle that by and by. How much do you require now ?

Only thirty rupees ? I could spare you a little more, my son. You mustn't feel the least delicacy about it."

"Thirty is all that I require, madam ; thank you very much"—said Girindra.

The Benares lady then opened her box and taking three currency notes out of it, handed them to Girindra.

That evening close upon midnight, Girindra left Dinapur accompanied by his wife and the Benares lady. Bhojooa's mother set up a love lamentation at the parting though she persistently refused Girindra's offer to take her with them to Tari Ghat.

On their way to the railway station, Maloti again tried to persuade the Benares lady to come with them to Tari Ghat but it was of no avail. At Dildarnagar junction early the next morning, Girindra changed their train for another, bidding good bye to their matronly friend.

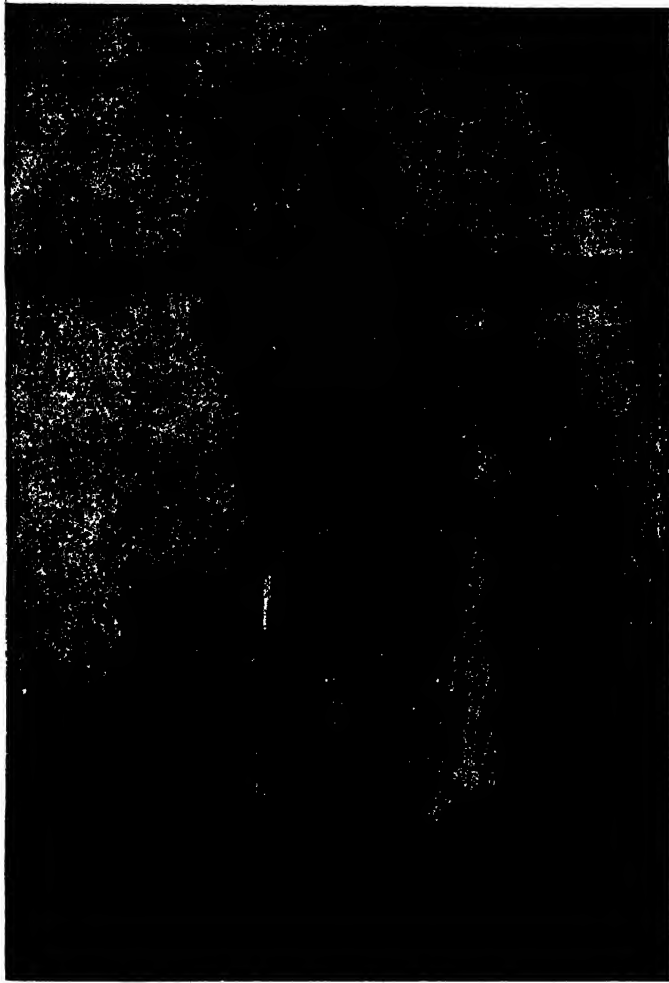
V.

Not long after sunrise, the young couple reached Tari Ghat and put up in the quarters provided by the Railway. After putting things in order a little, Girindra went to the station to make the acquaintance to his fellow-workers.

Maloti, intending to have her bath,

opened a trunk to take out a *saree*. It was this trunk which ordinarily contained her jewel case. What was her amazement to find that the jewel-case was not there !

"It *must* be in some other box" she murmured to herself. Then she opened all her boxes, one after another,



The bath.

but the jewelcase could not be found.

"But this is absurd ! It must be somewhere" exclaimed Maloti in trembling voice and ransacked every box over and over again—examining every fold of the clothes even—but with no better result.

Then at last she sat on the floor—broken down—to give vent to her feelings. She wept like a child and tears flowed down her cheeks unceasingly.

It was some time before her husband came home. Seeing Maloti in this predicament he whispered—"What is this ?"

She then related the disaster to him in words constantly broken with sobs.

Girindra sank into a chair. "Have you searched well ?"—said he.

"I have."

"When did you see it last ?"

"I remember having putting the jewel case inside the black trunk at Dinapur yesterday."

"Did you open the trunk while in the train—just to take out something or other you know ?"

"Yes, I did once. I was feeling chilly and opened it to take out a *shawl*."

"You must have taken out the jewel case also and forgotten to put it back again."

"Oh, no"—said Maloti confidently.

"The *shawl* was lying just at the top of everything else and I had no occasion to disturb the rest of the contents."

"After that where did you put the key ?"

"It was fastened to my belt."

"And you went to sleep after that?"

"I did"—said Maloti, looking blankly at her husband's face.

"It is quite clear to me now"—said Girindra after a moment's pause. "The Benares woman must have stolen it."

Maloti did not protest.

"When you were fast asleep"—Girindra continued—"she must have softly loosened the key from your belt, opened the box and extracted the jewel case. Do you know her name ?"

"No, I don't." How could I with propriety enquire the name of a lady old enough to be my mother ?

"Where does she live at Benares ?"

"In some *muth** or other."

"Some *muth* or other ! Well, there are about a couple of hundred there. Have you any idea as to its locality ?"

"No, I haven't."

"Didn't I warn you"—said Girindra somewhat hotly—"Didn't I warn you at the very outset, not to trust these people ? They are a dangerous lot—these strumpets of Benares. She has made a big haul with her thirty-rupee bait."

* *Muth* is a monastery or nunnery as the case may be.

At last Maloti lifted her eyes and protested—

"I can't believe she has done it. I shouldn't be surprised, if I left it behind at the Dinapur house myself" said she with firmness.

But Girindra would not listen to it. "You little know the ways of the world, my dear"—said Girindra loftly and then walked off to send a telegram to the Police.

VI

A fortnight passed. During this interval the young couple have very nearly got over their grief for having lost the jewels. They loved and joked and enjoyed themselves just as they had done in days gone by. Girindra Nath's new appointment proved to be a very lucrative one and that no doubt helped to console them not a little.

On receipt of the telegram, the Head Constable of Dildarnagar came that very day and recorded Girindra's statement together with a descriptive list of the missing jewels. Nothing has been heard from the Police since.

It was half past eleven. Girindra Nath was away in his office. Maloti was sitting over her midday meal when the train from Dildarnagar arrived. Each time the train came in Maloti would rush to the front door and through a chink in it, watch with childish delight the flow of life on the platform. On this occasion she left her meal unfinished and hastened to the door. Quite an unexpected sight met her gaze. The Benares lady came out

of the train and stood on the platform. A porter was taking her things out. She seemingly made some enquiry of the porter and the latter pointed with his finger towards Girindra's house.

Maloti rushed back, put away the remnants of her meal and made herself tidy. With a trembling heart she awaited the arrival of the lady. Such a train of thoughts passed through her mind within that short interval! Her little heart throbbed with delight and she prayed inwardly that her husband's suspicions towards her might disappear. All along Maloti believed her to be innocent, - now she became certain of it; were it otherwise, would she have come again of her own accord?

A minute or two later, the lady stood before Maloti. "I am so glad you have come"—she said, as she offered her *pranam*. The lady placed her hand affectionately on Maloti's head and blessed her silently.

Maloti then wanted to light up a fire to cook a meal for her visitor, but the latter interrupted her saying—

"You need not trouble about it, dear, for it is the fast of *ekadasi*." *

The two sat down, engaged in conversation. Maloti could not fail to notice that her visitor's countenance betrayed a sadness and that there was something weighing heavily on her mind. She made bold to ask her the reason for it.

"You ought to know"—the Benares lady sighed.

"What is it"—faltered out Maloti, afraid of the reply she might receive.

"You suspect that I took away your jewel case. You have sent the Police after me—and still you ask why I am looking sad?"

Maloti was silent for some moments, overcome with a feeling of shame. Then she looked up and said—"Would you believe me if I told you that I did not, for one single moment, harbour any such suspicion in my mind?"

"But, your husband did"—said the Benares lady ruefully.

"He never thought"—said Maloti in an apologetic tone—"that the Police would ever find you out. Why, only this morning he was saying to me that Benares contained no end of nunneries and to discover a nameless person from their midst was entirely hopeless."

"They did find me out, however, and gave me so much trouble that I had to pay down two hundred rupees to free myself from their clutches."

"So, this has been your reward for making friends with us! I am so sorry."

A silence followed. The lady then asked—

"When does your husband come home?"

"At nightfall."

Clouds began to gather in the sky.

The sunlight faded away. Looking outside, the Benares lady softly said—"I hope it is not going to rain."

"What does it matter?"—said Maloti.

"I must be off to-day?"

The lips of the lady betrayed a momentary smile. "You silly girl,"—she said—"your husband suspects me to be a robber and you desire that I should be your guest? I must return by the two-thirty train to-day. Many belonging to our nunnery are going on a pilgrimage to Pury. We all start to-morrow."

"Would you be away long?"

"Why do you ask? Would we meet again when I return?"—said the lady, her eyes dimmed with tears.

After a short pause she said—"Maloti, my child, would you like to please me?"

"Yes, if I could"—replied Maloti eagerly.

"I have got a few articles of jewellery here. Wear them for my sake"—she said, as she unlocked her

* *Ekadasi*—the eleventh day of the moon, is observed by all Hindu widows as a day of fast.

box and pulled out a jewel-case of exquisite workmanship. She then pressed a spring and the lid flew open.

Maloti was amazed to see its contents. Gold and silver, set with rubies, diamonds and other precious stones almost blinded her vision with their dazzle.

"I present these to you"—said the Benares lady affectionately.

Maloti was tongue-tied for a few seconds. Then she found words to say—"You will excuse me, I can't accept these."

"Why not?"—said her friend complainingly.

"Why should I take these from you?—They are worth a small fortune."

"Well—they are my gift to you."

"May be—but what right have I to take them? I mustn't indeed."

Clouds deepened in the sky. There were signs of a coming storm. Daylight was all but gone.

In slow, deliberate accents, the Benares lady said "suppose you have such a right."

"I have such a right? What do you mean?"—said Maloti, in utter astonishment.

Looking on the floor with tearful eyes, the Benares lady said—almost in whispers—

"I will tell you. That is why I have come to-day."

Maloti's bosom throbbed with an

uncertain terror. She glanced at the lady in breathless silence.

"Is your mother really dead?"

"That's what people say"—said Maloti, her tones clearly betraying her painful diffidence.

"Then you know. I am your wretched mother."—Tears freely flowed down the lady's cheeks as she uttered these words.

A thrill of horror passed through Maloti's frame. Involuntarily she moved away a little from her mother.

An incident that had occurred a few months ago, came back to Maloti's mind. She was at her paternal home then, before her husband took her to Dinapur. Mokshada, whom she called her grandmother, had just returned after a long pilgrimage. She was sharing a bed with an aunt of hers and this old lady. Thinking that Maloti was fast asleep, the two elderly ladies began a secret conversation. But Maloti was really awake and could catch every syllable that passed between them. What she heard gave her a cruel shock of surprise. She then learnt for the first time that her mother whom she believed to be in heaven, was really alive and that the grandmother had accidentally come across her in some place of pilgrimage. She learnt that her mother, whose memory she had been cherishing all her life as a most sacred treasure, was, in the eyes of the world a fallen woman. The agony of mind that

Maloti bore in silence that night was indescribable—and this was that mother ! The pain and the humiliation of that night now returned to her with redoubled intensity.

The mother was weeping still. After regaining her self-possession to some extent, she said—"Does my son-in-law know ?"

"No, he doesn't."

"When did you hear ?"

"After marriage."

"Was it from aunt Mokshada ?"

"Yes."

"[It was from her that I heard of your marriage and that your husband was the Goods Clerk at Dinapur. She also told me that you were to come to Dinapur in the month of *Aswin*.]"

Maloti wiped away her tears with a corner of her *saree*, looked her mother full in the face and said—"Then it was not by chance that you came to Dinapore ! Why did you ?" Her tone, alas, was stern and unfor- giving.

The poor mother relapsed into another fit of sobs. "Can one forget one's own child ?"—she managed to say.

Maloti felt like crying too. It seemed strange to her that she should have become so tenderly attached to this lady, quite unaware of the relationship between them.

"Why did you reveal yourself ?"—said Maloti in a tremulous voice.

"I hardly know. I could not restrain myself."

Maloti was about to say—"I am glad you did or else I should never have known what it was to look upon one's mother." But she checked herself immediately. An inner voice seemed to whisper to her—"Such a mother ! Better not have seen her at all."—So she sat there, sternly silent.

The departure of the train drew near. The Station porter, as arranged, came to fetch away the things.

"Please take away these jewels—I won't wear them"—said Maloti.

The lady looked at her daughter's face and understood what was passing in her mind. She said—"It is not as you suppose. You may wear them without the slightest compunction. Had it been otherwise, I would much rather have thrown them in the river than given them to you. For fourteen years I have done penance for the one single folly of my life. These articles of jewellery are not the wages of my sin. My father was a very rich man, and he gave me these when I was married."

"But still I feel I cannot use them, without consulting my husband first."

"Yes, ask him. Should he however disapprove, you may sell them and make over the proceeds to some Hindoo temple."

She rose to go.

Maloti in spite of her resolution to the contrary, now fully surrendered herself to the claims of nature. Clasping the feet of the lady with both her arms, she made her obeisance and in a

voice choked with tears, said—"Mamma, come again."

"May you be a *Savitri*, may fortune and happiness ever attend your path"—the mother sobbed out and the next moment she was gone.





Evolution Of Sanitation

By

Dr. Sundari Mohan Das, M. B.

"There is yet hope for me" cries Preventive Medicine "when Mahatmajī in his latest utterance in the Astanga Ayurveda Hospital compound : has advocated my cause with all the emphasis at his command."

Pioneers of Sanitary Reform, always in advance of their age, met with opposition and difficulties. Even the gods, in their attempt to immortalize their class by appropriating to themselves **Amrita**—the nectar of eternal life—were about to be baffled by their enemies the **Asuras**. But the resourceful leader of the gods, following the modern method of feminine influence, took the shape of a most beautiful woman. Delilah-like she beguiled the enemies with her bewitching smiles and asked them to hand over the nectar-pail which they had pilfered. Blinded by passion they did not see her trick of distributing the nectar to the gods and returning to them the empty jar. This was the First Health Talk to mortals given thousands of years ago "Curb your passions if you want Health and Longevity." The Mahatma emphasised this truth when he said that

the body could not prosper at the cost of its dweller—the soul. But at the same time we must not forget the injunction :—

Sariramadyam Khalu Dharmasadhanam.

"The primary religious duty is preservation of the body.

I shall try to show how this injunction was forgotten with the onset of a mistaken notion of asceticism and how sanitation, with the advent of improved science, has at last established her claim after a great deal of opposition.

Looking **backward** over the success of Sanitary Reform in the past I, like the two-faced Roman god Janus, look **forward** as well with youthful hope to the day when India will regain her Health and Plenty.

So my **mangalacharan** consists in the remembrance of the Roman God of All Beginnings—**Janus**, from whom comes the word January. Janus sounds like our **Ganes**, the **Siddhidata** god who blessed all beginnings.

A.—SUPERNATURAL METHODS.

Sanitary instinct may be said to date from the beginning of the creation when, with the Self-preserving instinct inherent in all living beings, each individual and each race maintained, as best as it could, its separate struggle for existence. Human sanitary endeavour has persisted throughout ages. It is difficult to imagine a period when mankind was without glimmerings of attempts at preservation of health. The exact forms in which those attempts were made by the earliest representatives of our race must have depended on local conditions, the conditions of the soil, of the air, of the water, of the food, etc. The fatality of certain sites, the extreme heat or cold of certain climates, the poisoning quality of certain foods and waters and the terrible devastations of floods, fires and epidemics must have induced our earliest ancestors to be on their guard against these onslaughts on their life and health and to devise some means to avert those disasters.

It is easy to conceive how joint action succeeded individual efforts to avert death and prolong life as men came into social aggregation. Writers of the history of ancient Greece tell us that the first inhabitants of Greece, the Pelasgians, believing that their life and health depended on mysterious spirits or gods personifying the elements tried to appease them by offerings and prayers. The earliest invaders—the Achæans brought with them their own gods and goddesses of the earth (Gaia, our **Go** or **Prithvi**), of the waters (Poseidon—our **Barua**, Zeus of the rains—our **Indra**) of fire (Zeus, **Indra** and **Agni** combined), of winds (Zeus, our **Paban**) and of the sky (**Uranus** the father of Zeus, who was also lord of the skies). To these

gods and goddesses they prayed for special gifts.

Fashioned out of clay by Titans, the children of Uranus and Gaia, grew up mortal men, afflicted with sorrows, pains, diseases and death. These weak and puny beings sought the favour of the gods but they were helpless for want of fire. They could neither cook their food nor keep their dwelling warm; they could not make any implements wherewith to protect themselves from the inclemency of weather or raids of wild animals. The Fire God Zeus reserved the gift of fire for a nobler race of men whom he planned to create. Moved to pity at the sight of this miserable condition of the early mortals, Prometheus, one of the Titans, stole a spark of fire from the furnace of Hephaestus (**Bisvakarma**), hid it in a hollow stalk and took it down to the earth. He taught men how to use it to warm themselves, to melt, forge and shape metals, become masters of nature and defy death and disease. For this impertinence Prometheus was bound with fetters of adamant, chained to a barren rock on the seashore in the wilds of Scythia, where he hung without protection against the blazing sun, the pitiless rain and the freezing cold. "An eagle plucked forth his liver with its cruel beak and fed upon it, sitting on his breast." To add to his misery, immortal as he was, he smarted under the pain of finding the eagle renewing its ghastly meal every morning as the liver grew every night. In the "Prometheus chained," Aeschylus describes Prometheus soliloquizing thus :—

'For favours shown

To mortal man I bear this weight of woe;
Hid in a hollow cane the fount of fire
I privatey conveyed, of every art
Productive, and the noblest gift to men."



Innocence.

By Grace,

Zeus's anger, however, abated when he saw men growing in strength and wisdom and defying death and disease by the use of the fire given by Prometheus. But one must die to save Prometheus, that was the mandate of Zeus. Cheiron, one of the Centaurs, half man half horse, had been hit by a poisoned arrow and had been suffering unceasing unbearable pain day and night. Homer describes him as the "Sire of Pharmacy." He was the **guru** of Aesculapius, the god of the Healing Art. But in those days nobody could interfere with the decrees of fate. So Cheiron had to submit to his sufferings.

Even Asclepius, or Aesculapius, the god of the healing art (our **Dhanvantari**), could not escape the wrath of Zeus for saving men from death and disease. He was killed with the thunderbolt. Unable to bear the excruciating pains of the wound Cheiron offered himself for death and so Prometheus was set free. The later Greeks, specially the Athenians, worshipped Prometheus as "the friend and deliverer of man."

Carving gods from stones and building temples for their worship was the first joint

attempt of men to save them from death and disease by supernatural methods. The first joint attempt at self-preservation by physical methods relates to common supplies of food and water.

When ancient Europe had not received the faintest touch of the morning light of civilization, the Aryan villagers had organised a system of communal agriculture. As regards water supply, sites for habitation were chosen in consideration of easy access to water. To prevent pollution of water, rivers and streams were sanctified. Rivers leaping from sacred rocks and coursing through smiling fields and olive groves, the homes of river-gods and goddesses, Nais and Nymphs, had their stories evoking reverence and worship. Wilful pollution was a sacrilege.

As streams passed through populated areas receiving impurity from the adjoining land, necessity arose of artificial construction of sources of drinking water. Holiness of wells and tanks (**kundas**) protected them from contamination as long as their associated divinities did not fly at the approach of chaotic disbelief.

B.—NATURAL METHODS

In my first article I have shown how prayers and offerings to gods were the earliest methods of prevention of diseases. Even as early as 5000 B.C. the Chaldeans worshipped Marduk, the earliest known genius of Medicine. As the founder of the Zodiac and Lord of the planets, he was supposed to influence health and disease in mankind through the medium of the heavenly bodies. He reserved to himself the planet Jupiter and so became

"shepherd of the celestial flock." The Chaldeans thus extolled his powers :—

"O Marduk,

Thou art glorious among the great gods !
No will is greater than thine.
Thou canst inflict upon the guilty one
A Dropsy which no incantation can cure.
Thou art the Merciful One
Who taketh pleasure in
Raising the dead to life,

The Merciful One

Who hath power to give life,

By thy spells the sick are restored."

Marduk was the son of Ea, Lord of the deep and Sovereign of the waters. He was one of the earliest deities of the Babylonian and Assyrian Pantheons, associated with the Healing Art. So Marduk, like our **Dhanantari**, was also born of the sea.

Applications to gods for protection and convenience having been found insufficient, **supernatural** methods were supplemented by the **natural**. Convenience and sanitation are interwoven together, although what is convenient is not always sanitary and **vice versa**. It appears that the early man after making provisions against hunger, thirst and inclement weather, exercised his ingenuity for protection against the ravages of his physical surroundings, such as floods. This seems to be the psychology of the drainage works of antiquity. Thus arose the artificial water-courses, cuttings and embankments. According to Egyptologists canalizations, embankments, flood walls and roads existed in Egypt nearly four thousand years before the birth of Christ. Mechanical constructions, which we now call sanitary, seem to have progressed more than three thousand years ago. Sir A. H. Layard's expeditions revealed the existence of an elaborate system of drainage, essentially for rain-water, in Nineveh. In Europe the sewer system began later. In Rome one can still see the old masonry sewer constructed about twenty-five centuries ago. The sewers of Agrigentum, built in the 5th Century B.C, named after the City Architect **Phæx**, and the Athenian sewers, referred to in the Age of Pericles, are monuments of ancient engineering. The sewer in the palace of Nimrod was a square brick-built masonry three feet deep receiving contributory piped

drains of baked clay and discharging itself into the river.

The old sewers were meant more for carrying storm-water and drying land than for cleansing purposes. The **cloaca maxima** and other drainage works were built for drying Rome intersected by Tiberine swamps. These sewers, however, became conducive to cleansing. Rubbish and filth finding their way into and blocking these channels were occasionally removed by slaves and convicts.

The early pioneers of Medicine in Europe and elsewhere do not seem to have troubled themselves about prevention of diseases. Egypt, from which the other early civilisations are said to have derived light, might have had some conceptions of the physical causes of disease. Moses is described as "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." The Leipzig **Papyrus**, believed to have been written in the year 1552 B.C, describes **Kyphi** as good fumigators used for improving the odour of houses and clothing. Important rudiments are plainly visible in the Hebrew Pentateuch. Deuteronomy and Leviticus believed to have been written in the seventh century and sixth century B.C, set some rules obligatory to the Jews with regard to diet, sexual relations, bodily cleanliness, cleanliness of dwellings and contagious diseases.

The real progress in the development of sanitary institutions and municipal government dates from the creation of the office of the **Ædiles** in Rome in 494 B.C. The four **Ædiles** divided the city into four police districts and made provisions for the efficient repair of the net-work of drains, public buildings and public places, cleansing and paving of streets, preventing nuisance; of ruinous buildings, dangerous animals or foul smells, uninterrupted supply of good, and cheap grain, destruction of bad stuffs, and suppression of

false weights and measures. The duty of constructions was left to another set of officers called Censors. By them was constructed the celebrated Roman aqueducts. Censor Appius Claudius constructed the first of those aqueducts is 312 B.C. named after him **Agua Appia**. About the time Octavian received the title of Augustus, Rome had unstinted supply of water through "artificial rivers" pipes and fountains to nearly every house and magnificent sewers through which the waste water washed all the filth of the city into the Tiber. In 33 B.C. Agrippa supplied the city with 700 wells 150 fountains and 130 reservoirs. The Roman law had emphatic command to protect the public water supplies from pollution. Public latrines were in general use. Some of them resembled the so-called trough water-closets of our time, discharging their content into the sewers. Scavengers and carts removed filth from latrines of other pattern. The sewers not only received filth but sometimes swallowed the corpses of citizens whom Nero would **playfully** stab during his night rambles. There were some sort of "Building Regulations." Every land-owner building a house on his land had to leave a space of at least $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet.

Casting of filth or rubbish into the common way was strictly prohibited. In spite of this prohibition mention of persons declining to continue as residents in the city of Rome on account of the practice of throwing filth on passing heads is to be found in the contemporary literature. This reminds me of an incident which happened in Calcutta thirty-

five years ago. While on my usual round as an officer of the Health department of the Corporation my head and clothes were soiled by feces thrown from a window. My peon threatened the offenders with prosecution. A sweet feminine voice from above assured me it was the stool of a little baby only. Laughing a hearty laugh I retired, disappointing the would be prosecutor...my faithful peon.

Causation and prevention of disease as a science and an art was not, however, thought of even by the ancient Roman medical profession. From the third century B. C., the medical profession of Rome did, no doubt, acquire some importance, but it was confined to the slaves and Greeks. Opulent Romans would have, as a part of their establishment, slaves whom they would train in medicine at their own cost. After the introduction of the edict of Valentine and Valens (A. D. 364—375), appointing four District Medical Officers, Roman legislation showed nothing further of any interest concerning the subject of sanitation.

With the rushing waves of invasion by Goths, Huns and others from the North, the manhood of the ancient Romans, already merged in luxury and voluptuousness was swept away and with it many of their important institutions. As regards sanitary improvement, the dark period covering ten centuries following the fall of the Roman Empire, was a blank. The memory of sensuality and degradation associated with bodily comforts led to ascetism and utter disregard of the body.

C.—MINISTERS OF SOUL AND BODY.

As a reaction from the too much attention to the body at the cost of the soul came neglect and humiliation. Unclean body, poor dress and starvation diet were deemed to be the best indices of pure existence. Even honest wedlock was thought unclean. The result of all this ascetic celibacy was hypocritical and unclean life to which Milton indignantly refers in his "Paradise Lost":—

...Whatever hypocrites austere talk,
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free
to all,
Hail wedded love ! mysterious law, true
source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise, of all things common else !
Here Love his golden shafts employs
Reigns here and revels : not in the bought
smiles
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared.
Casual fruition . . . "

Although in that age of hypocrisy and asceticism sanitation made no progress, whatever attention to the poor and the sick was given was due to the activities of the priesthood. From time immemorial ministers of the soul were ministers of the body as well. This arrangement has been traced in Egypt as early as 3000 B.C. The Egyptian priest-physicians were celebrated for their skill in the healing art throughout the whole world as the world in those days was understood.

Keeping before their mind's eye the ideal of Jesus relieving human suffering, the early Christian Fathers did their level best to awaken in the community a thoughtfulness for the poor. A characteristic ritual of the new faith was the giving of alms to the poor and shelter

to the homeless and tending the sick. Christian philanthropy took the form of *hospices* as places of refuge for strangers and outcasts and hospitals for the sick and wounded. About 370 A.D. Basil, Bishop of Caesarea, founded a charitable institution, including a hospital. About 400 A.D. another hospital was founded at Constantinople by Chrysostom. In the whirlpool of social strifes and wars the organizations of charity were drowned till about the year 529, when, with the establishment of the monastic system, these were revived in Western Europe. With the deterioration of monastic life indulging in luxuries, its relation to the poor became a matter of form and attention to the poor and the sick declined during the next six centuries. It was at the beginning of the thirteenth century that Francis Bernardone of Assisi, the "Bridegroom of Poverty," dispelled the gloom that had spread over Europe during that Dark Age. As a protest against the self-indulgence and hollowness of the monastic life prevalent at that period, Francis's symbolic 'wedlock' with poverty was not only an ascetic life of self-renunciation but one of real service to the poor. Taking poverty as his bride he identified himself with all her kindreds.

After the death of St. Francis his order was a synonym for intriguing place-hunting, luxury and all sorts of vices. Amidst all these corruptions, heroic service to the poor and the sick was sometimes rendered by the Friars, specially in the south of France during the prevalence of Black Death. In spite of the depth of the degradation to which the Benedictine and Mendicant Orders had sunk, the fact must be acknowledged that the modern hospital system evolved out of their mediæval philanthropy. It was a heritage descending

from the monastic system. St. Thomas Hospital and St. Bartholomew's Hospital are continuations of the monastic charity. The process of evolution of the physician out of the ecclesiastic will be dealt with later on.

If embankment and waterways constructed for the purpose of drying land mark, as English writers assert, the dawn of civilization. English civilization must have dated from some centuries before the grant of the Great Charter. Some sections of the Great Charter show that riparian towns and land-owners had been accustomed to maintain certain embankments. In the reign of Henry IV it was enacted that in every country of England where need is, Commissioners shall be appointed "to survey and also keep the waters and great rivers there and the defaults to correct and amend." In the sixth and the eighth year of the reign of Henry VI provisions were made for the appointment of Commissioners of Sewers. The Act of Parliament of 1532 by which Henry VIII "the King, like a most virtuous Prince" . . . did "by deliberate advice and assent of his lords spiritual and temporal and also his loving commons ordained and enacted that Commissions of sewers and other premisses shall be directed in all parts within this realm" in addition to giving power of inspection, construction etc., gave powers to tax and to impress the labour of man and beast. An idea of the manner in which labour was impressed may be had from the following horrible penal provision of the Act 1st, Edward VI c-3 :

"If any person bring to two justices of peace any runagate servant, or any other which liveth idly and loiteringly, by the space of three days, the said justices shall cause the said idle or loitering servant or vagabond to be marked with a hot iron on the breast with the mark of V, and adjudge him to be slave to

the same person that brought or presented him, to have him, his executors or assigns, for two years after ; who shall take the said slave and give him bread, water, or small drink, and refuse meat, and cause him to work by beating, chaining, Or otherwise, in such work and labour as he shall put him unto, be it never so vile : and if such slave absent himself from his said master, within the said term of two years, then he shall be adjudged by two justices of the peace to be marked on the forehead, or the ball of the cheek, with a hot iron, with the mark of an S, and further shall be adjudged to be a slave to his said master for ever : and if the said slave shall run away the second time, he shall be adjudged felon."

As a reaction against monastic charities ferocious legislation was in force and the sturdy beggar found begging for the third time was condemned to death as a felon and an enemy of the commonwealth. For the first begging he was whipped and for the second begging the upper part of his right ear was cut off.

Before the end of the reign of Elizabeth, some local improvement had been started as municipal or private undertaking. In 1585, the 27th Elizabeth Act sanctioned the construction of the Plymouth **Water-bet** conveying by gravitation supplies of water from a distance of about twenty-four miles. About the year 1596, John Harington, a favourite page and godson of Queen Elizabeth, contrived a water-closet, an improvement on the existing privy. Privy, in those days, was called **jakes**. Harington, after having received his knight-hood (whether for inventing the privy or not, it is not mentioned) published an account of his contrivance under the title of **Metamorphosis of A-jax**.

It was not till the seventeenth century that Preventive Medicine as applied physiology had

taken its proper place among the medical profession. Till then the healing art, as during the Middle Ages had been exercised by the priest, the barber and the grocer. In the reign of Henry VIII in 1540 the barber developed into surgeons and the grocers into physicians by two Acts of Parliament. The grocer's claim to be a physician rested on his dealing in drugs. The physicians in the East seem to have had a better status even earlier than the 16th century. This will be evident from the picture reproduced in the preceding page from an illuminated MS. of the XVth century in possession of Messrs. Burroughs Welcome and Co. From their dress and method of practice in consultation they appear to have been respectable and methodical.

In the Tudor period the apothecary was a variety of grocer, the surgeon an improved

edition of barber and the physician had just emerged from the seclusion of a monastery. Even in the first half of the nineteenth century surgery and barbering went hand in hand in some parts of Europe. In 1846, Sir John Simon observed in the south of Spain barber's shops with a notice that they did "midwifery and surgery as well as shaving." In our country the barbers seem to have turned surgeons after the decline of Ayurvedic Surgery. The first surgical case I had was that of a stone impacted in the urinary canal brought to me by a barber of my native village. He had tried to widen the canal with his nail-cutter but failed to extract the stone. He was surprised to find how easily I removed the stone with urethral forceps. In the next occasion I will deal with sanitation improved by these barbers and grocers metamorphosed into surgeons and physicians.

"The Calcutta Municipal Gazette."





The Great Denial

By Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das

You will, permit me to tell you a story—the story of the great denial. The other day our distinguished Chairman said that we are in the midst of a great crisis. I also said that the present crisis of India is greater and more serious than any in her history. But to-day I will tell you the story of the great denial. As a preface to my story I shall ask you to recall to your mind the principal incidents of our national history under British Rule. More than a century and a half have passed by and at the end of it we find that the people of Bengal, the vast majority of them at any rate, are not educated and this want of education is put forward by the authorities as an argument against Home Rule. I have given this answer before and I repeat it again—if they are not educated, whose fault is it? What have the authorities been doing here for the last 150 years if they have not succeeded in educating the people of this country? What excuse is there for this failure? Is there a national government anywhere in the history of civilization, which after it took up the work of education, did not finish and complete it within, say, 30 years? Do you doubt for a moment that if we get self-government now, we will be able to educate the people of this country in another 20 years? But why has not this been done by the Government? Let the Bureaucracy answer—This is a chapter in the story of the great denial.

Our Agriculture

Now, take the question of agriculture in this country. The Indian village-life was the envy of the world at one time. What are our

At a meeting held at Chittagong on the 17th June 1918, under the auspices of the local Home Rule League, under the presidency of Babu Jatra Mohan Sen, Mr. C. R. Das delivered the above

villages now? How does our agriculture stand to-day? Has the Government done anything in that behalf during the last 150 years, which is at all worthy of a great nation and a great Government? The answer must be 'no'. Why not? Because agriculture does not directly concern the bureaucracy of this country. It may be necessary to start a department and call it the department of agriculture in the interest of the bureaucracy. That has been done—one or two colleges which are not suited to our requirements have been established. But has agriculture improved? I do not know whether in the interest of the Bureaucracy it is necessary that it should. But it is necessary for us. It is a matter of vital importance to the nation that the cultivators of Bengal should prosper and live better lives. It is a matter of supreme importance to those who want self-government or swaraj in this country. We must look forward to the whole Bengalee nation. We must work persistently, we must look forward to the day when the Bengalees as a nation, Hindus and Mahomedans, all together, will stand before the world in all the glory of nationality. I say therefore the question is of vital importance from the point of view of the nation. Who are the people of Bengal? No those, who conduct cases in court, not those who sit as magistrates and judges. But who are they? It is those who culti-

vate the land—they are the real nation and if ever this country rises—by God's grace, rise it must—and takes its place amongst the nations of the world—well, long before that, the agriculture of this country must be improved. That is one of the reasons why we want Home Rule. This is another chapter in the story of the great denial.

Our Commerce and Industry

Now, gentlemen, what is the story of our commerce and industry? I do not desire to begin from the beginning. I will not recall to mind or help you to recall to your mind the history of the destruction of our trade and the annihilation of our industries. Let the dead past bury its dead. But what about the living? What has the Government done to encourage Commerce and Industry in recent years? It is the crying need of the hour—the peculiar circumstances of this country demand a solution of this problem. Has the bureaucracy done anything in this matter? It is the duty of every civilized government to lend a helping hand and thus encourage the growth of Commerce and Industry. Can the Bureaucracy lay its hand on its breast and say that it has fulfilled its trust? The answer must be 'no'. That is another reason why we want Home Rule, and gentlemen, that is another chapter in the story of the great denial.

Do you want proof ? For agriculture, the Government spends only 24 lacs of rupees out of Bengal's share of land revenue which is 1½ crores. What do the Government do with that money ? The Bureaucracy says we who want Home Rule are not fit to represent the people ! What has the Government done for them ? They spend only 24 lacs of rupees or rather misspend it. Have any improvements been effected ? That is the test. It is possible to have highly paid European agricultural improvements.

That is exactly what has happened !

Five Million Souls Lost in Five Years

Now, what about sanitation ? Shall I tell you the story of how the people are dying in this country for want of sanitation for the last few years ? Listen to these figures.

In 1911-12—9 lacs of people died of malaria alone

In 1912-13—9·59 lacs of people died of malaria alone

In 1913-14—9·65 lacs of people died of malaria alone

In 1914-15—10·61 lacs of people died of malaria alone

In 1915-16—10·64 lacs of people died of malaria alone

So in five years we have had five million victims for want of sanitation in this country. Five million men in five years ! More than

the combined army of Great Britain and Ireland to-day ! We have had representations and opinions of experts and a few experiments but what has really been done up to now ? Are we to believe that this fell disease could not have been eradicated if the Government had taken active steps in that direction ? Do you believe, that if the government is nationalised—we cannot get rid of this disease ? It is a matter of supreme importance to us, to the growing nationality of Bengal. It means that every year there is an increase in the number of deaths, it means want of strength, it means decrease of national vitality, it means that at not very distant day we will be reduced to such a condition that it will be impossible to regenerate us. I have given you only the number of people who die every year. But do we not see all over the whole country malaria stricken people living by chance as it were—carrying on by some means or other their miserable load of existence ? The whole of Bengal is full of these people and yet what has the Government done ? Practically nothing.

Educational Expenditure.

Three Annas per Head per Year.

Let me give you the figures regarding education which is very interesting. The average amount spent by the Government 85 lacs of rupees for education. The population of Bengal is

450 lacs, i.e., 5 persons per rupee per year. It means three annas per head per year spent for the noble cause of education ! It means again one pice per head per month ! And we are told that England's duty in India is to spread education so that the degraded people of the country may be elevated ! And three annas per head per year is spent for the noble cause ! But don't you think these are purely educational expenses. It also includes the cost of building. It includes the cost of inspection which exceeds the pay of the teachers. You can well imagine what is left for education proper. Talk of education ? Who cares for education ? Not the bureaucracy.

Government Encouragement of Commerce and Industry—MR. SWAN'S Recommendation

With regard to expenditure on commerce and industry, well, you may say very little, practically nothing is spent. I will simply quote to you the observations of a member of the Indian Civil Service, Mr. J. Swan, who has written a report on the industrial condition of Bengal.

"While the industrial development of the province must depend on private enterprise I think the encouragement of Government might take a more active form than it has hitherto done."

Encouragement of the Government might take a more active form ! Well,

you cannot expect a member of the Civil Service to write more than that. Then again :—

"Adequate capital is particularly necessary in case of industries run by Indian capital and under Indian management owing to the reluctance of banks and of firms to give them credit."

The Revolutionary Movement

This is what Mr. Swan writes. You may gather therefore that very little is done for industry and commerce. Now that is the position. This state of things went on for years. We were sleeping. At the end of every year we used to hold a meeting of the Congress and beyond that we had no kind of activity. But from the year 1905, there was a great activity in this country which we called the Swadeshi movement. And we find from that time the Government indulges in a series of repressive measures and I believe those repressive measures in their turn gave rise to a party in Bengal, who are described by the Government as anarchists but who are, I venture to think, not anarchists at all—they are revolutionaries. I do not for a moment suggest that the methods which they employ are good or ought to be encouraged but they are not anarchists. It is not that they want to change the system of government. So far as I have been able to judge the object of these

so called anarchists is not different from the object of the Congress or the Moslem League. The only difference lies in the method which they pursue. They pursue methods which are subversive of law and order whereas the Congress-League adopts methods which are legal. This is the only difference. The methods they pursue are deserving of severe condemnation but I think it is a great injustice to call them anarchists. Be that as it may—I say that after these repressive measures, one after another, in rapid succession—we have in our midst a revolutionary party in Bengal.

Now, it has been often said that we are not fit for self-government because of the existence of this revolutionary party. My answer is: I do not deny that there is a revolutionary party. I admit it and I say that no government which is not a national government will ever be able to put a stop to this revolutionary movement. What do these people want? They want freedom. They want to change the system of government. I told you just now that their object is the same as that of the Congress and the Moslem League. I go further and I say that their object—not their methods—is now recognised as legitimate by the British Cabinet. In August last year, the British Cabinet declared that some kind of responsible government should be introduced into this country. What does that mean? It means that the system of

government which obtains now, which is bureaucratic, should be changed or otherwise it is an admission on the part of our masters—after all it is the British Cabinet who are our masters and not the Bureaucracy here—it is an admission on the part of our masters that a change of government, of the bureaucratic system of government is necessary for the welfare of India. I say the object of the so-called anarchists is not only the same as that of the Congress and the League but it is an object which is recognised and sanctioned by the highest authority in England. Therefore, gentlemen, I say as I have said elsewhere, that the only way you can put a stop to this revolutionary movement is by recognising that simple fact that the people of this country—they are hungry for Freedom, should be given what they want and I say the moment you give freedom to the people, there will be an end of this revolutionary movement. It has been pointed out over and over again, but the Bureaucracy will not listen. That is the position of affairs to-day. Our agriculture neglected, our education neglected, sanitation neglected, industry and commerce not seriously considered and along with that we have got a revolutionary movement in this country. This is the present situation and it is upon that that a memorable declaration was made by the British Cabinet in August last year. Now, What

have we to say to that? I desire to place before you clearly what I mean: Your declaration goes one way and your action goes another way. That is the real grievance of the people of this country. Tell us, if you want you are not fit for self-government, we will not give you self-government. I can understand that position. I respect plain speaking. I am fond of plain speaking. Let the bureaucracy say in clear terms we cannot afford to give you responsible government. We want to have this government as bureaucratic as ever. You can get a little change here and there, political lollipops with which you can amuse yourselves. But we will not give you responsible government—let them so declare, if they like, and we will then drop this political agitation. Our difficulty is this: We believe in the words of the Declaration and in that belief we have been devising schemes, holding meetings to consider schemes of self-government and to consider what would be the best form of self-government, in this country and to help the Government with our suggestions so that the British Parliament may consider this.

How Government Has Treated Home Ruler's Proposal.

Now, when things were going on in that way we had another declaration, a more memorable message from the Prime Minister, in which the Prime Minister asked our help at the

time of a great crisis, asked us to avert a great danger which threatened England and which threatened India. Now what did we do under the circumstance? We held meetings again and we told the Government that at this juncture 'you must have one united India, you must create an enthusiasm in this country, real enthusiasm which will led people to make every sacrifice for the country and for the empire' and we asked the Government to do away with the repressive measures, to release the political suspects and the political prisoners. The whole country regards that as an oppression. We said to the Government: Do away with that oppression; Make a definite proposal about self-government and you will have the whole country with you. You will have hundreds and thousands of soldiers fighting for you, fighting for India, fighting for the Empire—you will have the gold of the rich and the copper of the poor—every sacrifice that may be required of the people will be willingly, ungrudgingly, cheerfully made for the service of the country and for upholding the glory of the empire. How was that accepted by the bureaucracy? I must confess to a sense of hopelessness that Government paid not the slightest attention to it. Shortly after that there was the Conference at Delhi. Let me quote to you the words of His Excellency the Viceroy, words in

which he pictures the great danger which threatens us :

"Germany has already thrown out into Central Asia her pioneers of intrigue, her agents of disintegration. The lesson she has learnt from the Russian Revolution that a stronger weapon than all the armaments that money can buy or science devise is the disruption of an enemy by his own internal forces."

Then later on, "I have spoken of the cause. I have told you of the death-grip on the western front and have unfolded to you the story of German machinations in the East."

We were ready to help the Government when we were told that a great danger threatened the whole of the British Empire and India. That danger is admitted by His Excellency the Viceroy, it was suggested by the message of the Prime Minister. It was admitted and if I may have the impertinence of saying, clearly and eloquently described by His Excellency the Viceroy. But what about our suggestions? Is it not a fact that whenever we are anxious to give the bureaucracy in this country good advice, sane advice, advice which is necessary for the welfare not only of this country but of England also, the welfare of the whole empire, that advice is received with scorn and contempt? What does the Viceroy say? After describing the difficulty which threatens us, His Excellency says :

"He can, I believe, best do so (help the Amir to keep his ship straight) by showing our enemies first that India is solid as a rock."

I pause here for a moment. That must be done. It is admitted by His Excellency the Viceroy that at this juncture we must do something by which we can present to the enemy a united India, an India which is solid as a rock. How does he propose to do that? How can India be solid as a rock unless she is strong in her rights, how can anybody expect India to stand solid as a rock unless she has got the elementary rights of citizenship, unless she can say 'I am one in this world'? The Viceroy says :—

"We can, I believe, best do so by showing our enemies first that India is solid as a rock, and that the lambent flame of anarchical intrigue will find nothing inflammable in this country, nay, rather will be smothered and extinguished forthwith should it approach, by the dead weight of our unity of purpose."

Now, gentlemen, so far, there is nothing in the speech of His Excellency the Viceroy from which we have any reason to differ. But in the same speech His Excellency disposes of our suggestions in this way :

"But in these days of stress and strain it is idle to ask men to come together who disagree on first principles."

Do We Disagree On First Principles ?

I pause for a moment. Do we disagree—we the Nationalists of India, do we disagree from the Viceroy on any question of first principles ? I venture to think, not. What have we done ? We have believed the Message of Hope left to us by His Majesty the King personally—we have believed that that message will be fulfilled—we have had the declaration of the British Cabinet in that behalf and we believed that Responsible Government would be introduced. We have had the message from the Prime Minister asking for our help and sympathy, asking for help in men and money. We have told the Government that in order to do this, the repressive measures must be withdrawn, political prisoners must be set free and a definite scheme of self-government must be put forward. What were we trying to do ? Were we not trying to give effect to the message of the British Cabinet ? Were we not giving a real response to the message of the Prime Minister ? (Cheers). Why should it be said that we differ from the Viceroy on questions of first principles ? It is statements like these which fill us with suspicion and alarm. Do they want that the King's Message will not ever remain unfulfilled and unredeemed ?—That the declaration of the British Parliament will remain a declaration and nothing but a Declaration to the end of the chapter ?—Does it come to

this that whatever declaration is made the bureaucracy has made up its mind not to let responsible government be introduced in this country ? What difference in first principles can there be, I ask, when all our endeavours have been to give effect to the Message of the Prime Minister ?

Then His Excellency goes on to say :

“While they are wrangling over those, while the house is burning, there are those who would exploit England's difficulty, I believe that these people gravely misinterpret India's attitude. I am sure that there are none here who will countenance such a policy. There are those, again, who would wish to bargain. Again I decline to believe that anyone has come to this Conference in a huckstering spirit.”

Is what Government doing not Bargaining.

There are those who would wish to bargain, that is to say, when we are suggesting to the Government in all seriousness that certain measures are necessary for carrying out the Prime Minister's Message we are told that it is bargaining, that we want to exploit England's difficulty ! What is England doing now ? This is a simple fact and I do not wish to conceal it. What is our interest in the war ? Our only interest is our country. What is England doing now ? England asks us to help her in this war. And why should we help her ? If we are to

help her, we must first of all feel that this country is our own country—that India has in fact and not in name, her rightful place in the British Empire. That is what we say. That is what great statesmen in England have said again and again. If this is your real intention, tell the people so—tell them it is your own country, manage your own affairs and defend your own country” and you will then see what we can do. The only thing that we want is to feel that this is our country. If it is not our country, what does it matter to us? If it is our country, it affects our personal interests, it affects our selfish interests, it affects our future—and we are ready for any sacrifice. You say that we want to exploit England’s difficulty. And if we say that England is exploiting at this time our helplessness, that would at once be condemned as unwise and unworthy. Those who wish to realise themselves, those who wish to make the people of this country realise that India is their own country, that India is a part, an integral part—not shadowy or imaginary but a real part of the British Empire—well, they are to be condemned as persons who would exploit England’s difficulty. That is how the Conference was held at Delhi.

**His Excellency The Governor of
Bengal’s Advice.**

From Delhi we come to Bengal.

There again, we have the speech of His Excellency the Governor. His Excellency advised us—he did not command—His Excellency advised us that we should stop all political agitation at the present moment and he gave two reasons for it. One reason is this :

“Now let me give you my first reason. We have always been slow as a people, as in Great Britain and India to realise how closely the enemy keeps his eye upon us how quick he is to note our actions, indeed our very words, and what a difference it makes to his own morals whether he sees arrayed against him the serried ranks of a united people or whether he detects in this part of the Empire or in that some note of dissension, some indication of lack of unity of purpose.”

Therefore, do not show that you are wanting in a unity of purpose. I was thinking what His Excellency really meant because it seems to me that we are in complete agreement with what His Excellency said. That is the very reason for which we made the suggestions. Let not the enemy think that England is not united in its purpose and that India is not prepared to take its place in the fight. That is the very reason for which we suggested that all causes which led to resentment of the people of the country and drew them away from this united purpose should be removed—that the people of this country should be allowed to feel

that India is their own country, that it is birthright to defend their own country, that it is their right, not right alone but it is their proud privilege to fight the common enemy. His Excellency said we should do nothing so that the enemy could think that we are not united. My answer is : Make us united. It can be done with a stroke of the pen to-morrow if you really want to do it. If you do that, the enemy will detect no lack of unity of purpose. It is possible to make it appear that there is no lack of unity of purpose.—Is it not a hundred times more desirable that there should be real unity of purpose ?

If The Kaiser Came To Calcutta ?

“If the Kaiser came to Calcutta what would all the talk of freedom of individual, of the liberty of the subject, of the right of this people or that people to self-determination, of this constitutional reform or that constitutional reforms—what would be the value of all such talk if the Kaiser came to Calcutta ?”

Again, I say, we are in complete agreement with His Excellency, the Governor of Bengal. I believe, if the Kaiser came to this county to-morrow there would be no talk off liberty of the subject, of the right of freedom of the individual and of constitutional rights and that is the very reason why I am personally interested in not let-

ting the Kaiser come to Calcutta and that is the very reason why we have been asking the Government again and again, why our leaders have asked the Government repeatedly to do away with these repressive measures, to call forth loyalty, not lip loyalty but real and genuine loyalty—not loyalty to the Bureaucracy but to the Empire. You cannot call that up by sweet words alone, we want deeds,—and as I say, this can be done by a stroke of the pen to-morrow if you really want to do it.

Must We feel to Order ?

His Excellency advanced another reason. It is this :—

“The British people have a temper of their own. Some people call them a stubborn and a stiff-necked race. They are, I believe, a fair and a just people. You can without difficulty reason with them, you can without difficulty excite their interest, excite their sympathy and above all, you can excite their gratitude : But they are people believe me, who resent perhaps more deeply than any other people on this earth any suspicion that anybody is bent upon making an attempt to take advantage of them when their backs are against the wall.”

Therefore gentlemen, what does it come to ? We must consider that wicked capacity of the German people who are for ever on their watch to find

out a flaw in the constitution of this country. You must also regard the temperament of the British nation, who will be angay if you want your rights at this juncture but the only people whose interests and whose sentiments are to be set at naught are the Indian people. We are not men ! We are not a race ! Our feelings need not be considered—our sentiments are nothing ! Our feelings must be those of our masters. We must feel to order and suppress our real feelings (Shame).

**Not Obedience to the Bureaucracy but
Loyalty to the Empire.**

Well, I must say that I have read this part of His Excellency's speech with considerable pain. It is the duty of the Government here to

cousult and to consider the sentiments of the people. The people of this country are loyal to the Empire. They may not like the bureaucracy and they do not. And the British Cabinet has declared that the people are not wrong when they say that the Bureaucracy has mismanaged matters. They do not like the Bureaucracy and for sufficient reasons but they are loyal to the Empire. Again, my earnest appeal to the Government is : Take care, do not disregard the people's sentiments. Do not wish to substitute obedience to the Bureaucracy in place of people's loyalty to the Empire. The people of this country are impatient and they will not bear it.

For God's sake let this be the last chapter in the story of the great denial.





Congress Spilt. 1917

By Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das

I have to move the following resolution which has been entrusted to me. It is no doubt, personally speaking, unpleasant for me to do it but I cannot forget that Politics is not a matter of personal considerations. One has to see to the best interest of the country and in this meeting and by the resolutions which are before you, we have got to consider first of all as to whether by these means we are giving effect to the voice of the people. Now, gentlemen the resolution which has been entrusted to me is this : (He reads the resolution.)

Gentlemen, in considering this question, I ask you to approach it dispassionately apart from party questions. I shall certainly try to keep my mind clear of any party bias. We have to consider the conduct of Rai Baikuntha Nath Sen Bahadur as Chairman of the Re-

ception Committee. If we look upon the different incidents at the meeting in which he took part, the very first thing which forces itself upon our attention is what he did at almost the very outset of the meeting of the 30th August last. You remember that there was a discussion—a matter in dispute—I do not want you now to enter into a discussion as to which side was right or which side was wrong. At any rate, I can tell you this that the minutes of the first meeting of the Reception Committee were read out by the Secretary. Upon its being read out certain gentlemen took exception or rather challenged its accuracy—I repeat it is not the subject matter of to-day's discussion whether this objection was right or wrong, whether these minutes were correctly recorded or incorrectly recorded.

The following speech was delivered by Mr. C. R. Das at a meeting of the Congress Reception Committee held on September 11th 1917 :—

That is not the question before us—but of this there is no doubt that the accuracy of the minutes was challenged and any body who has got the least idea of conducting public meetings knows and a chairman of such meetings ought to have known that he could not confirm those proceedings in view of the objection which was taken without putting it to the meeting. Did Baikuntha Babu do it? He took up the book at the time the matter was still under discussion—we are not going to discuss now whether Babu Hirendra Nath Datta was right or wrong, whether Rai Yatindra Nath Chowdhury was right or wrong—but it is perfectly clear that at the time the matter was under discussion, this Chairman of the Reception Committee took up the book in his hands and began to write his confirmation. Anything more illegal on the part of a Chairman, I cannot conceive. A man who comes here to guide the deliberations of the meetings of the Reception Committee—an important meeting which has to consider as to whether the voice of the seven provinces of India had to be given effect to or not.—Was it becoming conduct on the part of the Chairman of that meeting to hastily take up the book in his hands and arbitrarily, illegally, without the slightest justification, confirm the proceedings of that meeting. That is the first step in the series of unconstitutional steps taken by this Chairman of the Reception Committee.

Now, gentlemen, look at the next thing which happened after that. It has been said that there was a great deal of disorder at that meeting—it has been said that people shouted too much. I can only tell you this: that having regard to the great unconstitutional step taken by the Chairman the meeting was remarkably orderly. If such a meeting had been held in England or America and if the Chairman of that meeting had ventured to treat the audience in that way, the disorder

would have been fifty times more. Well, gentlemen, the next steps was this: Such a proceeding of the Chairman of the Reception Committee was bound to result in some confusion and taking advantage of that confusion, Baikuntha Babu got up—whether he said “I dissolve the meeting” or whether he did not do so,—I certainly did not hear him say, “I dissolve the meeting”—but I ask you to accept that he did utter those words. But the question which I raise before you is this: this attempt at dissolving the meeting was unconstitutional. It is illegal, as I understand the law.—It is not given to any Chairman to suddenly get up and dissolve the meeting because his grievance is—I cannot say his, because he has altered the statement—that Babu Hirendra Nath Datta did not obey his order. Any body who knows the law of public meetings knows this: that if the Chairman finds his orders are flouted and not obeyed, he has got to take the sense of the meeting. First of all he has got to ask the obnoxious man—in this case my friend Babu Hirendra Nath Datta—to withdraw from the meeting. If he refuses to withdraw, it is then for him to take the sense of the meeting and ask their support in ejecting him. But Rai Baikuntha Nath did not take any one of these steps. He suddenly gets up and dissolves the meeting. This is illegal and unconstitutional. There is an idea amongst us that the Chairman is a sort of an overlord. Just consider for a moment—it may please Rai Baikuntha Nath Sen to come to every meeting and at the very outset say: “I dissolve the meeting”—if the Chairman has got such power no meeting can be held. Surely the law cannot be so absurd as that. We find that he was wanting in every consideration either of law or of constitution or of tact or of justice.

This is the second charge that I bring against him. After that what has happened?

He withdrew from the meeting and whether it was on that day or the next day—I forget now—he wrote a letter to the All India Congress Committee referring the matter to them for their decision. That is unconstitutional step No. 3. According to the constitution of the Congress it is not for Rai Baikuntha Nath Sen, not for the Chairman of the Reception Committee but for the Reception Committee itself to make that reference. Was Baikuntha Nath Sen the Reception Committee? These gentlemen, when they are elected Chairmen of some meeting, think that they represent the Committee. Louis XIV of France said: "I am the State" and Rai Baikuntha Nath Sen Bahadur said, "I am the Reception Committee."

Gentlemen, the Reception Committee consisted of two parts—one part consisted of you gentlemen, men, like Mr. Chakravarty and others, a very bad part. But surely there is another part—the honourable part. Did they hold a meeting—this honourable part? Did they hold a meeting at all of the persons who considered themselves to be legitimate members of the Reception Committee? That is not Rai Baikuntha Nath Sen's idea. He goes away—whether to the BENGAL office or anywhere else I do not know. He writes letters to the All-India Congress Committee and lo, behold! we are told ever afterwards that the dispute has been referred to the All-India Congress Committee. Who referred? Rai Baikuntha Nath Sen. Did he call a meeting for the object of referring the matter? He did not do that. Why not? "I am the state—I am the Reception Committee!" These gentlemen think that they are overlords—they want a kind of feudal system introduced into the politics of India. This should be weeded out—the new voice of Democracy in India demands it. We will not for ever be tied to

the apron strings of Autocrats. We refuse to follow any voice which is not the voice of the whole country. We refuse to give heed to any opinion which is not the opinion of the country. Let there be hundred Baikuntha Nath Sens or a thousand Surendra Nath Banerjeas. The world is moving towards Democracy. You want Democracy, you want Home Rule, you want Self-government and you have not got the patience to consider the views of the majority. What right have you to arrogate to yourself that position—the country has not given it to you—Democracy condemns it—Justice denounces it. What right have you to arrogate to yourself all the powers of the Reception Committee, to take the Reception Committee into the hollow of your hands as it were, to ask the Secretaries—"You shall not do this or that." If he is exercising that power I think it is for you gentlemen to declare unhesitatingly that no Chairman has got that power and this meeting will not allow any Chairman, however exalted his position may be, to exercise such arbitrary and unreasonable powers. I say the third unconstitutional step taken by Rai Baikuntha Nath was to refer this question on his own initiative without calling a meeting of the Reception Committee to the All-India Congress Committee.

Now gentlemen, just consider the difficulty of that situation. I do not know how we can extricate ourselves from that. The whole country is under the impression that the dispute has been referred to the All-India Congress Committee. Supposing the All-India Congress Committee does its duty, as I think it will do, and holds that there has been no valid reference to them—supposing the All-India Congress Committee changes the venue of the Congress and transfers it to some other place—what will be done then? That is the position to which the arbitrary and unconsti-

tutional act of Rai Baikuntha Nath Sen may lead us.

That is not all. He writes a letter—which I consider no Chairman has the slightest right to write—to the Secretaries telling them that they are to make over all books and records and property to Baikuntha Babu. I know of no rule of constitution or of law by which a Chairman is entitled to say: "I will take possession of all. You call yourselves the Secretaries, but I am the Chairman. You call yourselves Vice-Chairmen—what right have you got? I am the Chairman, I will take possession of the records; I will take possession of everything. Henceforth there is no Reception Committee but Baikuntha Nath Sen."

Now, gentlemen, that is the next unconstitutional step which he has taken. Not only has he done that, but he has taken care to tell every body that in future no more meetings of the Reception Committee are to be held without his permission. This overlord must grant you permission before you hold a meeting, because you have committed the unpardonable crime of electing this man! This "Old Guard," as the *BENGAL* calls him, does not hold a meeting of the Reception Committee but makes this illegal and arbitrary reference to the All-India Congress Committee. Because he, Baikuntha Nath Sen says: "You shall not call a meeting of the Reception Committee without my permission," therefore every member of the Reception Committee must forbear. The Reception Committee must efface itself, because he, Baikuntha Nath is the overlord. But this time this old guard reckoned without his hosts. We have made up our mind. It is our determination—we will unhesitatingly devote ourselves, all our lives whatever may be our worth—to make the voice of Democracy heard. That voice must

be heard. And people who try to throttle that that infant Democracy and choke its voice are not the people, however high in life their position may be, whatever other claims they may have, to lead us in this great battle for freedom and federation. Either they must go or take their stand by the side of this infant Democracy. That is the politics of to-day. "Forty years of political experience" has not given them any right to ignore the voice of the people. There was a time when these politicians were the only people to be considered in Politics, but by the grace of God that time has gone by. The time of Democracy is fast coming. We see before us the vision of that glory. Are we to be led by men who do not understand the spirit of this Democracy, whose only idea is this: "I am so and so! Is my opinion to be rejected? I have led the country for 40 years—is my opinion to be flouted?" These are not the men. We want men who will say: "I have not got any opinion. If I have got any let that opinion be sunk altogether: let the opinion of the country be heard." It is not a question of personality. I am not wanting in respect for any one of these gentlemen. If my father had acted in that way I would have gone against him. Personally speaking I shall be willing to bow down before Babu Baikuntha Nath Sen and take the dust of his feet. But it is not a question of respect or disrespects. It is not the question of a man's daughter's marriage or a man's mother's sradh. It is a question of constitutional right—it is a question—whether the voice of Democracy is to be allowed to be heard or not. I say this is the fourth unconstitutional step that Rai Baikuntha Nath has taken. I need not dilate upon this matter further.

I am asking you to consider the matter dispassionately apart from any question as to whether this gentleman was worthy or not.

He is an estimable person. I have got no grudge against Rai Baikuntha Nath. We say that he is guilty of grave unconstitutional steps. The answer is that he is old, he has paid Rs. 1,000 to the Congress every year, he is an honest, estimable gentleman—a man of position at Berhampore. But these are not the considerations. The consideration is : having regard to his conduct, do you think he is worthy to fill the position of the Chairman of the Reception Committee ? We have a different platform now. We consider the question only from the point of view of his fitness. A man who has deliberately taken all these unconstitutional steps from beginning to end and still persists in doing so,—is such a man worthy of the position with which we have entrusted him ? Just consider another fact. We have called this meeting,

we gave him notice. If he was a real patriot having nothing but the good of the country at heart, why did he not attend the meeting ? He could have come and said : "I have done this from the best of motives. I will stand by you when the cause of the Country is at stake. If I have done something wrong, put me right."—Gentlemen, what are persons, what are men, what are individuals when the cause of the country is concerned ?—Has he done that ? His attitude is one of contempt. I therefore submit for your consideration that such a man is not worthy of this position and we should declare that he has already vacated that seat and if not that he be removed from that seat and that we should proceed to elect another gentleman who will command our respect, who will be far worthier than he.



The National Ideal

By Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das.

Whatever the Anglo-Indians may say, I believe, I am speaking the truth when I say that there is hardly an educated man in the country who is not to-day thinking of Self-Government. And I say further, that every educated man in this country has a right to think of Self-Government. If you consider the history of the public events for the last five years, you cannot but come to the conclusion that the time has come when the educated community of this country taking such assistance from their uneducated brethren as they can, must think clearly and rationally as to what form of Self Government they might expect and they can insist upon.

His Majesty's Message of Hope.

I begin with the King Emperor's Message of Hope which His Majesty personally delivered to this country before he left the shores of India and his voice still rings in our ears. We did not know then what that

message was but this we knew that the great question which had been agitating the mind of our countrymen for many years had also left some impression on the minds of our rulers. After that many proposals have been put forward for the introduction of some kind of Home Rule or Self-Government in this country.

Mr. Montagu's Statement

But it was only the other day, on the 20th of August, that the statement of the Secretary of State was published. I do not know, gentlemen, whether you have read that message clearly and carefully. You will find in that statement an indication that the Message of Hope which was delivered by His Majesty personally is about to be fulfilled. You will remember that the Secretary of State says in that statement that some kind of responsible government is to be granted to this country. I will not deal with that in detail.

The following speech was delivered by Mr. Das at a meeting held at Dacca on the 11th October, 1917.

The Viceroy's Speech

But I cannot help repeating one thing before you, *viz.*, that precisely the same message, the same indication is to be found in the speech of His Excellency the Viceroy which was delivered in early September. There, His Excellency clearly lays down that there are three ways in which the work of Self-Government in this country must be commenced. The first method is the institution of Local Self-Government. Now, when any question of local self-government is discussed, we are apt to ignore its importance—it does not catch our imagination; we do not attach that interest to it which the question deserves. And whatever the kind of self government you succeed in obtaining—and I am sure we will obtain some substantial measure of self-government—be sure that our national work for the next 20 years to come will be in the field of local self-government more than in any other. The second road, His Excellency said, must be the filling up of the public offices in this country with more Indians and the third road was by the introduction of some kind of responsible Legislative Councils—and to allay our suspicions—I must confess, we are somewhat suspicious at times—His Excellency said clearly that all this work is to be carried on simultaneously. So, gentlemen, according to His Excellency, you will not be relegated merely to Local Self-

Government for many years to come but along with the development of local self-government, you may expect, according to the message of His Excellency, a Legislative Council which is at once representative and responsible.

"Responsibility" In Politics.

Do not forget, gentlemen, that the word, "responsibility" has got a technical meaning in politics. It does not imply merely moral responsibility. It means that the Government must be responsible to the people of the country, to the electors, i.e. the Legislative Councils will be elected by the people of the country—whatever the extent of the franchise may be, that is a matter of detail which has got to be discussed and no doubt considered carefully. But whatever be the electorate, it is that electorate which will elect members of the Legislative Councils and the Executive Councils will be either elected or taken from the Legislative Councils and the Executive Councils will be responsible not to any outside authority but to the Legislative Councils from which they will be taken and thus ultimately to the people. These are the indications that I find in the statement of the Secretary of State as also in the message of the Viceroy.

Self-Government from many View-points.

I say therefore, that the people of this country has got the right now, to expect some kind of responsible self

government in this country and the time has come when we must shake off our apathy and devote our entire energies to the consideration of the question as to the precise form of self-government that we want in this country. The question is a very difficult one and has got to be discussed from a great many points of view. We have got to consider it from the point of view of our nationality. I mean provincial nationality. We have got to consider this question with a wider outlook. We cannot forget that we live and have been living for many years in the midst of an empire. We cannot forget that the different provinces in India are gradually coming closer to one another and a new nationality which comprises not only the different provinces but the whole of India is growing up in our midst and we cannot forget that our interests, even our selfish interests, our hopes, our ambitions are indissolubly connected with the interest of the empire. These are all the considerations before us. When we sit down to frame a scheme, we cannot lose sight of any one of these points.

Provincial Autonomy.

If you consider what is the kind of self-government which is exactly necessary for us, what is the first point which suggests itself to you? I will tell you what suggests itself to me. The first thing is provincial autonomy. I desire to explain that expression

clearly as far as I understand it, because that expression has been used by many Government officials and by great thinkers in Europe. But I desire you to approach this question not at all from the European point of view, but from our own national standpoint. What is the exact meaning of provincial autonomy? I say that the meaning of that expression is that people who have for hundreds and hundreds of years been living in Bengal, have come under the sway of a particular culture, have been animated by a particular genius and the provincial government which will be established in Bengal must give the fullest expression to that ideal. I mean that the Hindus have, for several centuries been living in Bengal and amongst them there have grown up a very great culture which has made itself felt in the domain of science, philosophy, religion, literature and art. It has got a cast of its own; it has got a spirit of its own; it has got a distinct individuality.

When I am speaking of the Hindus of Bengal; I am at once reminded of the Mahomedans of Bengal. They have also lived in Bengal; they have lived with us by our side and have been surrounded by the same environments and whatever our religious difference may be, there can hardly be any question that their interests and our interests, in point of education, in point of culture, and in

point of nationality are the same. When I am speaking of provincial autonomy, I am not forgetting any community or the members of any particular religion. I want to include all of them and I say, taking the whole of them, there is a distinct individuality of Bengal. It is on that individual nature that we must take our stand.

Now, provincial government must be so formed that it will not lose the particular interest which that individuality requires. The people of Bengal must realise that the whole of their political enfranchisement must be based upon their ancient ideals and traditions, enlarged no doubt, developed no doubt, modernised no doubt, but still based on those ancient ideals.

Borrowing Ideals From Europe.

I am not one of those who will borrow all our ideals from Europe. All my life, I have protested against it, I protest against it again and I shall protest against it so long as I live. I am not unmindful of the great culture of Europe. I am not slow in recognising my indebtedness to it but I cannot forget my own individuality. I cannot forget the spirit of Bengal which pervades every thought that I entertain, every hope that I cherish, every fear that I have, and so long as I live, I promise before you today that I will devote my life to work out

the realization of the ideal of Bengal. The soul of Bengal had been sleeping for years but directly Self-Government is given to us, that soul, while living in an atmosphere of freedom, will make it enormous claim to give the fullest expression to its ideal. I feel sure that the Government cannot but grant us that opportunity—as I hope, the Government will. I believe that Bengal has a message to give, I feel sure that the day is not distant when the message of Bengal will be delivered and the world will listen.

The Ideal to be Worked out.

Now, this is the ideal of provincial autonomy and how has this ideal to be worked out in practice. We must not rest content with expressing our ideal. We must at once sit down to work to execute that ideal. How do you propose to do it? Different schemes have been put forward. There is the scheme of the 19 members, there is the scheme of the Congress and the Moslem League, there is the scheme of the late Mr. Gokhale. I do not desire to criticise those schemes because it is the universal desire of all our leaders that every district ought to form its own committee to frame its scheme and there should be a conference in Calcutta, where the representatives from all these districts will meet to discuss and deliberate on those schemes, and finally the scheme which

is to be presented to the Secretary of State, should be adopted.

Parochial Politics.

I do not propose to discuss that in detail at all, but I desire to impress upon you that whatever the scheme, you may be pleased to frame, you must not lose sight of what is called parochial politics. From time immemorial the village has been the unit of our national life. You must consider the reconstruction of our village life, you must consider the education of our villagers. You must consider the question as to how they may be represented in the district association, which will be formed with representatives sent by them and you must so frame your scheme—I am merely telling you as to what my individual opinion is you must so frame it that the interest of what is called parochial government may not in any way suffer from what may be called the interest of the provincial government. Let the village be so connected with the province that it may not be felt as an obstruction but as a real and integral part of the province. Then in considering the representation to the Legislative Council, you will try to so frame your scheme that the interest of the poorest villager as well as that of the richest Zemindar may be equally represented; and the interest of the minority may not be neglected.

The Charge of Illiteracy.

It has been said, and often said by Anglo-Indians that the greater majority of our people are so ignorant, are so illiterate that they cannot be trusted with votes. I do not know, what conclusion you will arrive at, but so far as my own view is concerned, I do not at all agree with that. I do not think that illiteracy and want of education are exactly the same thing. As I know villagers, I know this that they may be trusted, with the duty of electing persons to represent them in the Legislative Councils. You are more in touch with the villagers than I am—I have seen some of it, but I feel sure that you have got a far more intimate knowledge. I ask you to say whether this is correct that our villager is so ignorant though he may not be able to read or write, that he does not know between a bad man and a good man, between a man who will be able to represent his interests properly and a man who will not. I do not think so. And in any scheme which you may draw up, you must make that perfectly clear. I am speaking of this because there is a danger. I do not desire that the mistakes of English history should be repeated in this country. There is no necessity for starting with a very limited franchise and then extending it or having to extend it by civil war afterwards. The history of the Reform Bill in England ought not to be repeated

in this country. So, your scheme should be so framed that it must carry within itself the possibility of improvement.

A Central Government.

That is, roughly speaking, my idea of the provincial government. I said that the first thing which should strike us is provincial autonomy. But do not forget that there is a wider interest to consider. These provincial governments must be bound together by a Central Government. I believe it was John Bright who said that the future of India was the United States of India. So far as that ideal is concerned, it is a grand idea and the idea of provincial autonomy to which I have referred is part of that ideal. But John Bright went further; he said that the several provincial governments should be connected with the British Parliament. To that view I do not assent because the result of that would be that the wider interest of Indian nationality would be overlooked. So we want a central government. What the character of that government is to be, must also be considered. It must be made fully representative of all the Provincial Governments and of the Great Indian Nationality.

An Imperial Federated Government.

The third need which you must not forget is the need of another Imperial Federated Government to which all the governments of the empire should belong—a Govern-

ment to which the English Government should belong as one unit, the Indian Government should belong as another, the Governments of Africa, Australia and Canada should belong as other units—it will be a sort of federated Parliament. I ask you to consider the grand ideal which is contained in that proposal. I do think, in the history of the world there never was another instance of an empire so vast, of an empire in which so many different races and nationalities and creeds were represented. When you consider all this, you will find what a grand opportunity there is within the British Empire of fulfilling that still grander ideal of the federation of the human race. If the federation of the human race is not always to remain the poet's dream, if it is ever to be fulfilled, I feel sure that fulfilment will come through the federation of this vast empire, to which we have the honour to belong.

A Word Of Advice.

Well, gentlemen, that is the ideal I put before you and I ask you to consider all this in the scheme, which you will frame. But there is one thing to which I desire to draw your attention and it is this: that in framing this scheme you must not be swayed by a feeling that the Government will not grant this—the government will not grant that. What the Government will grant and what the Government will not grant, that is the

business of the Government ; we have got only to consider what is necessary for our national well-being. We have no doubt got to consider what is necessary for our national well-being and if you find that certain steps are absolutely necessary for our national development, do not fail, to put that down in your scheme out of timidity. I ask you not to be foolhardy, but there is no necessity of being afraid of putting forward the whole of your scheme before the Government. People who are afraid to ask do not deserve. Why should we be afraid to tell the Government that a certain scheme of self-government is necessary for our well-being. The Government invites your opinion. The British Government has declared its policy ; the Viceroy has asked you to consider the scheme and do not, for God's sake, spoil that by timidity. Say, there are five items, all of which we want ; but let us not ask 2 or 3 of these because the Government will not grant all. I say it is no business of ours and I do not think that at the present moment when the Government is full of that truly imperial idea, when the King's Ministers have declared the policy of the Government to grant to this country some kind of responsible government. I do not think any scheme which is reasonable, any scheme which is necessary will be refused.

What, if it is refused ? Have we

not to carry on this fight from year to year, supposing the whole of it is not granted to-day. Have we not to place that scheme before the public—have we not to fight for it, giving the whole of our attention, devoting the whole of our energy to that, and go on fighting till victory is ours ? I have seen a great many schemes fail because of our timidity. I ask you to be on your guard because the present is the most opportune moment, because the Government has invited your opinion and in giving your opinion do not think that we ought not to put this or that down because the Government will not accept this.

For the whole of the Ideal

Let us fight for the whole of our ideal. Let us start with this that every cultivator here in this country has got the capacity to judge as to who his representative is going to be. Let us start with this that we can, if we only try, if we only shake off our apathy ; do the work of local self-government without the intervention of Government officials. Let us think of this that we are in a position to so form our Legislative Councils, by sending proper representatives there, that they will carry out our mandate, that they will carry out our ideal and they would elect such an executive that they will do the work which the country requires. Indicate in your scheme how the Provincial Governments will have to be connected with

the Central Government. But so far as provincial autonomy is concerned, so far as the different departments of the Executive Government in Bengal are concerned, I should not hesitate to ask for the whole of those powers being transferred to the people of Bengal. Naturally, the Indian Government will retain some powers and I admit it is right that they should retain some powers now at this stage, for working out the unity of the different provinces in imperial matters ; for the purpose of directing the foreign policy and military affairs of the country. But I insist upon you, I implore you, that whatever scheme you may frame, you will not lose sight of the idea that we are capable of governing Bengal, we are capable of carrying on the work which the Executive Council in Bengal does.

The System to Blame.

Our requirements will not be met by the introduction of a few more of our countrymen into the Civil Service. My quarrel, as I said elsewhere, is not with individuals. There are Civil Servants who are honourable men, good men, true men ; there may be again those who are not so good—but that must be so in every community. My quarrel is not with the individual at all. My quarrel is with the system. It is the system which is responsible for the bad government of this country. Why is the system bad ? It is for this—that there

is no responsibility. An English friend of mine has pointed out that. What are the Civil Servants to do ? They are not responsible to the people. They have to take their orders from the Executive Council of Bengal. To whom are the members of the Executive Council responsible ? Not to the people. They have got to take their orders from the Government of India. To whom is the Government of India responsible ? Not to the people. They have got to take their orders from the British Parliament. Has the British Parliament got any time to devote to India ? Or to make that responsibility real ? No. My English friend says : they have not. They have neglected India not out of apathy but because their own interest required it—they have to discuss so many questions which are of far greater importance to England than the question of India. So you get a state of things in this country, where the Civil Service, the Executive Council, the Government of Bengal and the Government of India are not responsible to anybody. And under such circumstances good government is impossible. That is why the Bureaucracy has failed and that is why that Bureaucracy has got to be removed by the introduction of some sort of responsible government—that is why the British Cabinet has suggested the introduction of responsible government. There is no further any question of the failure of the Bureau-

cracy—that is accepted as a fact, accepted as a fact by people who have the right to know, by people—not ourselves—but people who have the capacity to judge, by people who have political insight and wisdom to come to a correct conclusion. We ought not to waste our energy any more in the discussion of the question whether this Bureaucracy has succeeded or whether it has failed. It is an accepted fact that it has failed.

The question now is what is the Government that we ought to have. What is the exact character of the representation which we ought to

obtain and, I also ask you to consider another thing carefully. In framing the scheme, do not be carried away by mere clamour. It does not matter at all whether your Legislative Council consists of 100 members or whether it consists of 300 members. It does not matter at all whether the Executive Council will contain two more Indians. What is necessary to consider is how to make the Legislative Council responsible to the people, how to make the Executive Council responsible to the Legislative Council and how to make this responsible government express the true ideal of the people of Bengal.



India Moving Towards Unity

By Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I thank you very much for the kind words that have been said of me this afternoon. I wish I could say that I fully deserve all the kind things which have been said about me by your worthy Chairman. But I will not waste your time by expressing my modesty. I accept this welcome in all humility. I feel in a way to-night which I never felt before.

The Memory of Barisal Conference Recalled.

When I stand here before you, I feel I am standing on sacred soil. To every Nationalist of Bengal Barisal is a place of pilgrimage. Here it was that our friend and guru Babu Aswini Kumar Dutt passed the best years of his life in the service of the people of this country and in awakening within them the spirit of nationality in the true light of spirituality. Here it was, gentlemen, that we met at one of the most memorable conferences that took place in Bengal. I mean the Provincial Conference in which we came into conflict with the Executive. I cannot efface from my mind the memory of that meeting. The song of *Bande Mataram* had been sung before in Bengal but never in that significant way as it was done on that memorable occasion. I remember the conference vividly, the march from this very place to the hall of the Conference, the illegal orders that were

passed, the illegal arrests that were made, and the voice of the people triumphing over all those illegal attempts on the part of the Executive. Gentlemen, that surely is a landmark in the history of Nationalism and if I have come before you to-night to speak of the most momentous question which is agitating the whole country, it is only meet that you should remember the struggles, the glorious fight the unselfish work and activities of our leaders which have brought us to this state.

Self-Government and Home Rule Mean The Same Thing.

Now, gentlemen, the question of all questions, which we desire to discuss and consider, is the question of Self-Government or Home Rule or Swaraj. Both these are mere names. Bombay may call it Swaraj; Madras may call it Home Rule and again Bengal may call it Self-Government—but all these expressions mean the same thing, the same ideal. Once we understand the ideal clearly there will be no further differences as to what it means and what it implies.

History of the Growth of National Consciousness in Bengal.

But before we try to understand the ideal of Self-Government it is as well to take a bird's eye view of the modern history

The above speech was delivered by Mr. Das at a meeting held on the 14th October, 1917.

of Bengal which bears upon that momentous question. I shall not weary you by a detailed analysis of that history. But, I shall place before you as briefly as I can the landmarks, as it were, of that history within, which Nationalism was in the making, within which our self-consciousness was growing and which has led us to the present day when the whole country is demanding in one voice, as it were, the establishment of some sort of responsible government. If you do not understand the trend of events and incidents which have led up to this consciousness of nationality, I am afraid you will miss much that is important to know. Gentlemen, when we talk of the modern history of Bengal, we have to begin with Rajah Ram Mohan Roy. He was from that point of view, the founder of modern Bengal although I admit that the life work of this great man has got to be re-estimated, revalued, re-understood, re-interpreted. There is no doubt that he was the first who held before us the ideal of freedom. He was the first to sound the note of freedom in politics as well as in other spheres of life. After the death of Rajah Ram Mohan Roy, the work of reform was naturally taken up by the Brahmo Samaj and although a section of our educated people followed the movement, it was principally led by the Brahmo Samaj. That movement was nothing but sounding the same note of freedom, though the ideal of freedom and culture was borrowed from European culture and civilization. With Ram Mohan Roy it was the extension and the Europeanisation of our cultural systems. The same ideal was applied by the Brahmo Samaj to different parts, to different provinces of our society.

Bankim Discovers the Soul of Bengal.

Side by side and almost in parallel lines with that, was another activity which is to be found in the literature of Bengal and principally I refer to the writings of Bankim. You will find that whereas our activity in the domain of reforms followed the European ideals and was a great deal more and more European in its tendencies, the writings of Bankim Chandra Chatterji shows a different tendency altogether: and as I am reminded, also in the writings of Bhudev—in their writings an attempt was made, though it was not perfect by any means, still an attempt, an honest and sincere attempt was made to discover the soul of Bengal. In that period of our literary history you will find the glorification of Bengal. Bengal was held up as mother and with Bankim, Durga was nothing but the personification, as it were, of Bengal; and in other writings of his you will find an attempt is made to depict, though in a somewhat superficial way, our national life, to dive deep into the history of our people, into the instincts and culture of our people and find out that which is truly Bengalee and not that which is imported from Europe. All this was brewing as it were, and growing in the literature of Bengal but the activities, political and social, were of a different character. I do not know whether it is the result of that literature but gradually it gave rise to an agitation which it is difficult to describe—I mean the reactionary agitation of Sashadhar and his friends. That was a blind movement, an irrational movement it may be, but nonetheless it was a landmark in the history of the progress of Nationalism. There also

you will find the nation began to turn on itself, the nation began to criticise the wealth of culture which was brought from Europe,—look at it carefully, keenly and try to judge its real value to the people of this country. It was not a rational movement—it started with a hatred of things European, irrational hatred of everything European—but nonetheless it was a genuine and sincere movement. I desire to be very brief because I am afraid tiring I am trying you out.

The Message of the Great Swami.

That movement again, in its turn, gave rise to the movement of the late Swami Vivekananda. All that was narrow in the movement of Sasadhar was widened, a more liberal note was sounded. The national spirit of which the first note was heard in the movement of Sasadhar, was developed by Swami Vivekananda and in his hands it became a trumpet. I am not saying that the message of the Swami was the final word in our nationalism. It was somewhat abstract in so far as it was more Indian than Bengalee. But it was tremendous—something with an undying glory all its own. If you read his books, if you read his lectures, you are struck at once with his love of humanity, his patriotism, not that abstract patriotism which came to us from Europe but of a different nature altogether—a more living thing, something which we feel within ourselves when we read his writings.

The Swadeshi movement.

I now pass on to another phase of this national history—that is the great Swadeshi movement. It really began in 1902. It was intensified in 1905—it went on and I believe, it is still going on. That movement was inaugurated by the same spirit of nationalism

made broader, perhaps a little selfish—all national claims begin in national selfishness but made more real. Bengal, for the first time, in those days, realised the great soul which lives within her. At that time we became fully conscious of the futility of European culture so far as Bengal is concerned. We turned to the country, the whole of Bengal became to us the symbol of the soul of Bengal. Many of you, gentlemen must have lived through that period, must have taken part in the many activities of that period and I ask you to say if you ever felt the pulse of the people of Bengal beat so clearly as you did in those days I say, before that movement all other movements were more or less borrowed because before that the soul of Bengal was hidden from us. For the first time in the history of our national life that soul began to reveal itself and we were struck with the glory and majesty of it. This period of our national life is remarkable for the writings of Rabindra Nath Tagore and of Bipin Chandra Pal and of D. L. Roy and many others. But at that time our idea of nationalism was centred in Bengal. We never looked beyond Bengal, we were looking at Bengal, we were drinking of Bengal, as it were; and of course, we were enraptured, as all lovers are.

Now, gentlemen, the nationalism of to-day is wider than that. We have lived to grow and we discover that although the soul of Bengal must direct all our activities, that although the soul of Bengal must find its fullest expression in every work in which we engage yet there is a wider outlook which cannot be neglected.

The Awakening of the Consciousness of Mahomedans.

Before I come to deal with that I should draw your attention to another significant fact

and that is the gradual awakening of the consciousness of the Mahomedan community of Bengal. At the time of the Swadeshi agitation we were held apart. The self-consciousness which grew within us—the soul of Bengal which revealed herself to us, did not reveal herself to the Mahomedans and we found that they were banded together against this national activity ; but, gentlemen, do not be disappointed. You have to view the awakening of the political consciousness of the Mahomedans in Bengal in its true historical perspective, otherwise you will lose sight of much that is important. If you will allow me, I will tell you very briefly something about that history. The literature which would show the wonderful activities of the Mahomedans of Bengal has not yet been unearthed but I have not the least doubt that one day you will find that literature in which both Hindus and Mahomedans joined—Hindus writing in Urdu and Bengalee Mahomedans writing in Sanskrit—I have seen one or two such manuscripts and I am sure there are many such—and when all that literature is unearthed you will find a wonderful history of Bengalee civilization. In the days of Rammohan Roy when English education was introduced in this country, the Mahomedans did not accept it.—I am not sorry for that. The Mahomedans did not accept it and they were waiting for a ruder shock—they had forgotten what their forefathers had done in the way of national development. They did not accept English education and at the same time they were divorced from the culture which their fathers had advanced. The result was that whereas the Hindus got on in life, got into government employment, got many things which people value in life, the Mahomedans were left without it and gradually there came to be a sort of estrangement between the two nationalities at the time of the Swadeshi movement. They kept away from that move-

ment and even fought with their might and main against it. Now, gentlemen, I am not sorry for that. I do not remember how I felt it then but now I see that the very attitude which the Mahomedans had taken, that very opposition was the result of their national awakening. We used to deprecate the work of the late Nawab Salimulla in those days because he had organised the Mahomedan opposition to the Swadeshi movement in Bengal. I do not do that now because whatever the form of that activity might have been, Nawab Salimulla succeeded in organising the Mahomedans. The spirit of nationality spoke amongst the Mahomedans at that time. Once the nation is roused I do not care how it is roused. Let it be roused once and then all its narrowness will pass away. All that is true forms part of the national consciousness. What is the result to-day ? I went to Dacca and the Mahomedans invited me to an informal conference. When I went there what did I find ? Not that estrangement but an intense anxiety on their part to side with the Hindus, to combine with the Hindus to fight shoulder to shoulder with the Hindus for working out the real salvation of Bengal. If the Swadeshi Movement was the first step in our national self-consciousness so far as Hindus are concerned, I say it was equally the first step of Mahomedan self-consciousness. Its appearance was against the nation, but its reality was in our favour.

The Message of Nationality.

Gentlemen, the message of nationality, as I said before, has a wider outlook to-day. We cannot forget that we are living within an empire, perhaps the vastest, the largest and the most glorious empire in the history of mankind. We cannot forget that however truly national we may be—and we ought to be

national—under no circumstances should we be divested of our own individuality. I say the Hindus and Mahomedans of Bengal, living together, side by side for so many generations, imbibing each other's culture, surrounded by the same atmosphere, the same climate, influenced by the same culture the two together form the real Bengalee nation. Although we should not lose our own individuality, the spirit of isolation is not the best thing in national life and philosophy.

We must Reach out to the World.

We ought to stand on our own individuality in all the glory which that individuality implies but at the same time we must emerge from that and with the fullest consciousness of ourselves we should reach out to the world. That is the true philosophy of our nationality and if we are living in an empire to-day, we ought to see that we do not live self-centred, in the splendid isolation of our own individuality. We ought to give the fullest expression to our individuality but we ought to do something more than that—we ought to reach out to the world and how do we reach out to the world?—It is by taking our legitimate place in the empire. We should hold fast to this that our individuality should be kept absolutely distinct—I should not give that up for the whole world for, if we give that up, we cease to be ourselves. But stand on that as we must, we must stretch out our hands across to the world. That we can only do by taking our legitimate part in the activities of this great empire.

Provincial Autonomy the First Step.

Gentlemen, the first step in the region of ideal is perfect provincial autonomy. Let us take Bengal. Any form of self-government that we can demand from this point of view must be a government which will secure the

autonomy of the Bengalee nation. Then you must not forget that apart from the individuality of Bengal, India as a whole has got a special individuality of its own.

Indian Nationality The Second Step.

We cannot forget that the different nationalities of India, although they differ from each other in many respects, yet spiritually and historically they are bound up as so many links in the chain of one living national individuality. We ought not to forget that Bengal, Madras, Bombay and the Punjab are all dominated by one great central culture. The epics of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata are epics of not only the Punjab, of Bombay, of Madras but also of Bengal and the rest of India. The great religious institutions are common—I am speaking of the Hindus only—to all the provinces. Each province has got a speciality of its own, I admit, but over and above that, all these different provinces are bound together in one common culture. If we are to hold fast to our provincial individuality, we must also see that the great individuality of India is not lost. At one time the idea was to develop the different provinces, making the provinces autonomous and to connect these different autonomous provinces with the British Parliament. That will not work out our ideal—that ideal will not allow the great Indian nationality to develop and much as I love Bengal and much as I love my own individuality, my own provincial individuality, I should be sorry indeed if any kind of Self-Government is sought to be introduced into this country which will greatly injure that great ideal of Indian Nationality. If the whole of the Hindu races are bound up in that way you must also realise that the whole of the Mahomedan races all over India are also similarly bound up together and you must not forget that the two great cultures

must meet together, and the result will be a great culture which is not purely Hindu, not purely Mahomedan but something which is made up of the contact of these two great races. And that is the ideal of Indian Nationality which must be preserved and developed to the fullest extent. Do you ask me, if I get Provincial Self-Government in Bengal, why should I trouble myself about this Indian Nationality.

India Moving Towards Unity.

In answer I say, if I have understood the lesson of Indian history correctly, I consider that from ages past there was a movement of unifying the whole of India and I think through the many vicissitudes of Indian history, in the time of the Hindus, in the time of Mahomedan rule and now under English rule, throughout the many vicissitudes that one idea stands out prominently *viz* with each success, with every failure, India was growing more and more and becoming herself. I do not believe that in the old times, in the ancient history of our country, there ever was one united India—India was never one whole under the Hindus at any time. I hold in great reverence and veneration all the activities of ancient India. India was great, but the great Indian nationality was in the making. We have profited by what was done in the ancient days, we have inherited all their culture but it is for us to widen that culture for the evolution of the great Indian nation. That day, gentlemen, is fast approaching, I ask you to consider critically the history of India.

Was India Ever One Whole ?

Can you point your finger to any period of Indian history in which there was a united India ? I have failed to discover it. Take the Magadh Empire—that great empire which was built up and which perished in course of

time. That empire did not bring out Indian unity to the fullest extent. Take the Mahomedan Empire—it did not it strove for that and I fully appreciate that, that is the tendency of the Indian history from the earliest time to the present day. Even in the time of Asoke there was not one whole united India, it was the domination of one part over the rest of India. The great Indian nationality of which I am speaking was not born then. I am not for belittling the glory of the culture of India under those empires—I have the deepest veneration for them and I say the purpose of Indian history is that throughout the ages, through every success, through every failure, through every battle which was won, through every battle which was lost,—the history of India was working out her destiny and turning out the great Indian nation. To day we see the vision of that glory. That which could not come to pass under the Hindu kings, that which was not brought about under the Mahomedans, gentlemen, it is for us to consider now whether we who represent modern India, whether it will be our glorious task to accomplish that. If we fail—what of that ? Others will come after us who will achieve this. But achieved it must be. The message of India must be given to the world.

The history of India is working out—is bringing out gradually the soul of India and the time will come—we may not live then—our children may not live then—but I say the day will come when India will stand before the whole world in all her glory of spirituality—the unity of the Hindus and the Mahomedans and of all sects and creeds will be bound together in one great cultural ideal and will influence the civilization of the world. Well, gentlemen, as I am dealing with Self-government, the point of

practical importance which arises is this ; that in a scheme of self-government not only should there be perfectly autonomous provincial governments but along with that such a scheme should be made that all these provincial governments may be united in one central Indian Government because in this our desire for provincial autonomy, we are apt to forget the spirit of the history of India. That is the spirit of nationalism to-day.

Federal Government of the Empire— the third Step.

But what of the nationalism of to-morrow ? —You have to think of the whole human race, and gradually, some sort of a federal government must be established—It may not be in a few years—It may be a long time yet but some sort of Government must be established which may be called the Federal government of the whole empire, a government to which the British Parliament will send their representatives, a government to which the Indian Government, after it is federated and after it is nationalised and after it is made responsible, will also send her representatives,—a government to which Australia will send her representatives—a government to which Africa will also send her representatives.

Federation of all Nations—the Goal.

That is the future federal government of the British Empire and I say that as an ideal, we should cling to that and cling to that because we must not forget that the ultimate goal of human activity in every country is what the poet has described, a Parliament of nations, the federation of the world. That is an ideal which has got to be worked out. The time is coming when a definite scheme should be framed to work out as far as possible this great ideal.

The Declaration of the Secretary of State.

Gentlemen, many of you may have read the Declaration of Policy issued by the Secretary of State the other day and may also have read the speech of His Excellency the Viceroy made with reference to that. Reading these two statements together, it is clear that the time has come when every educated man in this country should set about earnestly to frame a scheme for the introduction of self-government keeping in mind the ideal which we have before us and keeping in mind also the standard of practical politics. Now, gentlemen, if you have to frame a scheme like that, you will of course take into consideration the first point, *viz.*, of provincial autonomy, i.e., of each province. Let us think of Bengal at the present moment. Bengal must have a government which is representative, that is to say, the people of Bengal will be the electors and they will elect their representatives to this Government and the Legislative Council is to regulate and control the Executive. The Government officials, that there are at the present moment, will be under the control of the Executive Department, or in other words, every officer and the government itself will be responsible to the people of this country. That is the first point you will have to consider—you will have to consider how you can bring about these things, the particular method according to which this must be worked out. Now, gentlemen, the second thing that you have to consider is how to federate these different provinces and connect them with the Central Government. These are the two important points which you have got to think about at the present moment and I invite your attention to a scheme which you must formulate amongst yourselves. I have given you what my views are but you are not bound by these ; you must form a committee of competent men to frame

such a scheme and I think all the representatives of the districts should meet in Calcutta sometime in November to discuss the scheme of self-government. We shall then adopt one scheme for Bengal in which the interests of the Hindus and the interests of the Mahomedans will all be considered and we, the Hindus and Mahomedans of Bengal will present this scheme to the Secretary of State when he arrives here in November or in December.

Difficulties Ahead.

Gentlemen, I have told you what the ideal is according to my view, and I ask you to set about working it out. But you must not be negligent of the difficulties that lie in your way. And the first and foremost of these difficulties is the agitation of the Anglo-Indians who have formed themselves into the European Association for the purpose of trying their best to defeat the noble object of the Government of India. Gentlemen, so far as the Government is concerned, it has declared its policy openly and clearly and if the European Association sets itself against this noble desire of the Government of this country it would be our clear duty to stand against the mischievous activity of this Association. Gentlemen, I have dealt with their speeches and the absurdly exaggerated claims which they have made, at other places. I do not desire to repeat them again but you will find that these speeches are all couched in violent language and sobriety and judgment is conspicuous by its absence in almost all the utterances made at that meeting in Calcutta.

Racial Rancour.

They have started this agitation by vilifying our leaders and attacking both the ideal and the method of the Home Rule movement of this country and I charge that the result of that is racial rancour, which I say, is ought

to be the endeavour of every honest citizen, be he Indian or be he European, or be he Anglo-Indian to avoid. Gentlemen, I desire to give you just one or two specimens of that. This is how Sir Archy Birkmyre speaks of the activities of the people, I quote from his speech :—

We should have been content to treat this agitation (i.e., our agitation) with the contempt it deserves, but we are confronted with the alarming fact that the Government is hauling down its colours before these lawless agitators." Gentlemen, this statement professes contempt not only for the activities of the people, the unselfish and honest activities of the leaders of the people of this country but it also professes contempt for their own Government, as it refers to the action of the Government, the noble action of the Government in this words :

"But we are confronted with the alarming fact that the Government is hauling down its colours before these lawless agitators."

Are We Lawless Agitators ?

Gentlemen, our agitation is described as the agitation of lawless people. I read through these speeches very carefully and I challenge any one of the speakers to find out a single utterance in Mrs. Besant's speeches on the question of Home Rule, in her many pamphlets on this subject which may be characterised as violent. I challenge them to find out a single sentiment in any one of these utterance of Mrs. Besant which stands for lawlessness. I have read them carefully—these Anglo-Indian agitators have not. I have read them carefully and I say that Mrs. Besant has laid down clearly and emphatically that the agitation for Home Rule must be carried on lawfully and by the use of argument not by the use of methods which are against law. She has laid that

down so often in her speeches that anybody who refers to that agitation as lawless has no excuse for such ignorance.

Who Are Violent—We or You ?

I will now give you another bit from the same speaker :—

"Most of you are aware of the quality of the language used by the Indian agitator when he wishes to libel British rule."

The quality of language used by the Indian agitator indeed ! Well, gentlemen, you have read the speeches of these Anglo-Indian agitators and you have read the speeches of Indians who have addressed the country from time to time on the question of Home Rule. I ask you to compare the tone of these speeches and I ask you to say who are violent—they or we ? I will give you one choice bit from Mr. Wiggett.

He says :—

"Can any one here say that in releasing Mrs. Besant the Government of India has exercised that power in a manner that we have a right to expect. . . . It is a direct invitation to further noisy and blatant upheavals of violent passion."

Well that is the language of moderation. I shall pass that by without a comment.

"Splenetic Bitterness of a Political Sect".

I will give you another from this gentleman's speech. Referring to the writings of Indians on the question of Home Rule and in support of one claim for Home Rule, this gentleman says :—

"Such writings do not represent the feelings of the people of Calcutta, or anything indeed but the splenetic bitterness of a political sect."

That is very choice language, gentlemen, "splenetic bitterness of a political sect." That is very moderate language indeed. I shall pass by this also without any comment. I come now to Mr. F. W. Carter.

Our ' Unscrupulous' Methods.

Referring to our activity, he says :—

"Unscrupulous methods and audacious claims of a few noisy agitators."

Mark the words—"unscrupulous methods and audacious claims." Our claims are audacious because we want to govern ourselves because we say that for the last 150 years there has been a bureaucratic form of government—that bureaucracy has been tried and found wanting,—this is an admitted fact now, admitted by politicians in England and by politicians in India—admitted by implication in the Statement of the Secretary of State and speech of His Excellency the Viceroy,—that the Bureaucracy will no longer do—and because we say that the bureaucracy must be replaced by some sort of government which is self-government and which is responsible to the people of this country. We are told of the unscrupulous methods and the audacious claims of a few noisy agitators." That again is language of moderation and is calculated to create yes and preserve a "calm atmosphere." The idea of these Anglo-Indian agitators is this : that when they speak of us they can use the most violent language, they can incite racial bitterness, they can say whatever they like with the most perfect impunity but if any agitator, if any Indian patriot refers in the slightest degree to the evils of bureaucratic government in this country, he is at once a noisy agitator who must be punished by the government.

Adding Insult to Injury.

I give you another passage from Sir Archy Birkmyre again :—

' Of the loyalty and devotion of the fighting races of the Punjab, Sir Michael O'dwyer has spoken in terms which everyone of us in this room will cordially endorse. But the spirit

of the Punjab has not been manifested in other Provinces."

Gentlemen, so far as Bengal is concerned—and this speaker was speaking amidst Bengalees,—so far as Bengal is concerned, I say, for anybody to charge that Bengal has not contributed to the war by money or by manpower is a libel on the whole Bengalee race. I say it is adding insult to injury. When did you allow the Bengalees to wear arms? When was it for the first time that you called upon them to wear arms and to go and fight the enemy? It was only the other day. Do you expect, does any reasonable man who wants to put forward reasonable arguments expect that a whole people who has suddenly been called upon to take arms and march against an enemy—that they will at once, as if by magic, turn out a very large army? Whose is the fault? Is it the fault of Bengal that to-day you do not find thousands and thousands, lacs and lacs of Bengalees fighting for the empire? Whose is the fault? You deprive them of their arms, you tell them that they are enemies you declare to the world that they were never fit for military service and when suddenly you call upon them to take arms and fight—can anybody say that Bengal has not responded to the call sincerely, earnestly and if I may say, valiantly. I say a speech of this description is adding insult to injury. That is what these speakers say of the people of Bengal. Let me now place before you one or two passages which show their attitude to the government of this country when the Government has resolved upon doing justice to the people of this country.

"Meddling Muddlers."

I quote from the speech of the Hon. Mr. Ironside. It is rather a long quotation but I am afraid that I must place this before you to bring out the quality of the Anglo-Indian

agitation. I hope you will bear with me. He says:—

"At any rate, we don't want any from the House of Commons, and I would commend this remark to Mr. Montagu, for we distrust them root and branch. At this distance we watch the unhealthy game which proceeds at Westminster and to honest men it is enough to make one weep for one's country; and I think, you will agree with me, gentlemen, that we have none of it here. This is no time for meddling, least of all from a representative of a Ministry who one and all by their words and deeds brought the old country to the verge of internal ruin, vilified honest men and patriots, slithered into war unprepared, and, having made a mess of everything have hung on to their self elected posts like limpets until a second time the destruction of the empire was nearly effected. We are not taking the same risk here. Mr. Montagu, I believe, started in a department created for the definite purpose of helping to win the war. Had it been of any use, I presume, he would have stayed there but being one of a party of meddling muddlers, he has found his way back to the India Office."

This is language of moderation applied to the Secretary of State for India who is entrusted by the British Parliament with the government of this country. I can assure you gentlemen if anything half as violent as that, had been said by any one of us, this gentleman would have been furious and would have exhibited his fury ten times more; and the "Statesman" newspaper would have said that speakers who make use of such language should be punished by the State so that their speeches may not create disaffection. But when you call the Secretary of State a meddling muddler. I suppose that is allowable. When you heap contempt upon the whole of the British Parliament, I suppose it is allowable. If only an

Indian says that the bureaucratic government has been found to be wanting, it has failed in its duties, it has failed in its charge of the administration of this country, it is such violent language that the State must put down.

Anglo-Indians Teach the House of Commons.

Then the same speaker goes on to say :—

"You must remember that we have to teach the House of Commons before we can gain their ear and support."

I hope the House of Commons will be enlightened by the lessons which it gets from speakers of this description.

Who Brings Government to Contempt.

To turn again to Mr. Wiggett—he says :—

"What an extraordinary spectacle !"

Referring to the release of Mrs. Besant and the regret expressed by Sir Michael O'dwyer,

"Of a sentimental weak-kneed Government."

If this is not showing contempt for the Government I do not know what contempt is. This is not all : there is an alarming fact expressed in some of these speeches. Some of the speakers have stated that the civil servants and the military officers are entirely in sympathy with them in their resistance to any kind of self-government being granted to this country.

Are the Members of the Civil and The Military Services with Anglo Indians.

Gentlemen, I shall place before you one passage from the speech of Mr. Carter and another from the speech of Sir A. W. Binning,

Mr. Carter says :—

"I appeal, therefore, to the Government on

behalf of all Europeans whether engaged in trade and commerce or serving in Government employment. . . . I assure the Government that they are here in spirit."

Gentlemen, the Civil Servants were present in spirit at this meeting according to the statement of Mr. Carter :

And the other speaker says this :—

"Our claims, as put forward at present, will have the silent, but none the less effective, support of the Indian Civil Service and Military officers whose lot is cast in this country and who equally with us, view with grave apprehension the measures which we fear, an effort will be made to force on us."

Now, gentlemen, that is absolutely startling. For myself, I refuse to believe this. I refuse to believe that the members of the Civil Service and the military officers who are servants of the King should so far forget themselves that they should express their sympathy with these Anglo-Indian agitators, express their views to them against the policy which has been declared by His Majesty's Government. I say, I refuse to believe this because, if it is true, it discloses an alarming state of things. It shows this : that whatever the policy of the British Government may be, whatever the policy and the declaration of His Majesty's Government may be, His Majesty's servants in India may so actively oppose people who stand up for that policy as perhaps to render that policy nugatory—I say, if it is true, it discloses an alarming state of things and I hope the Government will take note of the speeches and make an enquiry into this and if there is any truth in this statement, I ask the Government why should they allow their own servants to so conduct themselves as to represent unnecessary opposition to the declared policy of the Government.

What is Anglo-Indians Claim.

Now, gentlemen, I have referred to the speeches to show to you how unreasonable in spirit, how violent in language those speeches were. But what is their claim? Why is it that just after the declaration of this policy by the Secretary of State in August and the speech of the Viceroy in September that they should assemble in a meeting and oppose that policy tooth and nail. The declaration contained only this: that some sort of responsible government is to be introduced in this country—nothing beyond that. Why is it that all the Anglo-Indians gathered together and began to denounce that policy before the details are published or worked out. What is the claim which they make? I shall read to you from the speech of Sir Archy Birkmyre which puts forward what that claim is. This worthy gentleman says:

"The greater part of the commerce of India the basis of her prosperity is controlled and financed by Britishers,"

Mark the word gentlemen. "Britisher," not the Anglo-Indian community alone but the Britishers. He goes on:—

"All the progress that India has made in recent generations is due almost entirely to British direction, British capital and British enterprise. The men who are responsible for the vast interests created by the British in India cannot sit down voiceless and idle when the danger confronts us that these interests will be sacrificed to appease the political appetites of mob orators and Home Rulers."

Does it stand to this that the introduction of any kind of self-government in this country, however, safeguarded the different interests may be, means such a disregard of the interests of these Anglo Indian Agitators that the Government must be forced to give up

its honest desire of introducing such a government. I ask in all seriousness: does the claim go so far as this? The Anglo-Indian claim, which is put forward at this meeting—does it go so far as to insist that no kind of self-government, however limited it may be however safeguarded the different interests in the country may be, that no kind of self-government is to be introduced at all into this country because these Anglo-Indians have brought money in the shape of capital to this country—a statement which requires examination—because they have brought capital to this country therefore, India must forever be destitute, must forever be deprived of any measure of self-government? If this is their claim, it is so preposterously unreasonable that it requires no refutation at all. But gentlemen, the claim is curiously worded.

Do Anglo-Indians Represent The British Nation?

It is not a claim put forward on behalf of Anglo-Indians alone but it is a claim put forward on behalf of the Britishers, it is a claim by the people of England. I deny these Anglo-Indian agitators' right to represent the people of England. I deny that they have got any right to say anything on behalf of the people of England. If any plebiscite is taken to-day in England, I feel sure that there would be a vast majority in favour of the introduction of Self-Government to this country.

Must We be Denied Home Rule Because You Have Brought Capital?

If this claim is based on the mere fact of their introducing capital in this country, you have to consider whether they have not been

sufficiently profited by the introduction of such capital. Does it mean this then that because people bring capital to this country, because they find it profitable to do so, that they would have the right to say to the Government: you shall not introduce Self-Government in this country? Have they the right to tell the people: look here, we have brought capital to this country, therefore, you shall not have Self-Government. Gentlemen, I have no desire to quarrel with these Anglo-Indian agitators. We do not regard politics from that utterly selfish point of view from which they regard it.

Their Only Claim is Adequate Representation.

I am free to admit in any scheme of Self-Government which is framed and which is accepted by the people and the Government of this country, these Anglo-Indian merchants ought to be allowed to be represented that is to say, I do not desire that any scheme should be framed which would disregard the interests of any class of people whether Hindu, Mahomedan or Anglo-Indian, whatever the basis of the franchise may be. But I say that these people have got no right to dictate to the Government of India and to the people alike that they shall not have Self-Government. I ask my Anglo-Indian friends to consider this question from a higher point of view. They must see that India cannot for ever remain without Self-Government. They must see that at some time or other the voice of the people is bound to be heard and if they do their duty by this country, by which they have been profited to a very large extent, they ought to help in this work of Self-Government rather than oppose it. I call upon them again to stand on a higher platform and consider the question of Self Government

not in this way but more seriously and with more consideration for the interest of the people of this country.

Stirring Up Conflicting Interests.

Now, gentlemen, there is another difficulty to which I must also refer. When there are so many conflicting interests in this country it may be that particular classes of people will be instigated to stand up against Home Rule. I blame no one in particular but I am placing before you a possible difficulty. Interested people may stir up the Namasudras and tell them: Look here, you are hated and oppressed by the people, the Hindus of Bengal, why should you assist them and help them to bring in Self-Government because if Self-Government is granted, the Hindus are bound to oppress you all the more. Advisers may be found who will go to my Mahomedan brethren and tell them: you are as yet backward in education, if Self-Government is granted to Hindus why they will be more powerful than you and they will look down upon you and oppress you. Endeavours of that description unfortunately are not uncommon in this country and such a momentous period of our history, the same attempts might be repeated. Gentlemen, it is your duty, under these circumstances, you who are educated to go to your less educated brethren, Hindus or Mahomedans and to expose before them the fallacy of any such argument.

There will be no Room for Oppression in Our Scheme of Self-Government.

You ought to tell them that self-government does not mean the Self-Government of the Hindus--Self-Government does not mean the Self-Government of the Mahomedans;

Self-Government does not mean the Self-Government of the zemindars—Self-Government means Government by all the people of Bengal, in which all interests are to be represented and if there are any classes who are depressed or oppressed, they ought to be told that the sooner self-government is introduced into this country the better for them ; they ought to be told that we have no desire to restrict the franchise in any manner at all to the disregard of any such interest and if any kind of responsible government is introduced into this country, which is made responsible to the people, they will have the power in their hands to oppose any oppression or injustice in every possible way. They will have the power to return their friends to the Legislative Councils, they will have the power to tell the people who oppose them : if you want to oppress us, if you go in that way, it would be against the work of national development and you shall not have the power to do that. We are asking for putting the power into the hands of the people and are we to be told that these people for whom we are fighting, in whose interest we are fighting for

the last 30 years, that we are likely to disregard the interest of these people ?

The Teeming Millions are of Us.

If we are not fighting for the teeming millions of India, can anybody tell me whom we are fighting for ? Am I fighting for myself ? If I am selfish, why should I bother about self-government ? Why can I not attend to my profession, make money and go home and sleep ? Why should I go all over the country and demand Home Rule which is the only means of uplifting the teeming millions of our country if I have not their interest at heart ? If anybody says that the Nationalists who are fighting for Home Rule are doing so in their own interest I fling the lie to the slanderer's teeth. I say we are engaged in a noble task and we shall not rest content unless such a kind of self-government is granted to this country which will keep alive the interest of every community, which will regard and safeguard the interest of every class of people in Bengal. We belong to the same race. They are of us and God give us strength to fight their battle.





On Self-Government

BY

Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das.

Madam President, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honour to support the resolution which has been placed before you. Brother delegates, at the very outset I desire to refer to the song to which you have just listened, it is a song of the glory and victory of India. We stand here to-day on this platform for the glory and victory of India, and I urge you that amidst the many discussions which have taken place on the form of the resolution, you should not forget the essential idea which runs through it and which stands behind it. It is a resolution which has for its object the growth and the development of the great Indian nation. We are all agreed about that. The question is how to bring that about. Gentlemen, the Bengal ideal has been presented to you to-day by my friend, Bahu Bipin Chandra Pal. I accept that ideal and if I thought that

there was anything in this resolution which was inconsistent with that ideal. I should not have supported it. I do not think there is anything in this resolution which goes against the ideal which Bengal has unanimously declared by its resolution at the Bengal Provincial Conference. What is that ideal? That ideal is firstly, Provincial Autonomy viz., that the Government of India must have its sphere demarcated, its functions defined; all other functions should belong to the Provincial governments of the particular province. Gentlemen, is that an ideal which is foreign to that resolution? I ask you to look into it carefully. I find within it a careful demarcation of the sphere of the Governments of India and those of the Provincial governments. Therefore, so far as that ideal is concerned I do not think that this is at all inconsistent

The following speech was delivered by Mr. C. R. Das on the self-Government Resolution

at the third day's session of the Congress held in Calcutta in 1917.

with the resolution which I have the honour to support. Now gentlemen, what is the next point in the ideal of Bengal?—And that is: that the functions of the Executive Government must be made subordinate to the Legislative Council which would represent the wishes of the people of the particular province. Now is there anything in this resolution which goes against that? It may be that Bengal has provided for that in one particular way and in this resolution you have provided for that in another way, but so far as the ideal is concerned, I say that there is absolutely no difference between that of Bengal and that which is shadowed in this resolution. You say in this resolution that the power of the purse should be in the hands of the Legislature. Now, gentlemen, just pause for one moment to think what that means. Let us take it that your scheme is accepted by the Government. What does that mean? That means that the Executive must be obedient to the Legislature. If they do not obey the commands of the Legislature, the Legislature will say we stop the supplies. It may be said that the British Parliament will never grant you that but are we considering that at present? When they make a definite pronouncement as to what they are willing to give us, it will be time then to meet again and formulate a definite scheme as to the way in which that ideal may be given effect to. But the time has not come to discuss about it, because I am afraid in the discussion of it, the main ideal may get lost and I am most anxious to keep up that ideal before you. But whatever happens to the drafting of this resolution, the matter of drafting may be corrected,—I hope, gentlemen, that whatever happens, you will stick to this; that the time has come when the British Parliament must make up its mind to transfer the powers from the hands of the Bureaucracy to the people of

this country. We have had enough of the Bureaucracy in this country. We have suffered and groaned under the misrule of 150 years and not one day is to be lost in declaring our will and to see that our wishes are given effect to—that the powers which are in the hands of the Bureaucracy to-day are transferred to the people of the country. Now, gentlemen, having regard to that ideal, I must say that I do not see any inconsistency between what we want in Bengal and that which is put forward in the resolution. But my revered friend, Mr. Tilak said that this scheme is very much better than the Bengal scheme or any other scheme. I am speaking of Provincial Governments—of the scheme which relates to the ideal of the Provincial Governments and I do not see any difference there. Mr. Tilak thinks it is not wise to ask too much. I ask him to read the resolution again and he will find in it that it does not claim one item less than the Bengal scheme—not one item less. It claims the whole thing—it claims perfect responsible government for India. I do not understand the power over the purse to mean anything less than that. Without saying perfect responsible government for the provinces as well as for the central government, you may convey the same idea by saying: "I do not care what you do but give me the power over the purse. But if you give me the power over the purse I can have my own way. You, the executive, you say you will not obey my command but I will stop your supplies. Where are you then? You will have to obey my command." And if they obey your command what is the good of saying that we have not asked for Responsible Government? You have—in an indirect manner but as effectively as we have done in Bengal. You have asked not only for full responsible government for the provinces but also for the central government. Now it may

be, that this ought to be put in another shape, the words may have to be changed, for this scheme does not pretend to be a perfect or an exact one.

I agree with my friend Mr. Jinnah who said : let the Government come out with a definite pronouncement—the government declaration is vague—let the government come out with its declaration—a definite pronouncement as to what they are willing to give. It will be time then to sit over this resolution again, to consider what words are to be used and what words to reject or what new words are to be put in. I think we have been fighting unnecessarily. We are all agreed as to the great ideal. Let us gather strength to fight for it—let us fight for it with all our might and let us not rest content till the whole thing is granted to us viz., Responsible Government in the Provinces, responsible government in Imperial matters—till the whole of the Government is put into the hands of the people. I rely on no dictum of politicians—I rely upon my natural right.

I do not care what the constitution of England or the constitution of Switzerland or that of Australia is. I want to build my own constitution. I want the power to build my own constitution in a way which is suited to this country and which afterwards will be referred to as the great Indian constitution. That is what we want and that is what we must have. Do not engage in endless discussion in the meantime. Gather all your strength and say with one voice all over India, in every village, in every town, in provincial gatherings and in this Congress that nothing less than the transference of the Government-powers into the hands of the people will satisfy us. It is our natural right, it is the birth-right of every individual to live and to grow. It is the natural right of every nation to live and to grow according to its nature. We demand that right—that right has been unjustly withheld from us—by excuses and pretences—by subterfuges—we have discovered that. We were sleeping, but by God's grace, we are awake and we claim our natural right.





The Great Transformation

By Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I thank you heartily for the many kind words with which your distinguished Chairman has introduced me to you this evening and for the kindness with which you have received me. When I set out for Chittagong I made up my mind to place before the people of Chittagong my views and the views of our friends in Calcutta on many of the important topics of the day. I am afraid I shall not be able to do so as fully as I had intended after a long day's work in Court. But I shall try to place before you in short the thoughts which are agitating the minds of our friends in Calcutta, I mean those who have worked with us the whole of last

year and for many years before that in support of the cause of this country.

The Question of the Hour.

Gentlemen, I need hardly tell you that the most important question of the hour is the question of self-government. Upon the solution of this question depends the solution of many other questions upon which again depend the full development of our nationality and if for the whole of last year we have been putting forth our best energies and our earnest efforts in the cause of Home Rule or self-government it is because we feel—I feel and many of my friends feel—that unless and until we have the government of this country in our own hands it is impossible to carry

At a meeting held at Chittagong under the auspices of the local Home Rule League, under the presidency of Babu Jatra Mohan Sen, on the 12th June 1918, Mr. C. R. Das delivered the above speech.

on the work of nation building. Gentlemen, we could afford to be idle in the past when we hoped that the Government would do everything for us. But now after 150 years of British rule, where do we find ourselves? If you consider our position—the actual realities of our position to-day after 150 years of British rule, you will at once see that we are in a hopeless condition.

How do we stand?

What have we got which we can call our own? If the enemy knocks at our door have we got strength to fight him? Have we got the weapons of warfare? Have we got even a lathi with which we can defend our hearths and homes. No? Have we got money—No. Are the people, the vast majority of the people of Bengal educated?—No. One hundred and fifty years of British rule has passed by without conferring real education on the people of this country. You need not enquire into the causes. I am only trying to give you a picture of the helplessness of our position to-day. We have not got anything—we have not got money, we have not got arms, we have not got education. Well, an analysis of our position to-day will tell you more eloquently than any speaker can that the only solution of this question is self-government. The very objections which are urged against the granting of self-government are to my mind good reasons for granting home

rule to this country. It is said that we do not deserve Self-Government because the people of this country are not educated. My answer to that is why have they remained uneducated so long? In other countries education has been introduced and carried far within a period of 20 years or 25 years—in some countries in less than that. But why is it or how is it that within the last 150 years of British rule—the bureaucratic government in the country have not succeeded in educating the people of this country? Why is it so? It is not necessary for them. It is not necessary for the bureaucracy to do that but it is necessary for the people of this country. It is necessary for the development of our race. It is necessary for the very existence of our nationality. Now, if you say that we are not fit for self-government because we are uneducated, I say that is the very reason why you ought to give us Home Rule, because if you do so we will succeed in educating the vast majority of our countrymen in 20 years' time.

Do we want an Oligarchy?

Now, they say, well, it is only a few of you educated people who will exercise the franchise. How can you represent the country? You will be only an oligarchy. The Government instead of being in the hands of the bureaucracy, will be transferred into hands of an oligarchy—of another bure-

aucracy. My answer to that is that we do not want that. I ask you particularly to consider that question, gentlemen, and to realise its importance. My answer to them is that we do not want it. We want the franchise to be extended far and wide—we want our ryots and our cultivators to enjoy that franchise. We want them to exercise their franchise. It is against our self-interest but we want that it should be done because after all the difference between those who are against the granting of Home Rule to this country and ourselves is this: bureaucracy is against it because the granting of Home Rule means death to the bureaucracy. The Europeans, the Anglo-Indian merchants in Calcutta are against it because it is against their interest, because they thrive well under the protecting shelter of this bureaucracy. Our personal interest also lies in not getting the franchise extended all over the country—but rather in keeping it confined within the educated community, an insignificant portion of the Mahomedan community and an equally insignificant portion of the Hindu community, a few Brahmins, Baidyas and Kayesthas. If you grant franchise to all the people of this country where shall we be? In saying this I remember a conversation I had with an old friend of mine who shall be nameless. This gentleman said to me, well, if you get Home Rule, what does it mean? It means that the com-

mon people of this country will have a voice—it means they will have power and we, Brahmins, Baidyas and Kayesthas, where shall we go? I said to him in answer that they will go to a very hot place where they deserve to go. Gentlemen, I want you to realise this.

What are we Fighting For?

Gentlemen, we are not fighting for our narrow sordid self-interest—we are not fighting for the interest of to day—we are not fighting for the betterment of myself or yourselves—of the present generation or of the educated community. If there are any selfish ideals pursued by any portion of our community, I stand dissociated from them and I say I take my stand on this and nothing more—it does not matter what happens to me—it does not matter what happens to the educated community of to-day but what matters with me is the development of the nation. I look forward to the time when the Bengalee nation will rise and stand in all its glory. I do not care whether I am alive or dead at that moment whether my children will be living then or not—but the time will come when by God's grace, Bengalees as a nation will make themselves felt and will stand in all their strength and face the world. That is the ideal which appeals to me every moment of my life. I feel within myself that that is my appointed task. I shall devote all that I hold dear to the service of that cause and—if I die

in that attempt—what then? “Fail we alone”?—if I die in this work, I believe I shall be born in this country again and again, live for it, hope for it, work for it with all the energy of my life and with all the love of my nature till I see the fulfilment of my hope and the realisation of this ideal.

**Shall we follow a Leader of Yesterday
even when he is Wrong.**

Gentlemen, when we started this agitation basing it on the ideal to which I have just referred—ever since then we have been living under a cross-fire. The bureaucracy has been against us, as it is natural they should be against us, as it is natural they should be against us. But I am sorry to say that along with these there is a party of Bengalees in Calcutta who also have set themselves against the fulfilment of this noble ideal. When I read the criticisms which appear in the *Statesman* or the *Englishman* I feel glad because I know that we have succeeded in exposing the illogical position which they take. But when I read similar things in the *Bengalee*, I assure you, I feel a great pain in my heart. I cannot understand it. Is this ideal to be pursued from the consideration of purely personal question? We have been told that the leaders of yesterday are the only people who can lead us. I do not deny their claim to lead. But I am not one of those who would follow a leader simply because he was a leader yesterday. I

want him to lead. Anybody who leads the real politics of the country at the present time is a man whom I honour and I am prepared to bow down and take the dust of his feet. But if a man comes to me and says: look here you will have to do this—it does not matter what the people of Bengal want—I am the leader of Bengal—this has been done by me—it has got to be supported—well, my answer to him is; “thou imposter!” No one has got that right. We stand or fall as we pursue or desist from the popular cause. I am nothing. No leader is anything. The strength belongs to the nation whose representative I am, whose representative every one of us may become. It is not my own strength. It is the people’s strength. Take your stand on that and we will worship you as a leader, as a martyr, as anything which you can claim but fall short of that ideal once by a hair’s breadth, your claim is no longer to be recognised. If I have expressed myself strongly, believe me, gentlemen, it is because I have felt deeply—I feel. I have been stabbed to the heart by this attitude—this contempt of public opinion.

Was there an Undertaking?

Now, gentlemen, you all know that we are expecting a scheme of self-government from the British Parliament. What that scheme is I do not know. No one has got the right to know but we are expecting some scheme. We heard that Mr. Montagu had shown or

talked about the outline of that scheme to some Indian leaders—Mr. Surendranath Banerjea of Bengal, Pundit Madan Mohan Malavya of the U. P. and Mr. Shastri of Madras and certain other gentlemen. I do not know if it is true but I suspect it is. We are also told—it is not admitted—we are told that some of these gentlemen had given a promise to the Secretary of State that they would get the people of this country to accept that scheme. I am not saying that this is admitted but that is what I have heard.

The Confidential Letter

Now what do we find after that? A few days after Mr. Montagu's departure, a confidential letter over the signature of Babu Satyananda Bose was circulated and anybody who reads that letter will see that the attempt is to give up what was decided in the Bengal Provincial Conference for all Bengal, to give it up, and to take whatever is offered to us by the Secretary of State! Why was that circular issued? Was it only Mr. Satyananda Bose who circulated this or was there a party behind it? We know Mr. Satyananda Bose is a follower of Mr. Surendranath Banerjea. Was it the attempt of only Mr. Satyananda Bose or was it a subtle attempt made in the dark to throw out to the people the suggestion that they ought to be satisfied with anything which it may please Mr. Montagu to give, to prepare the acceptance of Mr. Montagu's scheme?

After that we heard that a special session of the Congress would be held in Bombay,

The Congress Committee's Circular.

It is after that that the Secretaries of the Provincial Congress Committee wrote this letter:—

'Dear Sir,—It appears that the Secretary of State for India will very soon make his announcement about the proposed Reforms. It is in contemplation to hold a special session of the Congress and of the Provincial Conference after the announcement. We have a duty to perform. The future of our country for at least a generation will depend upon the nature of the Reforms. You will therefore keep yourselves ready to hold public meetings, to attend the Congress (wherever held) and the Conference in very large numbers and to fearlessly criticise the proposals if they fall short of our ideal. We must make a united stand and see that they meet our legitimate aspirations. Yours faithfully,—*F. B. Sen,*
Bejoy Krishna Bose, Secys.

Now, gentlemen you have heard the whole of this letter. Do you think there is anything objectionable in this letter? What does the letter say? It says merely that Mr. Montagu is going to make his pronouncement and that we have to watch if it falls short of our ideal and our legitimate aspirations and if so we ought to fight against it. We ought to attend in large numbers the special session of the Congress and

conference and to show a united front, and to criticise the scheme fearlessly. Now, is there anything this to which any Nationalist, any person who has the good of his country at heart, can take the slightest objection ?

The Bengalee's Pathos

I will read out to you what the *Bengalee* says. Unfortunately we can not dissociate the Editor of the *Bengalee* from the paper. Otherwise I would have cast it, into the waste-paper basket and would not have thought about it. This is what the *Bengalee* writes in its editorial of June 6th :—

"We confess that we have read the above with pain and regret, though not with surprise, for in a recent article, we pretty clearly indicated the constitution and the policy of the present Bengal Provincial Congress Committee. The old leaders are the men of yesterday and they of course should have no voice in the deliberation of the *Nero India* which they have helped to build up. For we are always wiser than our fathers, and to acknowledge our indebtedness to them is to belittle our own importance which must always be a prime consideration. There is only one little risk which their policy involves and they may as well be reminded of it thus early, viz. that they may be paid back in their own coin and with compound interest, by those who come after them."

What is there in this innocent letter to call for this personal and vehement

attack ? Are we to be condemned because we are asking the people of this country to watch the pronouncement of the Secretary of State ? We are asking the people of this country to examine it and if it falls short of popular demands to criticise it fearlessly and to hold meetings and to attend those meetings in large numbers. "Large numbers" is italicised by the *Bengalee*. It is a crime, a new crime to hold meetings where "large numbers" attend. It used not to be so in the past but it has become a crime now. I will go on reading another passage from this article :—

The Really Great Danger

"Let us now pass on to the consideration of the circular. The tone is pessimistic. It is even worse ; it is that of the alarmist who raises the signal note of warning, as if we were on the eve of a great danger."

Well, gentlemen, if I am to tell you the truth, I admit that I suspect we are on the eve of a great danger and that grave danger is the acceptance of a system of self-government which will not give us the reality, which will give us self-government in name but not in fact. It is the duty of every Nationalist to raise that alarm. It does no harm to watch, even suspiciously watch what it is and if it does not satisfy the people of this country, to reject it, to say that we do not want it.—Take it back.

"Our countrymen are asked to be ready to fearlessly criticise the proposals, if they fall short of our ideal."

Very wrong indeed ! Now mark what follows :—

"Brave words indeed coming with special aptness from some of those who ran away as fast as their legs could carry them when the police broke up the Barisal Conference."

That is worthy of the leader of the Bengalee nation ! To circulate—this falsehood ! It may be within the recollection of many of you—it is within the recollection of our distinguished Chairman—this falsehood originated in Colootola in the year 1906 or 1907. The falsity of this was demonstrated then and now in the year of grace, 1918. We find the truthful Editor of the *Bengalee* newspaper referring to that lie and putting forward that lie as an argument against the popular party.

"We are told that we must fearlessly criticise the proposals, if they fall short of our ideal. But if they do not, what then ?"

Well then, we accept it. What is there to say about it ? Then it goes on to say :—

"The circular assumes that Mr. Montagu's proposals are bound to be unsatisfactory and that they will mean little or nothing."

Where does the Circular assume—That ? The Circular merely asserts that if it is, it is our bounden duty to protest against that. Nothing more.

I need not read the rest of it. There is another passage which however I must read to you :—

"Why then sound the tocsin of alarm and seek to create a prejudice for which so far there is no warrant and against which there is a strong body of presumptive evidence. Why talk of fearless criticism and united front."

This comes from Mr. Surendranath Banerjee ! Surely we are fallen on evil times !

The Old "Leader's Advice to the People"

Then our editor goes on to say :—

"If they are satisfactory they should be welcomed ; if they are partly satisfactory they should be welcomed to that extent."

And why ?

"For the British public would then feel inclined to drop them altogether."

To drop them altogether ! Now, gentlemen, you have seen what that article is. The letter which was written by the Secretaries of the Provincial Congress Committee is merely put forward as an excuse. What is put forward before the people of Bengal is this : if it is satisfactory, of course, we should accept it. If not ? In the article which appeared the next day, he made his position clearer. He said : the difficulty is this : The Europeans are clamouring against it—the Indo-European Association in England is fighting against it—and if you, the

people of Bengal say that you do not want it, why the British people will say 'then drop it altogether.' My answer to that is : let it be dropped if it is not satisfactory. Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjea admits it in this writing—let me quote his exact words :—

"We quite admit that there have been many paper announcements in the past : and it is only too true that the pages of Anglo-Indian history are strewn broadcast with the fragments of broken pledges."

Let it be another fragment of broken pledge but let not the people of Bengal consent to that ! If their position is this : we will give you this, and no further, let them give what they choose but is it for us to say what little of self-government you choose to give us is amply sufficient for us at the present day ? I venture to think that you will not accept such a proposition as that. We want self-government for a purpose. We do not want that self-government which some people brought up in European politics want—we do not want simply a weapon to fight against the bureaucracy—we have got tired of that and we say for God's sake, let us have peace in Bengal. Let us have some sort of self-government which will enable us to look after the agricultural, industrial interests of the country, and to take up the work of education and sanitation which will enable us to work for the real good of the country without

being obstructed at every step. That is why we want a change in the system of Government.

"Bengalee's Writings before Mr. Banerjea went to Delhi"

Now, gentlemen, supposing Mr. Montagu says—you can't get all that, take a little, just a little, a pinch. My position is this : I do not know what others will say. I hope the people of this country will have the courage to say : we want none of it, take it back if we are to be slaves of the bureaucracy if all our activities in every direction are to be controlled, and it may be, stifled at the sweet will and pleasure of the bureaucracy, we want none of it. Take it back to England. We do not want it here. We want courage to say that I admit. But what right have you to ask for Home Rule if you cannot have the courage to say that—if you cannot have the courage to say to the Government that we don't want it : it will not serve our purpose : What is the good of giving something to the people which they do not want. Now, gentlemen, that I am right in taking this position I shall try to show to you, if you will bear with me—from one or two extracts from the "Bengalee" newspaper, before a change came over the spirit of its dreams, I will read to you just two or three extracts from the "Bengalee"—not after March when the editor went to Delhi but before that in November and December, 1917. I

quote from the "Bengalee" of November 2nd 1917 :—

"Mr. Montagu will not be deceived by these tactics (of the anti—Congress-League party). He will know how to appraise them 'at their proper value. The British Cabinet consisting of politicians of the type of Lord Curzon and Lord Milner have decided that India is to have responsible government and that a substantial advance is to be made in that direction as soon as possible. There is no going back upon this announcement. It must be accepted as a settled policy, from which there can be no departure. Mr. Montagu is coming out to discuss the details and how best this policy can be carried out. It is no use saying "we don't want responsible government; we are not fit for it."

This was Mr. Surendranath Banerjea on November 2nd 1917, He says :—

"Those who breathe a word against it in this crisis of our national evolution are traitors to their country and their God."

This was Mr. Surendranath Banerjea on November 2nd, 1917. On 3rd November, 1917, the mood still continues :

"We want responsible government in full measure in connection with the Provincial Branches of administration, leaving untouched the Departments under the control of the Government of India in regard to which the Congress scheme should apply."

Therefore what he wanted is res-

pensible government in full measure in connection with the provincial branches. On the 11th November, the "Bengalee" writes :

"In Bengal the feeling is—and we think that Bengal reflects the feeling of all India in this matter—that full measure of provincial autonomy should be at once given with the reform of the Imperial Legislative Council and of the India Office as recommended by the Congress and the Muslim League. Nothing short of this will satisfy educated India."

This was Mr. Surendranath Banerjea on November 11th. If he is a leader of yesterday, let him remain true to that leadership. As for myself, standing on this platform to-day, I make a solemn promise to follow this leader if he remains true to what he was yesterday. I shall follow what Mr. Surendranath Banerjea said on November 11th, 1917 viz. that nothing short of this will satisfy educated India. Then on the 21st. November, he repeats the same ideal :

"Courage is the first and last quality of real statesmanship. It was the crowning quality of Akbar, the greatest ruler that ever adorned a throne. Let our rulers take courage in both hands and great will be their reward."

Courage is the first and last quality of real statesmanship ! How have the mighty fallen !

**No Shams, no Delusions said Mr.
Banerjee of 1917**

He follows that up by saying on November 22nd :

"There must be no shams or shows or delusions. We have had too much of this commodity in the past."

No shams, no delusions. I follow the noble words of Mr. Surendranath Banerjee. I love them so much that I am prepared to follow his teachings. But if the Surendranath Banerjee of to-day does not follow the S. N. Banerjee of yesterday is it my fault that I cannot follow him? I adore the Surendranath Banerjee of yesterday, but if he cannot remain true to his trust I cannot be false to my faith. Here the leader yesterday of again :

"The Minto-Morley scheme if it was not a dead failure, did not satisfy popular aspirations and was behind the growing requirements of the times. We hope the mistakes will not be repeated in the coming constitutional changes. Provincial autonomy must be the basis of the reforms, not an emasculated, half-hearted system of Provincial self-government."

Noble words again and I repeat them and I follow them.

"But in full measure with a full share of responsibility. The time for half-measures is past and gone."

Then in the same article he goes on to say :

"The counsels of caution are often the counsels of timidity."

Mark these words, gentlemen. Then he says :

"If the Government will not make over the whole of the provincial administration to a popular Ministry responsible to a popular Assembly, let them at least, entrust to them such departments, as Education, Sanitation, Local Self-government, Police etc."

Mark these words again. He includes the Police but I was told the other day that we ought not to take the Police ; it is a difficult department to administer.

Then on the 27th of November, the "Bengalee" writes :

"The country is rushing at a giddy pace and Lord Morley's reforms have failed to meet the exigencies of the times, which cannot be satisfied by anything short of a full measure of responsible government."

Further :

"Any scheme that does not fully provide for this and secure full autonomous power for the provinces and falls short of the irreducible minimum put forth in the Congress-League scheme stands self-condemned and will totally fail to meet the wishes and requirements of the people and win their support."

But now he is urging the people of this country to support a scheme which may fall short of his ideal and he says even if it is not satisfactory we should accept it. Even on the 29th of November, he says :

"Any tinkering reform of a patch work kind will not avail to meet the necessities of the situation but will rather intensify the present difficulties."

Gentlemen. I will not weary you with any more extracts but I will quote just two passages, for which I hope you will pardon me.

Surendranath of December, 1917

On December 1st Mr. Surendranath Banerjea says :

"Nothing less will satisfy the people of India or redeem the honour of England.....Real power must be given to us. No shams or delusions will satisfy us. We have had enough of them.....None of that taking away with the one hand what is given with the other."

Then on the 2nd of December, he says :

"Let it be clearly understood that the Congress-League scheme represents the irreducible minimum which admits of no curtailment here or excision there and than which no more moderate demand can be conceived under the circumstances."

It seems to me, gentlemen, that a scheme more moderate than the Congress League scheme can be conceived and Mr. Surendranath Banerjea of to-day has conceived that. Then on December 12th, he says :

"Too long have we been given the shadows of things, empty forms which may please the infantile mind,

but which the adolescent nation spurns away as a child's plaything..... Not only should justice be done but that the people should be convinced of itnot only should the Government be satisfied but the people should be convinced that a substantial measure of responsible government has been Granted."

The Great Transformation

Gentlemen, you will find similar expressions of his opinion in January and one or two in February. In March, Mr. Surendranath Banerjea went to Delhi and from that moment—well I am reminded of the "Rake's progress." I shudder to think of the last step—I think, we the people of Bengal—we are entitled to ask for an explanation of this phenomenon. We are entitled to ask Sir Surendranath—I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I beg his pardon too coming events cast their shadow before and I was caught in that shadow just for a moment—I think, gentlemen, we are entitled to ask Mr. Surendranath why is it that yesterday he was determined not to have any measure of self-government which was not satisfactory, which was not responsible, which was not wide in its scope and why is it that to-day in the month of June, 1918, he is of opinion that whatever scheme the Secretary of State puts forward should be accepted by the people—if it is satisfactory it should be accepted, if it is not satis-

factory, even then it should be accepted because if we did not accept it, the British people might not grant anything at all. We want an explanation of this. He is the leader of Bengal—he claims that I am free to acknowledge that claim, but we the people of Bengal who have loved him, followed him and honoured him, we who had “learnt his great languages” and “caught his clear accents,” we who had followed him with all the devotion of our hearts, we who had lived “in his mild and magnificent eye” for the last 30 years, are we not entitled to ask him to explain to us the inner significance, the deeper meaning of this change? It cannot be for “a handful silver,” we are told, it is not for “a riband to stick in his coat.” What is it then?

Was it Touch of Hand or Turn of Head?

Was there anything in the atmosphere of Delhi which brought about this change—was it something said, something done?—was it touch of hand or turn of head? What was it? Was it the growing wisdom of old age? Surely some explanation is due from him to the people of Bengal and as for his reasons, I have told you and I repeat! as long as I shall live I shall repeat that whether the people of England are willing or not willing to grant us any reform that will not induce me to accept it unless it recognises my natural right—a real scheme of reform means the recognition of the

natural rights of the people of this country. I claim no favour. I stand on my right.

We Stand on Our Rights.

What rights can the British people give me if I have not the claim within myself? Can man create rights? They can only recognise the rights which I have within me, the rights which belong to me, the rights which are given to me by God and rights which no man can take away. Unless you can satisfy that, unless you can make good that position, neither the British Parliament, nor all the Parliaments of the world will be able to confer on you things which do not belong to you. Strive for the thing which belongs to you. Say to them manfully, “this is my right” and prove that assertion by the voice of the people, the united voice of the nation. Prove that assertion and when you have done that, is there any power in this world which can say you will not have that which belongs to you. They can only keep it from you as long as you do not realise that it is yours. That which you realise as your own cannot be taken away from you. The moment you realise this is your own, that moment that right will have to be recognised and not a moment sooner. No half-measures will create that, no tinkering scheme of reforms has ever made a nation in the past and will never make a nation in the future.

Is it not Mr. Surendranath Banerjea who has repeated times without number that nations are by themselves made ?

The Wisdom of the Leader of Yester-day

We have to make ourselves. Is this the way ? This way which Mr. Surendranath Banerjea is now recommending, is this the way to make a nation ? It is a critical period in our political history—there was no crisis in the history of India from the earliest times down to the present which was more critical than this and and at this critical time for a leader of our people to say give us what little you think wise, we, the people of this country will accept it.—Is it politics ?

Is it wisdom ? Or is it madness ? Surely an explanation is due to the people.

Well, gentlemen, take this to your heart to-day and make a solemn vow that if you are fit for self-government you have got to demonstrate that. No words ever produced or created rights. Enactments are nothing. They simply recognise rights which exist. The rights belong to you if you hesitate. If you hesitate, you are lost. If you are afraid to realise that you have rights you are not fit for self-government. The rights of nationality were never granted to a nation of cowards

I thank you again, gentlemen, for listening to me patiently. I had many things more to say and if I find another opportunity I shall again address you





Anglo-Indian Agitation

BY

Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das.

Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen,—I thank you heartily for calling upon me to address you to-night. This is my first visit to Mymensingh. Before I arrived here, I really did not know that I had so many friends amongst you. My friend Mr. Guha has referred to my unselfish activities. I am sure I do not deserve that praise. But this I will claim for myself that whenever the interest of the country required my services, I have never lagged behind. I might not have always adopted the right course—I might have been wrong, every one of us is often wrong but I have always honestly tried to place the interest of the country above all considerations. With me work for my country is not imitation of European politics. It is part of my religion. It is part and parcel of all the idealism of my life. I find in the conception of my country the expression also of divinity. With me nationality is no mere political conception,

borrowed from the philosophy of the west. With me a nation has to grow because a nation must grow. God's universe teems with varieties of life. Every nation is one unit of such life. Every nation must grow in the evolution of life. The nation to which I belong must also grow, only we must help in its growth. I value this principle of nationality as I value the principle of morality and religion. The service of country and nationality is service of humanity—Service of Humanity is worship of God.

Bengal has a Message to Deliver.

To-night I wish to say a few words to you about the present political situation in our country. Do not imagine gentlemen, that your political situation is detached from other matters which belong to your country. Political activity is part and parcel of your culture, it is the practice of your patriotism,

The above speech was delivered by Mr. C. R. Das at a meeting held at Mymensingh on October 10th 1917 :—

it is the expression of your religion. I never believe in water-tight compartments of human culture. There are people of this country, who try to divide the whole field of human life into so many compartments or divisions. With them politics is one thing, religion, education—these things have nothing to do with politics. With them religion is a different branch altogether. Neither politics nor education has anything to do with it. They forget that human soul is one, they forget that the individuality of human beings is one complex whole covering many activities. As the individual soul is one, so the national soul is one. I do not desire to deal with the political situation of to-day in any narrow spirit or in a spirit which is borrowed from the politics of Europe,—much as I venerate European culture, much as I love and much as I acknowledge my indebtedness to the education which I had in Europe, I cannot forget that Bengal stands for something higher than that. I cannot forget that our nationality must not rest content with borrowing things from European politics—and I repeat what I said elsewhere, that Bengal has a message to give to the world. When you will find that infant nationality has grown and we have developed according to our light, our country will deliver that message and the world will listen.

Predominant Note in the Political Situation.

Now, gentlemen, what is the predominant note in the political situation of to-day. I refer to the many attempts which are being made to introduce in this country some kind of self-government. Some people call it self-government, others call it Home Rule, others again Swaraj—but we need not quarrel with words, they all mean the same thing. I would much rather you should give your

attention to the thing itself than the name by which you want to call that thing. Now, what is it which is necessary in the interest of our race—not only in the interest of our race (but in the interest of the world at large) for no race can have its self-interest fulfilled in the highest degree without at the same time contributing to the interest of the empire and of the human race. So I ask you to consider what is necessary for you to have by the way of self-government. It is abundantly clear that the highest authorities in England have come to the conclusion—our politicians and many other persons who have devoted their time and energy to the cause of the country have also come to the conclusion—that we must have some form of government which may be described as Government by the people and for the people.

What our Politics consists in.

Now, gentlemen, I desire to point out one thing clearly here. It has been said by Anglo-Indian newspapers and Anglo-Indian agitators that our politics consist in abusing the Government. Well, I deny that charge in toto. Our politics consist in this that we want some kind of Government which may be described as responsible Government, according to the principles of constitutional law. We want some sort of Government in which the Government officials will be responsible to the people whom they govern. We have no quarrel with individuals. If a Civilian official does some wrong in some place we feel we have to criticise his actions. But my objection will not be met by replacing the whole of the Civil Service by Bengalees. My quarrel is not with individuals, my quarrel is with the system—it is an evil system. It might have been necessary at one time. It has done its work and it is no longer necessary.

It hampers our growth at the present moment —anything which stands against our growing nationality, I have no hesitation in describing that as an evil. The time has come when this system should be cast away as a creed outworn.

What Kind of Government we want.

Gentlemen, if you have once made up your mind that you want some kind of Government which will be responsible to the people, the next point to consider will be, what kind of Government is it that you want. We cannot forget that we live in the midst of an empire, the largest and the most glorious empire in the history of the human race. We cannot forget that our interests are bound up intimately with the interests of England. We cannot forget that our interests are also bound up with the interests of Australia and South Africa. All of us live and grow under the sway of the same Empire. If you consider the geographical magnitude of this Empire, the different races, the different creeds, the different cultures, the different religions which this empire represents, you will find that here is a glorious opportunity for federating so many human races, with so many distinct interests, distinct nationalities, different cultures, different religions and, in that way contributing to the ultimate federation of the whole human race. That is the philosophy of nationalism to-day. Therefore first of all, we must get a government which will be autonomous in so far as it will be government by the people and for the people. The different provincial governments are to be connected together by some sort of central government and then again that central government is to be connected up with the different parts of this vast empire.

That is the sort of Government for which the time has come to make a definite scheme.

The Enunciation of Policy.

The proclamation of 1858, impliedly promised some such free autonomous representative government. Years rolled by, we passed through many changes, we had many different promises on different occasions, but these promises had never been redeemed. The other day, His Majesty the King-Emperor came to this country and from His lips, we had the Message of Hope. Though we have been disappointed over and over again, the time has come when these promises must be redeemed. In connection with the political situation of the present moment, I ask you to consider first the statement of the Secretary of State for India, which was published on the 20th of August last. I invite your particular attention to the words of that statement, I will read out to you certain portions which are significant of what is to come.

"The policy of His Majesty's Government etc. etc is that of increasing the association of Indians in every branch of administration and the gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India, as an integral part of the British Empire etc. etc."

I draw your particular attention to the words "Progressive realization of responsible government in India, as an integral part of the British Empire." That is the ideal which the Secretary of State has sketched out. What is the deduction from this? What is it that we have got to hope for from this statement? It is this: that there will be several representative institutions and that these institutions will be responsible institu-

tions and that these institutions will form the Government of India, which will be an integral part of the British Empire. Now, what does that mean? It means that there should be autonomous governments in every province—that these provincial governments are to be responsible and autonomous, that is to say responsible not to the Government of India, not to anything which is above them, but to the people, the electors who would elect the representatives to these autonomous legislative bodies. That is the doctrine of responsible self-government as it is understood in constitutional law. Now, therefore, you get these provincial governments which are responsible to the people, i.e. the members being elected by the people and you get these autonomous governments connected with the Government of India and again the Government of India connected with the Empire. How that connection will be served has been described by certain political thinkers in England but I do not desire to deal with it because before it is declared as the policy of Government; we have no right to take those utterances as part of any statement by the Government. Having sketched out this ideal, the Secretary of State goes on to say:—"They have decided that substantial steps in this direction should be taken as soon as possible etc. etc."

"Therefore, gentlemen, you get two things perfectly distinct in this statement and I appeal to you that you should not lose sight of these two, viz, the ideal of responsible government which will be representative in the highest sense of the word and which will be connected with the empire and secondly, some steps should be taken immediately in that direction. That is the declaration of policy made by His Majesty's Government. We have, therefore, a right to

expect that some definite steps will be taken soon towards the practical attainment of that ideal.

The Viceroy on Self-Government.

The next thing to which I wish to refer is the speech of His Excellency the Viceroy, delivered on the 5th of September. I will only refer to that part of in which it deals with this ideal of self-government. His Excellency says:—

"I now turn to the third task, viz., constitutional reforms. At the very first Executive Council, which I held as Viceroy and Governor-General, I propounded two questions to my Council: (1) What is the goal of British Rule in India (2) What are the steps on the road to that goal? We came to the conclusion which, I trust most Hon. Members will agree, was inevitable, that the endowment of British India, as an integral part of the British Empire, with self-government was the goal of British Rule, and His Majesty's Government have now put forward in precise terms their policy, which we may say that we as the Government of India regard in substance as practical indistinguishable from that which we put forward etc. etc."

Having said what the goal is, His Excellency proceeds to say that the first road to that goal is in the domain of local self-government, village, town or municipal.

The second road is in the domain of more responsible employment of Indians under the Government. Referring to the third; His Excellency says:—

"We come now to our third road, which lay in the domain of Legislative Councils. As the Hon. Members will readily appreciate, there is no subject on which so much difference of opinion exists, and with regard to

which greater need is required for careful investigation and sober decision. I may say frankly that we, as the Government of India, recognise fully that an advance must be made on this road simultaneously with the advances on the other two, etc. etc."

I draw your attention to this. We, therefore, have got the right to hope that not only will this work of local self-government commence but simultaneously, along with that, work in other two domains must also commence. His Excellency says:—

"And His Majesty's Government, in connection with the goal which they have outlined in their announcement have decided that substantial steps in the direction of the goal they define should be taken as soon as possible."

I say, therefore, gentlemen, that we have got a right to expect that in the near future some substantial steps should be taken for granting to the people of this country that government which is representative and which is an integral part of the British Empire.

How Difficulties Began.

After these declarations were made, difficulties began. On the one hand, it filled us with hope that many of us, I must confess, did not examine this statement minutely and critically and had only a vague impression as to what was going to be done and were unduly suspicious but on the whole, it has made us hope for the realization of that which we have been fighting for, for the last 50 years. On the otherhand, it gave rise to despair in other people. I would ask you to mark the dates. The statement of the Secretary of State was made on the 20th of August. On the 13th of September the memorable pronouncement was made

by His Excellency the Viceroy. On the 20th the September. Sir Hugh Bray and Mr. Hogg spoke in the Indian Legislative Council; and they at once made it clear that it was nonsense to think of any kind of self-government so far as India was concerned. I ask you to note that fact, because I shall ask you to consider what followed, in the light of that interesting event, which took place on the 20th September. I am referring to the speeches made by Sir Hugh Bray and Mr. Hogg. Now, Sir Hugh Bray, apart from criticising the political activities of the people of this country—I will not retaliate by abuse for abuse—made it perfectly clear by saying this: "It is not we who wanted a change in the method of Government." So, Sir Hugh Bray does not want a change in the method of Government. The European Association 6 days after, declared that they did not want a change in the method of Government in this country.

Is it a Wild Inference?

Is it a wild inference to draw from these two significant events that these people did not want a change in the method of Government in this country, because they know the present system of Government is the most profitable to them? If any one draws that inference, is he to be characterised as a violent speaker? I say the dates and the speeches speak for themselves. It is idle to say afterwards "we were not against changes, we wanted our interests to be safeguarded." The fact is they did not want a change and why should they? If I had been an Anglo-Indian merchant, I should not have wanted a change. They say, that they have sunk capital in this country. I do not know the exact extent of that capital. My impression is—I speak from my impression and I am subject to correction,





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AUGUST, 1925.

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Deshabandhu Chittaranjan.

(By Prof. Bimdebhatri Mazumdar M. A.)

In the midst of a grave political crisis, when clouds of distrust and suspicion are darkening the horizon. India's "friend, philosopher and guide," has passed away. There is hardly any historical parallel to such a grave calamity of a nation. Our hero and general has died in the thick of the battle, leaving his soldiers disorganized. Like Rudra in his cosmic dance, he had destroyed the Dyarchy easily; but while he was revealing the constructive side of his programme, and devoting his unbounded energies to the work of village organization, he has been taken away from us. The master-builder demolished the house in order to erect a magnificent building; but he has departed leaving it only in ruins; new

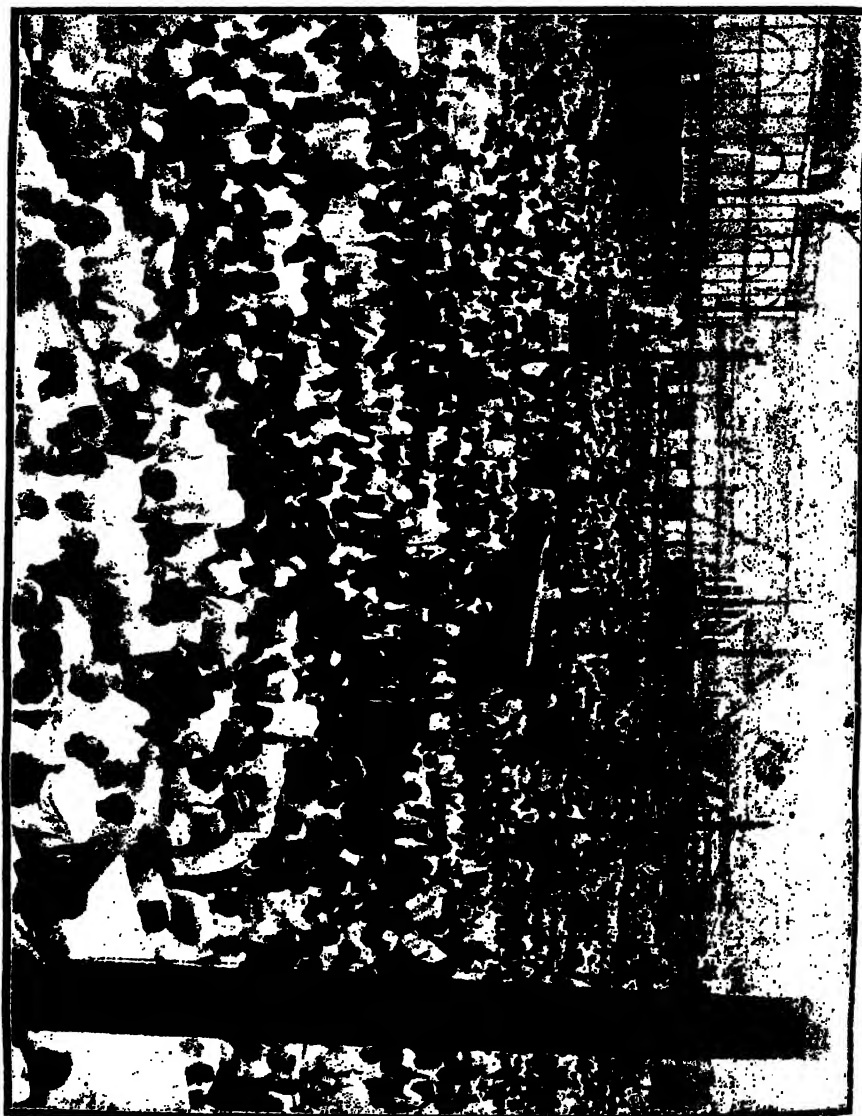
and grave menaces are threatening every kind of patriotic movement in our country. The noble spirit of Deshabandhu alone can put heart to the confused, grief-stricken masses of India and enable them to walk on his foot-steps now. The wonderful life of that hero of hundred battles, the memory of his great renunciation and undaunted courage can not but elevate and inspire it.

His early life and education:

Deshabandhu Das came out of a noble Vaidya family of Yadunandan clan. It is said that his ancestors were rulers of the Vikrampur parts of Bengal in the Medieval period of Bengal's history. His grandfather Kasiswar exercised great influence in East Bengal and was held in high

Deshabandhu's Funeral

In the Station



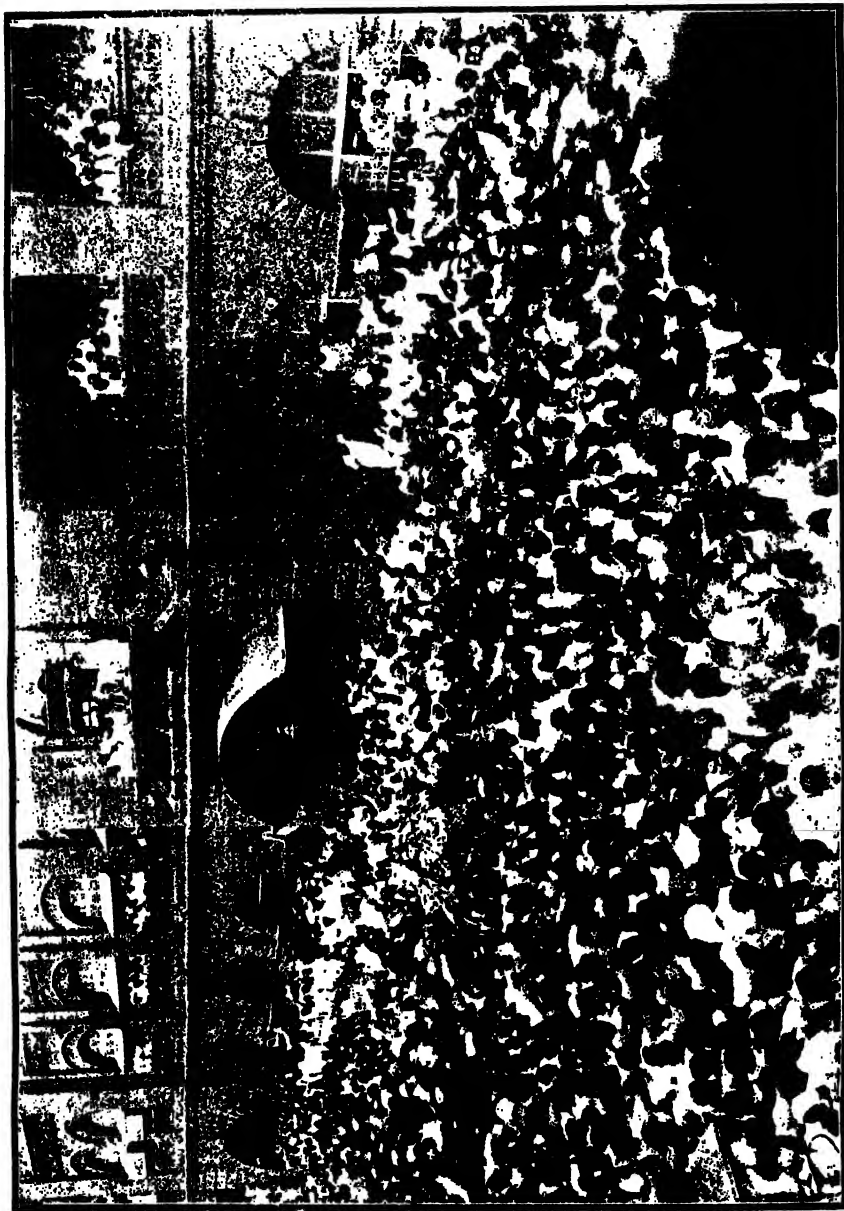
esteem by all classes of people. He had three sons, Durgamohan, Kalimohan and Bhubanmohan by name. All three had in them the fire of genius and all were able to establish their reputation as lawyers of great eminence. They knew how to earn money but they also knew how to spend it in a proper way. They were so very kind-hearted, that they were eager to lend their helping hand to any body, who was in distress. This spirit of charity and benevolence left them poor in material resources. Chittaranjan inherited not only the legal proficiency from his father, but also the large-hearted kindness of his parents. His father Bhubanmohan was an attorney. But the legal profession did not sap away all the sentiments from his heart. He devoted considerable energy to journalism and edited with success "Brahma public opinion" and "Bengal public opinion". We may say that Chittaranjan inherited literary tastes from his father. Bhubanmohan was a staunch follower of the Brahmo Society, as almost all the enlightened young men of Bengal were at that time.

When Bhubanmohan was living in Calcutta, Chittaranjan was born to him on November 5, 1870 A. D. A few years after his birth, Bhubanmohan shifted to Bhowanipur. Chittaranjan entered the London Missionary Collegiate School and began his studies there. He was a thoughtful

and grave boy with a brilliant face. The illustrious Tagore family of Calcutta was in close intimacy with the Das family. Once venerable Swarnalata Devi, the famous poetess and novelist, while paying a visit to the Das family, was attracted with the grave appearance of Chitta and remarked to his mother "This boy will certainly make his mark in this world." Her prophecy has been more than literally fulfilled.

After passing the Entrance Examination in 1886, Chittaranjan got himself admitted into the Presidency College. Though he could not distinguish himself there as an eminent scholar, yet his friends admired his fine literary appreciation and valued his opinions highly in any literary discussion. He graduated in 1890 and soon started for England in order to appear in the I. C. S. Examination.

While he was preparing for the Examination, Dadabhai Naoraji was carrying on a parliamentary campaign to enter the House of Commons. Mr. C. R. Das naturally sympathised with the ambition of one of his countrymen and himself delivered some addresses on behalf of Dadabhai Naoraji. His speeches elicited admiration from all. Sometimes after this one Mr. Maclean attacked both the Hindus and Mahamedans of India in one of his speeches. Mr. Das vehemently protested against it and Mr. Maclean had to apologize for it.



The last homage by the members of Calcutta Corporation to its First Mayor

Nextly Chittaranjan in another lecture in England reflected on the British Government in India on very strong terms. It is rumoured that this speech cost him his prospective civil service. We cannot but feel here the hand of Providence in thus debarring Chittaranjan from entering the Bureaucracy.

Chittaranjan returned to India as a Barrister-at-law. In the early days of his career he had to struggle hard for even maintaining his family. His father had become bankrupt : But the fire of genius can not long smoulder under smoke. In 1909 he heroically defended Sri Aurobindo Ghosh and others, while others left them away either for political scruples or for money. From that very day he deserves the title of Deshabandhu, because in our Shastras, he is called a true friend who defends one in the court or in the cremation ground. Now C. R. Das stood by the helpless patriots in the court and saved them from the cremation ground. It is gratifying further to note that Deshabandhu Das showed a noble spirit of self-sacrifice in defending not only this case but also other political cases of Bengal.

His Literary Life

Deshabandhu Das was not only a great lawyer but also a great poet. He was inspired by Vaishnavic ideals and in his lyrical poems gave a new interpretation of mystic love. His poetry is highly appreciated in our country. As in literature he wanted to throw away the intellectual thralldom of the west, so in politics he wanted Swaraj.

His Politics

To most of the political workers of the past and the present, politics was

a thing apart, but to Chittaranjan it was his life and Soul.

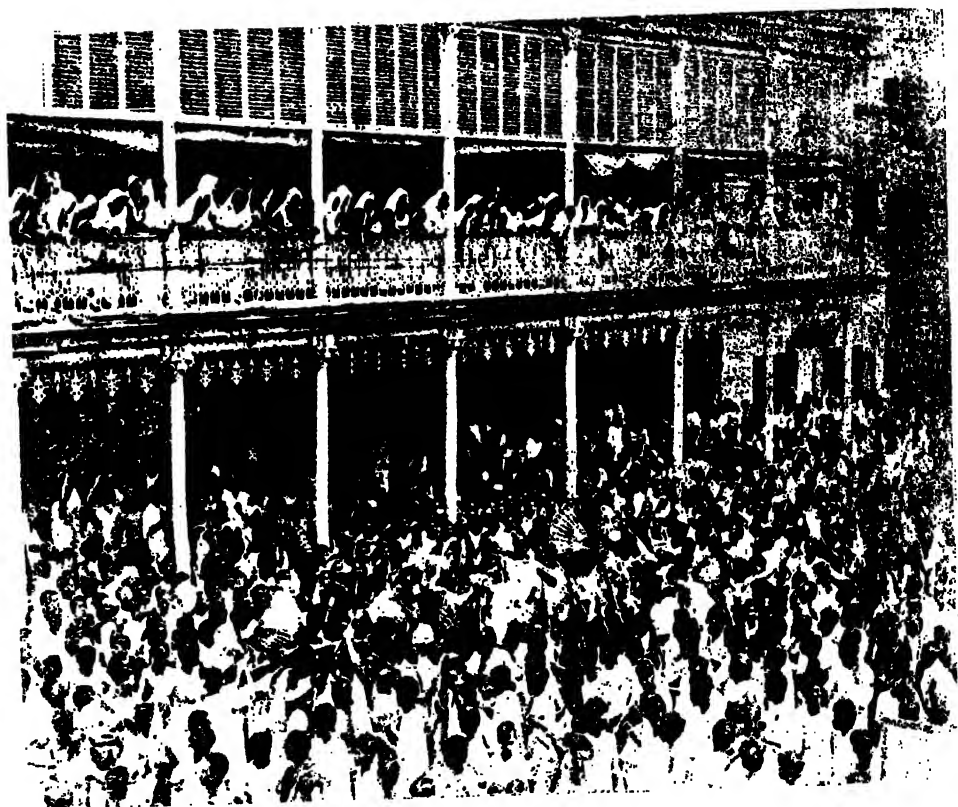
Even when he was a student in England, his passionate love for his Country drove him into more than one quarrel. But his life found its true fulfilment when the sheer need of his country and of the call of Mahatma invoked his genius for renunciation and devotion.

In 1917 when Mahatma Gandhi started the Satyagraha movement, Chittaranjan joined his banner unhesitatingly. He was at that time eminently the leader of the Calcutta Bar, having the largest volume of practice on the Criminal side ; he was leading a princely life. And yet withal he did not hesitate for a single moment to take up the garb of a Fakir, renouncing all that he had prized so high till then. From his high throne he came down to the level of the crowd and lead them on.

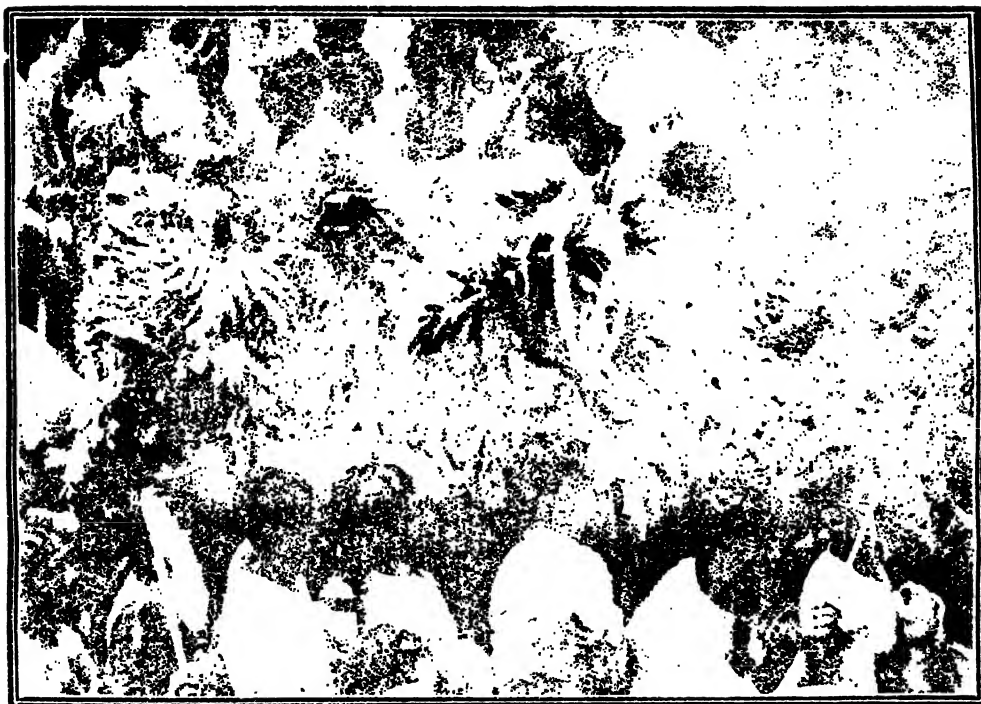
A profound thinker and a born nation builder Chittaranjan realised it early that a nation can never be built up by political agitation alone. Before he took up the lead of his party he gave his best thoughts to the problem as to how the Agriculture and Industry of India can be improved.

His dreams were not of the India of the cities with its teeming life of luxury and trouble but of India of the village with comfort and beauty and its repose and its charms of the Soul. It is our great misfortune that just at the time when he was systematising his schemes of village organisation the cruel death should snatch him away.

One may not agree with Mr. Das in his methods and politics but there is no denying the fact that his latest schemes for village organisation would have



The scene at the Wellington Street



The Funeral



The Shadh Ceremony



The last rites



The homage of the mass on the eve of the Sradha Ceremony



The great mass meeting in memory of Deshabandhu at the Maidan



Mahatma Gandhi at the meeting

done immense good to the country if Providence spared Mr. Das to carry them into effect. We, however, hope that the Swarajya party under the astute leadership of its new leader Mr. J. M. Sen Gupta will try its best to carry his programme into effect.

Before Mr. Das' emergence into Indian politics there was no strong and stable political party in India which could give the Bureaucracy a sustained fight. A born fighter, he realised it early that though the non-co-operation movement of Mahatma Gandhi would bring about the salvation of India, yet there was the necessity of an organised party to check the autocratic activities of the present irresponsible system of Government. He produced an organisation that had at its back a well-disciplined party the like of which has never been seen in this country. His fiery impatient nature refused to remain satisfied with a slow-going passive programme and he branched off from the main body of the Congress and forged out a new fighting political party which carried the battle into the very citadel of the enemy, and finally smashed its strongest bulwork in the dyarchical system of Government. To destroy the Councils he deemed it essential to enter them, but he deemed it also essential to enthrone Swaraj to pin the national hopes on to the constructive programme as an ultimate force. He understood it quite well that mere destruction will not help India to attain freedom from foreign bondage but that along with destruction constructive work must also proceed. His programme was to capture the main institutions of Local Self-Government and turn them into

so many nurseries for the freedom of the people.

As the first Mayor of the Calcutta Corporation, he brought sound realistic Statesmanship to the consideration of the progressive schemes of Town administration which shadowed before in the manifesto of his electorate campaign. If he lived to translate the great ideals that he set before his country, Calcutta would have attained a place of honour amongst the foremost cities of the world.

Opinion will differ of course as to whether he did a wise thing in sacrificing his career at the bar and joining hands with the Mahatma but no one can doubt the absolute sincerity and intensity of patriotism which moved him into making the sacrifice. His sense of reality, his steadfastness of purpose, his inflexible will and above all his great capacity of firing the imagination of the people have won for him an assured place in the history of the world. We all remember that since the famous Gopinath Resolution at Sirajgunj, Chittaranjan was regarded by the Anglo-Indian Community as a fire-brand. But those who ever had the opportunity of knowing the true Chittaranjan—the great Vaisnab Chittaranjan, will at once realise how enormous and unfounded the suspicion was. He was not a fire-brand but a fire bearer who like a torch was a light to his benighted countrymen, but was destruction to himself.

The great task master has called him away but he has left us a rich legacy of natural aspiration. In that let us rejoice and rise to the occasion and be worthy of ourselves and our country.

To an Unknown Bird.

I hear thy warbling tunes, while here I lie
Upon the verdant lawns,. How all around
The World is fair ? The dizzy peaks snow bound
So mutely kiss the ethereal cloudless sky
Gay buds, they dance in bowers and bees do fly
In search of blooming flowers whose honeyed cup
Is full of rainbow dew. The Sun is up
And breeze enchants all as it passeth by

What thrilling strain ? What music sweet doth flow
From thine too happy throbbing little breast
What utter joy, what pleasure thou must know
What freedom from the earthly gloom, th' unrest
That as thou from yon bush thy notes doth sound
The Earth and Hea'n with rippling rythm resound.

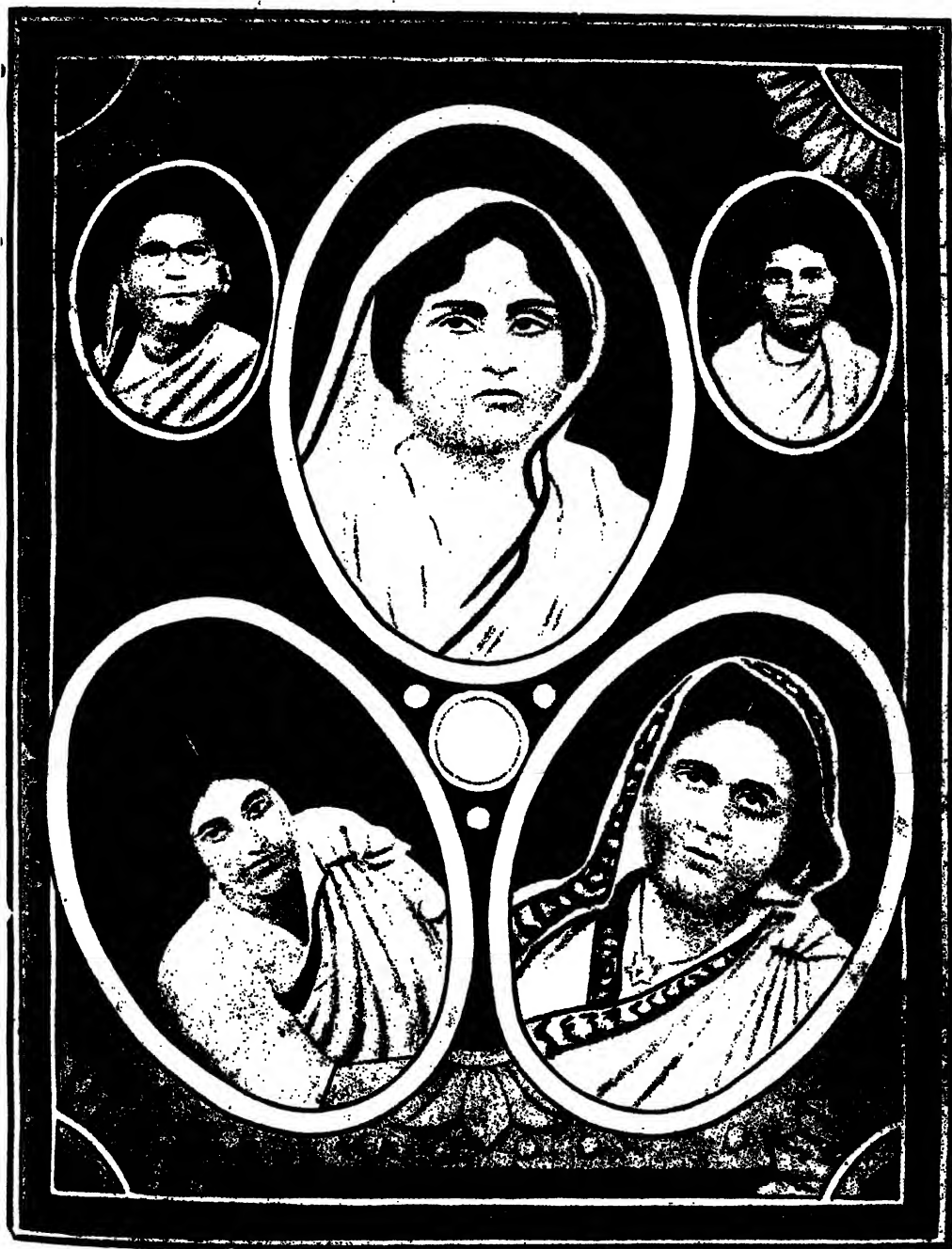
A. Waulerer.



Bak r-id.



Prayer.



Das Family.

APPRECIATIONS.

Mahatma Gandhi

Calcutta demonstrated yesterday Thursday the hold Deshabandhu had on Bengal nay, India. Calcutta is like Bombay, cosmopolitan. It has people from all the provinces. And all these people were as hearty participators in the procession as the Bengalis. The wire that are pouring in from every part of India emphasises the fact of his all-India popularity.

It could not well be otherwise among a people known for their gratefulness. And he deserved it all. His sacrifice was great. His generosity had no bounds. His loving hand was opened out to all. He was reckless in his charities. And only the other day when I gently remarked that he might have been discriminate, prompt came the reply, "I do not think I have lost by my indiscriminations." His board was free to the prince and the pauper. His heart went out to everyone in distress. Where is the youngman in all Bengal who does not owe a debt of gratitude to Deshabandhu in some shape or other? His unrivalled legal talents were also at the disposal of the poor.

I understand that he defended many if not all political prisoners without charging them a pie. He went to the Punjab for the Punjab inquiry and paid his own expenses. He carried a princely household in those days. I had it from him that he spent during that stay in the Punjab Rs. 50,000. This largeheartedness towards all who sought his help made him the undisputed ruler of thousands of young hearts.

He was as fearless as he was generous. His stormy speeches at Amritsar took my breath away. He wanted immediate deliverance for his country. He would not brook the alteration or removal of an adjective—not because he was unreasonable but because he loved his country so well, only so well. He gave his life for it. He controlled enormous forces. He brought power to his party by his indomitable zeal and perseverance. But this tremendous outpouring of energy cost him his life. It was a willing sacrifice. It was noble.

Faridpur was his crowning triumph. That utterance of his is a demonstration

of his supreme reasonableness and statesmanship. It was a deliberate, unequivocal and for him, as he said to me, final acceptance of non-violence as the only policy and therefore political creed for India.

In constructing together with Pundit Motilal Nehru and the disciplined stalwarts from Maharashtra the great and growing Swaraj Party out of nothing, he showed his determination, originality, resourcefulness and contempt of consequences after he had once made up his mind that the thing to be done was right. And to-day the Swaraj Party is a compact well-disciplined organisation. My difference about the Council entry were and are fundamental, but I never doubted the usefulness of Council entry for the purpose of embarrassment and continuously putting the Government in the wrong. No one can deny the greatness of the work done by the Party in the Councils. And the credit for it must predominantly belong to Deshabandhu. I entered into the pact with him with my eyes open. I have since done my little best to help the Party. His death renders it doubly my duty to stand by the Party now that the leader is gone. I shall do nothing to impede its progress where I may not be able to help.

But I must hark back to the Faridpur speech. The nation will appreciate the courtesy of the acting Viceroy in sending a message of condolence to Srimati Basanti Devi Das. I note with gratefulness the warm tributes paid by the Anglo-Indian press, to the memory of the deceased. The Faridpur speech seems to have impressed most Englishmen with its transparent sincerity. I am anxious that this death should not end with a mere display of courtesy. The Faridpur speech had a great purpose behind it. It was a generous res-

ponse to the Anglo-Indian friends who were anxious for the great patriot to make his position clear and make the first approach. He made it. The cruel hand of death has removed the author of the gesture from our midst. But I would like to assure Englishmen who may be still doubtful about the sincerity of Deshabandhu's motive that throughout my stay in Darjeeling, the one thing that struck me most forcibly was his utter sincerity about that utterance. Can this glorious death be utilised to heal wounds and forget distrust? I make a simple suggestion. Will the Government in honour of the memory of Chittaranjan Das, who is no longer with us to plead the cause, release the political prisoners who he protested were innocent? I am not now asking for their discharge on the ground of innocence. The Government may have the best proof of their guilt. I simply ask for their discharge as a tribute to the deceased and without prejudice. If the Government mean to do anything to please Indian opinion, there can be no more opportune time and no better inauguration of a favourable atmosphere than the release of these prisoners. I have travelled practically all over Bengal. Public feeling, not all necessarily Swarajist, is sore on the point. May the fire that burnt yesterday the perishable part of Deshabandhu also burn the perishable distrust, suspicion and fear. The Government may then call a conference if they will to consider the best means of meeting Indian demand whatever it may be.

But we will have to do our part, if the Government are to do theirs. We must be able to show that we are no one man show. In the words of Mr. Winston Churchill uttered at the time of the war, we must be able to say, 'Business as usual. The

Swaraj Party must be immediately reconstructed. Even the Punjab Hindus and Mussulmans appear to have forgotten their quarrels in the face of this 'bolt from the blue.' Can both parties feel strong and sensible enough to close the ranks? Desha-bandhu was a believer in and lover of Hindu-Muslim Unity. He held the Hindus and Mussalmans together under circumstances the most trying. Can the funeral fire purge us of our disunion? But perhaps the prelude to it is a meeting of all the parties on a common platform. Desha-bandhu was anxious for it. He could be bitter in speaking of his opponents. But during my stay in Darjeeling I don't remember a harsh word having escaped his lips about a single political opponent. He wanted me to help all I could to bring all parties together. It is then for us educated Indians to give effect to the vision of Desha-bandhu and realise the one ambition of his life by immediately rising a few steps in the ladder of Swaraj even if we may not rise to the top just yet. Then may we all cry from the bottom of our hearts 'Desha-bandhu is dead—Long Live Desha-bandhu.'

Address at the university Institute.

"Friends, Father Populaire has just now given us a word which perhaps sums up all that Desha-bandhu was to us in this beloved country of ours. He was a sportsman. He never hit below the belt. That does not mean that he spared his adversaries. We have the saying that in war there is no quarter given and none ever asked. That is one of the qualities of a good warrior and Desha-bandhu was always a warrior

from top to toe. I have seen him engaged in many a battle. He has not spared his adversaries. But he has never so far as I recollect, taken an undue advantage of them. And his generosity was not confined to friends. It flowed out evenly to his adversaries. And after the battle was over—the victory was won by him and he was as a rule always—he had no trace of ill-will against his adversaries. As you know, friends, as you are aware and I have more than once declared that five days at Darjeeling, were five most precious days of my life, because I came to understand and to know him in the fulness of all that was noble in him. But as you know I have been engaged in warring with him more than once. And I am here to confess to you that each time after the fight was over, he was as noble as I found him at the beginning, if not nobler. We never quarrelled. We had never anything between us to disturb the friendly relations. And all the talks I can reproduce that I had with him at Darjeeling about the different workers—about his opponents—I can say to you that he had no ill-will against any single one of them. He was eager—he was always anxious to co-operate with anybody who would extend to him the hand of fellowship. He was absolutely fearless. And therefore when he discovered that there was no basis for co-operation, that there was no basis for equality, he did not hesitate to part company. I therefore say that he could be summed up in that one word of Father Populaire—he was a sportsman.

A Friend of the Country.

Chittaranjan Das—he got the title of love unasked for from his countrymen—I

do not know who first called him Desh-bandhu. But if he was a friend to the whole of the country, he was much more to the students, to youths of Bengal. I do not think that I am exaggerating and those who know me know that I am not given to wilful and conscious exaggeration. Throughout my travels in East Bengal, I came in contact with hundreds and hundreds—I was going to say thousands and thousands of students—and I understood what reverence, what affection they had for Chittaranjan Das. I am now receiving letters from many students and I read in these letters the same certificate, the same affection, the same adoration and veneration. He was a father to the youth of Bengal. He took every one of them under his protective wings, if I may say so, he spread his angelic wings over every one of them. And sometimes it appeared to Europeans and sometimes it appeared even to me that he was overdoing it. I know now better that it was his boundless love for them which made him take that stand—which appeared for the time being inexplicable. I can explain it to-day. I understand it to-day. The mists had rolled up and therefore we understood each other better at Darjeeling. And I am here this evening to tell you that as his generosity was boundless, his love for the students was also boundless. He refused to see anything wrong with them.

I have come here this evening—I undertook to preside over this meeting on one condition. I regard myself to be a business-man. Many friends call me a visionary. They do not know what I am. I know what I should do and what I should not do. I have not come here to sing the praises of the departed friend and comrade. If

I have come here I have done so with one purpose. I want the students to realize—I want the youth of Bengal to realize the deep debt of gratitude they owe to him, and as time goes on that debt will increase because there will be a greater consciousness of what he was to them. You will not feel the loss to-day as you will feel a year hence, when you will find, there is no man to approach him—no man to equal him in his love for the youth of Bengal. It was my confidence in the youth of Bengal which, contrary to the advice of some of my friends, made me put down that sum of ten lakhs of rupees. I do not want you to count your love in rupees, annas and pies. I regard it merely as a token. I regard it merely as a precursor of what you will do for him. Doing for him is doing for yourselves. Doing for yourselves is doing for the country. He wants nothing for his own person. I know his spirit speaks to us—his spirit is with us. Do not make any mistake about that. He wants nothing because he had all he wanted in this life. But he wants you—every one of you to do his level best to attain what he was out for, I do not want to conceal it from you—"Swaraj"

His Ideal of Swaraj.

But the Swaraj of his dream and my dream was not merely political power. If you all know him as well as I claim to know him now—you can understand that political strife was the least part of his life. Even in 1918 or 1919 when we first met and after only a few weeks he used to confess to me that he was tired of this political warfare, and if he could get only what he wanted for his country—the real freedom which every man and woman should feel—then he would retire; he would then erect

a cottage on the banks of the Ganges and gives himself up to the adoration of his Maker—literary pursuit or some such least dazzling work.

But as I have said, he was a warrior from top to toe and when this political strife came to him, he laid aside every other ambition of life. See what he has done! When the question of the disposal of

143, Russa Road—his mansion and now I understand what this mansion meant to him—when he came to dispose of that mansion, he did not say to the Trustees—"Sell this mansion and give the proceeds to the Swarajya Party or to the Congress or give it for training the youth of the country for becoming political missionaries." Nothing wrong if he had done that! Quite a laudable mission, and I admit we do need such an institution for training political Sanyasis. But no. He understood that political strife was a temporary distemper—that it was bound to go. It was not the natural condition of anybody's life. No politics! I ask you to his Trustees. "You shall devote this house to the education of women—you shall devote this house of mine for establishing Maternity Home—you shall devote this house for establishing a hospital and the like." You know what that 'like' means. That 'like' meant not political purposes. That 'like' means charitable and education-purposes. That is his trust. And when? When he was deeply engrossed in political strife. And I assume you there was nobody to suggest to him that he should do that or this. He had not foreseen his death—nor did he know what kind of memorial would be erected after him. That was the time when he was in the midst of strife and when he was in the sanest mood. Times come for you and for me when there

is a limit to political strife. But when it comes as it came to Arjun, gird up your loins and fight it out and never lay down your armour till you have got what you want.

No Tammany Hall Method.

Let me say to the Europeans also—there are three representatives here, let them not misunderstand this great soul. I am here to testify that he had not a trace of ill-will against anybody. He might have spoken something harsh against Englishmen. Sometimes he might have overstepped the limit, but I testify that he had no ill-will against Englishmen. His last talks with me showed—a great and good friend as I claim to be of Englishmen—and I came to know of their qualities, I admire their qualities,—but I am here to confess to you to-day—that he had greater faith in Englishmen. Five seven or eight days before his death, when I was there, he said to me something was going to be done for our country by Lord Birkenhead. I said "Have you any ground for it?" He only said—"Don't ask me the reason. Don't try to reason with me. Don't be a logician. For the moment, let me tell you what I feel intuitively. Something big is going to happen". "What is that thing?" I nodded my head. "I see nothing on the horizon to warrant that. As I know the English nature I know this that English nature never yields to weakness. English nature yields and bends only before strength. It will try you through and through and when anything comes from Downing Street, it comes as it must come because it cannot possibly be resisted. I never misjudge the English people. I have

hundreds of English friends. In South Africa I have still some of the finest English men as my friends." I told him "Your present estimate is now mistaken, We are now fallen. Look at the Hindus and Mussalmans—Brahmins and Non-Brahmins. Look at the state of political parties look at the great friends of the country, Sir S. N. Banerjea. He accuses you of Tammany Hall method." Deshabandhu simply smiled and said, "Let him say that, If there is any Tammany Hall method in my work, the world and my country will judge me." I may tell you he wanted to see Sir Surendranath and asked me to invite him. He wanted to go to him to tell him that there was no Tammany Hall method in Chittaranjan Das. I know what Das was. He was beyond bribery. He had no personal ambition except that for the cause of the country. He asked me to challenge anybody in India to show a single instance that he ever bribed a single man. If a single instance could be shown he said, he would certainly leave politics and hang down his head in shame. He is dead. And I proclaim at this respectful meeting of picked gathering of Indians and Europeans that he had never bribed. He had no knowledge of any bribes having been given by any single person on behalf of him or on behalf of his party. And if any case can be proved to be true, I shall see to it. If proved true, I shall denounce him and expose him. And until I see any case of that character, I am here to testify that Chittaranjan Das was absolutely innocent of any single case of bribery for his political end, much less for any selfish interest. I will say that he has died a spotless death. He was so far as I know innocent of any conscious wrong to any single person.

Test for Young Men.

If I have said all these things, it is in order to put the young men of Bengal on their test. I want the youngmen of Bengal to work, so that in an incredibly short time the whole amount for the Deshabandhu Memorial Fund may be collected. I know you cannot give from your own pockets. But you can go to your friends—you can go to your parents—you can plead with them and if they tell you that C. R. Das was not what Gandhi tells you, tell them that Gandhi tells you what wrong there was in C. R. Das and I shall undertake to expose that wrong if there was any, although he is now dead. I don't want to be partial to the memory of Deshabandhu.

To-morrow there is a great meeting. You will all go there. You will go there in absolute silence. You will stand or sit there in absolute silence and you will tell the masses and the labourers from the mills that will collect there not to howl or press forward. Tell them with gentle persuasion not to advance an inch or move forward because there is a surging crowd in front of them. Tell this not by your lips but by signs. I am anxious that we shall do the last reverence to the deceased patriot, our beloved countrymen in solemn silence. May God help you and help me.

At the Indian association Hall

You have passed a resolution of condolence and it was well. But a son who satisfies himself with singing the praises of his parents but never translates into his own life a single quality of his parents is an encumbrance and a disgrace. Let us not commit a similar mistake in connection with ourselves. If there is any value in singing the praise of the departed leader—

a leader so great and good as Deshbandhu Das—the value consists in the reminder that it serves for us that we have to do something after the style of the departed man, each according to his ability. It is therefore, that I have resolutely refused after the funeral day to join a single meeting of condolence unless it was intended at that meeting to do some tangible work.

"I observe that you have made some collections already and I acknowledge that it is not possible for every employee who lives from month to month upon wages that he might receive, in the middle of the month, especially at the end of the month to give all his subsistence and so I told the friends who came to me that it would satisfy my requirements if at the end of the month, on the 1st. of July, all those who cannot give to the fullest extent to-day will give before the time of the meeting assuming that their wages are paid to them before 5 o'clock (standard time). But your subscriptions, whatever they may be, I would regard them and they must be regarded merely as a token of your intention to carry out some of the things that have appealed to you in Deshbandhu's life.

Self-Respect before living

"You must ask yourselves, and I have asked myself it is that every one of us whether employees of employers can do. Self-respect was one of the things that Deshbandhu cherished, and he cherished not merely his own self-respect but the self-respect of every Indian. If some girl in Cape Comorin or near the Hindukush within the borders of India was insulted by a single person he felt that he himself

was insulted and his self-respect was hurt. I do not ask you to go so far—though it is not duty to do all that and to feel for the meanest of our country—but for the time being I ask you to put your self respect before living. A man does not live by bread alone and sometimes it is better to starve than to say good bye to one's self-respect.

There is another thing that we can all do. We can all wear Khaddar as he wore. And those of you who have eyes to see must have seen that in the drapery there was nothing but "Khaddar" in that funeral procession. "Khaddar" I recommend to everybody and he recommended it to everybody, because it is the surest and the only symbol of union between the masses and the classes. There is nothing else that you and everyone who call himself or herself Indian can do, and that is why I present you these two things out of the innumerable things in his life.

"Referring to the observation made by a Mahomedan gentleman who took exception to the remark made in the "Bengalee" that the Mahomedans were conspicuous by their absence in the funeral procession of Deshbandhu; Mahatmaji said:—

"Yes, the Mahomedan friend has resented the reproach, and properly, that the Mahomedans were conspicuous by their absence in the funeral procession. I do not know. But supposing they were it means nothing. I am anxious to secure the heart of the Mussalmans. I am anxious that they should feel just the same as the Hindu or Christian or all who came under his magnetic influence. The Mahomedan friend has paid the deserved tribute to Deshbandhu Das in connection with his work in the Corporation for the Mahomedans.

I know and the Mahomedans realise that he went out of his way to placate the Mahomedan sentiment and, to retain their friendship. Those of us who are Hindus or Non-Moslems, cherish the ideal of his. We shall lose nothing but gain out of our way by trying to placate them. When it is a question of principle, nobody is called upon to sacrifice a jot or tittle but so long it is not a matter of sacrifice, let us all surrender to our leaders. That to my mind is the best way of living in this world. Deshabandhu in connection with his relation with the Mahomedans brought that Science of Surrender to perfection. And India will be a better place to live in.

1st July.

"And I hope that not one of you will fail in giving his due token before the 1st of July or before 5 o'clock (standard time) on July 1. The 1st of July is a test for us. You are going to march in procession. Remember that at the stroke of five the proceedings in that big Maidan will commence and I would ask you, urge you, everyone of you to become a selfselected volunteer to observe perfect silence, not to move from his place and all of you to control others. Those who will make noise or move forward to crowd round a particular place, ask them to stand and sit where they are and remain absolutely noiseless. Then every word that might be said on that occasion will be heard by everyone. Then we shall be able to say that we have made our reverence to one whom we have loved. Noise will take away the solemnity of the occasion and I am most anxious that Calcutta on the 1st of July should gather on that Maidan in lakhs. But I am also anxious that in spite of lakhs, even the sound of the dropping of

a pin should be heard by every one. I want that. I ask you to help the proceedings and to maintain the dignity of the occasion by yourselves observing silence and requesting your neighbours to observe it."

Mahatma Gandhi in the "Young India" of July 2 :—

Srimati Basanti Devi has handed me an anonymous letter received by her from "a revolutionary" from which I take the following :

"Tears roll down and blur my sight in my attempt to write to you at this moment. I tried to go for a visit to 148 but could not sum up my courage to stand before you. The sight is heart rending.

"In the death of Deshabandhu Das a great man has fallen—perhaps the greatest the country has produced. There is none to fill up the gap. I am one of those who came to know him not when he gave up his extensive practice at the Bar and its princely income but long before that when out of his seclusion—as it were—he came out to defend Sreejut Aurobindo Ghose in the Alipur Bomb Case and from that time came to love him, came to have the highest regard and admiration for and devotion to him. He, too, always had a very soft and warm corner for us in his heart though he has not seen eye to eye with us in politics. For I am one of those who were, in the Partition days, wrongly called "Anarchists" and who are now very wrongly called the "Revolutionaries." He knew we were much misunderstood and misrepresented and much maligned because of our love of freedom for our common Motherland. To everyone of us he always extended a brother's hand, always trying to guide us in the right path. We sadly miss him to-day. We are overwhelmed with grief to-



Late Mr. C. R. Das.

it is clear from all accounts in the news-day at his death, for we know there is no man in the country whom we can turn to in our hour of sore need.

"Leaders will come and leaders will go ; but Deshbandhu Das will never come. He was the hope and inspiration of the people. He was the idol of the nation. His help and guidance were always, as it were, at our disposal and our services, nay our very lives, he knew, were at his command. And here I need only assure you, my dear sister, that our services—nay our lives—are, and shall ever continue to be at your command."

The portion omitted is a reassurance of sympathy. This letter is an unsolicited testimonial of Deshbandhu's views on revolutionary activities. The reason for his hold on young Bengal is to be sought in his fatherly care of them in spite of their faults. He loved them not because he liked methods but because he wished to wean them from their ways. Will those who did not listen to him whilst he was alive listen to the voice of his spirit which says to them "not through violence lies the way to India's freedom"? Will they trust to his ripper judgment rather than their own?

Aurobindo Ghose.

"Chitta Ranjan's death is a supreme loss. Consummately endowed with political intelligence, constructive imagination, magnetism, a driving force combining a strong will and an uncommon plasticity of mind for vision and tract of the hour, he was the one man after Tilak, who could have led India to Swaraj."

B

C. F. Andrews.

With very great difficulty, I have been trying to write some notes and reminiscences concerning Deshbandhu Chittaranjan Das, in the intervals between watching and nursing by the bedside of one who has been my oldest and dearest friend, Susil Kumar Rudra, of Bengal, the Principal of St. Stephen's College, Delhi, for over thirty-five years. He himself is slowly sinking, here at Solon in the Simla Hills, under the heavy weight of an incurable disease. His whole body is visibly decayed amid the greatest suffering and physical pain, which never seems to leave him night or day and at times has amounted to an anguish, cruel and terrible to witness. But the spirit within, has remained unconquerable throughout. In every lucid moment he has expressed his undying faith in God and his infinitely deep love for the country which gave him birth.

Therefore, when the news of Deshbandhu's sudden passing away came with such a startling shock to others in their daily business, here in the anti-chamber of Death itself it was not possible to feel the sharpness of the pang so acutely as if it had come to me in the round of ordinary life. For Death has been my own constant companion of late while I have been watching by the death-bed of my friend.

When in the midst of my other thoughts I had time to think out what it all meant, —this sudden overwhelming blow—my first thought was one of thankfulness that to Deshbandhu at least the end had come suddenly in a way that he himself would have most desired. God's merciful hand had spared, in his case, the prolonged agony of continuous unbearable pain. For

papers that the death moment was most unexpected. Perhaps the one regret in his mind, in the last moments of conscious life, was the knowledge that he was leaving behind so much arduous national work to be undertaken by others—work which he might himself have performed had he been given the strength to live a little longer.

There is one of the finest of Browning's shorter poems, which has been much in my own mind in these last days of universal mourning. Speaking of looking Death in the face as one who ever 'marched breast-forward, the Poet calls the final struggle.

"The one fight more,

The last and the best"

This is really what Death was to Deshbandhu. He had already reached the last stage in life's warfare. He had looked ahead with complete fearlessness, as he 'marched breast-forward,' to that 'one fight more'

"The last and the best."

So when the final encounter actually came, it was soon over. The victory was quickly won. The human spirit was set free.

If I have understood Deshbandhu's own nature at all rightly in these closing years of his active life, during which I met him constantly, then indeed I know for certain that this almost instantaneous release of the soul from the body was the one supremely desirable end that he would have coveted most if he had been allowed to have the choice.

To die in the very midst of the great conflict, at the height of his influence and power, with all his achievements still fresh, with his personality winning new victories every hour—this was surely the death that

he would have desired; and it has been given thus to die. Deshbandhu had already sacrificed his house, his property, his personal ease, his civil liberty, his lucrative legal practice, all his own earthly goods and possessions, for the sake of the faith that was in him and for the liberation of his country which had become his one ruling passion, stronger than every other worldly tie, even the tie of home. Now, at last he has been called upon to make the final sacrifice of all, the sacrifice of life itself.

In the Christian scriptures, the following words are contained, which are well-known by every Christian; "Greater love had no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." It is with the utmost reverence that I would wish to use the same form of words concerning that other love in life which we call 'love of country.' For greater love to his country hath no man than this that a man should lay down his life for his country.

Some have died on the battle-field expressing that love of country in their actions. Some have died a death by imprisonment, others on the scaffold. But no less truly is life laid down, when Death is fearlessly faced day by day in the performance of duty for the sake of the Motherland.

When I saw Deshbandhu for the last time, at the earlier part of the present year on my return from Jamshedpur, he was on his bed of sickness when he received me. It was brought home to me with an acute sense of anxiety that he was a dying man; that he was literally laying down his life for his country. I pressed him very earnestly to take time in bed to make a full recovery.

Only a few days after that, if I remember right, he was carried out, in all his

physical weakness, in a chair, to give his vote in the Council Chamber. Many who saw him on that occasion must have realised that he was actually wearing his life away. No one who watched him during those days could have failed to notice the terrible strain he was undergoing. It was clear that only his indomitable spirit was the impelling force which drove him along the pathway of devotion to his country with such irresistible force.

Very few knew how poignantly he had suffered during those last years of his life ; how against his own health was every journey that had to be undertaken ; how his whole physical nature was crying out for that repose which his determined will refused to allow him to accept ; how whenever the call came in any shape or form to do something more in the service of his country he could never say 'no'. He could never merely sit still. He had to be up and doing. Even in Darjeeling he was thinking out far-reaching plans when the end came.

I have a very vivid memory of another earlier Indian patriot,—Gopal Krishna Gokhale. He too wore out his own enfeebled and diseased body in the same way. Early in the year 1914, he had asked me to return from South Africa by way of London— and I used to see him every day in his illness ; for he was very ill when I arrived. He knew well that for him life was very precarious indeed ; but he determined to wear himself away, rather than remain ill in health resorts seeking a 'cure'. When I pleaded with him to take a rest cure at Karlsbad, he said to me. "No. let me burn my life away. That is best and also wisest." The end came not long after, and his countrymen understood the sacrifice he had made.

It seems to be the destiny, which God

has appointed to Indian leaders, of whatever school of thought, that they should show in these days of difficulty and distress, how the soul is superior to the body and wins its victories in its own way, not of man's devising. It may be that much mental confusion still remains concerning the future, but the toll of sacrifice has been paid to the full.

We can see this by taking examples. With regard to Mahatmaji and his wife and those who are nearest to him the cup of suffering never seems to be removed from their lips. With the Ali Brothers, imprisonment has followed imprisonment. The Hakim Sahib Ajmal Khan, who has healed so many by his medicines, seems unable to keep well himself. Pandits Motilal and Malaviyaji and Lala Lajpat Rai have always been on the verge of a breakdown in health. Srinivasa Sastri and Tej Bahadur Sapru have both of them fearlessly risked their health in London while pleading the cause of their fellow countrymen abroad. C. Rajagopalachariar though a permanent invalid goes on working steadily forward. I have personally witnessed also how the Poet Rabindranath Tagore, who stands outside politics, has forfeited health again and again and faced death in many forms in his burning love for all the peoples of the world and in his intense longing to bring to them those spiritual gifts which Indian alone can offer. Into this ocean of suffering he too has plunged.

There is a sacred flame in India which is ever fed and renewed from the altar of sacrifice. It is replenished by acts of devotion. Equally with the leaders of India the village people have borne their share of suffering. I have seen it once for all imperishably revealed among the Sikhs at Guru Ka Bagh.

It is, I believe, the very costliness of the sacrifice which makes the flame burn brighter and enkindles others. The masses of India are for the most part illiterate and ignorant. They cannot discuss political programmes. But they can understand simply and easily that when every leader is ready to lay down his life, the cause is sacred and the call must be obeyed.

It is this true instinct in the masses that has made the marvellous response, when the poorest in Calcutta and Howrah in their tens of thousands poured out into the streets to offer their last tribute to the patriot who died. Not only in Calcutta itself, but all over India the same response was made.

It is a great people that can honour their dead. It is a great people that can thus instinctively become wise with the wisdom of sorrow and death. Out of this pure and lofty emotion, which has now been kindled in so many human hearts, a new determination must arise, never to relinquish the struggle, till Swaraj is won. A new conviction must also come that in unity alone is strength.

Pandit Matilal Nehru.

Chitta Ranjan Das is no more. All India is plunged in grief and is paying its homage of love and respect. Tribute to his great qualities and messages of sympathy are pouring in from distant foreign lands. But I to whom he was more than a brother, have so far remained tongue-tied stunned by the great calamity and have been gasping for breath night and day under a severe relapse of asthma.

I left Dalhousie on the morning of the fateful sixteenth to breathe the fresh air of the Inner Hills. The terrible news came to me the next day with cruel suddenness at Chamba and laid me prostrate. But in the agony of grief and disease I have had moments of joy—alas, only too quickly followed by hours of distressing pain. It was Chitta Ranjan himself who brought those moments of joy to relieve my sorrow.

On the twentieth June, the day I returned to Dalhousie, I found on my table a long letter of five closely written pages, all in his own handwriting. When we parted at Patna in April for ever as it now turns out, we agreed not to trouble ourselves with politics during the brief rest we were allowing ourselves and had not written to each other since. But Providence in its mercy put into his head just three days before he passed away to write that long letter giving a lead on almost every point that is agitating the public mind. I have read and read that letter and for the moment enjoyed the pleasure of direct communion with him. Those moments, alas, have passed away all too quickly and left me to my sorrow. The only consolation which, I am sure, will be shared by all members of the Swarajya Party is that our Chief has left a record of his wishes which it is our bounden duty to carry out. I value this letter as the last will and testament of our departed Chief. The letter was confidential and not meant for publication. I may not divulge except to a very few the instructions it contained until the events to which they relate have actually happened. I shall however, quote one or two passages which will interest those who sorrow for him to-day.

After some personal enquiries he says—
“I am getting better but very slowly. The

only complaint is an attack of fever once every week. I get it on the sixth day—besides this weakness. I am determined to stick here till I am really better." And so he did, for there can be no doubt that he is "really better" now. How little did he suspect that the end was so near.

Towards the end of the letter after expressing concern for my health he says : "The most critical time in our history is coming. There must be solid work done at the end of the year and the beginning of the next. All our resources will be taxed and here we are both of us ill. God knows what will happen." How characteristic of one who in the words of Mahatmaji "lived for Swaraj and died for Swaraj !"

What more can I say ? It is beyond me to express what I feel and language can be but a poor vehicle to express our sorrow at the calamity that has befallen us. All along the ramifications of public life wherever I look I find a void left by the death of Chittaranjan Das. It is impossible to measure the tremendous loss. No greater misfortune could have befallen the nation.

It is not for me to say anything of his intense patriotism, his burning love of country, his stupendous sacrifices, his unbounded generosity and his selfless devotion to the cause he espoused. All these have been gratefully acknowledged by his loving fellow countrymen of all shades of opinion. But only those who had the privilege to be closely associated with him in his work could observe fully and admit these great qualities. His towering genius and the rare combination in him of a lofty idealism with a high order of prejudicial statesmanship came into full play in private discussions and at committee meetings. Never for a moment did he lose sight of the ideal in

pursuing the practical, and nothing practical, however tempting had any attraction for him if it did not in some measure help directly or bring us nearer to the ideal. Every thing tending to destroy or delay the ideal, whatever the immediate good it contained, received short shrift at his hands. Truly has Mahatmaji said "he lived for Swaraj and died for Swaraj."

One word to the Swarajya Party and I shall have done. Our great Chief has fallen bravely fighting for the cause. He has shown us how to fight hard, fight clean and fight on till our object is attained. All honour and glory to him. Let each one and all of us try to follow in his footsteps. Remember his parting injunction : "The most critical time in our history is coming. There must be solid work done at the end of the year and the beginning of the next. All our resources will be taxed." Let each one of us be ready to shoulder his burden. Let us win Swaraj as he would surely have won it if he had been spared.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu.

India is bowed with sorrow at the passing of a king, for kingly was Deshabandhu Das in every impulse and gesture of his life, royal alike in the splendour of his bounty and the splendour of his renunciation. He died as all great men should, swiftly translated from mortality to immortality in the best hour of his achievement, in the full glamour of his fame and prestige and power. As the idol of the nation he served

with surpassing devotion. Thus is his illustrious memory secure from the impious and importance challenge of time and change enduing as the mighty Himalayas that stood sentinel at his death bed and saluted his heroic soul. The generations whom he swayed by his wonderful personality will find perennial inspiration in the record of his incomparable sacrifice, his invincible courage, his incorruptible passion for liberty. To the generations of to-morrow he will grow into a landiant figure of historic legend and romance, a vital portion of epic beauty and grandeur of their spiritual heritage. The ashes of his suffering flesh lie scattered on the sacred Ganges, but his matchless spirit broods over us in divine benediction and in his own exquisite phrase his love like a lighted lamp will lead us on the way to Swaraj."—

Dr. Besant.

"All India without regard to the parties has received a shock and a surprise, at once followed by sincere regret at the news just received of the passing away from earth of the Swarajist Leader Mr. C. R. Das. Only a fortnight ago, I spent several hours with him in Darjeeling in three long interviews on May 20, and 30. He was then better in health for the change and rest and was anticipating an early return to public life. He was much changed in manner and outlook as was indeed seen in his Faridpur speech. His old aggressiveness had disappeared and he was very calm and gentle. Our interviews were pleasant throughout and very full of promise for the future. This is not the moment for speculation on the inevitable

political changes which must follow his departure. It is the moment for remembering the great sacrifices he made for India, his courage, his devotion to the motherland and the love felt for him by his countrymen, especially by the youth of Bengal. It is difficult to think of Bengal without Deshabandhu as he was affectionately named by his followers and his name was literally a household word. India is the poorer for the loss of a towering personality and a chapter of Bengal's political history closes with his passing away. He has not had time to carry out the new policy defined by his Faridpur speech. His career has closed with tragic suddenness and time is needed for the necessary adjustments inevitably caused by the abrupt departure of one who filled so large a place in his country's life. For me who regard death as the mere casting off of the physical body, leaving the man unchanged save in the material surroundings of his activities, I doubt not that he will still work for India's freedom and will keep his intense love for the mother country. So I cannot utter the usual wish. "May he rest in peace." Rather do I say, "May he join the band of warrior souls that have preceded him and add his energies to those of Dadabhai Naoroji, Gopal Krishna Gokhale and Bal Gangadhar Tilak to hasten the coming of Swaraj to their common motherland Bharatavarsha."

D. C. Stewart-Smith.

It was with deep and universal sorrow that the citizens of Calcutta read in their papers on Wednesday morning the news of the death of the first among them and there will be no home in which the passing

of the Mayor will not be discussed with real and even affecting grief. His ways of challenging public attention were many and uncommon and their details may well be left in the hands of his biographer. But an attempt to appraise his qualities first as a very human man and secondly as a Mayor, the first of a line, may perhaps be excused from an acquaintance hardly daring to call himself a friend and a Councillor with but a twelve-month's experience.

There was something strongly compelling about the personality of Mr. Das, which drew men of all shades of political thought, from Secretaries of State to the humblest man in the street, to pay earnest attention to the speeches which fell from his lips. The secret of such personality is not a hidden one; it is patent to the observer of men, to the critic of human emotions. The secret lay in his genuine sincerity, his passionate belief in the righteousness of his cause and his contempt for injustice. To one who has been privileged to hear him speak both in the Bengal Legislative Council and the Calcutta Corporation, his hatred of oppression and his gift of inspiring other men with his ideals have been qualities exciting the sharpest envy. Patriotism may take various forms from shouldering a rifle and sitting in a muddy trench to leading resistance against legislation considered to be coercive. The Mayor was ever at his best, when following the lead of John Hampden, and such a tribute is genuinely paid by the man who held the rifle and who has no love for rebels.

Of his lighter qualities, Mr. Das had one which outshone all others; he had a highly developed sense of humour begotten of an alert brain. Swift with the witty

and quietly spoken reply he was the fear of the rashly assertive speaker and the consolation of the beginner not quite sure of his ground. The writer has had many chances of presenting this delightful gift of the Mayor to an appreciative public and it has always been his pleasure to do so.

In the office of Mayor that stiff test of careful impartiality. Mr. Das has set a high standard of conduct, which his successor, whoever he may be, will find difficult to follow. Even though he knew that a speaker was going to destroy or ridicule a proposal with which he had every sympathy the late Mayor always allowed such a speaker to have his full say and never left him with the feeling of having been snubbed. An occasion comes to mind when Mr. Das even prompted an inexperienced speaker, so that no sense of grievance might remain. His fairness was universal, his courtesy unfailing and his power of speech unequalled within the Corporation Chamber. Such qualities go to make a successful Mayor; without them the office would be a mockery. Many Councillors differed from him in their political views, none differed in their appreciation of his charm of manner. Many speeches have been made, many laudatory articles written, many powerful tributes paid. Against such these words sound puny, but they are as sincere and spontaneous as the great leader about whom they are written. In the quiet of the aftermath words acquire their true value. A vista offers the clearest perspective and the passing of years will only add to the esteem and affection in which Mr. Das is now held and will enable a greater value to be placed on the services which he has rendered to India—

Mrs. A. K. Fazlul Huq.

KHORESED BEGUM.

My dear Mrs. Das,

I have always held your husband in high esteem and admired him since I came to know of him. I read his thoughtful speeches and writings on political subjects with exceeding interest and curiosity. I can hardly describe how moved and pained I have been by his sudden and untimely death. If the feeling of grief is so severe in the case of one who keeps aloof from politics and is an admirer only of his sacrifices and his superhuman personality, I can easily imagine how deep and painful the feeling is in your case. I pray to God that his soul may enjoy eternal rest and heavenly bliss. May He grant you sufficient strength and patience to stand this severe trial.

I have long cherished an earnest desire to see you. But social restrictions and other causes have stood in the way. I still hope I shall be able to see you in near future.

You will please consider me as an unknown, yet sincere admirer of your illustrious husband. I beg to convey to you my heartfelt sympathy at the irreparable loss which has been caused to you and the country by Deshbandhu's death.

"The Times" Calcutta

Correspondent :—

The news of the sudden death of Mr. C. R. Das has had a profound effect in political circle here. Even those Indians who differed most from Mr. Das have been

rendered almost inarticulate with grief, and until a few days have passed it will be impossible to gauge the effect of the passing of the most dynamic leader the Nationalists are likely to have. Sympathetic references in European newspapers and by public men to the devotion, patriotism, and self-sacrifice of the dead leader may perhaps help to effect a reconciliation over the open grave.

All activities have been postponed in the Indian quarters of Calcutta, and Bengali theaters and cinemas have been closed as a sign of mourning. Editorial references to Mr. Das's death are made by all other newspapers, but in Mr. Das's own organ, the "Forward," the leader page is entirely blank except for the announcement of his death in the middle and there is no reference to it in the news columns with the exception of a "box" stating that the body will be brought to Calcutta, on Thursday morning for cremation.

Lord Birkenhead Wrote.

"It would be affection which you would despise if I pretended I was in sympathy with many of the late Mr. Das's views. But it has long been our habit to lay aside our differences in the presence of death. No one questioned the intense sincerity with which Mr. Das flung himself into the causes in which he believed, still less the grave and sustained sacrifices which he made without counting the cost on their behalf. At the moment of his premature death we mourn the extinction of the vivid, arresting and versatile personality."

Lord Reading.

"The death of Mr. Das will be deeply regretted in India, especially Bengal, not

only by those who agreed with his views, but also by those who were opposed to him. In the presence of death difference of opinion, however acute, are forgotten. It will be universally acknowledged that Mr. Das was sincerely and devotedly attached to India and strove patriotically according to his conceptions to further the interests of Indians to the utmost of his powers."

Mr. Pilcher in the "Daily Mail."

Mr. George Pilcher, M.P., formerly of the staff of "The Statesman" writes in the "Daily Mail" as follows :—

The dramatically sudden death of Chittaranjan Das, at Darjeeling, beneath the Himalayan snows, removes the most implacable, and certainly the most capable, of Britain's enemies in India. Brilliant lawyer and versatile demagogue, he sacrificed the largest practice at the Calcutta Bar for what he conceived to be the cause of Indian patriotism.

He it was who wrenched the command of the Indian Congress movement from the hands of the old moderate leader. He it was who destroyed the mainly passive anti-British influence of Gandhi and substituted for it the organised enmity inspired by a courage "never to submit or yield."

When the Calcutta Municipality became an independent administrative unit he commandeered the mayoralty and initiated the process which was fast converting even the civic Government of the "second city in the Empire" into an anti-British instrument.

He, too, it was who, when even in Bengal the new Reforms movement had achieved a relative success, promoted the policy of wreckage and imposed on the

Governments of India and Bengal the withdrawal of the system of Indian Ministers, announced recently.

Das was no "saint," Lord Olivier's opinion notwithstanding. He had a full measure of the too human failings of the Anglicised Bengali just as nature had endowed him with a plethora of the greater qualities of the most gifted of all the Indian races.

His eloquence and intellectual subtlety made him the ideal advocate in an Indian court of the Anarchist conspirator. They constituted him the supreme master of the misleading invective which weaned the intellectual Indians from their old confidence in the British as their emancipators.

As did no one else, C. R. Das typified the problem which the educational system of the British has raised up against themselves in India.

His departure will simplify immeasurably the task of leading India along the path of sane and measured political progress. The British Empire and the world may be permitted the reflection that India to-day stands farther removed than yesterday seemed possible from the strife and anarchy by which so much of Asia has been overwhelmed.

**Sir, Ewart Greaves,
the Vice Chancellor.
Calcutta University.**

"Before we proceed to the business of the afternoon, I am sure it would be the wish of this House that we should record our sense of sorrow at the great loss that has befallen this Province and India at the death of Mr. C. R. Das. Mr. Das was not a member of the Senate of this University but he was a distinguished graduate of the University and a Mayor of this city,

and as educationists ourselves we feel grateful for the part which he had taken in the development of primary education in the city. All of you who are here present at any rate some of you probably know Mr. Das far better than I did. My acquaintances with him dates back to 1914 when I first came to India and when he very often used to come and see me, and it was always a very great pleasure to discuss any subject with him, religion, philosophy, politics and poetry; his illuminating and intelligent mind penetrated every subject and I always looked forward with great pleasure to meet him and the discussion which we had from time to time.

In the Law Courts it was always a very great pleasure to hear Mr. Das arguing a case. He always knew his case thoroughly from the beginning to the end, and his penetrating intelligence illuminated every point of law to which he addressed himself. This is not the place nor is the occasion to deal with the later ideals of his life when he gave up his practice at the Bar and devoted himself to the service of his country. But whether we agree with him, I think all of us realise that he had a whole-hearted love for his country and that he devoted himself body and soul to the advancement and development of India and it is no exaggeration to say that his untimely death at the age of 55 is due to the great sacrifices which he made on her behalf by his exertions throughout the land.

Mr. Halford Knight :—

The silence of death can be more eloquent than any utterance. The dramatic passing of Mr. C. R. Das should impose a hush upon controversy. We may obtain fresh wisdom to compose the troubles that persist in the Indian business. For the

cause for which Gokhale and Das lived and died will survive and ultimately triumph. The British Commonwealth is the consummation of such movements. It is our opportunity to add the Indian chapter to its history.

I met C. R. Das at Nagpur in 1920. The famous Congress in which the programme of non-co-operation formulated was then in session. The lamented death of Mr. Montagu enables me to say that, with his full approval and blessing, I had gone out in the hope of assisting to bring about a reconciliation between British and Indian interests. Gandhi—whose other worldliness escapes our European assessment—insisted upon some evidence of a change of heart. (I thought the demand just; and the Duke of Connaught's noble message of peace shortly afterwards was intended to open the way) and advised the withdrawal from any participation in the administration of the British connection. He succeeded in imposing his view, which C. R. Das was foremost in combating.

In my mind's eye I can see the narrow field up and down which we paced in argument. Gandhi with the deadly quietness of the unshakeable enthusiast, intent upon maintaining his attitude; Das, with the skill of a great advocate (for such he was in every respect), countering and meeting Gandhi's fervent pleadings. They failed to agree then, but came together later. However, they were one in affirming the need of a "round table conference" as the preliminary to Indian reconciliation. There is no other way, as Mr. Montagu never doubted.

Das applied, with the highest motives, the lessons of his profession to the business of his country. He believed in the repre-

sentation of grievances by legal methods and the securing of redress before supply. This is the key to his policy. It has great constitutional authority. It was worked by famous men in our own land, whose example inspired and fortified his action. By regarding the troubles of our forefathers, we may the better understand the necessities of others. The liberties we enjoy by their courage should incline us to weigh with sympathy the claims of our own day. India and Egypt repeat the story of South Africa and Ireland.

I raise no controversial note as we bow with respect to the memory of C. R. Das. He wrought for his country as a good patriot, willing to abandon wealth and position to advance her honour. By the English men that stands for advance, fellowship, and accord, such an example cannot be overlooked. Racial prejudice, arrogance of all kinds, feelings of enmity should and must be put away. India makes the loudest call for genuine friendship. Our duty is to respond.

Lala Lajpat Rai.

**At a very largely
attended meeting at Simla.**

"We have gathered to-day to perform a most sorrowful duty viz. to record our sense of loss at the death of Deshabandhu Das. You know that I had my difference with the late Mr. Das but now that he is dead I can only see his virtues. Mr. Das was without exaggeration one of the greatest and noblest Indians of his day. In courage, generosity; devotion to the motherland, love of freedom and spirit of selflessness he was not excelled by any of

his contemporaries. He was a Kshatriya of old type who wanted to die in the thick of the battle rather than save life by retreating. He never asked his soldiers to do anything which he was not prepared himself to do. The pity of it is that he had too short a public life but whatever of it people were allowed to see was brilliant and unique. What India needs to-day are men who cannot be purchased by Government at any price and Mr. Das belonged to that category. Mahatma Gandhi has said that in him the country has lost a jewel. I will rather say that by his death the country has lost a man. What India most needs is "men". In spite of a huge population of 320 millions we have so few men. It is a great national calamity, the most insufferable of its kind to lose one of these few and then one of the best, noblest and bravest of them. This is no place to relate the story of Mr. Das's brilliant life. It is full of noble deeds, high aspirations and great achievements. The more we think of it the greater we feel our loss but after all what is needed now is to continue the great work which he was doing. He has left his mark in the history of our political struggle by founding the Swarajya Party. Next to his noble partner in life whose loss is the greatest and unsufferable, our sincerest sympathies go to the Swarajya Party in the terrible blow they have received by his death. Whatever may be the future constitution and future programme of that Party all I can say at the present juncture is that the best memorial the country can build for Mr. Das is to continue to give its support and confidence to the Party he founded. Constitutions and programmes come and go but the Party as such must continue to exist. We are at the present

moment at a most critical period of our political struggle. The situation is beset with difficulties and complications of the most exceptional kind. What we require is a united front, a united heart and a united effort but that unity must not be purchased at the cost of principles or at the cost of truth. The programme of the Swarajya Party is not immutable but the principles which underline its constitution are only true principles on which political work in this country can be carried on with any amount of certainty for success and with safety for the highest standards of public life. I will say no more on this occasion and on this subject. The shock and sense of loss is too great to allow of clear thinking and of clearly formulating future plans. Let us all pray to God to allow us to follow Mr. Das in the noblest traits of his character and to give us strength to do our duty as he did his own without fear and without flinching.

Babu Akhil Chandra Datta.

The battle for Swaraj is raging but our beloved and trusted General has been snatched away. Deshbandhu's death has made us poorer and weaker. The cry for unity and united action already raised has now been intensified by Deshbandhu's death. If unity was necessary when he was in our midst, it has become indispensable now that the country has lost his leadership and service. I wonder if our people really realise that at this stage of our journey towards Swaraj there should be only one nationalist party. There is no room or justification for more than one. May I therefore appeal to all parties to come up the ranks and present a united front.

I appeal to Mr. Chakrabarty to take initiative and forthwith call a round table conference of all parties. Irreparable is the loss caused by Deshbandhu's death. May I hope that all our leaders will feel and realise that his death has increased their responsibilities to and duty by the country. Mahatma's presence may also be availed of in this connection. Prompt and concerted action is necessary before enemies can work mischief taking advantage of Deshbandhu's departure.

S. Khuda Bukhsh.

With the death of C. R. Das one of the greatest Bengalis of our time has passed into the Beyond. A fortnight ago none could have divined that he was so near the end, and yet Fate had decreed it so. In disposed he undoubtedly has been for some time, but there were no alarming symptoms—there was no foreboding of the catastrophe which has overwhelmed Bengal with such tragic suddenness.

The hand that so deftly guided the political destiny of Bengal is, alas, now no more to guide her; to lead her to the fondly wished-for goal—Self-Government. His death is a national calamity; for quite irrespective of caste and creed—all feel that a shattering blow has been dealt at India's aspirations—a hopeless void created—beautiful Hind suddenly bereft of her crowning glory! And if this is the case in the sphere of politics—no less keen and acute is the sense of loss in the social sphere. All feel his death as a personal loss—an irreparable loss. For did he not add sunlight to day-light, hush strife, bring peace, emphasise the necessity of charity and good-will?

And if any proof of the universality of this feeling was needed—it was abundantly supplied in the funeral procession—the last tribute to the memory of the great dead—which threaded its melancholy way to the ghāt on that momentous June morning. It was a moving sight—a sight such as Calcutta or any other city in India, within living memory, has not seen. All Bengal turned out to pay her homage—to mourn a national calamity. Cold and irresponsible must be the heart which was not stirred at that solemn spectacle! A people's grief! A people's tears! What honour can be greater? What offering more acceptable? The grief of man was shared by the sunless, cloud-covered sky, and the prevailing gloom of Calcutta was the proof of the all-pervading sorrow of the day.

It boots not to speak here of his enormous sacrifices—his selfless pursuit of a great ideal—Self-Government for India. Unique was his position at the Bar. He had mounted to that eminence by unflinchingly adhering to the great traditions of his profession. And when at its very pinnacle—with his fame resounding throughout India and briefs pouring in unceasing flow—he determined to forsake *all*, and to dedicate himself to his country's cause—scorning worldly allurements—flinging wealth away, and, like St. Bernard, taking poverty as his bride, and spirituality as the supreme ambition of his life.

It was the compelling love of his country—the consuming eagerness to secure her dues—that determined his choice—irrevocably fixed his purpose. He was a patriot—saturated with patriotism, not like many, a make-believe one—with an easily rendible mask. His political career is only too well known to call for a detailed account here.

But what was it that gave C. R. Das that power—that influence—that primacy among his fellow-citizens? I had known C. R. Das for a quarter of a century, and knew him pretty well. To my mind there were two outstanding qualities which made him what he was, his burning love for his country, and his shining spirit of charity.

Long before he stood out before the world as a political figure of incomparable excellence, he discussed, felt, brooded over his country's woes—uttered his country's hopes—dreamed of the ways and means which would lead her to honorable prosperity. Was he not a preacher of India's political aspirations even in the far-off days of his early manhood? Still in my ears ring some of the sentences of his speeches delivered in England before he was called to the Bar. They were prophetic of his subsequent career—an earnest of what was to come.

As the years passed by, this passion for his country waxed stronger and stronger—completely subduing, conquering him. Nothing could deflect him from his set purpose. The die was cast. Imprisonment—threat of exile—nothing could deter him from his course. It was on the occasion of the arrest of C. R. Das that I wrote the following lines which C. R. in one of his speeches quoted as the encouraging message of a Persian Poet (It was published as a translation from a Persian Poet):

"Faith, Fortitude, Firmness, will they falter and fail and fade in the hour of trial, in the moment of despair, asked the Saqi, in mournful strain. Or tried and tested, will they emerge from the fire of life strengthened, ennobled, purified? Never will I forsake them, answered the youth, not even were the heavens to fall. Thine, thine, said the Saqi, is the path of glory;

thine a nation's gratitude ; thine, the fadeless crown. Would that courage unflinching, courage unbent, courage as thine, were the proud possession of all ! For naught but courage winneth the soul's freedom—man's noblest, highest prize. Let courage, then, be thy Gift, O God, to this wondrous land of Love and Light" (*My Love Offerings*, p. 57).

When I stated that one of the two qualities that distinguished him was the love of his country, I must add—love of country—unimpaired by any factional or communal spirit. He was too broad-minded ; to acute a statesman to imagine that India could ever come by her inheritance without Hindu-Muslim love, unity, co-operation. He was always averse to the mutual Hindu-Muslim hostility which, I regret to say, is deepening, and of which we get sad, infallible proof day by day.

At the time when the Hindu-Muslim pact was a prominent political question of the day—at my table—at 5 Elliott Road—met the Hindu and the Muslim leaders of Bengal. I am not at liberty to disclose what passed at the meeting, for that would be a breach of faith, both to the dead and the living ; but this much I can say, without violating any confidence—that throughout that delicate discussion C. R. Das showed a spirit of Charity and compromise ; an anxiety to meet the Mohamedan case ; an eagerness to give the Muslims their just dues ; in short, he was prepared to give any undertaking wanted that would satisfy Muslims of his good faith. About midnight we parted, but, I grieve to say, without any satisfactory result.

C. R. Das realized—what we all must needs realize—that if we wish our motherland well we must adopt and pursue a

policy of Freconciliation and goodwill towards all. In unity lies our political strength—in disunion our political death. Mahomedans have no more intention of renouncing their claims upon India than the English have, and this simple truth C. R. Das clearly perceived ; and would to God that his co-religionists realized it too !

The intrusion of religion into politics has been the bane of the East, as their severance has been the glory of the West.

But if the love of country was Chitta Ranjan's absorbing passion—his spirit of charity was the source whence originated his broad outlook, his generous toleration, the instinct for fairplay that characterized his actions throughout his career.

But though death has taken him away the spirit which he has infused and the traditions which he has implanted—an eternal and imperishable. And what is that spirit ?—It is the spirit to break the images of false gods and to rend the veil of humbuggery. And what is that tradition ?—It is the tradition to appropriate the wisdom of the West without abandoning the lead of our Eastern Sires. In other words to unite the spirit of conservatism with the Spirit of Progress—to train ourselves to a sense of responsibility and discipline—to end all mockeries and to substitute realities in their place—to work with unhesitating, unflinching steps—for self-Government—the crown and consummation of all the political efforts of civilized man.

Let us resolve to carry on C. R. Das's work to its consummation—let us hush our differences—let us prove ourselves worthy of the torch handed over to us by him—a torch which he held with heroic steadfastness.

If there is any such thing as immortality of soul or continuity of life after death—the immortals will, assuredly, rejoice with our rejoicings and grieve with our griefs but no joy can be greater than the joy of seeing their unfinished work carried on with undeviating firmness and no grief keener or more agonising than to see it dropped or half-heartedly pursued.

Dead !—no ! it is a misnomer to call him dead whose voice still lingers in our ears—whose personality still subdues and sways us—whose spirit still animates us—and whose example is our undying, enduring possession.

Immortal art thou—Chitta Ranjan—beyond death's conquest, and beyond oblivion's reach. Thine is the crown of immortality—thine, a people's gratitude.

Mr. Khuda Bux.

Delivered the following speech.

We meet, this afternoon, under the shadow of a great loss—perhaps the greatest that India has sustained in the world of politics. Just as new prospects were opening—new hopes rising to the forefront and victory was well-nigh within our reach—the man, who was steering the political barge, was taken suddenly away from us. We are dazed, appalled at the ways of Providence—but dazed and appalled though we be—we, Eastern have in 'Resignation to the will of the Most High' an asset of incalculable significance. We never lose heart and, despite our irreparable loss we are determined to pursue—without interruption—the path marked out by our leader—the path leading to the Self-Government of India.

I do not believe in words. I believe in

acts. We meet here not only to record our sense of loss which is keen and universal but we meet, for a yet higher purpose ; namely, to solemnly avow that the work inaugurated by C. R. Das will be pursued in the same spirit and with the same ardour as his—alas ! now no more.

I am confident that the work, continued in pious zeal, will triumphantly reach, in time, its equally pious end—the Self-Government of India—India's noblest, highest prize. And it is essential that the work should continue in the spirit of our great master. And what was that spirit ? Assuredly—the spirit of charity. Whence if not from charity, originated C. R. Das's broad outlook, generous toleration, his all-consuming passion for fair play. Throughout his brief but brilliant political career he sought to unite the spirit of conservatism with that of progress ; to train us to a sense of responsibility and discipline ; to end all mockeries and to substitute realities in their place ; to work, with unhesitating, unflinching steps—for India's Self-Government—the crown and consummation of all our political efforts.

And what can gladden the soul more—if soul there be than to see one's work pursued not only with undimmed but with renewed and redoubled zeal and enthusiasm.

A sacred legacy is ours—should we not accept it with joyous thanksgiving and undeviating resolve to leave it behind to the generations that follow—enlarged—and enriched—with an enlargement and enrichment worthy of those that were the contemporaries of that great leader of men.

The highest tribute to his memory and the surest road to the success of his mission will be the genuine and loyal acceptance of his spirit of universal brotherhood which, scorning to raise dividing walls between

man and man, sought, in fact, to unite them all.

Let our work be his memorial—our success his triumphant glory. I shall repeat here what I have said elsewhere.

“Dead ! no ! it is a misnomer to call him dead whose voice still lingers in our ears—whose personality still subdues and sways us—whose spirit still animates us—whose example is our undying, enduring possession.

Immortal art thou Chittaranjan—beyond death's conquest and beyond oblivion's lench, Thine is the crown of immortality—thine a people's gratitude.”

S. C. Ray.

When I arrived at Sealdah a little before six on the morning of Thursday, the 18th of June I found the whole of the open ground, south of the two stations and the whole of Circular Road from Harrison Road to Bowbazar junctions, thronged with a crowd of people, the like of which I never witnessed in my life, of which more than forty years have been spent in Calcutta, the scene of pageants and spectacles. It was the real people of Calcutta—the people whom he loved and for whom he fought and died that were attracted to the place by a burning desire to have a last longing look of his face, though struck and silenced by Death. I saw similar crowds all along the route through which the bier was to pass, and I wondered if it had ever fallen to the lot of kings and emperors to receive such spontaneous homage, affection and adoration from their subjects. It was an unparalleled spectacle which might well excite the envy of rulers and monarchs—not an ephemeral sight to be seen to-day and forgotten to-morrow—but a scene to

be recorded in the pages of history and the memories of generations.

What, we may ask ourselves, was the secret of Chittaranjan's such tremendous popularity ? There have been many politicians who have fought and died in the struggle for the good of this country ; but why did the whole people of Calcutta—to a man, nay, to a woman—join the mournful procession of Chittaranjan's cremation ? Who was it that said that he did not hear of Chittaranjan's name—which was a household name, in Bengal—nay in India. The reason is his intense selflessness, his great sincerity of purpose, his genuine love for the people and his will to freedom. Imagine the strength of the man who could lightly exchange his princely station for a life of stern and penniless patriot. Imagine the lofty morality of the man who repaid his paternal debt after he had been adjudged a discharged insolvent. Imagine the sincerity and truthfulness of the man who said that he could not do two incompatible things at the same time, viz., national work and work for personal gain. He believed that national work could not be faithfully done unless he was freed from all thoughts of self, for money making would so engross his attention that he would be tempted to worship money in preference to his country. Such was his ideal, such was his religion. The object of his worship was not God, but his country—the humanity of his mother land ; and his means was renunciation and self-sacrifice.

But perhaps the most conspicuous—the almost unique-place which he occupied in the country and in the sanctuaries of the hearts of the people was due to his love of Freedom. He realised the true psychological significance and implications of

Freedom such as no one did in India. Chittaranjan believed as an article of faith that national character cannot be built up without truth, without courage, without sincerity and without will and determination to do what is right. And, on analysis, he found that the ultimate source of all these great moral virtues was Freedom. Meanness, fear to do right, and to speak the truth, trickery, deceit, cupidity and slavishness are the greatest vices which debilitate and deteriorate national character. Love of material goods makes us bow before persons who enjoy the power to bestow them. Chittaranjan's ideal was that there should be no person or persons in a privileged position able to distribute favours, because those who have it in their power to do so ultimately become our masters and we become their slaves. From our suppliant and dependent position arise those mean and depicable vices which lower men below the level of moral beings. Without courage we fear to speak out the truth, without truthfulness we lose our moral worth, and without moral worth, what remains is bestial; what are we then but irrational and immoral creatures fit to be the instruments of those who possess the moral virtues of character without which a nation is doomed to decay or stagnation. Chittaranjan analysed by reasoning like these that Freedom is the foundation of national regeneration, and it was for this reason that he fought and died for Freedom. So far as the ideal and goal are concerned, viz., that national salvation can be achieved by Freedom alone, there is no fundamental difference between Chittaranjan and Sir Asutosh Mookerjee. The methods contemplated by these two great men were, however, divergent. Sir Asutosh believed that

the idea of Freedom can be realised by Education, and he accordingly put his heart and soul into the problem of educational reconstruction and development. Chittaranjan, on the other hand, believed that this method was very dilatory and would postpone natural realisation to a very distant date. Preferring, therefore, immediate certainty to a remote possibility he attempted by direct action to strike at the root of bureaucratic influence and power. His attack on the present political system was the only effective form of protest against the bureaucracy, which is a negation of liberalism. I need not carry the reader through the details of the methods which he pursued to attain his end, for that would necessitate an explanation of the principles and working of the new Indian constitution. Suffice it to say, that his methods established a hold upon the educated minds of India, while they failed to appeal with directness to the masses owing to a lack of their political training and to an ignorance of their rights and duties as citizens. I am credibly informed that a few months before his death he was feeling difficulty in restraining the tumult of political excitement, and growing despondent of the success of his political ideal, because the people refused to make the required sacrifices, of which he had set a glorious example. This thought preyed on Chittaranjan's heart, and he was essaying to give up his fighting attitude in favour of a more peaceful attitude of reconciliation and compromise. But this falling off from his high ideal put an excessive strain on his sincerity; and I am not far wrong in saying that he died more of a broken heart than of disease. His countrymen failed to respond to his spiritual call for self-sacrifice

and unity; he showed them a personal example and he made a campaign of the whole country to demonstrate their value. But they remained inert, irresponsive and inappreciative; the moral bacilli of the diseased masses got the better of the organism of Chittaranjan, and he succumbed to the corroding thought concerning the destiny of his country and countrymen. I cannot but confess with a heavy heart that the sin of the death of Chittaranjan, who was the conscience of the country, and the symbol of freedom and courage, rests upon the shoulders of his countrymen. It was a splendid experiment in political idealism which he had undertaken, but the turmoil generated in a country which is as yet undeveloped in political consciousness was too much for him. In the hurly-burly of politics, his physical and mental vigour sustained a strain which he was unequal to bear. He held the bridle very tight but was unable to restrain the power of the multitude. Although his countrymen appreciated his honest, self-sacrificing zeal and efforts, they did not support him through the thick of the fight as they ought to have done. There was mental appreciation but no practical co-operation and support. The moral poverty of the people only showed in bright and splendid relief the moral exaltation of Chittaranjan.

Coming to the debatable features of Chittaranjan's character, I have heard it said that he was a despot—an autocrat, that he insisted on his own views to prevail and flouted the opinions of others. I ask, in this connection,—Is there any leader who is not more or less a despot? By despot I do not mean one who tramples upon the feelings, sentiments and aspirations of others, but one who can focus in his personality those things which belong to

others. A leader understands better the wants of the people among whom he works, can formulate their grievances more definitely and clearly, and therefore realise them more vividly than the actual persons concerned. The feelings and aspirations of the masses are vague their grievances undefined, their source untraceable. The leader concentrates in himself the thoughts, feelings and forces of countless people. He can analyse and trace the ultimate sources of their vague murmurings; and when he thinks, speaks, feels and works, he thinks, speaks feels and works with the will of thousands of men. A leader is not a single but a multiple personality, combining in himself all the persons for whom he wills and acts. He is a stupefying personality speaking the speeches of many people through one mouth, thinking the thoughts of thousands through one mind and working singly with the energies of the multitude. Thus arises the necessity of unity among the people, in spite of a leader, for a leader cannot lead unless he has a united following and enjoys their confidence. A leader can neither speak with the authority of those whom he leads unless the latter, in perfect unison or harmony, choose to merge their identities in the leader, with the provision that while the leader acts by expressing the inarticulate wishes of the people, the latter see that their wills are not disregarded by the Leader. The personality of a Leader, with a wide vision and consciousness can materialise the feelings and aspirations of the people, focus opinion, and express them in a way which the masses cannot. It has been said that the masses can feel but cannot express what they feel. It is the mission of the Leader to give expression to the feelings of the

masses, and bring himself in touch with a wider and wider society. If Gouranga, Christ, Buddha and Mahammad were spiritual leaders, it was because they realised what the masses felt, and fought hard against adverse influences and vested interests to remove their wants and to fulfil their aspirations. A Leader is therefore an autocrat or despot in the sense that he focuses the minds of human being in his own mind, and then tries with the strength of the whole people to impress his ideas on a hostile people and against adverse influences. Chittaranjan was a despot because he brought the whole force of his personality upon the bureaucracy in order to convince it of the necessity and value of Freedom and to bring about its realisation.

Chittaranjan's politics had a spiritual background. This is evident from his idea of freedom, which, according to him, is not a material good which can be transferred like notes or coin. He felt that to grant freedom to a people carried with it the surrender of power; and no body, would willingly part with power if he could help it. Chittaranjan's conception of freedom was a spiritual conception. He brought into politics a stern morality—namely, the favour of religion. He dreaded the manner in which the materialism of western civilisation had a grip on our life and controlled it. He said that in order to loosen this grip and control, Indians wanted freedom—and freedom granted to Indians did not imply a diminution of the freedom enjoyed by Englishmen. Certain things are diminished if they are shared between two parties—such as material goods. If a certain quantity of wealth is shared between two persons each person's share is, of course, less than the original quantity.

But Chittaranjan's view was that Freedom was not a material but a spiritual possession. There can be no question of gain or loss in the distribution of freedom. It can not be reduced by sharing. Like love, or Charity or benevolence, it grew by sharing. If you love yourself, or your children, it is a narrow love, confined to yourself or to your family. But expand this love, *i. e.*, love your neighbours, love your countrymen, or love the whole of humanity, and the quantity of love in your heart is not reduced but increased. Chittaranjan's political faith was that the freedom of the Englishmen would not be diminished by giving freedom to the Indians, but the total quantity would, on the contrary, be increased. This, our rulers refused to believe, and this was the cause of conflict between them and him. He threw the whole weight of his personality on the side of the party which adopted Freedom as their religion. He held first to this new religion with a desperate fervour akin to fanaticism—and the heat and scorching light of that fervour consumed him. He fought hard to kill the present political system of India, but the political turmoil and excitement that was generated in the fierceness of the fight killed him.

Chittaranjan's disposition was essentially of a spiritual nature. His whole life is a testimony to this aspect of his character, and he could not rid himself of it, even in the course of his mundane activities. Whether it was politics, or education, or civics or economics, he always stressed the spiritual side; there was always a religious element in his activities, and he endowed every work he did with a fervour akin to religion. His ideal represented the spiritual or deeper side of the nation and always

ignored the external, which was the superficial or materialistic side. It was his constant endeavour to infuse temper into the Indian character by his example of self-sacrifice and by his constant and stern warnings and admonitions; and he set in motion certain spiritual forces which have helped to strengthen the national character debased by materialism, superficiality and slavishness to power and influence. About twelve months ago, I reflected in my mind whither he was leading himself? Was it a political goal or was it the spiritual uplift of the masses; I thought to myself that this doctrine of spiritual politics would not probably succeed, as it was a novel idea to clothe politics with religion—an idea which had long been discarded by the civilised states of the world as unreliable in practice. My fears have, I regretfully say, come to be too true. He did not outlive the realisation of this new doctrine of ethical or religious politics, and even if he had lived longer, I doubt if he had witnessed its function, for it was too lofty an ideal to be assimilated by the mass.

What then are the virtues of that great man which have enthroned him in the hearts of his countrymen? Briefly they are his boundless sacrifice for the sake of his country the greatest defect in national character which Chittaranjan had not the vision to perceive and which he probably ignored is our lack of will or determination. In this, I may say without offence to his soul, he lacked foresight and realism. In grappling with economic, social or political problems of our country, he counted without popular psychology and disregarded the stern realities of life. In this respect he differed fundamentally from Sir Asutosh who seldom contemplated the building up of a reformed and regenerated social

structure except on the foundations of the past, namely, our culture and national traditions. Chittaranjan gave precedence to politics over social and educational reform and reconstruction; Sir Asutosh placed the latter in the front rank of his programme; and the future political system, he believed, was to be in harmony with social and educational progress. Chittaranjan was permeated by an optimism which is the necessary quality of a political idealist. Pessimism, untruth, fear and insincerity were foreign to his character. His love of truth and freedom brought down fear and pessimism as in a forceful current. His fight against defects in national character on the one hand, and against the bureaucracy on the other, gave him a stern discipline which chastened, ennobled and purified his character; but failed to bring realism into his politics. He was an idol, a mortal God, born to inspire the people with Truth, Goodness and Beauty—the trinity attributable to a perfect being; but these eternal virtues naturally failed to take root in minds of the masses and he did not live to see any measure of advance towards that ideal, in the realisation of which he had boundless faith. In this there is a contrast between Sir Asutosh and Chittaranjan. The former believed that ideals fail flat upon an uncultured and uneducated mind and his realisation of national salvation, rested upon a broad educational policy. Chittaranjan tried to engraft his ideal upon the masses to whom an ideal was no more than a vision, a dream. Sir Asutosh aimed at reaching his ideal through the intellect of the masses; Chittaranjan desired to reach it through their heart. Both failed; Sir Asutosh, because true education cannot be diffused as widely as he hoped; Chit-

ranjan, because it cannot take root in an uneducated mind. I hope some greater personality will arise to effect a synthesis and reconciliation between these two methods. The living personalities who in the eyes of the educated people are competent for this task are incontestably Gandhi, Aurobinda and Rabindranath. But they are moving in regions into which politics *qua* politics, do not enter. Great, however, as they are, a revelation may some day break in upon them to solve the problem of Indian nationalism.

Providence has called Chittaranjan at a moment when he was about to be thrown into a political eddy of tremendous force and magnitude which is threatening to form in the immediate future. There is none to pilot the nation to the haven of freedom courageously and patriotically. I wish, however, that his life and teachings will continue to be the guiding star and inspiration to us lesser mortals—who are expected to work in unity, with a high moral purpose, towards the solution of the hitherto unsolved problem of India's Freedom. We should take to heart his threefold advice; (1) that we should cultivate practical unity; (2) that we should work not for personal ends alone but for national ends; and (3) that we should exchange our life of ease and death-like peace—our loose, unregulated, superficial and unthinking life,—for a life of simplicity, truth, strenuousness and seriousness. It is by following this advice that we can most fittingly expiate our sin of killing him. Although Chittaranjan is no longer among us, abundant memorials of his finished and unfinished work remain to guide and inspire us in our efforts towards national advancement. But the days are critical and we need a Leader who, with

truly patriotic devotion and a clear vision of the future, can guide the nation through tempestuous times yet to come.

I will conclude this brief and incomplete sketch of a great career not by saying—as so many have said—"May his soul rest in peace," but by saying with Mrs. Besant,—May he join the band of warrior souls that have preceded him and add his energies to theirs to hasten the fulfilment of *Saraj* and the acquisition of national freedom.

Chittaranjan may be described as a pacific revolutionary, a constructive patriot, an adventurer in spiritual politics. Chittaranjan, by his active and potential or undeveloped qualities, which have developed if he had lived longer, would have approached rather a saint than a statesman. Intellectually, he was possessed of a penetrating wit which was sharpened by legal practice and broadened and humanised by contact with men and affairs. He was a cultured gentleman of the highest type, a great orator of persuasive eloquence able to move the hearts of his hearers, and wielding immense influence over those with whom he came into contact, by his unparalleled power of marshalling facts and arguments. This was illustrated by his triumph in the Bengal Council a few weeks after the defeat of his party. The fact that he insisted on being carried to the Council in a chair in spite of the doctor's advice illustrated his indomitable will. Even the Englishmen who were adverse to the Reforms before 1919 and now their warmest advocates—those Englishmen who were his bitterest political opponents—paid the highest tribute to his great qualities of head and heart.

Maulana Mohamed Ali.

He said that object with which they had gathered there did not require elucidation. He regretted that there should be so small an attendance to mourn the loss of such a great personality. Were a stranger to come in their midst he would think that they did not fully appreciate the man whom death had suddenly snatched away from them.

The Maulana feelingly asked the audience if they realised what the death of Das meant to the nation and the country, if they realised the mountain of sorrow that had fallen on them. The suddenness of the shock had stunned them and India had not till then even half realised the extent of her loss. It was their misfortune that they did not free the chains of their slavery. Mental paralysis had led to contentment with slavery otherwise Das's death would have upset every house and every family. What did they think of Das? Could they point to any other man except Gandhi who loved the country and had done as much for the nation as Das had done, Das who went to attend the Council on a litter, to record his vote against the Government. With the last breath of his wellspent life he voted for the nation's victory. Only a Das could do it. Leaders there were enough and to spare, but no one realised the meaning of their slavery so much as Das? He had been furiously dragging the nation's carriage on to the goal of freedom and had succumbed on the way, Das was truly the 'Das' (slave) of the nation though a nation of slaves.

Attitude Towards Mussalmans.

Proceeding the Maulana said that he did not want to hurt the susceptibilities

of any class of people present there. In Northern India, in the Punjab and their own unfortunate city, Delhi, relations between the Mahomedans and Hindus were strained. He was afraid he might offend some by praising Das for what he had done for the Mahomedans. But he was not there to defend Das. The problem before Das was how to get rid of slavery and Das thought that no price was too great for attaining freedom. Das was a Hindu of Hindus, a philosopher and a theologian at that. He was an essentially religious man. He gave him full credit for following the tenets of his own faith. If he was prepared to concede much to Mussalmans it was only with a view to rid India of slavery. The Maulana would not ask the audience to do what Das did in respect of Mussalmans but he would assuredly appeal to them to cultivate that feeling of intense patriotism. Not until they did that, would they be able to value Das's life work, and be free. Proceeding the Maulana said with some warmth that if any Mussalman thought of taking advantage of the Hindu's love of freedom he should exact the greatest possible amount of bribe for supporting them, there could not be a greater sinner on earth than that Mussalman. He would say the same thing of Hindus and members of all other communities. It was not a question of appointment of loot, in which each tried to get the largest share. Their country had been looted and they had still to recover the loot. Das did not join the Unity Conference because he thought it was merely a question of snatching loot one from another.

Das and the Maulana were intimate acquaintances, he would not say friends. Das sprang to greatness after Arabinde Ghosh's

acquittal. Das was not even conscious of his greatness.

Their friendship began at Chhindwara where Das had come over to help the Maulana.

At the Amritsar Congress Das yielded to the pressure brought to bear upon him by the Maulana and a working compromise satisfactory to all parties was arrived at. At the Nagpur Congress he was appointed a sort of a non-official missionary of the non-co-operation movement. He saw Pandit Motilal and Das at loggerheads and almost ready to fall out. The Maulana acted as the conciliator and began by asking Das to give up his practice yielding six lakhs a year. During the non-co-operation movement there were thousands who gave up their all, and of these few were known. Deshabandhu's sacrifice was the greatest. Das was docile with friends and had great regard for them. Das had men in his employ whose sole business was to dole out money to the poor. He supported thousands of those arrested and imprisoned. The speaker had told Das that the day he kicked his practice the wealth of Bengal would flow at his feet. There were many to dissuade Das from taking the step. Like a shuttle he went to and from between Das and Gandhi, and it was at 3 o'clock at night that Das called the Maulana to announce that he had given up his practice.

The Maulana had thought that Das must have had 20 or 30 lakhs to his credit in the banks, but after giving up his practice Das told him that he was in debt to the extent of two and a half lakhs. He had never accumulated money and had given away freely. But the Maulana believed that Das paid off his debt to India the day he kicked his practice. His treatment of

the Bengali Mussalmans was generous in the extreme.

In words which he could not utter and which he was sure Pandit Matilal could not utter, Das said he was opposed to violence, under all circumstances. If after this the "Pioneer" should announce Das's death with the caption "Sudden End of a Stormy Career," it was a pity. He did not think other Englishmen could be so mean.

The speaker quoted a couplet from Sadi which said: "There are gains innumerable on the seas, but if thou needest safety keep to the shore." Quoting his own lines which marked an improvement over the Persian poet, the Maulana said that there are both gains and safety in the sea of love, for there even sinking is tantamount to getting ashore. They had therefore put out their boats to sea. Das who had defeated the Government while alive, had inflicted yet another defeat. But the last calamity—that of sudden death—of which Ghalib sang was not really a calamity. It was indeed a riddance from calamities. There was no obstruction where Das was now, no Government, no dyarchy, not even the need of construction. He was at peace with his Creator. It was they who were on their trial, they who had almost owned freedom in 1923. But God wanted to know what they could do without Das, without Gandhi, without Matilalji, who had been sent to prison.

God was again putting them on their trial. Reading-Birkenhead discussions would soon be over and the Viceroy would come back and sleep the sleep of the just. The roaring voice of Das had been hushed. It was God's way of asking them if they still dared to ask for Swaraj. It was for them to answer. They could not fill the void left by the death of Deshabandhu but

could they not take up the work he had left behind him? In the end the Maulana prayed God to grant courage to Basanti Devi, Urmila Devi and others bereaved to bear the great sorrow.

Mr. M. R. Jayakar.

"I have not stood before you, to teach you the lessons of Mr. Das's life. That would be the privilege of a senior man who knew Mr. Das longer than I did. My present intention is to put before you a portraiture of Das—I shall drop the "Mr." for it interferes with my thoughts—in actual flesh and blood with all his virtues and frailties. It is not my desire to paint him in tints of hero-worship as a creature far removed from ourselves and so magnificently perfect and superior as to transcend the region of our experience and attachments. In my opinion it is a false theory which paints a hero like that, for it removes him out of contact with us, our trials and infirmities and shows him only as an object of perfect mechanism deserving only reverence and admiration but provoking no imitation or emulation. To understand a man truly great, it is to understand him as one of us—a "primus inter pares"—the first among equals, "equal" in the sense that he shared our joys, our pleasures sorrows and also our infirmities, but "first" in the sense that he transcended them all and grew out of their limitations. Nor is it my intention to give you a connected biography of Das's life from end to end in logical sequence and continuity. On the

contrary, I wish to present the picture of his life in a sketchy manner, in touches of vivid experiences, and I can succeed in conveying to you even in a small measure my impression about Das as I knew him in flesh and blood. I shall be amply repaid for the trouble. It is wrong to regard a great man as a spasmodic or solitary phenomenon unconnected with his times or surroundings. Such a view may add to his height and dignity, but would dwarf the exemplary utility of his life. To understand Das, you have to follow him into the times where he lived and made his name. Like a great man he was truly responsive to the requirements of his age, and his greatness lay in being far more responsive than most people. The inter-action of time and place had greater sway on him than most people, and the readiness with which he responded to the call of the times was in exact proportion with his eminence. His ancestry had provided him with all the qualities—education, culture, knowledge and impulses—which make a man responsive to his age. His education had received a finishing touch in England, where he saw in its best working the political machinery of a free country. I first met him on an eventful afternoon during the time of the Congress session at Calcutta in 1917. Before that he had made his reputation as a strong forcible persuasive lawyer with a magnificent personality and clientele. I saw him then dressed in the best style—a tall magnificent figure, imperious, unbending and majestic. At a private dinner where I met him I could discover the great qualities that made him a successful lawyer. I could imagine how judges must have yielded to his persuasion and vigour, and how witnesses in the box must have quailed before his searching and brisk cross

examination. On one or two subsequent occasions on which we met at social functions, I could discover nothing deeper than these qualities which made him great in forensic and public life. That was reserved for another occasion and when we came together as commissioners in the Congress Enquiry into the Punjab disorders for several weeks I was thrown into intimate contact with him. As we examined the witnesses week after week, as men, women and children, the victims of British maltreatment poured in one after another and gave their evidence in terms which brought tears into the eyes. I saw the tenderer side of Das's life become more and more manifest. The tragedy shocked all of us. On a few it had a life-long effect. It converted a staunch Liberal like my friend Mr. Abbas Tyebji into a confirmed Congressman and a No-changer. On Das I could see it was having a tremendous effect day after day. It revealed to him the appalling helplessness of the Indian people, their extreme poverty, their low stage of life and health, their abject misery. It taught him further to abhor for all time the claim of "law and order" as made, by a few foreigners maintaining their supremacy by a veiled militarism in India. He discovered,—and the discovery was lasting—that British rule was at best a veiled militarism maintained at bottom with the aid of the mailed fist and which on the least provocation was likely to take the form of an aggressive martial law regime, in which law and order were replaced by massacre and misrule. That lesson was tremendously impressed on his mind. That accounts for his strong diatribe against the doctrine of "law and order" which you will find embodied in his beautiful address delivered as President of the Gaya Congress. A keen

student of constitutional law and British precedents, he could discover the great difference between "law and order" as maintained in a free country by one section of the people over another section of their countrymen, and such a claim maintained in a country like India by a few foreigners administering the doctrine of law and order, chiefly with an eye to self-preservation and self-interest. It made Das for all time an enemy of "law and order." A departing judge of the Bombay High Court told us the other day that lawyers ought to support "law and order," but he forgot that those two expressions had hardly any meaning worth the name in a country administered like India, and were apt to degenerate into the worst form of misrule, unless the restraints of public opinion operated vigorously.

Bijoy Krishna Basu

You have asked me to write something for your "Deshbandhu special." I was never before placed in a more difficult or delicate situation. What shall I write? Where is the heart to give me sufficient strength to say all I know about the great leader? I am still benumbed overwhelmed with the chilling effect of the blasting blow. I can't find words to express the feelings which are surging through my bosom. For full 18 years I had been associated with Mr. Das in the various fields of his activities. I should rather say in all his activities except one. For when he accepted the call of non-cooperation, I, with all my sympathies for the movement could not follow him. Yet such was his loving heart that he told me to give up my practice, even though for three months, so that I may not be charged with deserting him. In weal or woe I never deserted him and his memory will

last so long as my life will last as a glorious inspiration to me in times of danger and difficulty. I knew him in his days of adversity and in prosperity. There was then the same nobility of character, the same kind and generous disposition as people noticed him when he was the accepted and beloved tribune of the people. As a lawyer still struggling to make his mark in the profession I worked with him for nearly two years over a single case—the Alipur Bomb Conspiracy Case—and the brilliant defence he made at once singled him out as the leader of the Bar of no mean stamp. For a few thousands (which in later days was his income for a week) he worked for 6 months in the Sessions Court and for months together we sat at his table till past midnight pouring over dry legal technicalities. The one thing which rivetted my admiration in those days was the beautiful way in which he could evolve from an apparently trivial incident, matters of moment which ultimately turned the scale in favour of the defence. I can cite hundreds of instances where at considerable sacrifice and often without charging a single farthing he undertook the defence of persons upon whom oppression was committed. Books can be written upon every single aspect of his manifold activities. As a politician and statesman it was nine years back that he took his place at the foremost among those leaders of the school of thought—which our “candid friends” delighted to call the Extremist School in Politics. Interested people now talk of “Tamany Hall” methods. Well I was then the Assistant Secretary of the Indian Association of which Babu Surendranath Banerjea was the Secretary. Needless to say in those unregenerated days I was a moderate in politics looking upon Surendra-

nath as the “Guru” but methods by which the Indian Association authorities successfully kept out, among others, Mr. C. R. Das, from even becoming members—opened my eyes and if those were not “Tammany Hall” methods. I do not know what they were. I joined the “extremists” and happily even now I have some place in the rank and file of that party which lives for the Country and not the Country for the Party. Within this brief space of nine years, what has not our “Das Sahib”—as we lovingly called him,—achieved, how has he organised the scattered forces consisting of heterogeneous elements—what has he not done for the Country. The whole thought—current of the nation has changed and in nine years he has done something which others would take 50 years to imperfectly and indifferently accomplish. I have had the privilege of sitting at the feet of Manmohan Ghose and Lal Mohan Ghose, Kali Charan Banerjea and Anandamohan Bose, Narendranath Sen and Ambica Charan Mozumder, Ashutosh Chaudhuri and Bhupendra Nath Bose. I mention only the dead and gone. I had occasions to take part in political movements under their guidance and leadership. Without in any way belittling their greatness, I can make bold to assert that before I came in contact with Mr. C. R. Das as a leader in the political field, I did not realise that the love of Country can be made a consuming, devouring passion—that the holy light of that love can be made to burn within day and night, and the desire for freedom can be the only desire worth living and if necessary, dying for. Arm Chair politics we used to discuss before, unreal demonstrations were got up and our annual gatherings partook of the nature of holiday excursions to different parts of India. With the

advent of Mr. C. R. Das in the field the character of our political outlook changed and old leaders baffled in their endeavours to carry on politics in their happy-go-lucky ways shrieked forth "Taminany Hall." Life became real, struggle became earnest, leadership required immense sacrifice, politics became a serious business—a longing for Swaraj—not a professional dress to be worn during certain hours, not game to be played during particular seasons.

At the same time though leading a life and death struggle with the bureaucracy for the emancipation of our motherland, it is difficult to find a man so sweet, so gentle and generous, so loving and kind, so truly noble and great. This aspect of his nature appealed to me more than anything else. I loved him, I respected him, I adored him. I will continue to do so till I die. For I believe I will never come across, I had never come across before, a political leader so selfless, so sweet, a sincerer patriot or a more genuine lover of his country, a born leader of men. He was a lump of gold. Designing men at times moulded him into something different but his great logical mind and strength of character would always frustrate their efforts. I along with my countrymen weep for him and will weep so long his work remains unfulfilled. Pangs of separation will become more poignant the more we will find that another like him will not again stride over the political arena. I say nothing of his recent activities—for they are public property, within the knowledge of everybody. He died inch by inch for the sake of country, one nerve after another became shattered at the gigantic efforts he made for a real union of hearts, drop by drop his blood fell in the deadly struggle against bureaucracy, slowly he des-

cended down the value of life at an early age with the vision of Swaraj before him. His faults and foibles are forgotten and the nation stands aghast at the bolt hurled from the blue.

(Kantilal Parekh)

It was in 1921 after he had sounded his trumpet of war on the Bureaucracy that I had the unique good fortune of knowing him first and seeing him at close quarters. I still remember the day as vividly as ever. It was the Christmas Day of 1921, when Deshbandu was in the Central Jail of Calcutta awaiting his mock trial, that I first saw him there. Without knowing him in any measure, my soul was full of admiration and amazement at the miracle that he had wrought. In a few days' time he had set the whole country ablaze with the fire of patriotic enthusiasm and national ardour and in gathering round him thousands of men and women, young and old, who are ready to embrace imprisonment or death at his slightest bidding. Like a wizard of patriotism he called forth the latent nobility of the Indian soul and in a few days converted this continent of ours into a vast battleground—in which life was to be laid down and freedom won. I went into the Jail to see this new incarnation of patriotism with my heart full of trepidation as a pilgrim goes to the shrine, to obtain my "darshan." And the vision I saw there in that novel shrine of freedom! Calm and impassive with immeasurable love and supreme peace shining round his face like a halo he sat there almost as a divinity—the modern worker of miracles! That picture has left an indelible mark on my soul which will remain as vivid as ever till the end of my days. I went there not

with any preconceived notion of offering myself to Deshabandhu to be used in his service. But the moment I saw him—the step was taken and the decision made. Nor was I alone in this. Whoever went near him could not shake off his magnetic and proselytising influence. From that day onward I came to know him closely and intimately and more I knew him the more I adored him and was amazed at his greatness. He could love his followers and workers as few leaders can. He was not only their leader but a father and a friend of them. For the sterling sincerity of his soul and the earnestness of his purpose, there are few parallels. This was the secret of his phenomenal popularity and unique eminence as a leader—and his success is due to that. It was not in him to neglect a single worker of his, however humble and remotely situated from him he might have been, I have seen how his heart used to bleed whenever any of them was in distress. Few fathers can love their children so much and feel so keenly their joys and sorrows as he used to love his workers and followers and feel for them. He shed tears when Subhas and Satyen, Anilbaran and Lalmoheon and a host of others were thrown into prison in October last under the New Ordinance and the Regulation III. He shed tears when Dr. Protap Guha Roy in Charmanier Case was arrested under Section 124-A while the former case was still going on. It was not because of any feeble-heartedness that he did so, but his soft heart full of tenderness and love for his followers and workers used to see his dear ones suffer—though he knew well enough that suffering was inevitable in the course they launched themselves. He would vainly take upon himself all the bitter consequences of this struggle and leave his

boys unscathed and this he did so far as it lay within his power. But for all this he did not for once think and hesitate before he gave away his all to the service of the nation and the country. For once he did not halt to ponder over the future of his beloved and only son before he made even the last vestige of his properties a gift to the nation—leaving not a roof for his son to shelter under!

Kaliranjan Mukerjee B. A.

Mother Bengal weeps to-day. The calamity that has befallen her like a bolt from the blue has utterly shattered her fragile nerves. The child whom she had been so fondly nurturing in her bosom and whom did she look up to as the enlightener of her soul growing weary with the heavy burden of chains laid on her has been snatched away by the fell hand of death, with her eyes bedimmed with a flood of tears she is now casting her pallid looks on the multitudes of sons still breathing in her lap, but alas, a deep gloom settles everywhere. Multitudes are powerless without one. One man, but he was a man. Deprived of the guiding influence of one heroic figure—"Nature's own lion-hearted son"—a veritable "fixed pillar in the welter of uncertainty", the multitudes are as it were sinking away and tumbling helpless to Vacuity.

Deshbandhu Chittaranjan was verily the man to see and dare, and decide a towering personality, a dexterous pilot saving the vessel he undertook to conduct from being whirled about, sport of every gust a determined soul admirably passing through the ordeal of countless plots and counterplots, remaining fixed and determined in principle and measure "when everything upon every side was full o

traps and mines". Of the multifarious qualities of head and heart which contributed to his world wide fame and glory, which transported him to the very zenith of political firmament where like luminary blazing forth the ominous cloud that overshadowed the Indian horizon, he "became, for his hour, lord of the ascendent." What strikes me most and appear to be the keynote of his character are (i) his sincerity and (ii) passionate zeal for the salvation of his mother country. These "two are rare qualities" reveal the man. They are the primary foundation on which stands his monumental greatness, they are the backbone of his renunciation unique and unparalleled in history, they are the elements that have made him an "Original man"—"a messenger sent from the Infinite Unknown with tidings to us" Sincerity the grandest gift. S. Das was endowed with was not "the sincerity that calls itself sincere." His was the sincerity, a deep, great and genuine sincerity a kind of sincerity "he could not speak of, he was not conscious of." We call Deshbandhu a sincere man—a man whose sincerity did not depend on himself, a man who could not help being sincere a man according to god's own heart, a man who deprived his understanding from the inspiration of the Almighty. Thousand and one instances of moral courage exhibited in the brief span of his life are nothing but the delicious fruits of this one Virtue sincerity. A sincere man is a courageous man. It is a courage that does not smack of brute force but betokens a perennial moral fibre behind it. Thus equipped with honest thought as armour and simple truth as utmost skill Mr. Das always stood bare, not cased in "euphemistic coat-of-mail"; wherever he found annihilation of justice and moral self, be it in the press or it in

the platforms, in the public or in the private conference, in the Council or in the Corporation he always fought like a hero, grappling like a giant, face to face, heart to heart with the naked truth of things. Does it require any magic to explain that such a man with the eye to see, with the heart to dare; should advance from post to post from victory to victory?

The splendid renunciation of Mr. Das which will be recorded in golden letters in history and which will supply a very inspiring source of moral elevation for the posterity like that of the Saint Dadhichi of the ancient lore, is but the natural outcome of his deep and abiding love for his country. It was the interests and well-being of his country that prompted him to fling aside all consideration of self-comforts and self-interests. It thrilled the inmost cord of his heart that the motherland is subject to abject humiliations; that she is being trampled down with all sorts of cruelties and highhandedness that can be conceived of, that she is being denuded of her untold treasures for which she obtained the surname "Gorgeous East", and that under the load of chains thrust upon her she is struggling for breath and casting pale and worried looks on her countless sons standing a-gape beside her death bed. The idea was painfully shocking to him. It was a veritable Nightmare pressing on his breast that "the land of his birth made a hunting-field for intriguing ambitious Guises". At once out he came; at one stroke of sword he cut the 'Gordian knot' of official emoluments, calculations of profit and loss, privations and hardships, earthly pleasures, nay, all sorts of comforts that plenty can afford, and plunged, with all the energy of his ardent and incessantly active minds into boundless plans for the promo-

tion of the interests and welfare of his motherland.

His was always a volcanic energy, only a spark was necessary to set it ablaze. Possessing, as he did, in common with Mahatmaji, the characteristics of Great souls, he lost no time in imbibing the spirit of Non-violent N.C.O. inaugurated by that saintly personage and stood like a hero, fired with Napoleonic zeal, defending the cause of country.

Soon he called in the assistance of all his masculine virtues, his commending abilities, superior intellectual reach, superb renunciation or self immolation, remarkable magnanimity and "that tower of strength which stood four square to all the winds that blew." Diffusing as he did, all around the genial lure of self sacrifice, and doing, as he did, in his own sphere yeoman's service for his beloved motherland, our Deshbandhu fulfilled the mission of his life, became the source of inspiration to all and 'ipso facto' "the uncrowned King of Bengal.

The achievements of this uncrowned King of Bengal in the arena of politics are simply amazing. Like Cromwell and Napoleon Mazzini and Gariboldy, our Deshbandhu had to encounter a world of difficulties that stood as impediments to his way to lifting the country from the abyss of ruin. He had to fight not only with the bureaucracy but with an unsparing hands, showered all sorts of criticisms on him calling him a destroyer and ah, what not! directing his energy towards pulling down the fine structure so kindly raised for us by the rulers of our fortune. But now that the hero is removed from the scene of activities and now that his thundering voice is hushed into the unknown eternity, left the critics come and ponder over the metal he

was made of, let them say laying their fingers on their heart if he was a hero out for destruction. His fight for the council entry in the face of vehement oppositions, his prodigious capacity and power of arguments brought to bear on the direction of exposing the much trumpeted Diarchy into its all hollowness before the bar of the civilised world, and driving the authors of it to suspend the span of life they allotted to it at the start; his strenuous exertion and indefatigable activity in breaking the autocratic rule of Mohanta of Tarkeswar and in setting up a rule of peace and order there, his sagacious reasoning and cogent advocacy for entrusting the public money at the Corporation Chamber at the hands of those who are really trustworthy who are true sons of their motherland, who can feel for the land of their birth, who can die for the land of their birth, and his brilliant success in rendering the Corporation Chamber really a chamber for the people and by the people unmistakably bring home to the minds of his critics and opponents that our Deshbandhu was not the type of a hero out for destruction, Destruction! Disorder! the very idea was repugnant to him. He was, as is the case with every great man a born enemy of disorder. What he fought against was not order but "Smooth Falsehoods, "the unsullied Olive-branch" In every sphere of movements his lightings were the honest lightings of a brave man.

A faithful portrayal of character of this highly elevated soul requiring the "observations of a Thucydides directing the pencil of a Tacitus" is just at the present moment an impossibility a character whose force and energy made us feel his presence every where; a character whose truth and integrity endowed him with wonderful orga-

nising capacity and rendered him capable of having such a marvellous hold over the populace without any distinction of caste, creed or party.

Those who had the privilege to come in close contact with him and to enjoy his confidence will undoubtedly appreciate the truth of Mahatmaji's remarks as to the geniality of his temperament, gracefulness of manners, and child-like simplicity of soul. He was never depressed, and never mirthful. A calm and thoughtful energy inspired every moment. All were fascinated by the striking originality, animation and eloquence of his conversation. Superior in every respect as he was, there was not even the slightest tinge of arrogance or haughtiness in him, and "received unembarassed the marks of homage that ever surrounded him."

But wherein is to be sought the seed of the grandeur thus acquired by our hero? The heights reached and kept by him were not "attained by sudden flight", the achievements and triumphs won by him were not accidents or casualties. They were the fruits of his "toiling upward in the night" while his companions slept. From his very early age he paved the way for greatness by an untiring devotion to the acquisition of all useful knowledge by devouring biography, history, philosophy, treatises on political economy and upon different branches of law the "first and noblest of human sciences." Native powers of his mind were no doubt of an extraordinary vigour, but those powers were expanded and organized by Herculean study. Deeply read in all that is illustrious in the past, all that is ennobling in every land and time his memory was replete with the heroic deeds of antiquity.

His literary zeal and poetic fervour are

but the general result of a naturally vigorous original mind. Pamphlets and poems coming out of the forceful pen of our hero are an "effluence of the Fountain of all Beauty" They are the genuine lark-notes carrying our hearts into its melodious aerial bark far overhead into the blue depths they are "the sentiments which a gifted soul has clothed for us in melodious words." The philosophy inculcated in his 'Malancha' is the philosophy of his life, evincing, as it does, an awakening of a great true soul from the worldly slough, to see into the awful truth of things." It is the revealing of the Divine Idea of the world lying at the bottom of all Appearance. It is the vision of the inward divine mystery. It is the craving of a heart finding solace in the service of humanity—a heart bedewed with that ceaseless flow of love through the holy offulgence of which Mahapravru attracted all, embraced all; through the spark of whose immortal fire he consumed all that is mundane, all that is low, and brought to life and light all that is dormant. His other poems of which may be mentioned 'Antaryami' and 'Sagarsangit' in particular are the instances of the enormous influence the devotional literature of Vaisnavism had on his mind. They reveal the open-secret of a heart chastened and refined through the furnace of his religious cult taking up with all seriousness the cause of the poor, dedicating himself whole soul to the services of "Daridra Narayan", a heart from the inmost core of whom welled up the utterance; "With me, work for my country in not imitation of European politics. It is a part of my religion. It is part and parcel of all the idealism of my life. I find in the conception of my country the expression also of divinity."

Oh, Enlightener of our soul! Saviour o

"Daridra Narayan"! you are no longer encased in human frame. You are now one with the Pure Intelligence. You are now in "that heaven-protected isle where peace and Happiness and Freedom smile." Will you not now give us that power and guidance which "stood for the country's glory fast" and "spurned the dishonour's peace"? Your Daridra Narayans are crying for you. Will you not send your spirit to stand by them in this hour of peril?

Sir S. N. Banerjea.

My feelings are of great admiration for Mr. Das's talents, his devotion to the country, and his organising genius. These traits will, I am sure, find a permanent place in history, and, I trust, will be embodied, as far as practicable, in the national character. That he was a man of great intellectual powers was shown by the leading position which he had acquired at the Bar and which he sacrificed in deference to his ideal of duty to his country.

This act of renunciation was a tribute to his extraordinary capacity for self sacrifice and his unbounded love for his country. India has been the land of self-sacrifice, of renunciation for ideals since the earliest times. The great Buddha flung away the splendours of a throne in order that he might become the apostle of humanity, and his whole life was spent in one strenuous and devoted campaign in teaching mankind the great doctrine of "ahimsa-paramadharma." He lived as an anchorite and died as such, and now he sits enthroned in the hearts of millions of people and will continue to claim this sovereignty for ages yet unborn.

Nothing appeals so powerful to an oriental people as the practice of renunciation, and it was the sacrifice of Mr. Das's practice at the Bar, which was extensive and lucrative, placed him at one bound in the forefront of our public men, and he maintained that position to the end, because the spirit of sacrifice was there and our people appreciated it. He had great power of organisation and the Swaraj Party in Bengal was rendered powerful and effective under his capable leadership, through machinery which he called into being for its work,

Powerful Organisation.

This is not the time nor the place to raise a vote of dissent or to mar the universal harmony of the grief which has overtaken the nation, but a public utterance must always sound the note of truth, pure and unalloyed, and I must say in deference to this supreme duty that the methods employed - which I call the Tammany Hall methods—never commended themselves to me and will not be approved by the judgment of public opinion in Bengal or elsewhere. However that may be, there is the organisation, powerful and disciplined, which is ready to hand for the work of the Swaraj Party. Whether it will be as effective as when Mr. Das was at its head is more than I can say, but in any organisation leadership is the first and foremost factor and inefficient leadership must weaken a party and may even lead to its ultimate collapse.

Sir Devayrasad Sarvadhikary.

Fate's cruel and constant overdrafts on an impoverished people's attenuated resources are dealing it deadly blows. Ashutosh Chowdhury, Ashutosh Mukherjee, Bhupendra Nath Basu and now Chitta Ranjan Das, in just more than a year, are monumental losses in their respective spheres of activity that few countries could survive. And yet it has got to and God willing will survive, for "Na Devah Srinashak." Chitta Ranjan's preponderating loss is like that of a heavy laden barque, that had just hoisted ensigns reporting recovered treasures and that sank well within the sight of the beloved shores, after gales and storms, and buffetings and untold thrills of the deep. Mahatma Gandhi's message to "Young India" is significant:—"Five days of commune with the Great Patriot which I had at Darjeeling brought us nearer to each other than we were before—I realized not only how great Deshbandhu was but also how good he was"—These outstanding figures had often and long been together before and complete mutual understanding had not been possible, alas, till the end of the earthly existence of one was within the sight of the gods, though not quite yet within human ken. That indeed is the most tragic element in this supertragic situation.

Note will no doubt be taken by the thoughtful and the devoted in all the ranks and the lead that Chitta Ranjan sought to give in the end should in principle be the guiding motto and inspiration of all who would serve the great Mother, in whose cause, he, realizing in life the truth of the great saying 'Tyagen Moksha,' made such remarkable sacrifice and suffered so much.

The stupendous demonstration in his memory was but a phase of India's traditional recognition and appreciation of this age old mighty truth.

I knew him long, from boyhood onwards when he worked together in the Old Student's Association, I knew him as a colleague and adversary in the profession and public life; who often agreed and often disagreed, all through which disagreement mutual esteem never suffered. Lovable, generous, and enthusiastic always, he never rose higher than when the chosen and trusted advocate of Government, pitilessly ranged his vast intellect, his big vision, his tremendous enthusiasm and his incomparable organising powers against bad government. Error there might be about methods and means, but the objective stood out clear and bright and genuine.

May all who agreed or disagreed with him in detail, strive in awed silence, towards that great end and the Mother would yet be served such wise as Chitta Ranjan would have striven and loved to serve.

There can be no greater monument to his memory—no better appreciation of his worth.

Pheroz Sethna

By the death of Mr. C. R. Das, India has lost one of its greatest men of the present age. However much one may have disagreed with him in his politics, one could not but admire his devotion by his country proved by enormous sacrifices he made in renouncing

his practice which ran into several thousands a month, in giving up his worldly possessions to help the cause he held so dear at heart and even undergoing a term of imprisonment in support of his convictions. He was a patriot—every inch of him and if his methods for attaining Swaraj were perhaps unduly hasty, that does not by any means detract from his great abilities as a born leader of men. His condemnation or violence in any form in connection with the political movement made a force for peace in Bengal, though some of his earlier utterances, I feel were rather loosely worded and appeared to lend support to the movement of violence. He had a strong constructive genius also and I for my part am sorry that he did not utilise the same in administering the Transferred Departments of Bengal. Even one of his severest English critics could not help but refer to him in the following terms :—

"He was the very antithesis of the Tammany boss my fancy had painted him. Here was a cultured gentleman of most engaging manners with a keen sense of honour, and a soul above convention and the strict letter of the law which had for me an irresistible appeal."

There has been a movement in the country for some time past for the unification of all the political parties and Mr. Das tried his best to make this movement a success. United action on the part of the whole country would necessarily greatly help our advancement. Mr. Das's death will give a serious set back to any such attempt which is to be greatly deplored. His later utterances clearly indicated that he was tired of ploughing his lonely furrow and recognised the danger to the country from any onesided political movement. He desired that the movement for the uplift of the country be joined in not only

by Indians of all shades of political opinion but also by Englishmen but the fruition of which, if at all possible, he has not lived to see. The lesson of his double life will not, I hope, be lost upon his countrymen who by his untimely death are deprived of a towering personality.

Nares C. Sen Gupta

The demise of Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das removes from Bengal and India one of her most peaceful characters and most brilliant dreamers—an idealist who was prepared to suffer for his ideals and a personality brimming over with the spirit of revolt. We never had many like him and it would be a rare good fortune for the country if we have a few like him in future.

C. R. Das began his life with a great handicap, and a large portion of his career was taken up by a keen but well-sustained struggle to live. Of that life the public knows but little. But we know that the struggling junior barrister, who hardly knew how to make both ends meet, was not crushed down by adversity to a mere labourer for a living. Through those years he carried his undaunted courage and confidence in himself, his big dreams and his delicious imaginings. He read a great deal and, it can be said with confidence that even in those days there were few who had drunk so deeply of the poetry and literature of ages or who dreamed so boldly of the future of his country.

When success came at last it did not find him flattened down by adversity into a commonplace money-earner—a slave to his calling. An irrepressible life and ambition was bubbling within him with all the fervour of youth and he never could be a restful man who had earned success.

Rosy dreams of things beyond achievement made him restless and discontented with settled facts. He never was happy with things as they are and this divine discontent showed itself in a permanent spirit of revolt against established orders and accepted truths.

His first efforts to expand himself beyond the humdrum channels of work-a-day existence took shape in an elaborate effort at self-expression through literature. He had already written some good poetry and was full of a fine appreciation of the beautiful and the Sublime: But it was characteristic of him that in his literary life he was not content to follow the beaten track and worship in the common temples. His writings, and in a far larger measure, the whole programme of his magazine "Narayana" and the movement it led, were a sustained protest against conventional ideals and methods. He was an uncalling worshipper, of beauty where he found it and his chief delight was to rend it where convention never ventured to look for it.

Quite of a piece with his whole spirit was the cult of the "spirit of Bengal" in literature which he preached incessantly in the "Narayana." He found a special life and a characteristic expression of it in the literature of Bengal prior to British influence—a life and spirit which he felt was missing in the literature since Rammohan. In spite of all the dogmatism and all the excesses of the expression of this theme in his writings, it must be acknowledged that he did hit upon a real truth beneath all this which is often in a danger of being lost sight of. Yet the point of interest lies far less in the measure of truth of the dogma than in the spirit behind it—the character of its author which it showed. This doctrine was not altogether new, but it was more or less a discredited and discredited theory when C. R. Das took it up, and he endowed

it with a new view-point and a richness of contempt and boldness of expression which it never had before. Underlying this there was a passionate patriotism which would cling to the tiniest bit of good thing of the country beyond everything foreign. But there was more. There was the proneness to revolt against accepted notions and settled dogmas—the working of a brilliant imagination and a passionate temperament which delighted, in soaring in the clouds and disdained things whose sole claim to homage often is merely that they are.

This revolt against established things so unwelcome to restful souls—a revolt born of a brilliant imagination and a bursting soul life, found expression all through his life. One of the bye-products of this temperament was the great fascination which the merely unusual tended to exercise over him. A thing had only to be out of the common to have a grip over his mind. This often led him to untenable positions and almost fantastic theories, but there was, behind his most fantastic dreams a wealth of glorious imagination and a warm and passionate yearning for the Good and the Beautiful which raised whatever he touched above the level of the trivial.

It has been said that C. R. Das took to politics late in life. This is undeniably true so far as active politics went. But in a sense politics was bred in his bones. When a student in England, his passionate love for his country drove him into more than one quarrel. In this country, while he was struggling for his bread he hovered long in the background of politics—an earnest, if more or less discontented spirit. He never was in love with the methods of the politicians of the past generation and found little that was congenial to his spirit in the Congress movement of the times. When the boycott move-

ment was started in Bengal, he found something more agreeable, something more in keeping with his dreams and he took a small share in the politics of the extreme wing of the days. The Reform proposals finally drew him out. He was discontented. He was dreaming of things far off, of things which might be, but are not, and had no patience with microscopic achievements. At Amritsar he made his mark by a passionate denunciation of the Reforms. When, later on, the non-cooperation movement was started, he again found himself in a minority opposed to a popular movement, which, for all its intensity of feeling, was far from commensurate to the great work which his imagination placed before him. As ever before, he found himself suffering the penalty of all dreams—discontent and want of sympathy with popular movements.

His outlook appears soon to have changed however when he appreciated the growing success of non-cooperation. It seems that he suddenly realised the futility of dreaming at a distance from the crowd. He found that for the realisation of his very dreams he had to come down to the level of the crowd and lead them on. And when he had made up his mind to lead, he did lead. The movement which he led was not the movement which he would have liked to lead. His bold imagination outstripped it on all sides—yet he suffered his wings to be clipped down to suit himself for lower flights and he succeeded wonderfully. He produced an organisation and had at his back a well-disciplined party, the like of which has never been seen in this country. He took the utmost care to keep in touch with the thoughts and feelings of the party and never gave free wing to his far higher imaginations in the leadership of his party. Yet occasionally, and most notably, in his brilliant *swan song* at Faridpore he gave the world an im-

pression of how much higher and greater he was than his surroundings.

With Mr. Das's methods and politics it is possible to disagree. Personally, I have never found myself so far in agreement with him as to be able to join his banner. But there is no denying that underlying all his theories and practices, and soaring above his individual sayings and doings there was a great and intense love of his country, a brilliant imagination and a will to sacrifice all for the sake of ideals which raise his achievements and his failures to an unapproachably high level. It was all this which explains the whole public life of the man and invests his very inconsistencies with the aureole of greatness. It is only the poor in imagination and the weak in spirit who are devotedly consistent. C. R. Das was not consistent. He had an intense love for the country and a vivid active imagination. He was not gifted with that angelic perfection of vision which would expose to his view all the bearings of any question before him. Naturally, his ardent spirit was sometimes betrayed into opinions which a fuller appreciation of the problem made him renounce later on. It was to the credit of his heart and of the boldness of his patriotism that such petty thoughts did not prevent his giving expression to new-found truths. It is not even much to his discredit that the intensity of his passion and his temperamental continuity made him occasionally blind to the fact of the inconsistency.

About his particular political opinions I prefer to say nothing now. If we come down to details it would be difficult to avoid controversies unsuited to the hour. But the outstanding features of his political faith are great and undeniably valid. Before his mind he constantly had the ideal of a free and great India, bound by ties of friendship to all

the nations of the world. The India of his dreams was not the India of the rich and the noble, but an India to which the meanest of her children—men and women alike—had a free scope for life and ambition, and whose destinies were the concern not of a "corps d'elite" but the proud and sacred trust of the man in the street—India great in the heritage of her past, greater still in the promise of her future, which it would be pride and glory of every Indian to achieve. His dreams were not of the India of the cities with its teeming life of luxury and trouble but of India of the village with its comfort and beauty and its charms of the soul.

For the service of the country and the realisation of the dreams he called upon his countrymen to sacrifice all and himself showed the way by a sacrifice which was staggering in its magnitude.

Through all his public utterances, beneath the heat and turmoil of political controversy this underlying idealism runs like a golden thread weaving his whole public life into one. For this glorious dream his countrymen would forgive him much and now that the stillness of death has fallen on the feverish activity of a great life they would hold to their hearts his cherished dreams and bury in oblivion all the tune of heat and controversy which inevitably covered the precious kernel of his public life.

A dreamer is never happy, for the world in which he moves is not a dream. The desolation in the soul of an idealist is the chief penalty of his worship of ideals. To C. R. Das a larger measure of success, judged by eternal standards, was vouchsafed than to most. Yet one can imagine the vast disappointment that he must have carried to his grave. His countrymen can do nothing which

would more fittingly show their respect for his departed soul than dreaming his dreams and striving for their realisation.

Maulana Abul Kalam Azad.

On the occasion of the centenary celebration of the death of Voltaire the celebrated French writer Victor Hugo remarked, "However great and glorious a man's life may be, history suspends judgment till death." If this is true then the period of awaiting for the historian of India is over. The greatness of the life of Deshbandhu Das is now a decided fact in the pages of history. What he could not assert himself during his life time, has been strikingly evident to the world after his death.

In the history of modern India, hardly has the death of any national leader been the occasion of such historic and universal mourning as has been the sudden death of Deshbandhu Das. On the 19th June when his bier passed through the wide thoroughfares of Calcutta, the streets were lined with the entire population of this great city, irrespective of caste, creed and denominations. A host of mourners had spread itself out from one corner of the city to the other. Among this vast multitude of grief-stricken hearts and tearful eyes, of course is not counted the millions, from Cape Comorin to Cashmere that also shared the grief.

The sorrowful and silent afternoon of 1st July added to the solemnity of the occasion. That day, in every nook and corner of this vast continent of India, condolence meetings were held whose reports are still overflowing the columns of the daily press.

How wonderfully did India, which unfortunately, was being rent assunder by dissensions in every sphere of life, unite in

the common manifestation of grief and sorrow. No difference of caste, creed or party could hinder this unity.

Every one was unanimous that a great soul had passed away and love and respect for him was equally enshrined in every heart. Amongst these were many, who during his life-time were heedless to his lead, many who were decidedly opposed to his policy but they could hardly restrain themselves, after his death, from paying the tribute of reverence to his memory. This is the verdict of death on life, which History always awaits.

This united expression of grief from millions of Indian hearts is an unique event in the history of modern India. The strength and weakness, the ebb and flow of national feeling can best be gauged from events like this. This is not merely an evidence of universal grief at the death of a popular leader, but also gives proof of the spark of life in the bereaved nation. In this disappointment of Death lies the hope of life. This goes to show that, however indifferent and depressing the national outlook may appear on the surface, a true and abiding spirit of awakening has taken deep root in the national life. As the teachings of history testify, when the spirit of awakening has once established itself, it cannot be easily crushed. It is unswerving in its growth to perfect fruition.

Secret of Deshbandhu's Greatness.

But I do not intend to go to so far as that. I want to continue myself to the consideration of the causes of the success of this personality as political leader. What were the qualities that contributed to his great hold on the public, his popularity and his success? It is a well known fact that his advent into political leadership did not date back to any long period. Though his excep-

tional abilities had already attracted public notice, and since 1917 he was a familiar figure on the public platform, yet his acceptance as the political leader of the country truly begins from the days of Non-co-operation movement. This comprised a period of five years only, yet within this short period he succeeded in conquering the hearts of his countrymen and winning for himself an honoured place in the history of his motherland.

Just as many colours are blended in the production of a finished picture, so many qualities contribute to the formation of the character of a great man. Deshbandhu possessed, in abundance, the different qualities that go to form a great, perfect and glorious character. He was rich both in the qualities of head and heart. His intelligence was extraordinary, his eloquence lofty and imperishable and his power of thought soared to the highest plane. His brilliant intellect was cast in such a mould that it refused to accept immature and unsound theories.

However complex an affair, he could at once penetrate into the right understanding of the thing. His clear brain was unaffected by all the sophistries of his opponents arguments. His debating abilities were universally acknowledged. His speech was composed not only of bewitching eloquence or of mere marshalling of dry argument, but both these necessary elements were harmoniously combined in his address. For, according to the dictum of the greatest Greek orators, an orator must possess the two qualities in just and equal proportions. His heart was even richer than his intellect. It was always aflame with the fire of patriotism. Even in life, he was a burning pier. His generosity and philanthropy have received adequate acknowledgement from everyone. To the man of the world his generosity may appear as extravagance.

Everyone knows that he earned by lacs but when he suspended practice, his house was mortgaged, and he had barely a few thousand rupees in his possession. His sacrifice needs no description. He sacrificed all the comforts of life to the service of the country. Cutting out all connection with the high, luxury loving society of Calcutta, he contented himself with merely rough coarse khadder garments.

His qualities are now on every lip, friend and foe alike. But I would not restrict myself merely to these alone, but would probe deeper into the matter. These qualities were undoubtedly exceptional, but there are others who possessed them in no less a degree. To-day, India is not poor in leaders or in people with capacity for leadership. It has a long and distinguished line of leaders. Amongst these are persons who could claim such qualities in greater or less extent. So we must ascertain what is the peculiar characteristics of Deshabandhu's leadership, which elevated him far above his peers.

To my mind, he had two outstanding qualities which can alone explain the secret of his success as political leader. To me these two qualities stand out in bold relief, over and above all others. Firstly he had a bold and undaunted driving power : Secondly his patriotism and nationalism were perfectly free from all tinge of sectarianism. These may appear trifling but in reality they are not so. In these, is included the true test of leadership in India. In a country like India, the growth and progress of nationalism, I think is impossible without the second of these requisite qualities.

By bold and undaunted driving power, I mean the creation in us of the spirit of soldiers rushing forward heedless of dangers and

difficulties. We must be ready to speak and act, without doubt and hesitancy just in accordance with what we believe to be true and necessary. Much of contemplation, hesitation, wavering, thinking out plans and retracing steps may constitute the best qualification for a thinker ; but for a fighting leader these are not merely unnecessary but I venture to say, would, on many an occasion prove a stumbling block and defect. The path of a political leader is only different from that of a thinker but is often diametrically opposed. The political leader should be more practical than imaginative. He may be compared more to a brave general rather than to a philosopher. If he is absorbed in merely thinking out plans and programmes, another experienced commander would be necessary to lead the army into the battle-field. No doubt Napoleon had previously thought out his strategy for the battle of Austerlitz but it was not his intellect but his bravery and courage that carried his victorious army across the impossible cliffs of the Alps.

I was particularly impressed by this aspect of Deshabandhu's character. Once I laughed heartily over the remark that he was an idealist. Those who made the remark regarded nationalism in India as nothing more than a mere idea. So to them everyone who fights for the freedom of India is an idealist. I would not discuss their standpoint on this occasion. I should say Das was Action personified and thus contributed most to his success as a leader. He wasted precious little time in thinking but was bold and prompt in translating his ideas into action. However debatable and complicated a proposition may have been, he was quick to come to a decision and equally prompt in carrying it into execution. Doubt and hesitancy had no place in his character. In practical politics, he never believed in the

policy of wait and see." The difficulties on the way must be brushed aside and must not impede the march that was the motto of his progress. That attitude of the human mind of doubts and hesitancy which Shakespeare has delineated in Hamlet, he entirely lacked.

The second of his predominating characteristics was also in a way bound up with the first. The complexity of the Hindu-Muslim problem is the greatest obstacle in the path of freedom for India. Circumstances are so deep and perplexing that on many an occasion even the greatest of Indian patriots finds it difficult to purge himself of communal bias. It is only great courage, fervent patriotism and a burning passion for freedom that can elevate a man to the high altitude, far above the sphere of narrow communalism. I can confidently assert that after Mahatmaji he was only leader who rose up to that high standard and refused to be dragged down to a lower plane. On this question, his mind was perfectly open and generous. For the attainment of the country's freedom, he was prepared to sacrifice everything that was of lesser importance. That is the spirit that can solve the problem. It has to be regretfully admitted that few Indians have attained to this standard.

In connection with the Hindu-Muslim problem Bengal Pact was one of his remarkable achievements. It has been hotly debated both by the supporters and opponents alike. But few people are aware how the Pact came into being. Those, who have practical experience of Hindu-Muslim question, are fully cognisant of the difficulty and complexity of the problem. Whatever solution is proposed, one is confronted with a storm of vehement opposition. This is why, no solution has yet been reached outside the province of Bengal

Punjab, where the problem has assumed dangerous proportions, there is little evidence of an appreciable attempt at the solution. Last February, the All-party conference continued its sitting for a whole, week and yet had to disperse without coming to a final decision. When suddenly faced with the thorny problem, taxing to the utmost the resources of courage and statesmanship, what attitude did he take up? I can tell the public for the first time, that he decided the question within five minutes.

I do not use the words five minutes in the figurative sense of a short period but literally it took him only five minutes, by the clock to decide the issue. After the last election of the Bengal Legislative Council was over, the opponents of the Swarajya Party resorted to every means to bring about the failure of the party. The most dangerous and well-tried weapon in the hands of the enemy was to revive the question of communal rights and the success of the party both inside the Council and outside depended greatly on the attitude than Mussalmans took up. We tried to secure the co-operation of the Mussalmans, but the opponents tried to keep them back by playing upon the feelings of communal jealousies and rivalries. In the mean time they resorted to a clever trick. They persuaded the Mussalmans, that if the Mussalmans were bent upon joining the Swarajya Party, they ought first of all make provision for safeguard-Muslim right and representation in the coming Swaraj. The suggestion was made to the Mussalmans on the anticipation that the Swarajists would refuse to accede to the Muslim demands and consequently the Mussalman in their disappointment would withdraw from the Swarajya Party, and the desertion of the Mussalman would jeopardise any effective Swarajist opposition, inside the Council and outside.

Accordingly a symposium was prepared of Muslim demands. One morning I had the sudden information that the Muslim demands would be presented that day. I inquired of Mr. Das by telephone about his attitude on the proposed demands. He replied without hesitation. "I shall accept them : there is no reason why I should refuse." Thus one of the difficulties was safely passed over, but another difficulty at once cropped up. A storm of opposition was raised against the pact but we were equal to the task of coping with the situation.

Probably people outside Calcutta are unaware of the fact that when we were successful in capturing the majority of seats in the last Municipal election, and the question of the election of first Mayor of Calcutta came up for solution : Mr. Das was not at all willing to accept the Mayoralty. When we first discussed the matter, he said "I want that the first Mayor should be a Mussalman. This will be the practical demonstration of the spirit that animates the Swamijists in the attitude towards the Muslim community : and as there is no other Mussalman except yourself whom we can unanimously elect so you should be prepared to accept the office." Aldermen had not yet been elected. He had put my name as one of the five Aldermen, so that I might have been elected the Mayor afterwards. But I persistently declined, saying that so far as I was personally concerned, neither at present, nor in future, I was prepared to accept such office. the course of my life had been different from the very beginning and could not be reconciled with these positions, in any way. Now remained the question of the election of a Mahomedan to the Mayoralty of course the Mussalmans should be given an opportunity but their claim should be based on ability and competency and not merely on communal

basis so from every point of view, it was best that he should be the Mayor.

I can not refrain from saying a few words about our mutual personal relation. The memory of his brotherly affection has left an indelible mark on my heart. Our relation was not based on social intercourse neither had I any personal connection with him. Common service of motherland had brought us together but the compatibility of temperament very soon led to union of hearts so much so that we began to feel intertwined like twin brothers, and were bound up together by the imperishable tie of mutual love and confidence.

Before 1917, he was reported primarily as a senior and successful Counsel. In that year he appeared on the public platform. In those days I was interned and detained at Ranchi. I used to read of his ardent zeal and enthusiasm in newspapers. When on January 1920 I came down to Calcutta, after my release, I made his first acquaintance. He was present at a party, which was given to me on that occasion. But the acquaintance made there was merely superficial. After this was inaugurated the preliminary stage of non-co-operation movement and Special Congress was held at Calcutta in August on that occasion, he differed from the programme, and continued his opposition to the end of the year. We passed this period in opposing ranks.

At Nagpur Congress, he announced his agreement with the Non-co-operation programme and we met together to consult about our programme of work in Bengal. As a matter of fact, the period of our mutual relation begins from that date. From that day till his death, I was in daily touch with him, and we were attracted more and more towards

each other. He had confidence in me and his sincerity was imprinted on my mind.

The period of our mutual co-operation passed through various phases. In this is included the memorable November of 1921, when civil disobedience was launched for the first time in Bengal, and within a fortnight compelled the Government to substitute the policy of repression for one of peace and co-operation by accepting the proposal of Round Table Conference. In those days we used to sit up late at night up to 2 a. m. and decide the programme for the next day. On the 9th December 1921, we were informed that our arrest would not be long delayed. On that night, we met for the last night in the house of Mr. Kiran Sankar Roy and on the next afternoon, we were both arrested together. In the Jail too, we lived together though he was six months and myself for a year. He was set free six months before my release. On the 6th January 1923 when I was released, Congress was already divided into two separate camps. Deshbandhu was the leader of the new Swarajist party. I refused to be associated with any particular party and decided to devote my time to bring about the reconciliation or at least to make for an understanding so that the united strength of the Congress might not be frittered away in internal dissensions. As party feelings ran high in both the camps and they were drawn away from united course of action, difficulties were met with, at every step. After a ceaseless effort of eight months, I was successful in my attempts and a united decision was arrived at the special session of the congress at Delhi.

The extraordinary qualities of Mr. Das that came into prominent display in course of that negotiation, and the attitude that he

took up both in private and public made a deep and abiding impression on me. As a peace-maker, it was my duty, as necessity arose, to interfere in the deliberation of both the parties, sometime suppressing the one, sometimes the other. On many occasions we exchanged hot and vehement arguments. Just as I differed from the unrelenting stubbornness of the No-changers, I similarly disapproved of the lack of restraints in the Swarajists. In spite of all these what forced itself prominently all the time before my eyes was the personality of Mr. Das as great leader and a statesman, for he possessed the qualities that irresistibly attract public admiration.

So far as the Hindu-Muslim problem was concerned our relation was peculiar. When we used to discuss these questions between ourselves, I can say without exaggeration that we never harboured the slightest feeling that we belonged to different communities. On many occasions, he expressed himself against the Hindu point of view, myself against the Muslim. The thought never crossed my mind that he had any communal bias against my co-religionists. Likewise he could never think that my patriotism or nationalism was tainted with communal selfishness. When we were faced with problems that in Northern India raise a storm of sectarian partisanship, we managed to settle the question easily and immediately before people outside could ever have any inkling of it. Many a time, we have asked each other, whether our mutual relation may not serve as an example before the country, on these unfortunate issues.

An Arabian poet says "Death is like a connoisseur, who easily pick out the valuable jewels. Undoubtedly this is true. All on a

sudden Death has picked out the brightest jewel. Now the mortal remains of Deshbandhu are not with us, yet his spirit may still animate us, if we follow his footsteps. His life is a glorious and shining examples before us. In the days of national struggle, examples like these alone can lead us to the goal. Come, let us build up the structure of life in memory of the dead. Patriotism, Sacrifice and Unity in these three words lie the message of his life and these three constitute the message of his death as well."

Sachindra Nath Mukherjee

The more I think of the life of the illustrious Tribune who has just passed away amidst the wailings of a united people, the more I am struck with the idea that it was a life of victory—victory of the spirit over the weakness of the flesh, victory of his ideal over the odds arrayed against it, and above all, a stupendous victory over the all-powerful bureaucracy. His life was thus a chapter of victories won by the force of his invincible will, that was unbending in the pursuit of its straight ends. Chittaranjan's heart overflowed with the milk of human sweetness, but at the same time he possessed a strong and potent will that did not quail before difficulties and dangers, even of the most appalling character. A poet as he was, every fibre of his being was stirred by his robust imagination and his mind was obsessed by his ideal, giving him no rest until he could by herculean efforts bring it within a measurable distance of realisation. In his life, we find a glorious example of mind obtaining a triumphant victory over matter. When the call came to him, he left everything that we, puny mortals, hold so dear and hug into our bosoms with feverish anxiety. It was as if his dearly beloved

Motherland had told him, "Leave all thou hast and follow me." It was just like the music of Krishna's flute reaching the ears of His devotees, who gave up everything in the superabundance of love. There were two alternatives, before Chittaranjan—country or life over-poweringly successful in worldly ends. And he made his choice. The choice showed the man and the stuff he was made of. It was the dawn of a new day for his country when he scornfully flung aside the temptations offered by wealth and ease and embraced a life of poverty and suffering. There we find the rich mould in which he was cast, so utterly unlike that to which we are accustomed in this world. Had he continued the practice of his profession, he could literally have at his command Fortune's Purse. But his virile soul yearned for something higher and nobler. Could wealth and position satisfy a soul that burned with such passion for self-realisation and self-fulfilment? Could he be content with lowlier ends, when he had caught a glimpse of the Ideal?

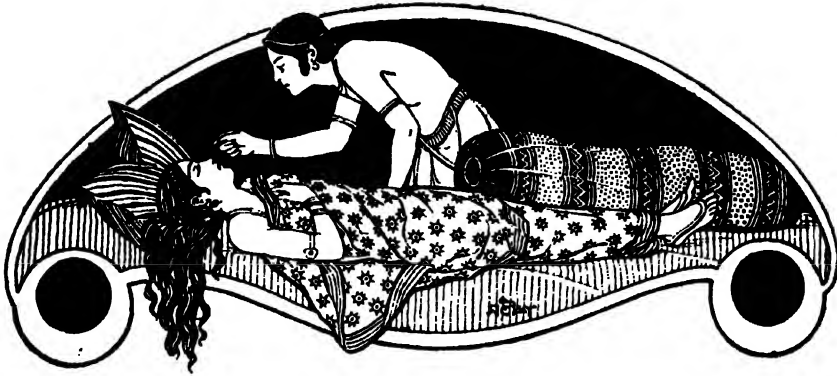
Chittaranjan was a poet, prophet and statesman. In the gush of his poetic emotion, he never lost sight of the actual. It was given to him to see the gleam of the New Light and he pointed his finger to the horizon illumined with the beauty of the Light that never was on sea or land. He was the prophet of a new age, that will set his country on the way to the realization of its high destiny. His soul was stirred to its inmost depths, his warm sensibilities were roused to an unwonted pitch of enthusiasm by the contemplation of his ideals. And among these the overmastering passion of his life was the ideal of freedom. The birth of an emancipated people on the banks of the Indus, the Ganges the Nerbudda and the

Godavery—that was the dream that he laboured and strove incessantly to convert into an actuality. India was free and felt her life in every limb and she developed a mighty civilization long before the eternal city had been built upon the seven hills, before Babylonian astronomers had learnt to gaze upon the starry world. Why should she lag far behind at this time to day when others are marching forward with their gaze rivetted on the bright prospects of rising to the full stature of their being? That was to the departed great, a cause of poignant grief. That filled his mind with a sense of unrest that made him restless more and more. He lived, therefore, a dedicated life—a life consecrated to the noblest of human impulses and endeavours, and to the best and truest interest of the Motherland. What are money, official position, cheap renown worth before the joys of such a life?

Chittaranjan had an undying faith, as strong as ever inspired a prophet or a priest, that the cause of his country will, in the ordering of Providence, triumph over all

difficulties, leading his countrymen onward and upward, until they fully come into their own. In that faith he lived, and in that faith he has died, rising like Elijah in a chariot of fire to the Golden Mansions of his Father. Under his lead, the regenerated man and woman in India claimed and asserted their political birth right. From him proceeded chastening aspiration that made the whole country vibrant. He had to contend with difficulties galore and cankering worries. But these could not repress the ardour of a great soul, which was caught up in the light of a consecrated task for the uplift of a fallen nation. The ordeal of fire brought out the true metal and effulgence of his golden aspirations. It called forth the best and noblest in his nature and made him so invincible in leadership. The discipline of suffering through which he passed is only the prelude to the splendid heritage to which we aspire and from which we can no longer be shut out. And so where he sowed, we must reap and where he shed his life's blood, will rise the fertilizing spring of his country's salvation.





In Memoriam

A life hath stopped ; a soul hath flown ;
A corpse is left behind.—
Which soon shall be to ashes turned.
And scattered by the wind !

But whence this rush of burning flood, —
Of blinding, scalding tears,—
From eyes of millions, who lived
Apart as it appears ?

Then do the roots of human souls
Cling to a common soil,
Whence comes the sap that doth support
Each flower and fruit and foil ?

And when a great soul wings its flight
Towards its unknown goal,
Is there a subterranean storm
Which stirs each kindred soul ?

It must be so, else why this wail
Of universal woe,
From end to end of Hindustan ?—
This wild heart-shattering throe ?

It proves that kindred souls are bound
With ties that eyes can't see ;—
Till sudden bursts of joy or grief
Reveal their unity

Mourn then, O mourn ! Our nation's pride,—
Great Chitta Ranjan's dead !
Let wail on wail *crescendo* rise,
And tears in torrents shed !

Forgone is he, the brave, the strong,
The champion of the poor ;
He gave his all for his country's sake ;
He is gone for evermore !

He fought with all his might and main,
To make his country free ;
And sacrificed his life, at last,
At the shrine of Liberty !

June 18, 1925. }

A. C. Ghosh.



Late—Sir Surendranath Banerjee

We are deeply grieved to announce to our readers the passing away on the 10th inst. of Sir Surendra Nath Banerjee, who was regarded for long time as the uncorrupted King of Bengal. Hardly have we admiringly expressed our grief at the loss of Deshbandhu Chittaranjan when this calamity has befallen us. Bengal is poorer to-day by the loss of one of her most notable sons, and we feel that it is more so in view of her distinguished son having passed away without the loss of time.

Deshbandhu Memorial Fund

31st August has been decided as the last date for receiving subscription for Deshbandhu Memorial Fund. The total collection up to 8th August amount to 6,47,930-9-10½p. About three and half lakhs more will have to be raised within the next three weeks. Bengal is on her trial. We hope she will not fail.



Deshabandhu Chittaranjan's Lyrics

(Prof. Bimanbehari Majumder, M. A.)

I.

The Nature of Chittaranjan's Lyrics.

Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das was pre-eminently a man of action. The way in which he manifested the immense strength of his soul in his political warfare with the Bureaucracy entitles him to an honourable place in the great company of fighting souls, who have become martyrs in the cause of Liberty. But even a casual study of his political speeches will convince the reader that the movement which he pioneered and sustained to the last day of his life, though systematically conducted through obstructionist tactics and destructive methods, had a peculiar idealism, which was essentially Eastern. Deshbandhu Das was the Eastern counterpart of the English

Cromwell, and like him a practical mystic, "a terrible personality, a man to be reckoned with in the outer world as well as in the inner." Though both were inspired by a deep sense of the spiritual, yet Chittaranjan's mysticism differed from that of Cromwell, in this, that while the mysticism of Cromwell was more robust, it lacked the finer elements of sweetness and light, which were Chittaranjan's speciality. The key to this mysticism of Deshbandhu—the final explanation of the tremendous energy, which he brought to bear upon his politics, is to be sought in his poems, which are a vital record of the evolution of his spiritual ego. It seems almost incredible that a

political giant like Chittaranjan Das, who for the last seven years, had carried on a whirl wind campaign against the all-powerful Bureaucracy, should have left the record of the progressive revelation of his inner life in his beautiful poems. This apparent incongruity between the two conflicting phases of his composite personality vanishes, when we understand that his politics was only an attempt to realise in practice the truths which came to him in moods of heightened feeling.

Thus it is evident that the lyrics of Deshabandhu Das are not a "mere play of fancy", revealing fresh beauty and unsuspected significance in the *actual* things, "we have passed perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see". On the other hand, they are as far as possible removed both from the academic formalism and from the dilettanti trifling, with one or other of which lyric poetry in popular thought, has too often been associated. Chittaranjan's lyrics grew directly out of his life and in reading them, we are brought into large, close and fresh relation with his inner life and in that fact alone lies the final explanation of their power. In his "Study of Poetry"—a short essay on the origin and true function of poetry, he has himself said, "Every experience

every thought and every relationship of human mind, has an inner essence of which it is only the outward manifestation. Life is nothing but an irrepressible tendency to find out this inner Truth in the outer shell. No one is without this tendency. Some do it quite consciously, other unconsciously perhaps ; but we are all searching about for this inner nature of things. It is only in the supreme of life, that we are face to face with it and our whole being becomes suffused with a kind of celestial ecstasy. Out of these heightened moods of celestial ecstasy poetry is born."

Though we find a clear realisation of this theory in his later lyrics, yet his earlier lyrics grew out of "the simple joys and ordinary cares," of his own individual life. Personal poetry in his case passed by insensible degrees from the simpler forms of lyric, into meditative and philosophic poetry in which the element of thought became more important. But we must always bear in mind that poetry was never an "art of feigning a thing" as Bacon conceived poetry to be. A Chronological study of his works will enable us to have a glance into the innermost working of his vibrant soul, which will reveal at last a luminous revelation of his inner spiritual life.

II

The Phase of conflict with himself.

Chittarrnjan was a born poet. From his early boyhood he was devoted to the Muses and wrote verses to give vent to the feelings which came uppermost to his mind. But he did not publish any of them, until he felt impelled to do so. His conception of the function of the Poet was too high to allow him to publish before the world any stray fine thought that might perchance come to him. He had drunk deep into the fountain of worldly pleasures, but when his youth was fading, he found that the great thirst of his soul had not been quenched by that. So he began to meditate seriously upon the grave problems of life. The Great Truth began to dawn upon his mind, but it was shrouded in the dark veil of mystery. He felt its prickings in the heart, but could not adequately express them in words. Hence began his poetic life. In "Malancha" he says :—

"My heart is full of the song of exquisite desires. The temple of my heart is ablaze with the light of a thousand songs and yet it is dark. I want to sing out but a curse blights my soul. I can not sing out."

The life of pleasure had left its impressions behind. He could not at that time rise up to the high-pedestal of self-sacrificing love. There was the desire of the senses, and he was still aflame with passion. So he says :—

"But my thirst is illimitable. It knows no patience. It refuses to be satisfied with your dream. It must have you and it must have the maddening touch of your body. Nothing short of a sweet kiss of your lips will satisfy it."

But his awakening was not in vain.

Though burnt with the flame of passion himself, he felt compunction to sacrifice his beloved to it. He is dying with eagerness for a closer intimacy with the object of his love, yet fears that it might destroy the perfect beauty of his dear one. A new sense of enjoying beauty from afar has grown in his mind. So he addressed his beloved in the following pathetic strain :—

"The deadly poison of my wild youthful desire has soaked the world through and through. You must not near me my beloved. Nearness may scorch you, my sweet white lotus !"

Thus he was restraining himself, even at the sacrifice of his very life—blood. He had often to struggle with his ownself for mastery over it. It is need less to say that such conflict was anything but pleasant to him.

While on the otherhand he was mortified to see that his youth was fast flying away from him. Would he be able to welcome the Eternal Love, in his old weary heart ? That was the great question, which puzzled him most. From his previous experience he knew that love and youth are closely related to each other. Now when a brighter and purer love, promises to be approaching, he mourned for his fading youth :—

"I do not meet for myself my beloved. My anxieties are for you. If this distressed face of mine loses its beauty and twists, it may not have permission to enter the garden of your love."

While he was thus confused with doubts and agonies, the Disillusionment came to him and he found himself in search of other foundations of life.

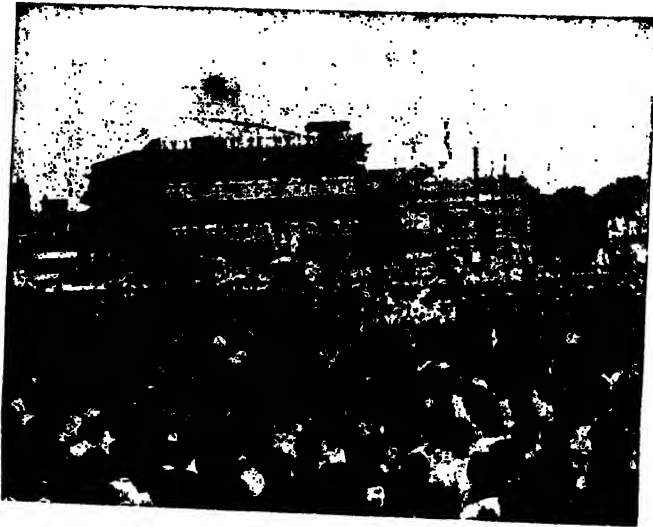
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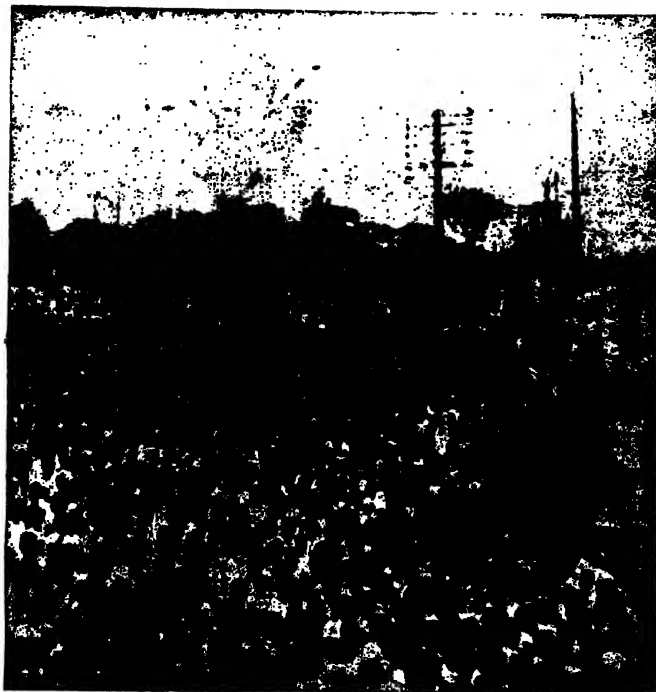
Sj. Chittaranjan Dass—Poet.



Deshabandhu after his release from Jail.



The Mourning Procession.
(A sight in Harrison Road)



The Mourning Procession.

(Near Sealdah Station.)



The Mourning Procession.

(A view from Russka Road)



THE LITTLE GIRL, 1901. (P. 100)



BY S. N. GUHA B. Sc. (Cali.)

CHAPTER XX.

THE ABDUCTION.

Next morning at ten o'clock, Elsie received a telephone call.

"Hello, is this Miss Smith?"

"Yes sir."

"This is Director Wing talking."

"Oh—Good morning, Mr. Wing!"

"How are you? I guess I can give you that part. My assistant failed to secure any other person."

"Thank you, Mr. Wing! I am so glad to hear it!"

"That's all right—glad to be able to help you. We'll pay you fifty dollars a week and furnish your wardrobe. Is that satisfactory?"

"Yes sir, that's perfectly fine!"

"Then get ready to leave town. My party has gone already but I'll take you in my car."

"How soon are you leaving?"

"Within half an hour—can you make it?"

"Yes sir; I'll get busy right away."

"Very well. Meet at Sixth and Main at a quarter to eleven. I'll wait for you. Don't keep me waiting any longer than you have to."

Merino hung up the receiver and turned to Degal.

"Well, Degal, that's settled! Now shoot out. Your train leaves in ten minutes."

"I'll catch it. How much money do you want?"

"Leave me twenty-five."

"Here's a ten dollar bill. I borrowed some money last night from my wife and Cleo. They think I'll have plenty of money soon from my picture. I told them I was going out with a company."

"Oh, we'll have plenty of dough soon, all right. Go ahead now or you'll miss your train."

Degal left Merino and took the train for Imperial Valley.

Elsie met Merino at Sixth and

Main and without any delay they started for Imperial Vally, via San Diego. That night they spent at a hotel in the Bay City and the following morning they started out early. Elsie was pleasantly surprised at the wonderful stretch of country through which they passed en route to their destination. The gigantic mountains rising around them, the great green valleys between them and the long stretches of desert country were new to her and fascinated her beyond words. On and on they sped at tremendous speed, considering the rough country through which they were compelled to pass. Finally they reached Coyote Wells, a little village at the foot of the mountains from which they could get a good view of the desert country that was yet to be traversed. Here Merino stopped for some tobacco and to buy a bite for them to eat. The "town" consisted of two or three dwelling houses, a grocery store and blacksmith shop. It wasn't even big enough, at the time of this writing, for a post office. However, it was an interesting little place and recalled the stories of the olden, golden West that both Merino and Elsie had often read about. Over the desert road they sped, passed through Peely, Imperial, Hemet El Centro and other small towns and finally, late in the afternoon, reached Mexicali. The car stopped in front of the Owl Theatre, which was in

reality a saloon and gambling house, in the back of which was the most notorious red-light district of Mexicali. Elsie did not like the looks of the palace, neither of the Owl Theatre nor of the town in general. Great bats swooped down from the darkening skies and perched ominously on the eaves of the houses. Through the dusk moved a heterogenous mass of human flies, some laughing like maniacs, some cursing and swearing, some singing ribald songs, but all of them showing, either by speech or song or by their appearance, the signs of dissipation or degeneracy. Richly gowned women with painted, expressionless faces, passed here and there among the throng of ragged, drunken negroes, Mexicans, Italians and men and women of every race and colour. Elsie felt a sickening sensation at her heart. Merino requested her to get out of the car and accompany him into the Owl Theatre.

"But this is a saloon, Mr. Wing! How can I go in there? And why should I?"

"Never mind, Miss Smith—this experience is necessary for you in order that you may play your part correctly. We won't stay here long; we'll only walk through the den and come back and go to the hotel Calexico where I have already engaged rooms."

"Mr. Wing, I am afraid to enter—this place!"

"Don't be silly, child! There's

nothing to fear. I will protect you. Nobody will dare to harm you—come !”

Elsie shuddered a little but, taking her “protector” by the arm, entered the den with him. Crowds of people of all nationalities were drinking and gambling. The roulette wheels whirled, excited men were placing their bets on “the red”, “the black” and between columns. The roulette tables were mostly patronized by Americans, Japanese and Chinese, while the Mexicans, Negroes and Italians congregated around the dice tables. Bartenders were busy at the bar and in bringing drinks to the gambling tables. Elsie trembled but could not help reflecting. “If a motion picture director wants character types, here’s the place to find them.” From the saloon she and her companion passed on through a dance hall where all sorts of people, young and old, black and white, red and yellow were dancing madly, intoxicated with adulterated liquors and with their own desires to “make the most of life.” In this dancing there was no system, no “poetry of motion,” no art ; vulgarity was the supreme feature of the maddening whirl. From this place in which “the dead were dancing with the dead,” they entered the back part of the building, or rather spacious yard, fenced off from the street at the rear of the saloon. Here, in a semi-circular space, were many small com-

partments, some of the doors of which were closed, others being wide open. Upon the steps of the most of the compartments sat pale-faced women, yet women, whose faces were so painted and powdered that they might easily have deceived a girl brought up, as Elsie had been, in a quiet country village in which everyone rough and uncouth though they often were, at least genuine and wholesome in character and appearance. Into one of these strange looking compartments Elsie was quickly ushered by her companion. The place was poorly furnished and there was a sickening odour about the room which made Elsie feel like fainting. On one side of the room was a small bureau on which a number of bottles and women’s toilet articles were found. On the opposite side was an iron bed and on the railing of the bed hung a few soiled towels. Near the bed was a bucket full of water. Further away from the bed there was a small table on which were a few bottles with liquids. On a glass plate, which was burning very low, a kettle of water was steaming. Under the table was a wash bowl, half filled with water, and near the bowl were a few wet towels lying on the floor. Near the towels was a cake of soap. Some of these pictures had been clipped from the “Police Gazette.” The atmosphere of the room was sickening.

“We have seen enough—let us

get out of this place!" said Elsie huskily.

Merino went towards the entrance of the room and, thus barring her exit, said with a diabolical smile: "What's the hurry, Miss Smith? We have plenty of time."

• "But I can't stand this place."

"Can't you? Well, you'll learn to stand it as soon as we start the "picture", replied Merino, mockingly.

"Don't talk like that, Mr. Wing. This is no time for foolishness. I simply can't stand it!"

"Wait a minute, Miss Smith; there's nothing to hurry or worry about. I have a great surprise for you."

"A surprise for me here? What could it be?" As she said this she suddenly began to suspect the motives of her captor, for a captor she now believed him to be.

"Sure, for you! And it'll be here soon."

"Let me get out!" She tried to force her way past him but he barred the door with his body.

"Don't act like that, Miss Smith. You are safe here on Mexican territory," he added, grinning.

"I don't want to be in this place. Come on, let's go to the hotel" she whispered in a softer voice, feeling that it would be fruitless to try to force her way out.

"I can't leave here until the surprise arrives."

"What is it—and when will 'it' be here?"

"Don't fret—it'll be here soon."

A noise was heard outside on the steps. Merino stepped aside, opening the door and admitted Degal. Elsie saw him and became dumfounded. She could not even scream. She fell flat on the bed, almost in a faint, and her face grew pale with fear. The world seemed whirling around her.

"You little skunk—I've got you, after all! Thought you were too wise, eh?"

Elsie did not reply. She knew not what to say.

"You vixen," continued Degal. "I'll fix you now. Merino, will you go out a little while, then you can come and I'll go out."

"All right," grinned Merino and left the room. Degal closed the door and locked it.

"Elsie, don't be a fool now. It's too late for foolishness. You can't get away from me now. Be good, be a nice girl and come to me. That's the best thing you can do."

Still she did not reply for she was still in a semi-unconscious condition. He took hold of her shoulder and shook her a little. This act brought her back to consciousness and she began to realize her situation.

"Mr. Degal, I don't believe you would harm an unprotected girl."

"Oh, no, not if you do what I want you to! It won't hurt you, and it'll

bring you lots o' money—the source of all happiness."

"Oh, Mr. Degal, let me go! Let me go! I can't stand this place!"

"Oh, you'll stand it, all right! There's nobody here to bother us."

"Let me go, let me go!" She rushed toward the door.

Degal laughed loudly. "Do you imagine you can get out of here? Well, not much, Miss, not much! Once a girl comes here she never leaves. Do you understand now? Why can't you be good instead of acting the silly? There's nothing to worry about. You'll have good food and pretty clothes—what more do you want?"

"Oh, Mr. Degal, don't behave like a beast! You will be sorry! Let me go, please! Think of your own daughter, your mother, your sister!"

"That's old talk," sneered Degal. They all talk like that. Moreover I haven't got any mother, daughter or sister—and I'm damned glad of it! You think I'll let you escape me now? I couldn't do that, girlie! Really, I couldn't, you know! You've deceived me long enough. I've been after you ever since I first saw you. You were pretty smart, pretty smart but I knew I'd get you, sooner or later. If I don't get 'em one way, I get 'em another!"

"How could you do such a thing, Mr. Degal?"

"Because I want to. I wanted you, and I've got you—that's enough! Already people at the studio are whis-

pering that you are my mistress—and now you are actually going to be!"

"Oh, Mr. Degal, you can't do such a horrible thing!"

"Nothing horrible about it—that's all in your mind! This is simply an everyday occurrence."

Elsie was horrified and bewildered with fear and shame. She was battling to keep up her strength. She tried to speak but she could only stammer.

"Oh, God, help me! Oh—Oh—Mr. Degal—why do you want me? You have your own beautiful, faithful wife! Save me! Save your-self from such a crime as this! save me, in the name of God!"

"Why do I want you? I want you because you are beautiful, because you are so fascinating!" He moved a step nearer to her.

She raised her arms toward Heaven and started to pray. "God, God, help me! I am beautiful and fascinating—that's my fault! That is what brought me here! Could I help that, God? Why did you make me beautiful, only to be tormented and tortured or to tempt people who are weak as beasts? Please make me ugly, God—make me ugly! If ugliness is a safeguard for a girl, then make me ugly—make me horrible to look at! Help me, save me! Protect me from the clutches of this brute!" She started to sob and fell on the floor as if all her strength had deserted her.

"Oh, my goodness—you look prettier

than ever !" exclaimed Degal,—passion lighting his blood-shot eyes. He moved two steps toward her, his face aflame with the uncontrollable passion which ruled his life. His eyes were burning with the desire which he had controlled so long with great difficulty and Elsie, seeing this, sprang to her feet in terror. She ran toward the door and tried to break it open.

"Are you going crazy, Elsie? Do you think you can break open that door? Even if you could you couldn't escape me now. Don't be foolish, I tell you. I'll treat you nice---nicer than other men treat their girls." He went a few steps toward her, put his strong arms around her, slightly lifted her from the floor and bent his head as if to kiss her. She was terrorized and her body moved spasmodically. As soon as his lips touched her mouth she bit his nose and streams of blood fell to the floor.

"Blood! Blood!" she screamed. "Falling on my neck! I'll kill him or I'll die myself or I will do both!"

"You bitch!" shouted Degal. "You want to kill me, eh?" He threw her on the floor again. Elsie was fighting for her own preservation and fighting desperately, despairingly, so her strength was increased to double her normal vigour. In the twinkling of an eye she sprang up again and threw Degal to the floor with the swing of her arm.

"Oh, my God! I'll 'tend to you! I'll call Merino! No, I won't! First I'll have you all to myself!"

He attacked her again. This time he started to tear the dress from her body. With a strong pull of his arm he tore off the bodice and the undergarment from the upper part of her body, exhibiting her snow-white breasts. The sight maddened him, almost blinded him with passion. With this new development she became more desperate and gave him such a kick that he fell, staggering, to the floor. As he fell he caught the end of her skirt and fell away from her. This gave pull on her skirt which came off her body revealing the pink undergarment through which her exquisite form was visible.

"You wretch!" exclaimed Degal. "Threw me down, eh? God, I never knew you had such a figure! You devil, you vampire. I'll fix you!"

He jumped up and attacked her with tremendous force and both started to struggle. Elsie was merely a girl and a girl of the most effeminate temperament but Degal was a man of bestial temperament and a very brute in strength. Elsie fought like a young tigress but finally became exhausted, fell flat on the floor, and began to scream.

"I know now where I saw you—I know now! My father showed you

to me along with David ! He warned me to look out for your class but I was so full of ambition that I forgot his warning !" She breathed quickly. "Oh—Father, help me ! Save me ! You said you would protect me ! Come to me now !"

"You dirty skunk ! Who is David your lover ? Call him, call him ! He doesn't answer, does he ? Why doesn't he protect you ? I am going to 'protect' you—don't worry !"

"Oh, God in Heaven, save me ! What have I done that you want to ruin me ? Father, father ! Oh, dear Auntie, help me ! David, David—I love you ! I can never tell you that before I die ! I will never see you again never, never, never ! David, David, come to me ! Da-a-a-vid !" She ceased to cry and lay like one dead. She had fainted.

A knock was heard at the door.

"What the Hell are you trying to do ? Get away from that door !"

Another knock, then a terrific pounding and the door flew wide open. David Rutherford rushed in to the room.

"Elsie, I heard you ! I'm here to protect you !"

"The Hell you are !" exclaimed Degal.

It didn't take long for Degal to understand the situation. He jumped on the newcomer in the twinkling of an eye, but David was not wholly unprepared for a scene like this and he

was not less strong than Degal. Moreover, he had strength of mind and this strength his opponent lacked.

The two men grappled one with passion and rage, the other deliberately protecting himself and attempting to overcome his antagonist. Degal fought like a beast, blindly, ferociously, but David controlled his self consciousness, fighting with the one aim—to save Elsie or to die for her sake. But he would not die without first killing her seducer ! They were locked in each other's arms and their limbs a demonstration of their respective strength by showing the strained sinews and expanded muscles. Their eyes were glued upon each other, each watching for the other's next actions—excepting at moments when Degal forgot to look and went plunging forward in the blindness of his anger. They were struggling for life and against death. One moment they crashed against the cement walls of the room, making great bruises on their bodies and the next moment they were on the verge of falling to the floor. Their hearts were pounding like sledge hammers, their breath became high-sounding and quick and their teeth were clenched—they fought ! Once David's foot slipped, on account of the water which had been spilled from the bucket, but with a desperate exertion he regained his position. Suddenly Degal got a better hold of his enemy and thought that he

was going to win. His eyes shone with beastly triumph. They were both breathing heavily and were nearing the finish of the fight. Degal was gaining, gripping David round the neck, standing off and striking him with all the strength of a mad man—striking wildly, blindly, but as luck would have it, delivering a telling blow each time. Suddenly Degal's foot slipped in the water and he fell to the floor. David gave him a kick on the head and he lay there unconscious. At the conclusion of the battle David

was facing the doorway ; and, as he started forward to lift the unconscious Elsie from the floor, his eyes fell upon a man standing in the doorway. It was Merino and he was pointing a revolver at David. "Hands up !" he shouted. Before David had time to comply with his request, two other men wearing officers' badges, appeared behind Merino. One of them grabbed the revolver from Merino's hand while the other, pressing a six-shooter into his face, said calmly : "You'd better be quiet, little boy !"





Marie Louise



The Ramayana.

I.

In old old times, there was a mighty King whose name was Dasaratha. He was a great hero full of wise lore. He loved his people as if they were his own sons and they too obeyed him in all matters. Dasaratha was the King of Ajoydha or Oudh as it is, now, known and his royal palace was in a big city on the Saraju.

Dasaratha had three wives—Kausalya, Kaikeyi and Sumitra. He loved them much but he was more fond of Kaikeyi, who was pretty to look at, than the other two. But the king had no peace in mind as he had no sons to rule his wide kingdom after his death. After prayers and offerings to gods, he was blessed with three sons. Rama, the first was the son of Kausalya, Bharat of Kaikeyi and Lakshman and Satrughna the twin

sons of Sumitra. It is said that Ram-chandra was no other than the Great God himself, who assumed the form of Rama and lived as a man in order to teach mankind to be truthful, righteous and virtuous, Ram and other princes were brought up in a befitting matter—they were educated and trained in the art of war. Brave and noble lads they were—it was a sight to see them praised and cheered wherever they went.

When Ram was little over sixteen years, the holy sage Bishwamitra came to Dasaratha and asked the king to send his first son Ram with him for killing demons who were disturbing the sacrifices of the Brahmin sages. Dasaratha did not like this idea and told the sage to take a large army. Bishwamitra was in great rage, when he heard this and the king had no



The God Himself, entering in the womb of Kausalya,
and assumed the form of Rama.

help but to let the sage take Ram and Lakshman with him.

Ram and Lakshman went with Bishwamitra to the places in the wood where the holy men lived. On their way Ram killed a cruel Rakshasi named Taraka who used to kill lots of people. When they came to the abode of the holy men, they were doing sacred rites (यज्ञ) and the demons were trying to kill them. Ram and Lakshman put them to flight. Thus, the holy men saved and blessed the brave princes.

Now, there was a very wise and pious King, named Janaka, who ruled the land of *Mithila*. He was had a daughter named *Sita*. She was the loveliest woman of her times. Janak made a vow that he would give her as a wife to any one who could bend the bow of the god *Shiva* which was given to him by the sage *Parashuram*. Many princes tried to win the hand of *Sita* but could not bend the bow. At last Viswamitra took Ram and Lakshman to *Mithila*. Ram bent the bow with ease. Janaka agreed to give *Sita* as a wife to Rama.



Ram killed a cruel Rakshasi named Taraka who used to kill lots of people.

He had another daughter named Urmilla who became the bride of Lakshman. The two nieces of Janaka were given as wives to Bharat and Satrughna. When Dasaratha heard this, he was very glad and came with his queens, Bharat, Satrughna and a large army to Mithila. The four

marriages took place at the same time with great pomp and there was great joy. As Dasaratha was coming back with his sons and their brides to Ajoddhya, he met *Parashuram* who was in great rage when he came to know that Rama had bent the bow of Shiva. He asked Rama to bend



Kujja told Kaikeyi to ask the King to send Ram
in exile for fourteen years and make
Bharat King in his place.

another bow. Ram did so and the
sage asked pardon and went away.

The old king came to his own city.
His people were in great joy as the
princes had such pretty wives. There

were feasts and alms were given to
the poor. Rama and Sita loved each
other and lived in peace and happiness
some years and all the people were
proud of them.



Surpanakha asked Lakshman to make her
his wife.

II.

After some time, the King Dasaratha became too old and wished to pass his last days in peace and quiet. Rama, the first son, was the heir to the crown. The king wanted him to rule the country. The people were very glad to know that Rama would be their

king. So a day was fixed when Ram should sit upon the throne and rule in his father's place.

The joy of the people knew no bounds. The people were in gay attire and the city was made to look nice with flags and flowers. Now,



The magic deer,

Dasaratha had granted two boons to Kaikeyi in old days for she had taken care of him when he was wounded in a battle. Kaikeyi had an old maid named *Kubja* to wait upon her and she was very cunning. *Kubja* told Kaikeyi to ask the king to send Rama in exile for fourteen years and make Bharat King in his place. Kaikeyi saw that it was very wrong but the wicked maid made her, at last do what she wished.

When Dasaratha came to see Kaikeyi, he found that she was lying upon the floor and tears rolling down her cheeks. The old king was very sorry for he was fond of Kaikeyi. He asked her what he could do to make

her happy. Kaikeyi put the old king in mind of his two vows and told him to send Ram in exile for fourteen years and make Bharat the heir to the crown. Dasaratha was dumb-founded at this terrible request and fell in a swoon. When he was himself again, he begged Kaikeyi not to be so cruel. But she would not give way and spoke hard words to the old king for being false to his vows.

Dasaratha could do nothing else, but send for Rama. When Rama came to his father, he was at a loss to know why the old man was in such a grief. The old king was like a dumb person but Kaikeyi told Rama all about his vows. Rama heard the story and at once agreed to keep the vows



Sita cried and called for help.

of his father. He said that he would rather die than make his old father break his vows.

Ram came back to his mother and told her that he was to go into exile and Bharat would be king. When Lakshman heard this he was in a great rage. He told Rama not to obey his father. Kausalya, also, took the

same view. But Rama would not make his father break his vow. He made up his mind to go into exile. His bride, Sita, would not be left alone and Lakshman too, could not live apart from Rama. So, Rama, his wife and Lakshman made ready to leave the city and go into the forest.

When the men of Ajodhya heard



Jatayu—the King of birds.

this, they were wild with rage and grief. They abused the old king and Kaikeyi and said that they would rise in arms and make Rama king by force. Rama made them quiet and, then, bade adieu to his father, mother and his friends and relatives. Ram and Lakshman put on the garb of holy men. Sita wished to put off her jewels but they did not allow her to do so. They drove in a car out of the city. The people went after them for many miles and shed tears of grief.

Dasaratha fell into a swoon when

Ram left him. They took him to the room of Kausalya as he would not live with Kaikeyi for a single moment after the departure of Rama. Three days passed when the man who drove the car came back and told the king how Rama asked for his blessings. The king wept and wept and became unconscious. It was night,—when the day broke, Dasaratha was found to be dead. He could not bear his grief and death put an end to his life. The people gave vent to their grief for he was a just and wise King.



Jatayu, who was dying, told Rama and Lakshmana how Ravana had taken away Sita in his own Sity Lanka.

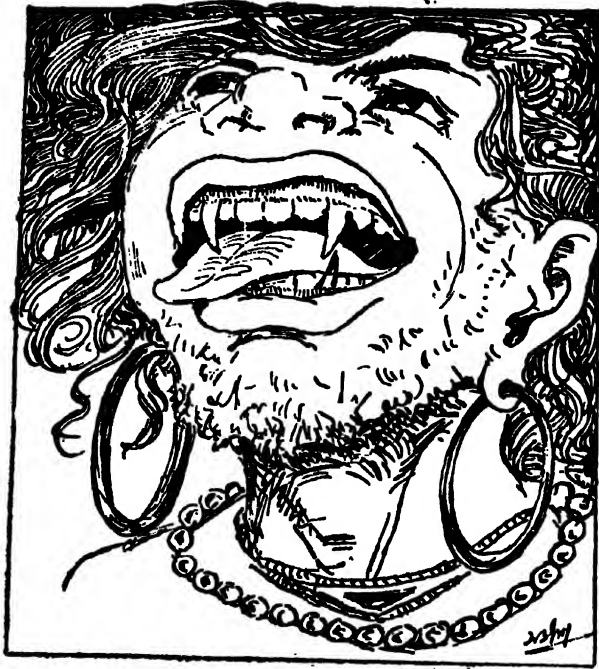
III.

Bharata, with Satrugna, was away all the time at the house of their maternal uncle. The chief men of the court of Ajodhya sent for him, and when he came back and heard all he grow very angry and would not consent to become the king. He went to Rama in the jungle and beseeched him to come back and be king again. But Rama could not be false to his word, so he gently persuaded Bharata to go back and rule the kingdom. Bharata had to come back and ruled Ajoydah

in the name of Rama during the time of his exile.

The holy men, who dwelt in the jungle, were very glad to have Rama and Lakhmana among them. They moved from place to place and at last built their house at *Panchabati* on the bank of the *Godabari*.

Some time passed away, when one day, *Surpanakha*, the sister of Ravana, the *Rakshasha* king of Ceylon, came to *Panchabati*. She used to live



The giant Kavandha.

near that place and had a guard of an army of fourteen thousand demons to look after her. *Surpanakha*, when she saw Rama, was smitten with love. She came to Rama in the guise of a beautiful woman and asked him to make her his wife. Ram told her that he had Sita as his wife. At this *Surpanakha* already got irritated and wanted to kill Sita and eat her up. Lakshmana, to teach her a lesson cut off the nose and ears of *Surpanakha*. When her guard of demons came to kill the princes, Ram alone killed them in a battle.

Surpanakha, now, went to Lanka or Ceylon and told her brother, Ravana

about Rama, Lakshmana and Sita. Ravana was the king of the *Rakshas* or demons and had ten heads and twenty arms. He had too much power, but he was afraid of Rama. So he ordered *Maricha*, one of his officers, to take the guise of a magic deer of golden hue and lure Rama from home. Ravana went along with *Maricha* in the garb of a holy sage. Rama and Sita wondered when they saw the golden deer and Sita asked Ram to get hold of it. Rama gave the deer a hot chase, but the deer was too clever for that. When Rama saw that he could not catch the deer alive, he hit it with an



The Rakshashis began to beat Sita and tears
flew down the cheeks of Sita.

arrow. At that deadly shaft *Maricha* had to take his own form and when dying, imitating the voice of Rama by virtue of his Rakshashi charm, cried to *Lakshmana* for help. Sita in her cottage heard this cry and prayed to *Lakshmana* to go and save Rama. *Lakshmana* had to away, *Ravana* was looking after such an

opportunity and now he came near Sita and asked for alms. As *Sita* came out of the room, *Ravana* forced her into his car and sped with all force to Lanka. *Sita* cried and called for help but as *Ravana* had again, taken his form, no one dared to help her. When they had gone some way off, *Jatayu*, the king of birds,



The sage Valmiki came and took her to his home and looked after her as his own daughter.

heard the cries of *Sita* and fought a duel with *Ravana* to set her free. After a hard fight, *Ravana* mortally wounded the old bird by cutting off both its wings and reached his country.

Ravana put *Sita* into a garden called *Asokavana* outside his palace

and placed a guard of female demons to watch over her. He came to *Sita* now and then and asked her to be his wife, but she was true to *Rama* and thought of no one else. Thus, she lived in the garden as a prisoner under close watch and passed her days in grief and woe.

IV.

Rama, met Lakshmana on his way home. He did not hear the cry of Maricha, so when he saw Lakshmana he thought that some harm had been done to Sita when they had both gone out. They came to the hut and found that what they feared was too true—Sita was not there. Ram grew pale. They looked for Sita in many places. After a while, they met the dying Jatagan, who related how Ravana had stolen Sita and taken her to his own city. Rama wept and they, both went in quest of Sita. A giant named Karandha tried to eat them up, but Rama slew him. The giant, at the time of his death, told Rama to make friends with Sugriva, the brother of Bali, the king of Kishkinda who ruled over a tribe of monkeys. Sugriva had been turned away by his brother and lived with a few friends in exile at the mountain of Rishyasringha.

Ram and Lakshman lost no time in going to Sugriva. Sugriva's friend and ally, Hanuman, made them known to each other. They took an oath over the sacred fire to be fast friends. Sugriva gave Rama some jewels which Sita had thrown down on the road to let Ram know her fate. Ram shed tears but Sugriva bade him be of good cheer and swore to help him to get back his wife.

Rama, now, made up his mind to kill Bali, the brother of Sugriva and put his friend upon the throne of Kishkinda. Sugriva went to fight Bali in a duel and as the brothers were fighting, Rama hit Bali with an arrow which killed him.

Sugriva, now, was the king of Kishkinda, and sent armies to the East, West, North and South in quest of Sita. As Ravana dwelt in the South, Angada the son of Bali and nephew of Sugriva, Hanuman the heroic general and others marched in that direction.

Angada and Hanuman reached the sea and saw the island of Lanka on the other side of it. The heart of the monkey leaders sank in them as they beheld the sea with its mountain-like waves. Hanuman, who did not know fear, offered to cross the sea and enter Ceylon. He accomplished this daring feat and arrived at Lanka. He then looked after Sita in every nook and corner and at last found her in the garden of Asoka. It was night, and Ravana with his queen came to pay Sita a visit, and, again, begged her to become his wife. Sita, true to Rama, rejected his offer with scorn. Ravana was in great rage and left the place after giving orders to the female guards to beat Sita. The (Rakshasis) began to beat Sita and tears flew down her cheeks.

Hanuman, who hid himself in a big tree, saw all these things. After the Rakshasis had gone away, he spoke to Sita and gave her a ring of Rama as a token. Sita wept but Hanuman bade her be of good cheer as they were all coming to rescue her from Ravana.

Hanuman made up his mind to teach Ravana a sound lesson and frighten him. So he attacked some of the demons and put many to death. After a hard fight, he was caught and taken before Ravana. The Rakhasha king ordered the tail of the monkey-chief to be burnt. So, his

soldiers tied straws and clothes to the tail of Hanuman and set it on fire. Undanuted Hanuman with that fire burnt a portion of Lanka, and then, came back to Rama with fly-ing colours with the good news that Sita had been found.

Ram and Sugriva, now, put their army in motion and reached the shore of the sea just opposite to Lanka. They did not know of any means to cross it and attack Ravana. But Nala, one of the monkey generals, built a bridge of stones, and the whole army passed over it and laid siege to the city of Ravana,

V.

Ravana got alarmed, and many of his officers wanted him to make terms with Rama and give back Sita to her husband. Bibhisan, who was his youngest brother and very pious, urged the king of the demons to make peace with Rama, but Ravana in reply to his good advice gave him a kick. Bibhisan with a few companions left his brother and joined Rama.

Now, the war began and Ravana sent his son Indrajit to kill Rama and all his friends. In the first battle, Hanuman, Angad and others put the army of Indrajit to flight but Indrajit too, shot an arrow and the hissing serpents came from all sides and bound

up the two brothers in their poisonous grip. But the gods sent Garuda, the king of the birds who devoured the snakes and Rama was set free with Lakshmana. Then, Ravana sent several leaders like Poulastha, his uncle, to fight with Rama. But they were all slain. The king of the demons, then, took the field in person but was forced to fly. A general panic spread among the Rakshasas.

Ravana had two brothers. Bibhisan, the third brother had gone over to Rama. But, the second, Kumbakarna was a giant in shape as well as in strength. He used to sleep for six months and was awake for only one

day. There was a curse upon him that if he woke up before the full period of sleep, he would die. Ravana knew this, but as he was in a tight corner, he saw that he must rouse up his giant brother. *Kumbhakarna* was roused up from his sleep and sent to fight Rama. But the curse was upon him, and he was killed by Rama after a very severe fight. Several other *Rakhasa* leaders fell fighting for their country and *Indrajit* was sent for the second time to save his father. He made a night attack and killed Rama, Lakshmana and the army of the monkeys. But, Hanumana, Bibhishana and Jambhubana, an old bear who was the minister of Sugriva did not die, and the last told Hanuman to bring some herbs from the Gandhamadan hill and bring back to life Rama and his army. Hanuman did not know the herb but brought the whole mountain, on his shoulder, and the physician found out the herb and restored Rama, Lakshmana and the whole army to life. Ravana was driven to his wits end for he found that his enemies came back to life again after they had been killed in the battle.

When all the *Rakhasa* leaders had fallen, *Indrajit* came forward to try his chance for the third time. A life size effigy of Sita was made by the wily *Rakshasas* and this was brought in the battle field and in presence of Ravana, her head was cut off by *Indrajit* who thought that Ram would die of grief. But Bibhishana could not be

deceived by this trick and Ram called a council of war to form a plan to kill *Indrajit*.

Indrajit used to give offerings to *Agni*, the God of fire and that made him win in his battles. Bibhishana knew this and taking Lakshmana, Hanumana and a chosen band of soldiers, took his nephew by surprise when he was in the midst of his sacred rites. *Indrajit* was slain by Lakshmana and Ravana was left without any great warrior to help him.

The news of the death of *Indrajit* put Ravana in a fury and he was about to avenge his son by killing *Sita*. His queen, *Mondadari*, the mother of *Indrajit* prayed him not to kill a woman and Ravana in despair went to fight with Rama. In the battle, *Lakshmana* was hit by Ravana with a mortal arrow called *Saktishel*. Ravana came back flushed with the joy of victory. The death of *Lakshmana* plunged Rama into grief, but Hanumana again, went to the Himalyas and brought the herb which made Lakshmana, alive, again.

Ravana did not know what to do. His queen urged him to give Sita back to her husband. But he was too proud to do this. So he went to fight again.

Rama did his best to kill Ravana but was of no avail. The god *Brahma* had given the king of *Rakshasas* a weapon which alone could kill him. This weapon was in the hands of *Mondadari* the queen of Ravana.

Hanumana, under the guise of an old Bramhin went into the palace and stole the weapon by a clever trick from Mondadari.

Armed with that deadly weapon, Rama attacked Ravana. The king of the Rakshasas fell fighting in the

battle. His last rites were done by his brother Bibhisan, who was made king of Lanka. Sita was given back to Rama. She had to pass through an ordeal of fire as a proof of her purity. Rama Lakshmana and Sita came back to Ajoydah after the term of exile was over.

VI

Rama became, now, the king of Ajoydha. The other kings, ruling in India at that time, looked upon him as their chief and obeyed him. Rama was just, brave wise and kind. No other king of olden times took so much care of his people. He had no rest but toiled for his subjects day and night. Even, now, the Hindu people in speaking of a great and just king say that he is like Rama.

But Rama could not be happy on his throne. He loved *Sita* who was ever true to him. Rama knew that no prince was ever blessed with such a queen. Thus, his heart broke when he came to know that his people did not wish that he should live with *Sita*, as she was in the palace of Ravana for ten months. No one dared to tell this to Rama but he came to know of it from one of his spies. Rama had a very high sense of his duty as a king. He thought it was his duty to bow down to the will of his people. So, he made up his mind to send *Sita* into exile.

Rama told *Lakshmana* to take *Sita* to the abode of the sage Valmiki in the Jungle. *Lakshmana* began to shed tears at this terrible order but had to obey his royal brother. So, he took *Sita* to the jungle and left her there. *Sita* was, then, with child. She wept for a long time and fell into a swoon. The sage *Valmiki* came and took her to his house and looked after her as his own daughter. In proper time, *Sita* gave birth to twins, whom the sage named *Kush* and *Lara*.

Some people asked Rama to marry a second wife. But though he had banished *Sita* for the sake of his subjects, he loved her with his whole heart and would never give his consent to that.

It was usual for kings of India in old time to perform *Vajras* or holy rites in which a horse was killed. It was a way of declaring ones sovereignty—one who did that had more power than other kings. Rama, also, performed the same ceremony. Princes came from places far off to pay their allegiance to

him. The sage *Valmiki* came with *Lava* and *Kusha*. The two boys sang before Ram and the other Rajahs and every one was charmed with their songs.

Then, *Valmiki* told the whole story and related how *Sita* had given birth to these two sons of Rama. Every one was glad and a royal car was sent to bring *Sita* to the city. She came to her lord, King and Consort. Most of the people were glad at this but some voices were raised against *Sita*. She felt it so much that she fell into a swoon and died on the spot. Ram was stricken with grief, but still, he did his duty as a king. After some

time he passed away leaving his throne to *Kusha*. The people wept for him for there never was a king so, just, brave and wise.

The story of Rama is told in an epic poem called the *Ramayana*. Every Hindu knows all about Rama and *Sita* who are regarded as ideal Hindu king and queen for all times to come. The names of Ram and *Sita* will never die. The Hindus look upon them as *Vishnu* and *Lakshmi* who came to this world for a time to make an end of the cruel deeds of the giant *Ravana* and give peace to men. And so still they bow before Rama as the ideal Hero and *Sita* as the ideal wife.



Stateless Persons in U. S. A.

BY TARAKNATH DAS

By Section 2169 of the United States Revised Statutes, all aliens, who are "free white persons" and otherwise unobjectionable, can become citizens of the United States by naturalization. This has been the law of the United States for very many years. It also became well settled years ago by the decisions of our courts that "free white persons" meant those belonging to the Caucasian race, and that high caste Hindus were members of the Caucasian race, and thus entitled to naturalization. (*U. S. v. Balsara*, 180 Fed 394; in re *Akhoy Kumar Mazumdar*, 207 Fed 115; in re *Mohon Singh*, 257 Fed 209).

In the *Balsara* case, decided by the Circuit Court of Appeals, Second Circuit (including New York City), 1910, Judge Ward, writing for a unanimous court said :

"Counsel for *Balsara* insists that Congress intended by the words 'free white persons' to confer the privilege of naturalization upon members of the white or Caucasian race only. This we think the right conclusion and one supported by the great weight of authority. * * * We think that the words refer to race and include all persons of the white race as distinguished from black, red, yellow or brown races which differ in so many respects from it. Whether there is any pure white race and what people belong to it may involve nice discriminations but for practical purposes there is no

difficulty in saying that the Chinese, Japanese, Malaysians and American Indians do not belong to the white race. Difficult questions may arise and Congress may have to settle them by more specific legislation, but in our opinion the Parsees belong to the white race and the Circuit Court properly admitted *Balsara*."

Mr. *Balsara* was a native of Bombay, India, and his ancestors for a thousand years had all been residents of India.

In rendering the decision the court cited the following cases : In re *Ah Yup* 5 Sway ; 155 Fed Cas. No. 104 . In re *Saito* (C. C.) 62 Fed. 126 ; In re *Cumille* (C. C.) 6 Fed. 256 ; Matter of *San C. Po*, 7 Misc. Rep. 471, 28 N. Y. Supp 383 ; In re *Buntaro Kumagai* (D. C.) 163 Fed. 922 ; In re *Knight* (D. C.) 171 Fed. 297 ; In re *Najour* (C. C.) 174 Fed 735 ; In re *Halludjian* (C. C.) 174 Fed 831.

In re *Akhoy Kumar Mazumdar* which was decided in the District Court E D, Washington, D. C., in May, 1913, Justice Rudkin in admitting the applicant to citizenship said :

"But whatever the original intent may have been, it is now settled, by the great weight of authority, at least, that it was the intention of the Congress to confer the privilege of naturalization upon members of the caucasian race only * * * The testimony in this case satisfies me that the applicant has

brought himself within the provisions of the Naturalization Act, and he will be admitted to citizenship accordingly, upon taking the oath prescribed by law."

In June, 1914, when I applied for the final paper of naturalization before the U. S. District Court, N. District of California, the question was so settled that Justice Dooling wrote the following decision :

"The applicant is a high caste Hindu of the Aryan race. It has been held that the words "free white persons" as used in the Section 2169 Revised Statutes, are intended to include the Caucasian race. (In re Mazumdar, 207 Fed, 115 : U. S. Balsara 180 Fed, 694.) It is difficult to determine the exact peoples intended to be embraced in the words "free white persons" but the trend of modern decisions is in accord with the cases cited above. The applicant falls within the meaning of the words as therein construed, and will be admitted."

During 1914 to 1917 U. S. Authorities thrice granted me passports to travel through America, Europe and Asia. Between 1914 and 1923 several Hindus were naturalized and among them are Mr. S. D. Pandit, Attorney-at-Law, Los Angeles, Cal. and Dr. Sudhindra Bose, Lecturer in the Department of Political Science, University of Iowa, who secured his final papers in 1915 and Mohon Sing of Los Angeles, California, in 1919.

In seeming confirmation of abovementioned decisions, on November 13, 1922, in *Ozawa versus U. S.*, 260, U. S. 178, the Supreme Court held :

"Beginning with the decision of the Circuit Court, Judge Swayer in re Ab Yup Sway, 155 Fed. Cas. 104, the Federal and State Courts in almost unbroken

line, have held that the words "white persons" were meant to indicate what is popularly known as the Caucasian race."

The Hon. Justice Sutherland, among others cited the cases : In re Mazumdar (D. C.) 207 Fed, 115, 117 and In re Singh (D. C.) 257 Fed, 209, 211, 212 and further said :

"With the conclusion reached in these several decisions we see no reason to differ. Moreover, that conclusion has become so well established by judicial and executive concurrence and legislative acquiescence that we should not at this late date feel at liberty to disturb it, in the absence of reasons far more cogent than any that have been suggested."

Thus until February 19, 1923, when the case *U. S. vs. Thind* (261 U. S. 20), was decided by the Supreme Court, the interpretation of the Naturalization Law was such as allowed high caste Hindus to be naturalized as American citizens. While rendering the decision in *U. S. vs. Thind* refusing the citizenship to a high caste Hindu, the learned Justice Sutherland among other things wrote :

"What we now hold is that the words 'free white persons' are words of common speech, to be interpreted in accordance with the understanding of the common man, synonymous with the word 'Caucasian' only as the word popularly understood and used, whatever may be the speculations of the ethnologists, it does not include the body of people to whom the appellant belongs."

Recently the United States authorities have begun to cancel the citizenship of Hindus who were naturalized long before the decision in the *Thind* case was rendered in

February, 1923. Curiously enough, cases have been started to annul the citizenship of Mr. Mazumdar and Mr. Singh the very gentlemen whose cases Justice Sutherland cited in the Ozawa case to uphold his opinion and thus acknowledged the decisions of the two Judges Rudkin and Bledsoe respectively, as sound when they naturalized them as American citizens, because they were Caucasians and thus white persons. Early 1924 Mohon Singh's citizenship has been cancelled, proceedings to annul the citizenship of Dr. Bose has been started, although in 1920 Dr. Bose was granted an American passport to travel through Europe and America. It seems that the U. S. State Department holds the view that owing to the decision of the Supreme Court rendered in the Thind case (Feb 19, 1923) the Hindus who were naturalized as American citizens lose their citizenship. The evidence of it is in the letter which the Honourable Charles Evans Hughes on April 5, 1923, wrote to Dr. Bose, Lecturer in the Department of Political Science, Iowa University, in reply to latter's application for a passport.

"The department has given its very careful consideration to your letter under acknowledgment, but it regrets to say that, in view of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States*** would be obliged to refuse to issue a passport to you should you make application for such document.

We also find that Justice Schoonmaker of the District Court W. D. Pennsylvania, on February 25, 1924, handed down a decision cancelling citizenship of Mr. Khan, of Pittsburgh. In declaring that the certificate of

naturalization of Mr. Khan, a native of Lucknow, India, which was granted to him on January 17, 1922, was illegally procured and should be set aside, the learned Judge held that Mr. Khan was not a "white person" although he was regarded as a "white person" by the court at the time of his naturalization. The decision on this point reads as follows :

"Under the authority of the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court in the case of U. S. vs. Thind, 261 U. S. 204, 43 Sup Ct. 338 67 L Ed. 616, A Hindu of full Indian blood is not a white person within the meaning of the Revised Statutes relating to naturalization." (I Fed.) (2nd Series) 1006.

Some of the U. S. officials hold the view that when the American authorities cancel the citizenship of a Hindu who was naturalized as an American citizen, he reverts automatically to the position of a British subject. This view is absolutely erroneous. Because by renouncing the allegiance to the British Crown and by taking the oath of allegiance to the United States of America at time of naturalization he rendered himself for all time to come, as an alien to the British Government. As British authority is supreme in India and British law prevails there, he even cannot return to his land of birth, because he, as an alien, cannot enjoy the right to return **freely** to the land of his birth.

When the Government of the United States deprives a Hindu who was naturalized as an American citizen of his American citizenship, he does not automatically become a British subject under British Law.

The British Nationality and Status of Alien Act, 1914, Section 13 says :

"A British subject when in any foreign state and not under disability, by obtaining a certificate of naturalization, or by any voluntary and formal act, become naturalized therein, shall thenceforth be deemed to have ceased to be a British subject."

Section 2 of the same Act provide :

"The Secretary of State may grant a certificate of naturalization to an alien who makes an application for the purpose, and satisfies the Secretary of State (a) that he has either resided in His Majesty's domain for a period of not less than five years in the manner required by this section or been in the service of the Crown for not less than five years within the last eight years before the application."

So it is evident that by cancelling the citizenship of those Hindus who were already naturalized, the American Government would render them **stateless person**, although (according to the Anglo-Saxon Concept of International Law) neither the British Government nor the American Government acknowledges the status of statelessness for any individual (see *Stoock vs. Public Trustees 'Scotts' Cases on International Law*, pp 167-170).

If these Hindus, who were naturalized as American citizens, be rendered **stateless persons**, a serious injustice and hardship will be imposed upon them. It would create a condition of absolute insecurity (for the lack of protection, as a citizen of a certain state) about their life and property. It would make very difficult for them, even making a living as professional men (as they are mostly professional men), because no one would be willing

to employ "**stateless persons**". Under the circumstances, as it has been shown in the case of Dr. Bose, these men can neither leave this country with proper passport, nor can they enter any other country with proper credentials so that they would receive full protection. It is needless to say that they cannot secure citizenship from any other country while staying in America. Even if the United States agrees to give a permit to these persons to go to some other country, other countries may not allow them to enter or reside there, because they are **stateless persons**. Even if it be arranged that these persons be allowed to enter certain other country by some understanding between the United States and that country, it means that the other country allows them to reside thereon mere sufferance and they cannot become citizens unless all requirements for naturalization be fulfilled and the privilege of citizenship granted. Thus even if they were allowed to enter some other country they would have to reside as **stateless persons** there at least for five years before they can ask for naturalization, and then there is no earthly reason to believe that a Government will naturalize a person who has no better status than a **stateless person** residing in a country by mere sufferance.

In this connection another very serious situation arises which renders certain American-born women stateless persons, for no fault of their own. By the Law concerning the status of married women passed in September, 1922, an American woman retains her American citizenship unless she renounces her citizenship voluntarily or unless she marries an alien ineligible to citizenship. There are in the United States a number of American-born white women who married Hindus after

the latter became naturalized American citizens. But if by retroactive application of the decision of the Supreme Court (that the high caste Hindus are not white persons and thus ineligible to American citizenship), the Hindus who were naturalized as American citizens be deprived of their citizenship and held to be aliens ineligible to citizenship, then these American women automatically become

stateless persons. These women under this decision, are neither American citizens nor have they any nationality as their husbands are reduced to the status of stateless person, and this result is brought about by no fault of their own. These American-born women thus become victims of the Court's ruling to a greater extent than even their stateless husbands. *

"The Calcutta Review"



Press on Deshabandhu

Forward

"Praise is well ; compliment is well ; but affection is the highest reward that a man can win by character or achievement." These words of Mark Twain's have been ringing in our ears since last Thursday morning. The scenes which were witnessed that day at the Railway station, the streets of Calcutta and the cremation ghāt as well as the condolence messages which have been received bear testimony to the fact that Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das was loved by his countrymen and also by those who are not his countrymen. The honour which his countrymen conferred on him by calling him Deshabandhu was not a meaningless prefix to his name. He was indeed Deshabandhu—not the friend of this man or that, this or that caste or community—he was the whole country's friend and the whole country knew it. There have been and are many fearless patriots, great philanthropists, passionate lovers of humanity, high souled idealists, and determined men of action. But the world has indeed produced very few men of the type of Chittaranjan Das. Of him it could be said in truth—Here was a man.

It is not for us at the present moment to write anything about Deshabandhu's political ideals and activities or of the place he occupies in the history of our national life. An unbiased posterity, we feel confident, will give him his dues—which many of those who called themselves his friends and admirers denied him while he was alive. But we venture to

say without fear of contradiction the Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das has given a new turn to our national life. He lighted a new fire—set up a new ideal, and gave himself up in trying to keep that fire burning and in realising that ideal. His contributions are not to be judged in terms of what he accomplished—they are to be measured with the measure of the potency of the spirit with which he inspired us. Uncompromising as he was in his dealings with the Government, he was even more uncompromising in the ideal he conceived of his country's future and in the demands he made upon his countrymen.

What about the future ? There can be no uncertainty as to what the Swarajya party will do. They will stand by Deshabandhu's "testament"—the Faridpur speech. The spirit of truth which inspired and breathes in that document will be their guide.

To day is the **radhā** day of Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das. The most sacred and withal the most mournful associations are bound up with the **radhā** ceremony. Prayers will be raised from millions of Indian hearts for peace to his soul. Two weeks have elapsed since Deshabandhu left his mortal frame. But time, the certain healer of human wounds, has hardly been able to exercise its potent influence on the minds of the people of Bengal. True, they have recovered from the paralysing effect of the first shock when

the bolt came from the blue, but the void made by Deshabandhu's demise is being felt with ever-increasing poignancy by the country. But the national work, as Mahatmaji said, must go on. Chittaranjan was an instrument in the hands of God. He fulfilled his destiny and most worthily performed the task allotted to him.

Deshabandhu once compared the soul of India to captive **Seeta** in the garden of **Ravan**. He exhorted his countrymen to rescue India's soul by strenuously fighting the forces of Evil. He himself led the army in this **Dharmayudha**, as he called it. Before his efforts were crowned with complete success he was struck down by the inscrutable hand of Providence. But before he took his leave, he showed his countrymen which way lies India's salvation. She must regain her own soul. She must build up her future in the fight of the past. The genius of the Indian people, their past traditions can not be divorced from their conception of Swaraj. If Deshabandhu was reluctant to define what he meant by Swaraj, it was not because he had no definite idea of it in his mind but because he felt that the majority of the people were not yet in a position to grasp thoroughly his conception of it. The definition of Swaraj as "Dominion Status" conveys no meaning to the masses. They have no correct conception of the status of Canada and Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. He knew that unless the masses were inspired by a living desire to regain their liberty; that unless they realized in their hearts that a good Government was no substitute for Self-Government and were terribly in earnest in their demands for Swaraj; the parrot-like cry for Dominion Status, or for this or that kind of constitution would not advance their cause. All his schemes for Swaraj were,

therefore, directed towards rousing the national consciousness of the masses. His scheme for village reconstruction, his anxiety for spreading education among the masses on national lines, his earnestness for Hindu-Moslem unity and his campaign on behalf of the so-called untouchables, were all inspired by the firm belief that no petitions, no demonstrations, no deputations would secure real Self-Government for India unless the whole country was deadily earnest about it and the people were ready to lay down their lives at any moment for wresting Swaraj out of the firm grasp of the bureaucracy. It was no idle threat that he held out when he spoke of **civil disobedience** in the Faridpur speech. But he knew that **civil disobedience** is not so easy as some people imagine. He knew that infinite patience and supreme discipline were necessary to prepare the masses for the consummation of **civil disobedience**. And so he was anxious to exhaust all other means before he, a veteran leader as he was, would call up the reserve forces of the nation in this life and death struggle.

The passing away of Deshabandhu Chittaranjan has united the reactionary forces here and abroad for another trial of strength with the children of the soil. But we must not lose heart, confronted through we are with heavy odds. We must be fearless and remain firm, undaunted by the frowns of the powers that be and unseduced by their smiles. That is the great message left to us by Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das. To-day on the sacred occasion of his **Sradha**, let Indians assemble in their millions and tens of millions at the memorial meetings that will be held in Calcutta and all over India and take a solemn vow to follow in his foot-steps, with an inflexible determination either to win Swaraj for the country or to lay down their

lives in striving after it as Deshbandhu Chittaranjan did. If the people have not the courage and energy to follow in Deshbandhu's footsteps and to emulate his consuming love for freedom, let them not disturb his soul's repose by taking his name in vain.

The New Empire

The unique demonstration held yesterday as a mark of tribute to the late Mr. Das left no doubt that inspite of acute differences in politics, all parties joined in honouring the memory of one whose only thought was the freedom of his country. To reach that end, he was prepared for any sacrifice. And nothing strikes the imagination of Indians as self-sacrifice. In that motely crowd which followed the funeral procession there were men who belong to no political party. Still they adore the memory of the Swarajist leader because of the supreme sacrifice which he has made for the cause of his country, working without respite according to what he thought was the best means to attain his goal. He was oblivious of dangers and difficulties and relentlessly pursued his policy against odds with conspicuous success. Mr. Das was a man with rare courage of conviction. Once he had made up his mind to take up a course of action, nothing could daunt his spirit. A strenuous political struggle during the last three years had at last revealed to him the realities of the situation. Thus he saw the futility of non-co-operation in the sense that the No-Changers conceived it. He was opposed to it from the beginning and openly departed from that policy after the Gaya Congress when he started the Swarajist Party. If he

still swore by non-co-operation it was for the sake, presumably, of political expediency. He was as anxious as Mr. Gandhi to prevent a rupture in the Congress and prepared to work out his Swarajist policy from within the Congress. The Mahatma also for the same purpose accepted the Swarajist policy of obstruction in the Council as a plank in the Congress platform. But in his heart of hearts Mr. Das was convinced of the barrenness of the non-co-operation movement. He entered the Council with the avowed object of bringing the present Government to a deadlock, and although he partially succeeded in his policy of obstruction, he realised that no good came out of his obstructive policy. And with that courage of conviction which always characterised his action he issued his Patna statement agreeing to co-operate with the Government on certain conditions. He further elaborated his programme at Faridpur, even at the risk of losing his remarkable popularity. At a moment when a section of his following was deflecting from their loyal allegiance, death snatched away the great leader which, has hushed in silence all party strifes and all are united in paying homage to the memory of the illustrious dead. We hope the Swarajist Party will now determine whether they will act up to the gesture of their beloved leader. The offer of co-operation by Mr. Das was the result of his mature judgment and deliberation and it behoves his followers now to give effect to his latest mandate to its logical conclusion. If all parties will now unite to work in co-operation for the good of the motherland, in his premature and most regrettable death Mr. Das will have done as splendid a service to his country as in life, he ever strove to do.

The Swarajya

No man is more beloved of his people than Chittaranjan, patriot, poet and prophet of nationalism. He represents all that is best in Indian nationalism. Love of country was a consuming passion with him. His wealth, his intelligence, his ability, and now his very life, he has ungrudgingly placed at the service of his people. His sacrifices and services have been so immense that his name has always had a magic effect on the masses of his country and as an inspiration and an influence on his people he is second only to Mahatma Gandhi. It is superfluous for us here to recount the many services which he has rendered. There is no one in the country who does not know them, and who does not feel proud and thankful that the service of such a man were available to us during this critical period. Our duty to-day is to ponder over the meaning of his life and to see how best we could carry on the great work he has so well begun. The moment he returned from jail, Deshabandhu realised that the path to construction lay in destroying the sham constitution which was erected by the bureaucracy to keep us in perpetual enslavement. With the frankness and determination which has characterised him all his life he fought for what he considered the right programme and did not mind the cavil and ridicule that were heaped upon him. Two years have now sufficed to convince the country that his programme was right to a detail. Every blow that he struck at the bureaucracy from the Council floor, has reverberated throughout the Empire and to-day the British people realise as a result of his campaign that India means business and is determined to have its rights. The programme of Deshabandhu has so far succeeded that in two provinces Dyarchy

is already dead and if it is not dead in other provinces it is certainly not his fault. Had only the Congress given a mandate to the country before the last elections as desired by him there would have been no Council in the country to-day without a Congress majority. The communique issued the other day formally suspending Diarchy in Bengal sums up Deshabandhu's achievement, and takes us another great step in the country's movement for freedom. It is now for us to follow this up with a strong and vigorous programme. No doubt it is a great misfortune that the cruel hand of death should have snatched him away at the very moment when his services are most required by the country. But one cannot quarrel with Fate. The responsibility on those who are left behind is now all the greater for on them devolves the duty for carrying on the work for which Deshabandhu has laid down his life. Men of Deshabandhu's sacrifice and attainments are few and far between, but it is open to every one of us to follow, honestly and courageously the lead which he has given to the country. At least out of gratitude and respect to the memory of the great departed leader the country should now close up its ranks and resolve upon a single, united programme. We appeal to the Congress to drop its indifferent attitude and set itself to work the programme which Deshabandhu has entrusted to it. We appeal to every one in the country to join the Congress and make one supreme effort to bring his programme to a success. We would be untrue to ourselves, and untrue to the memory of the great man who has died for us, if we do not continue his work with that religious intensity for which his life is at once an example and a reminder to us.

The Swadesamitram

The cruel hand of death has snatched away from us the prince of patriots the leader of the leaders who has by his magnetic personality, indomitable will, courage of conviction and supreme sacrifices, made his name almost a household word all over every nook and corner of this vast continent. The gap that has now been created in the political field it is hard to fill. He has shown by practical demonstration the soundness of his programme. It is now the duty of his countrymen to faithfully follow in his footsteps and lead the country on from victory to victory till the final goal is reached. The responsibility of Bengal is all the greater and it behoves his countrymen in Bengal to stand steadfastly by the principles and policy he has laid down and not give room to fissiparous tendencies to blight their vision.

The Madras Mail.

The death of C. R. Das removes from the political scene one of its most forcible characters. His pre-eminence at the Bar made all the more sensational his action in suspending practice during the non-co-operation movement and his forceful advocacy of that creed won for him a place among the leaders of the political extremists. He cried to see the fruition of the obstructive policy of his party in Bengal but there were not wanting indications in his latter speeches and writings that he was beginning to think that wholesale obstruction was bound to prove barren of good results for India's future. Had Das lived there is reason to believe that he would have modified the Swarajist policy, if it lay

in his power from one of obstruction to that of qualified co-operation. He made many sacrifices to his convictions and was an indefatigable fighter for what he was convinced to be in the best interests of his country.

Calcutta Municipal Gazette

Words cannot measure nor thought estimate the loss which the death of Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das has inflicted on the country. By its suddenness it has shocked, by its unexpectedness it has paralysed. Wholly premature as it is it substitutes for the moment unavailing sorrow for buoyant hope. The sore grief, the reverent admiration and the spontaneous homage of the whole nation of which we have had such abundant expressions testify to the large space which Deshabandhu Das filled in broader walks of public life. But on those for whom the "Gazette" speaks falls the humbler, duty of recording the sense of utter desolation with which they are overwhelmed. They knew Mr. Das cheitly as Mayor and the first citizen of Calcutta, as one whom the suffrage of his fellowcitizens had called to the task of building up new ideals in a new Corporation and as one who during the all too short period vouchsafed to him by Province, had in thought and labour given of his best to tackling the huge problems of civic welfare. Only those who have a first hand and up-to-date knowledge of municipal affairs and have also been privileged to receive guidance and inspiration from Mr. Das are in a position to judge what great good fortune it was for the rate-payers and residents of

Calcutta to have as their Mayor one who did not take a narrow view of the duties of his exalted office. In indicating the special work on which the corporation was entering under the new dispensation, we cannot do better than quote two passages from his inaugural address to the Aldermen and Councillors. On that memorable occasion Mr Das said—

"I have to thank you heartily for the great honour you have conferred on me to-day. Some how or other I can not dissociate myself from the great cause which I represent. I take this honour given not to me personally but to that great cause which I have always represented. After all, what is that great cause. If you leave out the details of work sometimes in this and sometimes in that, the great work which I have undertaken for the last ten or fifteen years is the building up of a Pan Indian people consisting of divers communities with diverse interests but united and federated as a nation. In this Corporation I find plenty of work possible in that direction. So far as it lies in me you will find that no communal interest will be sacrificed unless that interest goes against the well-being of the whole community, by which I mean the Indian people or the citizens of Calcutta in this particular respect." "I shall try to carry out this work with honesty, with courage with determination. One word more and I have done. It is the great ideal of the Indian people that they regard the poor as "Daridra Narayan." To them, God comes in the shape of the poor and the service of the poor is the service of God to the Indian mind. I shall, therefore, try to direct your activities to the service of the poor and you will have seen that in the programme which I have drawn up most of the items deal with the poor, housing of the poor, free primary education, and free medical relief—these are all blessings for the poor, and

if the corporation succeeds even to a very limited extent, it will have justified itself."

Such were the ideals, the high ideals, of civic duty which filled and animated Mr Das. To their realisation through the help of the New Corporation he devoted whatever leisure he could spare from his numerous and weighty responsibilities. Some advance has been made towards this goal, more remains to be made; and God willing, despite the limited resources and handicaps of the New Corporation, not all of their own creation the plans already formed for carrying out the whole programme will yet fructify. At the present moment it is not possible to gauge how the Corporation, deprived of the inspiration of one whose high idealism and practical experience were alike unique, would adjust itself to the changed situation. It has been overwhelmed by a calamity which it had not anticipated and for which it was not prepared. Crushing as is the affliction, consolation is to be sought only in the thought that Mr. Das has left his countrymen an example and an inspiration which they are called upon to follow if they are anxious to honour the memory of their leader Mahatma Gandhi has already declared that the nation's work must proceed at double speed, and the Corporation owes it to itself to demonstrate that from association with Mr. Das it has also imbibed a similar faith.

We cannot close this humble and totally inadequate tribute to the memory of our departed leader without touching on the personal relations which subsisted between him and all who worked under his guidance. From Aldermen and Councillor to the humblest employee of the Corporation, all whom work brought in contact with Mr. Das were impressed with his kindness and courtesy and they were not only captivated

by the charm of his personality, but were made to feel in his presence that they had the scope as well as the capacity to do their best in a worthy cause. Those who went to him perplexed came back with their burden of difficulties lightened; those who were inclined to take a gloomy view of things had their hopes revived; those who were eager and resolute set their courage and determination strengthened under the spell of his advice. Mr. Das had often wished that he could devote greater time and attention to Municipal affairs, but Providence decreed otherwise; that fuller opportunity of serving the Corporation for which he longed was not given to him. He has, however, shown the way and if those who are called upon to carry out his work are moved by a faith as strong as his, we can confidently await the realisation of those hopes which were his thoughts by day and dreams by night.

The Hindu

It is the great tragedy of Indian politics that from time to time an invaluable career of devoted service to the mother and should be abruptly terminated by the cruel hand of death. The latest of these periodic calamities is the sudden death of Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das. It had been known for some months that Mr. Das's health had broken down under the strain of his political activities but it was hardly expected that the end would be so near and the news of his death yesterday has come as a profound shock upon the public. The sense of loss created by the news is accentuated to the point of unbearability by the circumstances of the present political situation

the murky gloom of which appears likely to be converted to the blackness of night by the elimination of the one man, whose firm but light grip of the situation gave promise of holding together his heterogeneous and centrifugal forces till the goal was reached. India could at no time spare a leader of the mental and spiritual calibre of Mr. Das, Bengal could particularly ill afford to lose him, when its determined struggle with the bureaucracy had reached its crisis. This is not the time to speculate on the reactions of Mr. Das's death upon Bengal politics. It would require optimism of a particularly robust type to believe that these could be little short of disastrous, when one considers the nature of the main currents, the crosscurrents and the under-currents of those turbid waters. The political skill of Mr. Das made a compact and efficient striking force of his party, and carried it on to a considerable measure of success, in spite of fissiparous tendencies engendered by communal and personal jealousies. This he did in the face of obloquy and suspicion born of that uncharitableness, which in Bengal appears to flourish with as disastrous effect as its water-hyacinth. Shrieking voices from the dug-outs of the shelf, the insinuations and innuendoes of self-centred fishers in troubled waters all combined to discredit him with fraternal and patriotic fervour. Heavy as was his burden in this respect one particular cross which is the portion of great leaders all over the world, he was not called upon to bear to the end. He commanded the unquestioning and devoted loyalty of his party—a loyalty which he repaid with a chivalrous shouldering of the blame for occasional individual un-wisdoms of its members. Not the least of his services to Bengal was his providing a rallying cry for the ready and generous enthusiasm of the youth of Bengal at a time when the remnants of the non-co-operation

programme did not satisfy their fullblooded requirements. And yet by a singular irony of fate, the man who provided an alternative to anarchism, was denounced as the secret patron of revolutionary crime. If to Bengal which occasionally stones its prophets Mr. Das was a great party leader, he stands to the repute of India at a nobler elevation. For he represents the fine flower of all that is best in the spiritual life of India, that infinite capacity for sacrifice and service that runs like a warp through the texture of Indian life amid much that is discouraging. Material success came to him in unabundant measure. He was the favoured child of fortune and warmed both hands at its genial glow. But when the call of the motherland came, he abandoned the hedonistic outlook without a pang and he literally sold all that he had and gave it to his suffering country. With rare courage, the courage that sustained him in the face of ingratitude obloquy and persistent misrepresentation, he deliberately chose a life of poverty and intense, singlehearted devotion to the task of soothing the wounds of his tortured

country. History will pass its verdict upon the soundness of his politics. We need not wait for that verdict to recognise in his career those shining elements of nobility and greatness that criticism cannot obscure nor small-souled malignancy besmirch. There have been tall men before Agamemnon, men of courage, culture, patriotism and capacity for selfless service. But only rarely have these qualities been found combined in such harmonious co-operation as in Mr. Das. Himself the quintessential product of his age, Mr. Das's personality will stand out to his contemporaries and to posterity as a beaconlight of inspiration and hope of inspiration to the generation of which he is the ultimate expression to lead a fuller life and of hope that amid all the perplexities and disappointments of our political struggle makes it a crime to despair of a country that could produce such a man. And now that he has made the supreme sacrifice for he has literally laid down his life in the cause of his country, his sorrowing but proud motherland can most truthfully inscribe his epitaph. "Greater love than this hath no man."





The Sacred plat (Tulsi)

By—Sriyaa Chandana Sankar



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Paxton

By Dr. Naresh Chandra Sen Gupta, M. A. D. I.

CHAPTER I.

A glorious land! But where are the men?

That was the question Jack Staunton asked himself when he touched the ground after spending hours on the sea. It was a bad case of shipwreck. For years together nothing like this had ever happened. The vessel was caught in a tremendous gale and was lost with all hands. The wireless apparatus was struck down after sending out just a couple of wails of S. O. S. Boats were launched but for all Jack Staunton knew none had reached the shore. His own boat had turned turtle less than a hundred yards from the sea and he just managed to float for a whole night ere he sighted land. With the first glimpse of land ahead Jack got fresh life in his veins and

struck for the shore for all he was worth. Thank God, he was now safe. For about an hour he lay half dead on the sand. But he was soon warmed back to life by the glorious sunshine. He then looked up. A beautiful landscape presented itself. Between rows of noble trees there were beautiful shrubs and they lined a green grass walk which had been evidently laid out with great care. There was no doubt it was part of a great park.

He was not exactly in a mood to enjoy beauties of landscape. He could have much preferred to have come across a man who could give him some food, a change of clothes and rest. He was a lover of landscape and were struck by its beauty. Only he wanted very much to meet a man.

Jack dragged himself up the coast and began to trudge along the road. "It's all very fine to have this garden and all that. But what about refreshments?" he thought.

His first feeling when he touched land had been one of intense gratification that he was saved. The next one was that he was most likely in some savage land and a group of cannibals might fall on him at any moment and begin devouring him. When he looked at the landscape he felt reassured. It was obviously the work of civilised hands. Yet, who knows? But such misgivings did not trouble him long. There was something gnawing within him which urged him on—a hungry man must hope to have food, or he would drop down. Jack therefore hoped and was worried only because the stupid people who had taken all the trouble to lay out the lands so well had not had foresight enough to anticipate his coming and provide for some food and drink on the sea-shore.

But look! There was a couple of human beings—a young man and a young woman running about happily like children. That looked promising. At any rate they were not the cannibals he had half-feared to meet. They were sure to be the eating sort and there was hope for Jack Staunton.

Yet...

Jack stopped short. He hesitated to approach them. They, were decent enough to look at, and in fact extra-

ordinarily handsome and polished—yet they were not decently covered according to civilised standards. For all that he could see from the distance Jack thought them to be dressed in nothing but Nature's garb. No wonder, Jack hesitated to intrude upon them in this condition.

But what business had these young fellows to behave like that? Besides being outrageously immodest, it was all so inconsiderate, so far as Jack was concerned. He was not prepared to await the end of the game, nor was he prepared to move on. These people must serve him.

Jack turned round and made as tremendous a racket with his throat and his hands as he could—pretending to frighten away imaginary birds. That served its purpose. The young couple immediately turned their eyes to him. From furtive glances Jack saw that they looked amused. They had no business to. Then—horror of horrors they began to come towards the spot where Jack was—just as they were. Jack shut his eyes.

When they had come up near him the young man said something which Jack did not understand though he was familiar with all the European languages and even knew some Sanskrit. He looked up. After all things were not as bad as he had imagined. The couple did wear something—only it fitted them tightly and was the colour of their skin. It was not a

modest dress, specially for a lady, but, well, Jack had been to bathing places and he was not exactly scandalised.

The young man had a tall and comely figure and a delicate olive complexion. His movements were graceful like the poses of Greek statues. His face had an extraordinarily clever look about them and a pair of restless dark eyes were smiling in amusement. The woman too had a fine athletic form but her arms and hands looked soft and delicate like those any drawing room beauty. She had Greek features too little but the movements of her lithe slim figure had something suggestive of the best oriental paintings. Her eyes had a deep but very doubtful colour between blue and brown, a profusion of dark tresses tied up in the most seductive knot on the head set off her bright face and rich rosy complexion with great effect.

Jack did not understand what the man had said—he did not come. He spoke in plain English that he was a ship-wrecked English man and was very hungry, that he wanted refreshments and rest. The strangers found no difficulty in following the main theme of his conversation for he had accompanied his words with the universal dialect of very obvious gestures.

In the same universal language the young couple invited him to follow. A little later, Jack found himself vor-

ciously devouring viands of whose name and character he had not the faintest idea,

When he had finished this most important business he had time to think. It struck him then that the conduct of this couple was not very decent. They had been staring at him more than they ought to and talking to each other about himself which no decent man or woman would do. Besides they were too freely making love to one another; this considering the very spare, habiliments, shocked the delicate sensibilities of Staunton. For Staunton was a man of high culture and most excellent upbringing. He had held responsible positions in the Foreign Office and moved in the very best society. Conservative to the backbone, he was disposed to be rather Victorian in his notions of proprieties. He was half-disposed to give these youngsters a good lecture on manners and would have done so, their hospitality notwithstanding, but for the fact that the language of gesture, though very universal is altogether unsuited for conveying sound thoughts on manners.

After he had had his nourishment, the couple pointed to him a sort of shelf and left him. Staunton laid himself down on the bench and was delighted to find it soft and delicate. The moss on the surface was soft and smooth like velvet and the bed yielded

like a Chesterfield couch under him. He soon fell asleep.

When he opened his eyes, the sun was high up. The couple were waiting for him on the moss bank opposite. It did not please Staunton to see that they had not thought fit to change and were in just the same dress as before and looked as fresh and happy as they were when he first saw them. The woman was the first to see him awake and she greeted him with a most delicious smile. The man then turned round and approached him. Staunton gathered from their motions that he was expected to follow them somewhere. Staunton readily obeyed. He was anxious to find somebody who talked any decent language. He was bursting to tell these people a good deal of what he thought about them.

At a little distance Staunton found a dainty little chariot waiting for him. It was a style of conveyance which he did not remember to have seen or heard of anywhere. But it was a beauty. He thought he would take a photograph of it before he went away. Then he remembered that he had not the camera with him. He hoped these people knew how to take photographs.

When he stepped into the car the lady followed and took her seat beside him. The young man sat in front in what corresponded to the dickey box. Without the least warning the vehicle rose into the air and swayed away like

a bird. Staunton was feeling very uncomfortable. He was a favourite with ladies and was a brilliant talker. But sitting beside a lady of such rare beauty but so meagrely dressed was a new experience to him. He could have talked away the awkwardness perhaps, but talking was of no avail here. So he sat still and was annoyed to find himself very strongly attracted by the charms of the woman by his side.

Floating in mid-air was no new experience with him. He had flown half across the continent in an aeroplane. But then he had known that it was an aeroplane and a deafening noise had warned him then. To think you have boarded an automobile and to be whisted off terra firma without the slightest sound to give you warning, did surprise Staunton. He forgot the woman by his side and at the first blush was making a rush for the window. The woman however firmly took hold of his hand and held him down. She said something in a rich musical voice—the sense no longer mattered to Staunton. He was content to leave his hand in those of his fair companion and feel the soft touch of her delicate palms.

The chariot swept over a city. Staunton looked down on a garden city of great proportions. Noble buildings, beautiful towers, glorious gardens were unfolded before his eyes in a fairy panorama. He looked amazed less at

the enormous proportions of the City than at its surpassing beauty. He turned to his companion. She was looking at him with smiling eyes and lips that seemed to burst with talk. Staunton would have given much to be able to talk to her.

After a brief but very rapid journey the chariot descended on the roof of a great house. The amazed Staunton was led down a great flight of stairs by his fair companion, while the young man attended to the car. Staunton soon found that he was in the midst of the greatest library he had yet seen. They passed through a series of big rooms till they reached a comparatively small one where an old man was sitting in the midst of a great mass of books. Staunton was surprised to find that even this aged bookworm delighted in the same style of garments as those of his friends—the young lady and her companion.

After a brief conversation with the lady the old man began to talk to Staunton. He went on uttering a long string of words not one of which he understood till the old man said *Homo*. Staunton recognised the word and ventured a brief Latin sentence indicating his nationality. The old man stopped and said something to the young lady.

The lady immediately took Staunton by the arm and whisked him off to another room. Here they found a middle-aged gentleman with a very

kind look. The lady briefly opened the conversation, after which the gentleman asked Staunton in plain English, "You speak English?"

"Yes" said Staunton. He never knew till now what joy it is to hear English spoken where you least expect it.

"It is strange," said the gentleman, who like the others was dressed in a tight fitting garment made of some strange elastic stuff. Staunton was getting used to the dress—or want of dress.

"It is strange," said the man, "How on earth did you come here."

"I was ship-wrecked," said Jack, "and stranded near this lady's garden."

The gentleman spoke to the lady and the lady answered. He then smiled as he said, "It wasn't this lady's garden. It was a public park you were in. Now, what are we to do with you?"

"I suppose you could kindly provide a passage home in the first ship that leaves here. In the meantime, I should ask for a shelter and some clothes."

The gentleman smiled as he asked, "Do you know where you are?"

"I have not the faintest idea," said Staunton, "in fact that's just what I was going to ask."

The gentleman smiled again, but did not seem inclined to answer the question forthwith. "Have you seen our city?" he asked.

"Yes I have had a bird's eye view."

"Isn't it a great city."

"A marvellous one and very beautiful. What do you call it?"

'Paxton," answered the gentleman. The name was not familiar to Staunton. He looked puzzled. Till then he had picqued himself on his knowledge of Geography.

"Where is it? I have no idea."

"Well it is here, and let that knowledge do for you. I am afraid you are going to stay here pretty long. I hardly think it would be possible to arrange for your return. How do you like the idea? Do you think you could get on with us?"

"I hope so, though I have not seen much of your people, I must say."

"What is your opinion of the people you have seen?"

"Well, I can hardly say, you are the first man that I could talk to. But you must be a wonderfully clever people."

"You are not far wrong young man, By the way, I suppose you have had your food."

"Oh yes, this lady and—the young gentleman have been very kind and hospitable to me. I wish I could thank her."

"You need not. It is not usual here to thank people. Serving others is our chief business in life and it would be tiresome if people were going on saying 'thanks' every time they got some service from others. I am glad you find us satisfactory all round."

"All round—ahem—yes," stammered Staunton.

"Why, what do you find wrong with us."

"Well, if you don't mind my telling the truth, I think your dress is capable of improvement."

"You think so," said the old man and smiled, "why what is wrong with our dress?"

"I think" stammered Staunton, "that the dress shows too much of the figure."

The old man smiled and said nothing.

After this he dismissed the young lady and took Staunton in charge.

(to be continued.)

Disposal of the dead

Maurice A. Canney.

History begins with a study of the dead. This is true even of modern history. If we wish to write the history of a modern hero, we are not content to find out all we can about his parents, who still be living; we seek to discover all that is possible about his grandparents as well. It is true of ancient history. It is true also of what has been described as the pre-historic period. This is in a sense a new discovery. It is used to be thought that history began with the practice of keeping written records. Archaeological research has shown that history began long before man had invented an alphabet. It is possible, for instance, to say something about the parentage of the very earliest example of *homo sapiens*, for we can compare his skull with the skulls of other closely related creatures.

If we understand history in a wider sense—as the study of the activities not simply of heroes, kings, and others, but also and chiefly of the activities of mankind in general—the distinction between history and what used to be described as pre-history is even harder to make. There will, of course, in the matter of exactness be differences in degree. For while, psychologically regarded, no kind of history can be regarded as exact, a larger measure of inexactness, as Dr. W. H. Rivers says, must probably always be a feature of that kind of history which has to be formulated without the aid of literary records. "This form of history must always be on broad lines and will fail to deal with the personal relations which give to the study of history so much of its interest and charm." At the same time,

it may be noted that the general tendency of recent movements in history has been in this direction. "Every year more and more attention is being paid to the history of institutions and ideas, while the personal relations and details of the transactions between individuals and nations are coming to be of less interest in themselves, and are regarded as material by which broader and more general issues can be reached." (1)

In order to learn something about the earliest history of man we dig in the ground on promising sites and explore caves. We come upon ancient encampments and burial places, and discover not only bones and skeletons of men and animals, but also objects which men valued and put to various practical uses. In the more advanced stages we discover also the remains of man's earliest efforts at building.

What has been discovered in the earliest burials? In 1908 a skeleton was found in the lower grotto of Le Moustier, in the Vézère valley. "It belonged to a youth some sixteen years of age. The most interesting feature of the discovery was the manner in which the skeleton was laid out. The head rested on a number of flint fragments carefully piled together—a sort of stone pillow; the dead lay in a sleeping posture, with the head resting on the right fore arm. An exceptionally fine *coup de poing* was close by the hand, and numerous charred and split bones of wild cattle (*Bos primigenius*) were placed around, indicating of a food offering." (2)

(1) W. H. R. Rivers, *History and Ethnology*, 1922 p. 28.

(2) H. F. Osborn, *Men of the old Stone Age* 3rd ed., 1921 pp 221 f.

At the same time another skeleton, described as the finest of all the Neanderthaloid fossils, was discovered in a grotto near La Chapelle-aux-Saints: a few miles to the eastward of Le Moustier. "This was also a ceremonial burial of an individual between fifty and fifty-five years of age, most carefully laid out in an east-and-west direction in a small, natural depression. With it were found typical Mousterian flints, also a number of shells and remains chiefly of the woolly rhinoceros, the horse, the reindeer, and the bison."

In the cave of paviland, which opens on the face of a steep limestone cliff, about a mile east of Rhossilly, on the coast of Gower Wales, the earliest discovery of a member of the Cro-Magnon race was made. A painted skeleton, long known as the 'Red Lady,' was found in the kitchen hidden which forms the floor of this cave. Recent investigation has proved that this skeleton belonged, not to a woman, but to a man.

"The most remarkable Cro-Magnon burials of undoubted Aurignacian age are those of the Grottes de Grimaldi; the infant skeletons found here are neither coloured

nor decorated, but occurred with a vast number of small perforated shells (*Nassa*), evidently forming a sort of burial mantle. Similarly, the female skeleton was enveloped in a bed of shells not perforated; the legs were extended, while the arms were stretched beside the body; there were a few pierced shells and a few bits of silex. One of the large male skeletons of the same grotto had the lower limbs extended, the upper limbs folded, and was decorated with a gorget and crown of perforated shells; the head rested on a block of red stone. In the 'Man of Mentone,' found in 1872, the body rested on its left side, the limbs were slightly flexed, and the forearm was folded: heavy stones protected the body from disturbance; the head was decorated with a circle of perforated shells colored in red, and implements of various types were carefully placed on the forehead and chest. Similarly in the burial of Burma Grande three skeletons were found placed side by side in a layer of red earth containing a large quantity of peroxide of iron; two of the skeletons rested on the left side, the limbs extended or slightly flexed; the forehead and chest and one of the limbs were encircled with shells." (1)

(1) Op. cit., p. 304. See also R. Verneau, **The men of the Barma-Grande**, 1900, pp. 66 f. The practice of burial in red soil is still found among primitive folk. For example among the Lango, J. H. Friberg writes: 'Males are buried on the right-hand side of the door of the house, females on the left. The graves are deep, as it is the rule that the dead should be buried in red clay, which in many places is only reached at a considerable depth; and the grave must be so orientated that the head of the deceased should be towards the sunrise.' (**The Lango: A Nilotic Tribe of Uganda**, 1923, pp. 165 f.)

(2) The practice of painting the bones red has been noted among the Zapotecan Indians

of Mexico. Marshall H. Saville writes (**Putnam Anniversary Volume**, 1909, pp. 153 f.) 'When an important person died, the body was dressed and placed in a stone chamber together with various personal ornaments and objects belonging to the deceased. Food and drink were placed in or near the tomb to sustain the deceased on his journey to the other world. Once a year for four years his friends came to the tomb and made fresh offerings of food and drink. At the expiration of this time the flesh had decayed. Some times the bones were then gathered and placed in niches, but otherwise they were allowed to remain on the floor. Often they were painted red.'

Skeletons were discovered at Brunn, Moravia, in 1891 and a few years before. "One of the skeletons of Brunn, found at a depth of 12 feet below the surface of the 'loess,' was lavishly adorned with tooth shells, perforated stone discs, and bone ornaments made from the ribs of rhinoceros or the mammoth and from the teeth of the mammoth; associated with these was an ivory idol, apparently of a male figure, of which only the head, the torso and the left arm remain. The skeleton and many of the objects found with the sepulture were partly tinted in red." 2 An ivory figurine belongs to the Eburnean stage of Piette and appears to indicate that the burial was of Aurignacian rather than of Solutrean age." 3

A Magdalenian skeleton was discovered at Sorde, Landes, in 1872. Here the body was ornamented with a necklace and a girdle of the teeth of the lion and the bear, pierced and engraved. "Seven skulls found in 1883 in the grotto of Placard, Charente, also belong to the Magdalenian. The skeleton discovered in 1894 in the grotto of Les Hoteaux, Ain, was buried at a depth of 6 feet beneath Magdalenian implements: the body resting on the back was covered with red ochre: the thigh-bones were inverted, indicating that the limbs had been dismembered before burial—a custom observed among certain savages." (A)

A new feature has been discovered in the great grotto of Placard, near Rochebertier, Charente—the separation of the head from the body. "The previous ceremonial burials, which began certainly among the Neanderthals in Mousterian times, always show the custom of burying the entire body; in the

Upper Palaeolithic there commences the new custom of imbedding the body in ochre or red colouring matter, and this obtains from the Aurignacian burials of Grimaldi to the Azilian burial of Mas d'Azil. The flexing of the limbs occurs frequently in Upper Palaeolithic times. It would appear as if the new ceremonial of Placard had been introduced in the earliest Magdalenian times, for in the lowest Magdalenian layers four skulls were found closely crowded together, with the top of the cranium turned downward; of the other portions of the skeleton only humerus and a femur were found." (B)

In 1914 two Magdalenian skeletons were discovered at Obercassel, near Bonn. This according to Dr. Osborn, is the first instance of complete human skeletons of Quaternary age being found in Germany. "As reported by Verworn, the skeletons lay little more than a yard apart: they were covered by great slabs of basalt, and lay in a deposit of loam deeply tinged with red. This red colouring matter, which extended completely over the skeletons and surrounding stones, indicates that it was a ceremonial burial similar to that practised by the Aurignacian Cro-Magnons. Along with the skeletons were found bones of animals and several specimens of finely carved bone, but no flint implements of any kind." (C)

At Ofnet, on a small tributary of the Danube north-west of Munich, was discovered an interment belonging to the period of Azilian-Tardenoisian industry. The interment is described as the most remarkable of all Palaeolithic times. "This is a ceremonial

2. See foot note 2 of the last page:

3 Op. cit., p. 307.

(A) Op. cit., pp. 378 f.

(B) Op. cit., pp. 379 f.

(C) Op. cit. pp. 380.

burial of thirty-three skulls of people belonging to two distinct races : respectively, brachycephalic and dolichocephalic, and certainly not related in any way to the Cro-Magnon race. In the group twenty-seven skulls were found embedded in ochre and arranged in a sort of nest, with the faces all looking westward. As the skulls in the centre were more closely pressed together and crushed than those on the outside, it seems probable that these skulls were added one by one from time to time, those on the outside being the most recent additions. It is noteworthy that most of these skulls are those of women and young children, there being only four adult male skulls. On this account some advance the theory of cannibalism : others that, being taken captive by a tribe of enemies, these unfortunate people were offered in sacrifice, in which case decapitation was the means of death. But, then, how explain the abundant ornaments of stag teeth and snail shells (*Helix nemoralis*) with which the skulls of the women and little children were decorated, and the treasured implements of flint with which all save one of the men and a few of the woman and children were provided ?" (1)

Seven Nilsson gives us interesting information about primitive burials in Scandinavia. Speaking of skeletons found in a tumulus at Stege, on the island of Moen, he writes as follows : "But that the bodies had originally been sitting in an upright position we can see by the bones of each skeleton lying

crosswise in a heap, on the top of which the skull was lying.....with each skeleton we find generally one or two, sometimes several, stone implements or wrought pieces of amber ; the former are found amongst the male, and the latter most frequently amongst the female skeletons. Amongst some skeletons which were discovered sitting in a cell filled with sand, were amber beads still lying round the neck : these had, therefore, evidently been worn as ornaments ('Gotheb. Handl.,' p. 93)." (2)

A tumulus on the Asa-hog, near Quistofta was opened in 1819, and in the sepulchre were found a number of flint implements and ornaments of amber. The sepulchral chamber was round, instead of oblong, which is unusual. Sven Nilsson writes : "Another remarkable circumstance which we notice in the description of this sepulture is that an older series of corpses were interred therein, without any regard to order or regularity, forming a layer, which was covered by a bed of sand, forming a floor, upon which other corpses had in their turn been deposited. This mode of interring the dead has also been noted in the tumuli in West Gothland. This proves also that the same sepulchral chamber had been used as a sepulchre for a long period." (3) In Scania a gallery-tomb (Asagrafven) was examined by the Rev. M. Bruzelius ('Idunn,' 1822, No. IX, p. 285). Here "besides stone implements, clay urns, and a number of amber ornaments he found therein a vast quantity of human bones.

(1) Op. cit., pp. 475. ff. In tombs found at Constantine, North Africa, and assigned by M. Bourguignat to a period at least 1000 years before the Christian era there were layers of innumerable snail-shells. See S. P. Oliver, 'The Dolmen-mounds and Amorpholithic

Monuments of Brittany' in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, January, 1872, p. 18.

(2) The Primitive Inhabitants of Scandinavia, 3rd ed., 1868, pp. 128 f.

(3) Op. cit., p. 131.

divided into two layers by a bed of sand of about six inches in thickness."(1)

The use of sand in burials has been fairly common among various peoples. Speaking of a skeleton found in a burial-room in Pueblo Bonito, New Mexico, George H Pepper says: "The skeleton itself was resting on a layer of wood-ashes which had been spread on the levelled floor of yellow sand."(2)

Again, he writes: "Owing to the havoc wrought by the inflow of water, the only preparations for burial that could be noted were those in connection with skeletons Nos. 13 and 14. In this instance the floor had been covered with a layer of yellow and on which a layer of wooden-ashes had been placed."(3)

Again, "the fact that so many bodies were placed in so small a room, and that they were buried, presents a phase of intramural burials somewhat uncommon."

The earliest lake-dwellers, the inhabitants of pile-dwellings on the principal Alpine lakes, buried their dead on land, in earth graves or slab-lined cists. At quite an early stage the custom followed of burning the bodies and burying the ashes, with such personal ornaments as endured the fire in a rough clay pot closed with a saucer."(4)

In the trans-Carpathian region, the so-called Tripolje culture shows two main phases, the first of which seems to be purely neolithic. In both of these phases the dead were burned. Then after a fairly long existence the Tripolje culture ceases abruptly and uniformly. "Its sites were deserted and not reoccupied; and the cause of their evacuation is indicated by the occurrence, over the whole region of their

distribution, of burial tumuli in a late phase of the neolithic culture ascribed by Russian observers to the 'Kurgan-folk' or 'red-ochre-people,' who had long been in occupation of the central steppe, but seem to have been held aloof from the Tripolje along the course of the Dnieper." (5) This practice of supplying the dead with a quantity of powdered red Ochre was already in vogue among the later palaeolithic folk in west—and mid-European regions, "It is therefore of the first importance, that the same practice is habitual among the earliest inhabitants of the Eurasian steppe, a tall, heavy-built and long headed race not very different from those western types burying their dead in surface graves, and marking these with earth-mounds, the only possible monument in the tree-less and stoneless loess-land. These mounds (for which the local word is **kurgan**) do not seem to begin until the fine Solutrean technique had been lost, and their earliest contents are more roughly worked implements and hemi-spherical pots of clay—durable substitutes for the simple bowls of guard or leather, available to a prairie folk. As horse-bits, and later on, fragments of wooden cars on wheels, are found in these mounds, we must infer that the horse had been domesticated, and that we have here an early phase of the waggon-dwelling culture which still occupied this grassland when it was visited by Greek explorers later on."(6)

In the lowland of South Portugal we meet "the custom of burying the dead, or at all events those of the more important families, in artificial chambers formed of upright

(1) Op. cit., p. 161.

(2) Putnam Anniversary Volume, 1909, p. 223.

(3) Op. cit., p. 248.

(4) The Cambridge Ancient History, 1293, p. 73.

(5) Op. cit., p. 81.

(6) Op. cit., pp. 83 f.

blocks of untrimmed stone, and roofed with others, all as large as there was man-power to handle. Originally these were probably covered with a mound of earth, at least to the level of the cap-stone." (1)

The 'round-barrow folk,' whose cradle was in Bohemia, buried their dead in cist-graves which resembled the latest 'megalithic' tombs. these were covered by conspicuous earthen tumuli; circular like those of the steppe people, and not oval like the 'long barrows' of neolithic Britain. (2)

The gradual substitution of cremation for interment is exemplified by the 'Hallstatt culture,' Hallstatt, in central Europe, owes its name and its exceptional wealth to the great salt beds among which it is situated. The Hallstatt culture not only dominated all the Upper Danube, but exercised widespread influence over middle Germany, over central and northern France, and over Britain and Ireland. Its characteristic swords travelled even further into Bosnia, Macedonia, Hungary, East Prussia, Posen, Hanover, Schleswig and Scandinavia and in later varieties into Spain and the British Isles. "It was in fact the first culture so general as to deserve the name of European....." (3) It spread about 900-800 B. C. At Hallstatt interment is first supplemented by partial cremation, as for example of the head, feet or abdomen. It is superseded only gradually by total incineration. (4)

In Ancient Egypt bodies were buried originally in the sand, and among the simple

folk the simple form of burial survived. "The burial of the very poor of Egypt," says Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, "must have been much the same in all times and in all dynasties. The body, having been salted only, was laid in the sand to a depth of three or four feet, without ornament, and even without a coffin; sometimes even the salting was dispensed with." (5) Budge observes that the drying up qualities of the sand of Egypt are very remarkable. G. Elliot Smith (6) and J. H. Breasted dwell upon the same phenomenon. Breasted claims that nowhere else in the world have the natural conditions of soil and climate resulted in such a remarkable preservation of the human body. This phenomenon suffices to explain the fact that 'among no people ancient or modern has the idea of a life beyond the grave held so prominent a place as among the ancient Egyptians.' (7) In the native sand of Egypt bodies were often so well preserved that they seemed in some way still to be living. This idea "impelled the Egyptians to lavish every care on the bodies of their dead, not only for their preservation by artificial means, but also for housing them in a manner befitting this religious conception of their importance, and surrounding them with all the paraphernalia needed for the attainment of a material resurrection." (8)

More and more importance came to be attached to the careful preservation of the corpse. This led to the invention of coffins and to the making of a definite tomb, which

(1) Op. cit., p. 95.

(2) Op. cit., pp. 101 f.

(3) Op. cit., p. 106.

(4) Op. cit., p. 111.

(5) *The Mummy* (2), 1894, pp. 315 f.

(6) *The Ancient Egyptians*. 1923, pp. 31 f.

(7) J. H. Breasted, *Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt*, pp. 49 f.

(8) G. Elliot Smith, op. cit., p. 32.

was gradually enlarged. It was soon found, however, that an elaborate tomb had not the power of the native sand of Egypt to preserve the body. Even before the first Dynasty the Egyptians had to devise measures for the artificial preservation of the body. Thus arose the art of embalming. And the embalmer sought not only to preserve the actual tissues of the body with as little disturbance of its superficial appearance as possible, but also to preserve a living likeness of the deceased. "In the earliest known (Second Dynasty) examples of Egyptian attempts at mummification the corpse was swathed in a large series of bandages, which were moulded into shape to represent the form of the body. In a later (probably Fifth Dynasty) mummy, found in 1892 by Professor Flinders Petrie at Medum, the superficial bandages had been impregnated with a resinous paste, which while still plastic was moulded into the form of the body, special care being bestowed upon the modelling of the face and the organs of reproduction, so as to leave no room for doubt as to the identity and the sex." (1)

In a few cases the whole corpse or the head was covered with a layer of stucco plaster and moulded into life-like shape. In other cases, where resin or stucco plaster was not used, the linen-enveloped head was itself moulded. The eyes were painted on the linen. This manipulation of the wrapped mummy itself with a view to perpetuating a likeness of the deceased as well as to preserving the actual remains was the earlier practice. Another practice soon arose, that of making a life-size portrait statue of the dead man's head and of placing it by the side of the actual body in the burial chamber. (2) A further development was the

making of a statue of the whole body. This was placed in a special hidden chamber which is usually described by the Arabic name *serdab*, but was known to the ancient Egyptians as the *pr-twt* or 'statue-house.' "It is important to remember," says Elliot Smith, "that even when the custom of making a statue of the deceased became fully established the original idea of restoring the form of the mummy itself or its wrappings was never abandoned. The attempts made in the XVIII, and XXI and XXII Dynasties to pack the body of the mummy itself and by artificial means give it a life-like appearance afford evidence of this. In the New Empire and in Roman times the wrapped mummy was sometimes modelled into the form of a statue. But throughout Egyptian history it was a not uncommon practice to provide a painted mask for the wrapped mummy, or in early Christian times supply a portrait of the deceased." (2)

It used to be thought that mummification was more or less peculiar to ancient Egypt. But the practice has been found to have been widespread, extending from Africa to America. Dr. Elliot Smith thinks that it was carried, or migrated together with a number of customs associated with it from Egypt. "In studying the easterly migration of the custom of mummification," he says, "it is quite certain that the main stream of the wanderers who carried the knowledge to the east must have set out from the East African coast, because a whole series of modifications of the Egyptian method which were introduced in the Soudan and further south are also found in Indonesia, Polynesia and America. A curious feature of Egyptian embalming in the XIXth and specially the XXIst Dynasties was the use of

(1) G. Elliot Smith, *The Evolution of the Dragon*, 1919, p. 16.

(2) G. E. Elliot Smith, *op. cit.*, p. 17

(3) *Op. cit.*, p. 18.

butter for packing the mummy. Among the Baganda, according to Roscoe, special importance came to be attached to this practice." In Indian literature there are references to bodies being embalmed skilfully with a heavenly drug and clarified butter (*ghṛa*). 1

In Mesopotamia in the prehistoric period the city Shuruppak on the old course of the Euphrates was of exceptional importance. Archaeological discoveries here have thrown light upon the period. "The oldest burials appear to have been made by wrapping the body in a reed-mat, the corpse being laid upon its right side with knees drawn forward and the right hand supporting the head. The left hand is placed near the face. The body thus interred is provided with jars of water and oil, head ornaments, cylinder-seals, copper mirrors, fish-hooks (?) and implements. This so-called embryonic position in burials is the rule with the Sumerian peoples from prehistoric times as it was in Egypt. More elaborate burials in clay coffins are found along with the mat burials." (2) At Surghul and et-Hibba, 30 miles north-east of Lagash, so many mat and kettle-shaped clay coffin burials were found that these places seemed like great cemeteries. At Ur, the famous city of the moon God, in a mound at the centre of the city were uncovered many graves of the 'capsule' type, of inverted tub type, and fine vaulted brick tombs. (3)

The Sumerians chose a high place for burial, an old mound, if possible. The dead in nude state were collected in rows, head to foot, and covered with a mound of earth. This was about 3000 B.C. "At the end of the third millennium (if the burials

near the surface at Eridu are really late Sumerian,) the dead were buried without coffin and probably unwrapped, with a spouted pot for water placed near them, with one or two rough upturned bowls or goblets. This class of spouted pot was also found at Shuruppak; it is exactly the same as those represented on the old seals. With the advent of the Semites an alternation becomes gradually apparent. Koldeweg found at Babylon that the lowest levels of the first Babylonian kings contained bodies lying simply in the earth, or rolled in reed mats, or roughly surrounded by mud bricks. The bodies were always laid out at full length." (4) Campbell Thompson found buried in the mound of Ur about a foot below the surface a body which seemed to be the skeleton of a girl. There was a nose-ring, possibly of silver. "The body had evidently been huddled up, the total length of the burial was less than two feet; it lay on its left side with the head pointing approximately to the east. Not far from the mouth was a water-pot, and upturned on or near the legs was a basin. There had been some cloth with it, and the whole, pots and all had been wrapped in a reed mat. Cuneiform tablets were found at a depth of two feet in a 'throw-out' at a stone's throw distance, probably of the period of the III Dynasty of Ur, so that the presumption is that this mat burial was about the same period, and Koldeweg's mat burials at Babylon will coincide in date, or, not unlikely, may be earlier." (5)

It is interesting to note that mat-burial has been found among primitive folk in

(1) *Migrations of People's* 1915, p. 68.

(2) Stephen H. Langdon, in *The Cambridge Ancient History*, I, 1923, p. 377.

(3) Langdon, *op. cit.*, pp. 381, 398.

(4) R. Campbell Thompson in *The Cambridge Ancient History*, I, 1923, p. 548.

(5) Campbell Thompson, *op. cit.*, p. 548.

modern times R. H. Codrington quotes an account of a burial among Melanesians supplied to him by a native. The first thing after the death of a man of some rank, is to cut in the bush certain vines which are called corpse-binding vines. Then they bring together many mats (such as those which pass as money) to wrap the corpse in. Women bring out mats, such as are used for sleeping on, and spread them in open place in the middle of the village, and over these good clean mats. When these are ready, those who have been at work sit on the heap of mats and begin the wailing, so that people at a distance may know that the time has come to swathe the corpse. Then all having assembled by the heap of mats, men and women carry out corpse wrapped in a single mat from his house

to the weeping crowd ; and when they lay him on the mats spread as a bed the crying is wonderful, nothing can be heard at all but that. They put on his belt and his **male** dress and smear him with red earth, and dress his hair with a cock's feather or pig's tails. His mother, or wives or sisters, throw ashes over their heads and backs. When they have swathed the corpse in mats and bound all round with the vines, some man of the dead man's kin sits upon the bundle, and is carried with it by many men to the grave, which has been dug by the side of the "**gamal**" (1) Codrington tells of a very great man who was swathed in one hundred short mats and ten rolls of a hundred fathoms each. But for an ordinary man fifty mats would suffice.(2)

(To be continued)

1 The Melanesians, 1891, pp. 210 f.

2 Op. cit., p. 284.

The exploits of a dramatist

A new dramatist finds it very difficult to have his drama played in an Indian Theatre. He will have to placate everybody down from the Proprietor and the Manager. The successful stages through which the new dramatist is to pass has been very cleverly drawn by our shifter and the servant up to the artist.



The dramatist is giving the first reading of his drama to the gate-keeper.



In S'band

— 2 —



Next he will have to please apprentice-actors.



The dramatist arrives just from the New Market with
Dali (offerings) to the actress Miss
Nirabala (Mrs. Manager).



Before the august presence of the Manager, who
is deeply engaged in playing cards.



To the Manager—"Do please give my
hook a hearing."



The Dramatist, in the midst of his reading, finds the Manager snoring.



The Manager—Just keep the book there and
come after six months.



The gate-keeper (After six months)—Get out please !



The last Scene of the tragedy—dramatist finds in the street placard that his book is to be staged but the authorship has been mysteriously appropriated by the Manager. Manager has been annoyed.



BY S. N. GUHA B. Sc. (Cali.)

CHAPTER XXI,

RATHERFORD' STORY

"May I go in?"

"Just a minute—let me see if she is awake."

This brief dialogue took place between David Rutherford and a nurse in a Los Angeles hospital. The nurse disappeared and after a few seconds returned and informed David that he might enter the room. David entered and approached the bed on which Elsie was lying, propped by two big pillows.

"Elsie, dear, how do you feel? You look much better to-day. Tell me you feel better!"

"I do, David—I feel much better."

"I brought you here in an unconscious state. You were unconscious for nearly a week—indeed, this is the first time that you have seemed just right to me."

"I have never felt just right until to-day—but I have always felt your presence when you came."

"Could you recognize me?"

"Yes, often, David—and I felt that your strong arms were protecting me from all the evils on earth—though I know I do not deserve it."

"You are the only one in my life who deserves everything from me, Sweetheart—but I haven't done anything extraordinary. As an honourable man I would have done the same thing for any other girl."

"I know it, David! You are a man—a real man—and I am proud of you," and Elsie blushed as she spoke.

"I could never have forgiven myself if I had failed to rescue you," said David.

"Oh, David, I never thought you

would come ; I did not see how you could come though I always felt that that terrible thing could not happen."

"Just as I reached the place" went on David, "I heard you utter my name."

"Surely I did—I have no one on earth but you ! You are my only friend—though I am not worthy David, I am not worthy !"

David's eyes shone. At last she knew, at last she understood ! With all his heart he loved her and would have risked anything to gain her affection.

"My dear little girl, do not speak like that—it may bring you unpleasant thoughts."

"Dearest David," she whispered, "won't you tell me how you came here and how you found out about—all of it ?"

"Fate brought me here," smiled David, "and fate is responsible for my having discovered you. It took me about two months to fight for the high school appropriation and the wind mill tax—and we won everything. During my stay in Olympia I expected a letter from you but the days passed and no letter came. I was so busy that I really had no time to write you. Of course I might have found time to drop you a card—but then, I thought it might be better to leave you alone. I doubted, a little—just a little if you loved me and I feared to hurt you."

"Oh, David, forget that, please, if

you can ! Oh, how I have treated you !"

"If you sob like that, Elsie I cannot go on with my story. This will bring back the nervous spell, and I might have to leave you."

"Please go on with the story, David. I'll not cry any more." She wiped her eyes and tried to appear calm.

"After about two months," continued David, "I returned to Brownsville in triumph and received a hearty reception from the people. To my surprise I found your door locked and the house vacant. How could I enjoy the praise of the people until I knew what had become of you ? The only person in town who could give me any information was Daddy Mudham. I hurried to his home and found that he had left town for a few days ; I asked Mrs. Mudham about you but she couldn't give me a satisfactory answer. Then I thought of Mrs.—what's her name ?"

"Mrs. Smalley ?"

"Yes, Mrs. Smalley. I saw her and she told me that you'd sold all your property excepting the little house and had gone to live with your aunt. Of course I was surprised for I never knew that you had an aunt. Then I figured that you might have an aunt of whom I never heard."

"That was a base trick, David, which I used to induce Daddy to sell my property for me. Oh, I am sorry — I am sorry !"

"Repent nothing, little girl. We all have to go through the forge of life to get wisdom. Mrs. Smalley told me that your aunt lived in Chicago and that she was sending you to college. Of course I was delighted to hear that but I was naturally despondent because I could not learn the address of your aunt. Every day I kept on thinking that you'd let me know about yourself, even if you did not write to me directly. Surely I thought, you would write to Daddy. But you never did. I became anxious and worried but I hardly know how to go about a search. In an attempt to take my mind somewhat away from the constant misery, I pursued my work on the new invention and within a few days I discovered the new trick that will, to a great extent, revolutionize motion picture photography. However, I wasn't very happy about the discovery because you were not there to know about it and to congratulate me. Everybody advised me to go to Los Angeles and show my invention to a big picture firm."

"Weren't you afraid that they might steal your trick?"

"Not a bit, little girl! I knew that not everyone can even understand the trick, much less do it themselves, even after having been shown the manner in which it is done. The secret of the invention lies back in the manipulation of the camera. It lies

largely in the knowledge of the chemical combinations that go toward securing the right effects. To be able to do this trick one must understand architectural drawing, must know mathematics and must understand the effects of colours upon the screen. The idea is to give a realistic effect of an architectural structure without building a set. This can be done merely from the photographs. I can produce any building from any part of the world on the screen without even going to that country or building a set. And after I've produced it, very few persons could tell the difference. In some respects it gives even better effects than 'shooting' the real thing."

"That's wonderful!" exclaimed Elsie. "It'll save worlds of money in the taking of foreign pictures!"

David smiled. "I guess so," he said. "Already I have signed a contract with the Versatile Company for five years at a hundred dollars a week and a five per cent bonus on every picture. They are going to advertise that the picture are taken in foreign countries. Some trick, that—but I suppose what the audience doesn't know doesn't hurt anybody. It's all illusion, any way. But I'm getting away from the subject. I need not tell you that success did not mean much to me about that time. I was thinking of you, all the time and all time, you! After having signed the contract I

returned home, still thinking of you. It was hard to think that I could not have you near me in that hour of triumph. Without you the happiest moments of my life became the saddest moments—or, rather, the time that might have been the happiest was a time of misery to me. I went out to spend an hour in a picture show, it was on Bombay and the future was a western drama. The picture began to run but I could not become interested until something happened that woke me up. I saw you on the screen! Before I thought what I was doing I screened out. "That's Elsie!" I know that several people around me imagined I was crazy, but I wasn't caring what people thought. I could not believe my eyes. How could it be you? I waited to see the whole picture over again and the next time you came on the screen I was convinced. I was sure it was you though I could not imagine how it happened. I took down the name of the producer as well as the name of the producing company. The first thing next morning I went to the studio and met the assistant of the man who had directed the picture. "Oh yes", he told me, 'I think we did have a country girl here for awhile named Elsie somebody. I don't know what she's doing now but here she and a fellow by the name of Degal have started a company of their own'. That's all he could tell me. The director had not arrived. I stood there

thinking when suddenly I heard a woman's voice behind me. I turned and looked at her. She was old beyond her years and her face showed the marks of dissipation, yet there was character in the face and the light of kindness in her eyes.

"I heard you were inquiring about a girl named Elsie Smith," said the woman."

"Yes, ma'm," I answered, 'I am searching for her.'

"Is she a relative of yours?" she asked, looking me up and down.

"A very close and dear relative," I replied. 'Do you know her?'

"Well not personally, no, but I've heard about her because she was the talk of the studio for awhile."

"Then you don't know where she lives?" I asked.

"No sir, but may be I can give you some information about her. That's why I asked if she were a relative of yours. Unless you are really in earnest about helping her I don't care to give you the information—because it wouldn't do any good."

"For God's sake," I said, 'if you know anything, tell me quickly! I am ready to sacrifice my life for her sake! Don't keep me in suspense! Tell me quickly!'

"Perhaps there is still time to save her," she replied.

"She is the victim of a dirty plot that is, if the men have succeeded in

carrying out the plans they made under the orange tree. They thought they were alone and talked freely of their plans but I was resting under a tree near by and overheard their conversation. As they were leaving the place they discovered me but they thought I was asleep and that I had heard nothing'. Then she told me all about the plot she had overheard. I pressed a gold coin in her hand and went at once to the Boston Louvre. You were not there ! I got your home address from them and ran to your apartment house. The landlady told me you had just left town with a picture company. In a second I realised the whole situation. I hadn't a minute to spare, but how was I to start ? I was a stranger in the town and I knew nothing about the roads to Mexicali. Besides I couldn't drive a car. I didn't want to wait for a train if I could help it, having no idea of the distance between Los Angeles and the Mexican city. I could have informed the police but that might have done no good—most probably it wouldn't, for those police are a sleepy bunch. I decided to act myself. I determined to rescue you and I went to work with a prayer in my heart. I went to the studio and saw the manager who had employed me and who was the only man with whom I had really become acquainted. I told him the story and and he was deeply touched.

"That business has got to be

stopped ! he exclaimed. 'This isn't the first time we've had trouble of that kind. I'm going to clean out this studio and send those scoundrels to where they belong if it takes me a year to do it ! The best thing we can do, Mr. Rutherford, is to follow the scoundrel in a high-power car and I'll lend it to you. Moreover, you can have my best driver. Wait a minute !'

"He telephoned to the man who had charge of the cars and asked him to make the big car ready for a long, speedy journey. Then he turned to me and said, 'Mr. Rutherford, my secretary will go with you. I am going now to get a letter from the Mayor to the American consul at Mexicali—then it will be easier to capture the scoundrel, with the aid of the police down there ;' He telephoned to the Mayor who gladly gave us the required letter, sending it to us by a messenger boy. Then we started for Mexicali, taking the Valley road, which was pretty rough in some places—but with our high-power car we made the border in good time. At the boundary line we found out that just a little while previous your car had passed that way. From the description given us by the custom officials we felt sure that your car had gone into Mexicali. When our car reached the little Mexican town I asked the secretary to look up the consul and to get the aid of the police. Then I went into the dens to try to get a clue as to your where-

abouts. Then it was that I heard your voice and broke into that room. I engaged the scoundrel in fight, but would have lost you if the police had not arrived in time to save us from Merino. Both Degal and Merino are now in jail."

"Oh, David, forgive me!" broke out Elsie. "How I tried to misunderstand you and your feelings toward me!" Her eyes filled with tears but David touched her gently on the cheek and said, "There, little girl, don't cry! It's all over now! Don't cry—you hurt me! You did not misunderstand me or you would never have called upon me in the hour of danger!"

"David," she went on, "though I am not worthy of you—though I lied to you and cheated you—David, I—want—No,—I can't ask you—I can't!

I have mistreated you, I have trampled upon you!" She started to sob violently.

"Don't do that, Sweetheart! You hurt yourself as well as me by crying like that. Elsie, can't you see that I love you more than my life? I love life, but life's not worth while unless we have something better than life. Life can be sacrificed easily for a good cause—but it's hard to sacrifice one who has no equal in the eyes of the man who esteems her."

"David, forgive me, forgive me! Love me, marry me!"

"Elsie, there is nothing to forgive. This experience was necessary for our union." He placed his arms around her and imprinted upon her lips the kiss that forever binds in perfect union the hearts of a strong man and virtuous woman.

CHAPTER XXII

A WEIRD REVELATION.

"Well, David, the big question is: Where are we going on our honeymoon?"

"Anywhere you want to go, Sweetheart!"

"How about little old Brownsville?" she smiled.

"Well," he smiled, "I don't see how we could beat it. Let's see, now,

You know I am bound in contract to my firm. I have to find out from my director when he intends to shoot. They don't need me until they start shooting."

"Oh no, dear, don't ask that—the director might not like it or not? I don't need them as much as they need me now, thank Heaven: They've

already advertised that they've sent a company to the Orient to take Oriental pictures. Without me they can't crank unless they spend millions of dollars to build the sets—which they won't."

"Don't be too independent at the beginning, dear. You must make your name first and then you can do as you please. Be very careful. These directors will always try to make their own names at the expense of your genius."

"You're right, Sweetheart, but the manager of the company is very well satisfied with me and he is a graduate of the State College of Washington. You know that is my Alma Mater, too. He treats me like an old friend."

"Then you have a little pull, too, dear?"

"If you call it 'pull,' yes—but we didn't know that until I went to get aid for your rescue."

"Oh, I didn't mean anything wrong, dear!"

"Of course not. I only wanted to tell you, though. Well, I guess I'll go and see the director anyway. I'd like to take a trip to Brownsville before getting busy with the work—just to give the folks up there a surprise. All of our friends are anxious to learn of your whereabouts. They'll be so glad to see us married for you know they love us both." He kissed her and left the room, which was in fashionable apartment house on Grand avenue.

David went directly to the studio and met the director. Good morning, Walter. When do you intend to shoot?" "I don't know yet, David."

"If there is to be any delay about the shooting I'd like to take a trip to my home town to settle up a little urgent business."

"Well, I guess you can do that. I won't shoot for at least two weeks yet. I have to make all the costumes ready and I'm going over the scenario because I don't like the continuity in its present form. The man who wrote it doesn't know a darn thing about the Orient, and I want the picture right, so I'm going all over it with an Oriental—who knows the East and knows it well."

"Then I'll leave to-night. I'll not be gone more than two weeks and I may be back in ten days. Should I see the manager?"

"It isn't necessary. You're perfectly safe in going. I'll not need you for three or four weeks."

"Much obliged, Walter."

"That's all right, David."

David returned to his apartment where he found a very palatable dinner awaiting him. Elsie knew Rutherford's tastes and she had prepared several of David's favourite dishes as a surprise for him.

"Oh, Elsie, dear, didn't I tell you not to bother yourself about cooking?"

"Yes, dear, but I have nothing else to do."

"But I don't want you to kill yourself working."

"Preparing good dishes for you David! Do you call that work? Why dear, that's only my duty as a good housewife and it will not only not kill me but it will make me very happy! Besides, I'm well able to work. Please let me help, David, as your mate! I don't want to be merely a decoration in our home but to help make you happy—as you make me!" She blushed prettily.

"That's true, dear—but I thought you were not fully recovered from the shock." As put his arm around her bent his head above her and as she looked up, their lips met in an affectionate kiss,

"Let us finish eating, dearie, because we must get busy packing. We are leaving for Brownville to-night."

They finished their repast as quickly as possible and packed the suitcases. They did not care to take a trunk on so short a journey.

That night they took train for Brownville. From Seattle, on the same car with them, and in a seat just across from them, sat a woman of about forty-five years of age. Though advanced in age her beauty had not vanished but had rather increased. Time had dealt lightly with her, although her face seemed full of a tender sorrow. Upon her face was such a venerable glow of child-like faith that the veriest scoundrel could not

have thought ill of her. After a good look at her no one would have hesitated to say that this woman, at Elsie's age, must have been a perfect double of the girl. It was this strange fact that attracted the attention of Elsie and David. Elsie had a strange feeling toward the woman and became anxious to speak to her, although she did not know just how to approach her. The woman was alone and, so far, had not spoken to any one on the car. At Spokane Junction, where they changed cars for Brownville, the bride and groom noticed that the woman was also bound for their home town. Elsie and Rutherford were brought up in Brownville and knew practically everybody in the village but they could not recollect ever having seen this woman, so they concluded that she must be a stranger—perhaps a relative of some one in Brownville. From her method of dressing they also concluded that she was an easterner. Her dress was plain but gave evidence of good taste. When the train arrived at Brownville only three passengers got off—Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford and the mysterious woman. As they stood on the platform a minute, watching the train move out, the woman approached Rutherford and asked, somewhat timidly, "I beg your pardon, sir, but could you direct me to a hotel?"

"With pleasure, Madam! To be frank with you, we have only one

hotel in this town and, while it may not be very up-to-date, according to your way of thinking, it is at least fairly comfortable and eminently respectable."

"Thank you kindly, sir," she returned, smiling, "anything that is good enough for these people is good enough for me. Will you please direct me to this hotel?"

"We are going that way, Madam and will be glad to have the pleasure of your company that far."

The three started toward the heart of the town. The woman, looking keenly at Elsie as though trying to see behind the curtain of her own past, asked politely. "May I enquire if you are man and wife?"

"Yes, Madam, this is my sweet little wife—Mrs. Rutherford. We were only recently married," replied David with pride in his voice.

"You are quite a stranger in this part of the country?" asked Elsie.

"Not exactly, Madam. I was born and brought up in this part of the country, though not in this village."

"You are visiting friends and relatives?"

"Yes, Madam, I am in—"

David, who had not been paying much attention to the conversation between Elsie and the woman, but whose eyes were fixed ahead, suddenly broke out: "Here is your hotel, Madam."

"Thank you so much, sir. I am

glad to have met you both. We may meet again. It's a small world, you know."

"I do hope so," said Elsie. "Aren't you going to stop here for awhile?"

"That depends," replied their new-found friend. "Good bye and thank you both." She entered the hotel and David and Elsie continued their walk toward Elsie's old home.

"Dearie, will you promise me something?" whispered David.

"I will promise anything you want—and keep my promise, too," she answered, blushing.

"Then promise that you will never utter a word about what happened in Los Angeles—and in the other place."

"I promise, dear—I won't."

It did not take long for the news of the happy couple's arrival to spread throughout the village. The announcement was in that afternoon's paper. Next morning early, Rutherford was out visiting friends while Elsie busied herself in unpacking a few articles which she knew she would need during the course of her stay in the old home. Another reason she remained at home, instead of going out with David, was because she wanted to get a good look at the old place because of its association with her beloved. Suddenly the door bell rang and, to Elsie's glad surprise, she found the mysterious woman of the day before, standing on the thresh-hold. The stranger seemed as surprised to see

Elise as the latter was to see her.

"Excuse me—do you live here, Mrs.—"

"Mrs. Rutherford—it's a little hard to remember," smiled Elsie. "Won't you come in?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Rutherford," she replied, glancing keenly at Elsie as she entered the room. "Have a seat—no, take this rocker, it is more comfortable."

Taking a seat on the rocking chair the stranger looked at Elsie a moment and then said, "Mrs. Rutherford, I was told by a person that this is the house where the late Jonathan Smith lived. Is that true?"

"Yes, Madam, this was his house—and I am his daughter."

"I thought he was a bachelor?" said the woman.

"That is true, Madam. I am only his adopted daughter but I never think of him as my foster father because he was so good to me—and I loved him so!"

The eyes of the mysterious woman filled with tears which began roll down her pale cheeks. She reached out her trembling arms and, embracing Elsie, exclaimed in a sobbing voice, "Oh, my daughter!"

Elsie was too confused to speak. She had never thought of seeing her and all her affections had been for Mrs. Pratt and Jonathon Smith, her foster father. The girl wept quietly while the old woman continued: "My daughter, my daughter! I've been

craving to see you for oh, so many years! At last I have found you! Don't let me be separated from you any more! I'll stay with you as your maid, if necessary!"

"Mother! I never knew that my mother lived! After death of my aunt, who was really a tender mother to me, I was very unhappy and craved for a mother's care and love. Now providence has heard my prayers and has sent my real mother to me! You are going to stay with me and take the place of my dearest aunt!"

The words seemed to sting the woman to the heart. It was hard to feel that she was "taking the place" of the girl's aunt. "And yet," she reflected, "I have no right to call her my daughter. I couldn't rear her with the motherly love she needed so much though I have prayed for her and worried about her and saved every penny that I might be able to come to her!" Aloud she said, "My darling little girl, I shall do all I can to make you happy. Try to love me, try to love me!"

"I do love you!" responded Elsie affectionately, "and I shall love you better as the days go by."

"Let me help you, dear—what are you doing here?"

Elsie explained and the woman, still trembling for very joy, began to help the girl to unpack certain articles from the suit-cases and to pack certain

other articles which Elsie intended to take with her to Los Angeles. Elsie showed her mother different photographs of the family and her own pictures, taken at different stages of life. Then her mother began to turn the pages of an old album which she carried under her arm and which she now took from a near by table. Presently she came to the picture of a handsome young man and pointing to it, said, "That is your father, little daughter."

Elsie took one glance at the photograph, turned pale and fainted. At the bottom of the picture was written, "Yours forever, Bloomfield McBride." But the picture was that of Degal!

When Elsie recovered consciousness her mother took her by the hand and asked gently, "Why did the picture of your father shock you so little girlie?"

"Elsie bit her lip, "Oh, mother, I don't know—I don't know! But let's not speak of him! He—is—dead."

APILOGUE.

About a year after the marriage of Elsie and David a man sat on the "extra" bench at the Versatile studio, reading a book. A fellow "extra" approached him and asked, "What are you reading, Jim?"

"Oh, a little book of poems."

"By whom?"

"By Elsie Smith—remember her?"

"Never heard of her."

"She was in the studio for awhile, working as an extra. She was the girl who started a company with Degal."

"You don't mean that country girl?"

"I mean that country girl."

"I never thought she was educated enough to write poems."

"She was a lady, Hal, and had a very good education. I knew her personally. She presented me this copy of her book. She married Rutherford, the trick cameraman who will start to directing his own pictures next month. She told me that she had no intention of publishing these poems. In fact she did not think them worth while. She wrote them after the death of her aunt only to give vent to her feelings.

But her husband thought the verses were good and he sent them to a publisher who accepted them. I understand they're receiving a good deal of favourable comment at the hands of the critics."

"Are they any good? What do you think of them?"

"They are real poems. I believe they'll be the talk of the literary world in less than six months."

The other man turned his head aside and whistled softly. "Well, I'll be damned!" he muttered.

FINIS.





The fulfilment of a vow.

BY

Probhat Kumar Mukherjee, Barrister-at-Law.

Bhabatosh was studying English at the College, it was true, but he did so much against his inclination. He had no belief in English education. In his opinion the study of English had been the ruin of the country. The Hindu sentiment was gradually disappearing, evil habits increasing and there was no means of reviving the happy days of old. Such was the constant complaint of Bhabatosh. His people obliged him to study English, else he would have preferred to attend a Sanskrit School at Navadwip or elsewhere. Still, even if he must study English, none the less was he able to pursue his own ideas in thought and in practice.

Bhabatosh, living in a Calcutta hostel or "mess-house" was pursuing his studies, when suddenly he awoke to the fact that the *Durga Puja* holidays were at hand. So he bought new apparel for the home, packed his box and set out for his village, which was at no great distance from the city.

The *Puja* was over, the day of full moon had come. At dawn the mother of Bhabatosh, a widow, went to bathe in the Ganges. The *ghat* lay a little distance from the village. A number of women from the adjoining villages thronged its steps that morning. The mother of Bhabatosh, as she came up from the stream, saw an old friend of

her girlhood, the wife of Upendra Babu.

Greeting each other, the friends exchanged the usual enquiries, and then Upendra Babu's wife asked—"Is Bhabatosh at home?"

"He came, but his holiday, is over and he will be returning to Calcutta."

Upendra Babu had a pretty little daughter, thirteen years old, named Pulina. She was unmarried.

Upendra Babu's wife said—"Sister, would it not be well if my Pulina and your Bhabatosh were to marry?"

The widow answered—"That has been my wish also this long time, sister;—but my son does not wish to marry. What can I do? How often have I tried to arrange a marriage for him and it has always fallen through."

"Well, try once more. Your son is grown, and if he marries you will have much happiness. Why won't he

"I will see. If he agrees, the wedding can take place in February."

When the widow reached her home Bhabatosh was sitting in his room reading a newspaper. His mother said—"Come to the inner apartments, I want to speak to you."

Laying aside the paper Bhabatosh very slowly followed his mother. Taking him to her own room the mother said—"Son, I have arranged a marriage for you. You are my eldest son. I have long wished for a daughter-in-law. Fulfil my desire."

As I have intimated, Bhabatosh was extremely averse to marriage—not though for the reasons an Englishman would have had. Not because it was unsuitable to marry while still a student, or because his means were insufficient. His objection was of another kind and based upon the *shastras* too. He had heard (and even read in the newspapers) that the brides of the present generation no longer resemble the modest Hindu bride of former days, but are coquettes and fond of dress, that they do not worship their husbands as enjoined by the sacred writings, but are anxious to associate with them on terms of equality. Yet how could the unlucky man oppose his widowed mother's entreaties? He did not desire to incur the sin of neglecting his mother's repeated requests. So he had resolved that should she again urge the matter, he would consent, but he would be careful to select a bride according to his own ideal.

That Bhabatosh had independent ideas on this subject was well known to his comrades in the hostel. When the youths gathered nightly on the roof after their evening meal, this was a standing subject of discussion with them as they smoked their cigarettes of various sorts. How often had Bhabatosh said—"When I marry, if I do marry, I will take a dark ugly girl as my wife. The nice-looking girls are all full of vanity. They do not

reverence their husband's parents, nor do they look up to the husband himself. Instead of being dutiful wives they are frivolous, besides that they are dressy and full of airs. Considering themselves 'beauties,' they think of nothing but how to set off their charms. They must have European soaps, scent, powder, Parsi *saris* and chemises, while the poor wretch of a husband must pay the bills. Then, I will not marry an educated girl. They only read novels (some even write them) and play cards, or spend the day writing love poems to their husbands. The house work is neglected, they have no time for their devotions, the children are left screaming on the floor, &c. &c." After listening to talk of this kind, some of the lads would say—"Very good Bhabatosh Babu! When the time comes we shall see how you act. Many talk in this way. There is a great difference between speech and action."

Inflamed by these doubts, Bhabatosh would reply—"Yes, you shall see gentlemen, you shall see. With me speech and action are one."

So when his mother repeated her urgings, Bhabatosh, consenting, said—"Very well, mother, I will marry. but I wish to choose my bride."

The mother was delighted. "You wish to see your bride before you take her? Very good. There is a charming, beautiful girl I know of, just thirteen."

Startled, Bhabatosh said—"Is she

so beautiful?" "Very."—the mother said.—"Her face is like that of the goddess Durga, the same nose, the same eyes, the same fine brows, with a complexion like a rose."

Bhabatosh said slowly and gravely—"I will not marry such a girl as that, mother."

"Why not?"—exclaimed the mother in astonishment. "What is the matter?"

"I will not marry a beautiful girl."

"Then, what sort of girl will you marry?"

"I will marry a dark ugly girl." Bhabatosh was firm as rock.

The mother was even more astonished. "Foolish boy! Every one desires a pretty wife; and one is not so easily to be had"—she observed.

"Let them then. I will make a different marriage." As he spoke his face became irradiated by self-glorification. Was he one of the crowd? Should he, like all the rest, marry only from desire?

Seeing his mother a little dejected, Bhabatosh opened his mind to her. He showed how impossible it was for a beautiful girl to become a model Hindu wife. Finally he said his resolve was firm, unshakable—immovable.

His mother troubled him no more that day. The vacation ending, he returned to Calcutta.

II

A few days later the wife of Upendra Banerji came in a palanquin to visit the mother of Bhabatosh. After the first greetings the wife of Upendra Babu said—"Sister, was Bhabatosh agreeable?"

"He is ready to marry, but he has strange ideas in his head."

"What sort of ideas?"

"First, he said he must see the girl before consenting. I said that would be very good. I could procure his seeing a beautiful girl, in every way suitable. Then he said he would not marry a beauty, but desired a dark ugly girl for a wife."

Upen Babu's wife was astonished. "I never heard of a fancy so unnatural"—she said. "Why does he show such a strange humour?"

The mother then gave to her friend the reasons Bhabatosh had explained to herself. After some reflection Upen Babu's wife said—"I will ask you to do one little thing, sister. Write to Bhabatosh to come this Saturday. Tell him you have found a girl that you think will suit and ask him to come and see her. When he is here, send him to our house on Sunday afternoon. I will arrange everything."

The mother consented, as she thought—"Upendra Babu's wife fancies that if Bhabatosh only sees Pulina, he will be unable to resist marrying

her and that would be no marvel, for the girl is indeed lovely."

Bhabatosh came home on the Saturday. The next afternoon he set out in bullock carriage, his hair in glorious disorder, (because the ancient Hindu sages did not dress their hair), for the village where the Banerjis lived.

On arrival he heard that Upen Babu was away on business. A young man received him courteously and took him to the reception room. This youth was a nephew of Upendra Babu. After a while a maid-servant informed them that they were to go to the inner apartments. The maid, looking at Bhabatosh, smiled mischievously.

The two young men went in, the visitor having the impression that all the servants were laughing secretly. Bhabatosh was taken to a room very well arranged. In the middle a seat had been placed before which stood silver trays containing sweetmeats and fruit. A little further off, another seat had been placed. Complying with the request of his young host, Bhabatosh sat down to partake of the refreshments. At this moment there was a sound of the jingling of anklets outside, and a maid entered, bringing in a girl who, taking the other seat, gazed around her with looks full of curiosity.

Bhabatosh eat of the fruit slowly, casting side glances at the girl. She wore a Bombay *sari* of a purple colour. Her head was uncovered, her hair dressed with a liberal supply of oil. The girl was blacker than ink, her small eyes sunk in their sockets glanced perpetually around, her forehead was high, the chin scarcely existed, her front teeth were much too prominent. Bhabatosh thought, this girl would make him a pattern wife. Clearing his throat and summoning up his courage he asked—"What is your name?"

The girl looking suddenly at the speaker and showing the tip of her tongue, said—"What?"

"What is your name?"

"My name is Jagadamba" (a name as out of date as Griselda or Lavinia.)

Thereupon the young host and the maid-servant cast angry looks at the girl, who immediately added—"My name is Pulina" (a name as modern as the other was ancient.)

The youth said—"Formerly her name was Jagadamba, but now she is called Pulina."

Bhabatosh thought—"The change is not for the better. Pulina! Jagadamba sounds far better; it is a *Puranic* name used by the ancient priests. If I marry her, that name shall be re-instated." He then asked aloud—"Do you read?"

As before the girl put out the tip of her tongue and said—"What?"

"Do you read?"

"I don't read at all. My brother "

The maid-servant and the youth again shooting angry glances at her, the girl desisted. Bhabatosh was even more pleased. This was just the very thing. There was every chance of his making of her a real Hindu house-mistress. She was not much to look at; but then that exactly was his vow. When the wedding was arranged he would invite his mess-mates to witness it. Aloud he said—"Well, you can go now."

Again the girl said—"What?"—displaying the end of her tongue.

"You can go."

The maid-servant took her away. Bhabatosh had finished his lunch. At this moment a girl of thirteen brought spices in a silver dish. She was a lovely child. She wore a white country *sari* bordered black. She had four anklets on her feet. On her wrists she wore bracelets of gold. Putting down the spices she went away. As she went with averted looks she lay a little smile escape her lips.

Bhabatosh thought to himself—"There is a beautiful girl. If I were to marry her, now should I be safe? My life-long ideals would sink to the bottom of the sea." His mind was

quite up lifted with self-glorification over the fulfilment of his vow.

The youth took Bhabatosh to the outer apartments. The maid-servant,

laughing a little, said—"The ladies of the house are asking if you approve of the bride."

"I do"—replied Bhabatosh with much dignity.

III

On his way back home Bhabatosh reviewed the events of the afternoon. His way led him through the village where numbers of girls were returning to their homes bearing pots filled with water. He considered their faces rather carefully as they passed. There were pretty ones among them and many plain faces, but not one of them was so ugly as Jagadamba.

The carriage approached the fields, and now his mind was filled with pride in his victory over himself. Yet he felt his chosen bride need not have been quite so ugly. But since his choice was made, what was the use of such reflections? At this point he reached home. His mother said—"Well, do you approve of the maiden?"

"Yes mother, I do."

"Then shall I settle the matter?"

"Please."

"Shall it be early in February?"

"It may as well,"—and Bhabatosh betook himself elsewhere. The mother observed that the youth's mind was somewhat heavy. She imagined that

though pleased at his choice, he was rather ashamed to have made it after so many vows that he would not marry a beauty.

Bhabatosh took no supper that night, declaring that he had no appetite.

The triumph in his mind over his self conquest and the fulfilment of his vow began to abate. As often as Jagadamba's face arose before his mind, his heart grew cold within him. He began to think that ugly as she was, it would not have been so bad had she shown some signs of intellect.

On Monday early, Bhabatosh took train for Calcutta, his mother having remarked that there were only ten days to the wedding and that he must come home two days before the event.

At the mess-house his comrades observed that his countenance was clouded. He went to his own room and sat down. One after another came to him with greeting and the question—"What news have you for us?"—

Before setting out for his home Bhabatosh had told them all what was a-foot.

With an embarrassed laugh Bhabatosh answered—"The news is good." Then they questioned him as to the girl's appearance, her accomplishments, her age. Suddenly one of them said—"What is her name?" Bhabatosh gave it.

At the sound of it something of a smile appeared on every face. One only, losing control over himself, laughed out—"Ha ! ha ! ha ! Jagadamba ! he ! he ! he ! A fine name that, isn't it ?"

Sarat Babu said—"Why do you laugh, Nripendra Babu ?"

"I was not laughing, he ! he ! he ! Why should I laugh ? ha ! ha !"

Rajani Babu said—"What is the matter with the name ? It is a classical name. In the present day you all select fancy names from the stage plays Sarasibala, Jyotirmayi, Tarulata, &c., &c."

Bhabatosh shook his head gravely at these words. His former enthusiasm on these points was now much lessened.

There were but nine days left to the wedding. He knows how they passed with him. His comrades also knew something of it. The more Bhabatosh thought of Jagadamba, the more his heart was oppressed. He attended College but took in nothing of the lectures. He had been distinguished in the mess-house for his

appetite, but now half his meal was left upon his plate. He joined with none in merry converse ! he was always absent minded. The comrades began to chaff him, saying—"Bhabatosh Babu, you show every sign of having been smitten by the shaft of Cupid."

Lying on his couch at night, Bhabatosh could scarcely sleep,—he could only toss from side to side. When at length sleep came, it was filled with terrible dreams. In one dream he saw Jagadamba wearing the hideous face of the idol Kali. The little that he could see of her tongue now seemed to be fully protruding. It seemed as if she had grown an extra pair of arms. In one hand she held a blood-smeared sword, in the other a severed head, which seemed to be that of Bhabatosh himself. In another dream he seemed to have lost himself in a thorny jungle. As he was anxiously seeking a path out of it, a she-buffalo came up and tried to rush at him. The brute was wearing a Bombay *sari* of the people colour. Her face was that of Jagadamba, only that she had two horns.

When there was but three days to the wedding, Bhabatosh thought he would write to his mother and stop the

That day he did not go to College. He sat alone all day in his room writing and tearing up letter after letter. What would his comrades say when they should hear the marriage was broken off ? How would

he be able to endure their jeers and their banter ?

That night as he lay on his bed, he resolved that without a word to any one he would go off to the Western Provinces. He got up, lit his lamp, and turned over the leaves of the time table. But at dawn his mood again changed. What ? Should he after making all this fuss incur the name of a coward ? That should never be. He would fulfil his vow, whatever may his lot be afterwards.

At the appointed time he went home and in due course entered the wedding booth. The assembly, the lights, the noise raised his spirits after the previous ten days. In the hour of battle, even the most timid soldier loses his fears.

The wedding began, but his heart was callous :—neither fear nor anxiety, hope nor despair possessed him.

Gradually the time came for up-lifting of the bride's veil. To ensure good fortune, a cloth was thrown over the heads of groom and bride. On glancing at the bride's face, Bhabatosh was filled with astonishment. She was not the ogress of the last ten days. She

was not the hideous Jagadamba of his dreams, but the lovely maiden who had served him with spices in a silver dish,

* * * * *

On the night of the "Flower Decoration" Bhabatosh strove to make his newly-wedded wife converse. For a little while he was without success. Then Bhabatosh had recourse to a stratagem. He thought, perhaps if she heard her own people found fault with, she might defend them. So he said—"Why did your mother play me this trick ?"

"Had you not said that because I was good-looking, you would not marry me ? It served you right."

Hitherto Bhabatosh had been unable to solve this problem. He now said—"What girl was it that I saw ?"

"She was the daughter of the village oilman. It served you right."

* * * * *

And there even came a day when, before the post was quite due, Bhabatosh would be standing in the street at the door of the "mess-house" to take his letters from the Postman



Have mercy, O Rudha !

— K. C. —

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Birth Control.

Margaret Sanger, President of the American Birth Control League, writes to the Press :—

"Mahatma Gandhi, the great leader of India has recently given public utterance, in the columns of "Young India, to his opinion concerning "artificial" methods of Birth Control. "There can be no two opinions about the necessity for Birth Control," writes Mahatmaji, "but the only method handed down from ages past is self-control or 'Brahmacharya'. It is an infallible sovereign remedy doing good to those who practise it. And medical men will earn the gratitude of mankind, if instead of advising artificial means of Birth Control, they will find out the means of self-control. The union is not meant for pleasure but for bringing forth progeny. And union is a crime when the desire for progeny is absent." Self-control, austere unrelenting asceticism is in brief in the ethics of Mahatma Gandhi the only noble and straight method of Birth Control."

Coming as it does from the great spiritual leader of India, this expression of opinion is a welcome one. It has stimulated the liveliest discussion in the Indian press; and has brought forth a number of emphatic and clearly expressed refutations of the ascetic philosophy of life embodied in Gandhi's brief expression, as well as some spirited defence, of contraception. The most vigorous opponent of Gandhi's views has been Professor R. D. Karve, who contributed three letters to the "Indian Social Reformer" of Bombay. Professor Karve says, in part :

"Thousands of years people have been preaching, the Mahatma's remedy, Self-Control. Only it is impracticable for ordinary human beings such as found outside the Mahatma's Utopia. And it is with these we have to deal every day."

Another splendid refutation of Gandhi's advocacy of abstinence as the only "noble and straight" method of Birth Control is found in "Welfare," a monthly magazine published in Calcutta. The conclusion is well-worth quoting: "Knowledge should not of necessity turn men into animals. We know that all doctors could be poisoners, chemists, murderers, "sanyasis" scoundrels, if they so desired. But human desires are so trained that few men love to be criminals or sinners. The ideals of married life are various and if all people were taught to think in the right way, there should be no apprehension of their leading a purely animal life, just because they could do so without having children. Mahatma Gandhi does not show much faith in human nature by his fears."

These comments by Mahatma Gandhi's compatriots indicate the vitality of the idea of Birth Control in the Orient and presage the advent of a new era of enlightenment in that prostrate domain. We are happy indeed that despite his hesitation and extreme reluctance, Mahatma Gandhi was induced to express publicly his disapproval of artificial methods of contraception—although we might not impudently ask if any method is more artificial, more contrary to the laws of human

nature than a self-imposed "self-control" which instead of leading one through the threshold of life onward toward an understanding of its meaning and beauty, would prevent the exponent of abstinence from even understanding its deeper rhythm, and condemn him to endless torment, in discord with the cosmic rhythm and in eternal conflict with the surge of his deepest desires.

This thoughtless utterance profoundly thoughtless, we are sorry to say—of India's great leader places him in the category of those traditional dogmatists and reactionary moralists for whom this world is irremediably a vale of tears and whose irresponsible "idealism" has indeed made it one. To Western minds, the influence of such leaders must be forever dysgenic. We are happy that our friends in India are so vigorously combatting it.

Life, we challenge these opponents, is neither an evil, a malady, not a disease to be avoided. Life is the supreme experience, into which we must unreservedly and joyfully plunge. Sexual expression is one of the most profoundly spiritual of all the avenues of human experience and Birth Control, the supreme "moral" instrument by which without injury to others nor to the future destinies of mankind on this earth, each individual is enabled to progress on the road of self-development and self-realization. Human salvation is not to be attained by a steady diet of the bitter fruit of renunciation. We are all seeking for "life more abundant."...Despite his worldwide renown, Gandhi's recent utterance seems to lack spiritual profundity or vision. Yet, we must express our thanks, since he has stimulated his young compatriots and ourselves as well to a new crystallization of our spiritual values.



The Late Sir Surendranath Banerjea

Unanimous Tribute By The Calcutta
And Provincial Press.

"Calcutta Weekly Notes"

Sir Surendranath Banerjea is dead. But the inspiration of his public utterances, the example of his life-work will live for ever to guide the future generations of India in the path of duty to their motherland and fellow beings. Like Rammohon Roy and Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar he was one of the makers of modern India. Each one of this immortal trio drew much enlightenment, culture and inspiration from what is best in modern civilization, blended them with what was best in our own and dedicated their lives to uplift their motherland to the high pedestal that she once occupied in the ancient world. Sir Surendranath's life is so crowded with events that it is impossible to give even a brief resume of it in our column. In the recently published reminiscences of his life which has been styled by his publishers "A Nation In Making," he has said very little about himself. It would take volumes to give an account of this nation-builder who made the political emancipation of his people the sole mission of his life. No man in India has worked so hard and worked so long and so selflessly and ceaselessly for the accomplishment of his ideals. On one side of his death-bed lay the plain silver watch which was the constant companion of his life-time and which had helped him to regulate every minute of his day's work in-

cluding the taking of periodic rest relaxation, recreation and meals for renovating him for further work all through his long and eventful career. His public career is too well-known to require recapitulation. Like Mazzini his dream from early life was to see India united by a common bond of nationalism. But as a keen student of English history and constitution he preferred the path of reformation to revolution. He honestly believed that if India made an united demand for Self-Government on Dominion lines, England would never be able to refuse the demand. He began his political career by promoting a unity movement all over India and the Indian National Congress furnished him with a congenial platform for popularizing his political ideals. His unity movement had to undergo the severest test during the Partition of Bengal and testified to the triumph of his lead and guidance after prolonged trial and severe ordeals lasting over seven long years. From 1905 to 1912 he brought about such unity in Bengal and the Partition which was repeatedly declared by the Executive in India and England alike to be a settled fact, was unsettled. The Reforms of 1919 were largely the fruits of his life-long labours. He used to regard it as a half-way house and he fully believed that the day we could do away with dissensions amongst ourselves we shall be masters in our house.

He has been much abused for having accepted the Ministry. But he was in honour bound to work out the Reforms which he had accepted as a provisional measure after prolonged negotiations. As a Minister, he made the District Boards and Municipalities autonomous bodies in Bengal. He gave the Calcutta Corporation a democratic constitution. He fought hard to do away with communal representation. He had his way in appointing an Indian for the first time as the Chairman of the Calcutta Corporation against stubborn official opposition. In the face of like opposition he gave a number of appointments in the medical department which were formerly the preserve of the I.M.S., recruited from England to well qualified Indian medical men and that proved to be as unqualified a success as the former. No body can lay charge against him of having job-bed any appointment of his gift. During the Chandpur cooly exodus he went out of his way to help the poor sufferers though such relief did not fall within the scope of his department. During north Bengal flood he trolied all over the worst affected parts in the burning sun in indifferent health which likewise was no concern of the department in his charge and went back to Darjeeling with high fever and broncho-pneumonia. After alighting from train in such a state of health he attended a Select Committee meeting on the Calcutta Municipal Bill and that prostrated him and shattered his health for good. He was all this time the victim of misinformed misrepresentation but he never complained. Work and duty in life was his religion. He used to say even before his closing days that he knew of none higher. In his retirement when his health had broken down it was his strength of mind and buoyant spirit that kept him up. His mind, intellect and memory were as keen as ever. Though his body had failed his

spirit and faith in the future was never wanting. He often used to say that he would like to live another ten years not to cling to life but to see the consummation of his life-work : to see India united once again and see her firmly established in the path of Self-Government. He often repeated to the visitors that if we closed in our ranks no earthly power could resist our just demands and he could not comprehend what good would come out of creating bad blood amongst ourselves and between us and England. He was however a robust optimist and believed that the present dissension and division amongst us was but a passing phase of our national life and that our people would soon be convinced that united we would rise and divided we would fall.

The closing chapter of his life when it comes to be written will reveal all that was sublime and beautiful in a man. All through life he has been a people's man. Be it in the Bengalee Office or in the Minister's Chamber in the Secretariat, be it in the days of dire adversity or of later prosperity the highest or the lowest the richest or the poorest were equally welcome to him. He would never turn away a man who had a grievance or a man who had suffered for his country. Leakat Hussain for instance, who knows neither English nor Bengalee and has during the last two decades led processions of boys and given expression to his thoughts and ideas in Urdu which the boys only imperfectly understood and who since the days of partition has been more than half a dozen times imprisoned or bound down for political offences, who has led a life of want and poverty and lived on precarious voluntary gifts, occupied always a soft corner in Surendranath's heart and he has assigned him a place of honour in his reminiscences. Surendranath's attire

and habits often brought on him the ridicule of his old bearer who predeceased him and he used to enjoy a hearty laugh over his ideas of propriety and impropriety. He used to crack joke at him or make fun of him when he wanted some diversion after hours of hard work and he never got reconciled to the loss of this devoted companion of his. While at his fund of fun and frolic he would however brook no disturbance from even the best of his relatives when he was at work. But when he wanted relaxation he would be jovial like a child and few men had keener sense of humour and could laugh more heartily. He never bore anybody any malice.

Popularity and fame came to him unsolicited because he devoted all his energy, talent, command over language power of expression and the rare qualities of head and heart with which God had endowed him in the service of his country and people. But he never hunted for it. Honesty and regard for truth were the guiding principles of his political career. He used to say that he would never knowingly give his people a wrong lead or mislead them and he would always say what he believed to be to their best interest even at the risk of getting unpopular. In his retirement he had freed himself from all passions, desire and vanities of life and had made up his mind to continue to work to the best of his powers for the fulfilment of the ideals of a life-time till his end came and he religiously kept to his determination till his strength failed him. As Rammohan Roy was the apostle of the spiritual and social emancipation of modern India so Surendranath was the apostle of India's political rebirth—he set her children on their

feet to march on in the path of modern ideals for taking an honoured place amongst the progressive nations of the world. The educated community of to-day may not be all followers of the faith founded by Rammohan Roy but who amongst them is there who would deny its potent influence in the enlightenment of our thoughts, ideals and culture. In the same sense Surendranath more than anybody else has been a maker of modern India in the last days of his peaceful life he never desired to have any hysteric or histrionic demonstration over his services to his motherland. He was in perfect peace of mind in the faith that he had done his duty to God and man and that it is through work (Karma) alone that a man as also a nation can attain salvation. Work to him was the sole **Dharma** of his life. He used to say that his ashes would float down the Ganges on the bank of which he lived and find their eternal resting place in the body of his dearly beloved motherland and his spirit would hereafter find its congenial home in the mind of his fellow-beings through which alone God reveals himself to mankind. On the evening of the 6th of August the eve of the inauguration of the Swadeshi movement 20 years ago his flaming funeral pile lit up the sky above and the brimful bed of the Ganges below adjoining his lovely garden and villa when the western sky was aglow with the rays of the setting sun. His mortal remains were then washed away by the rising tide and the smouldering embers of the funeral fire were quenched by a welcome shower and thus Mother Nature amidst a scene of sublime beauty and pathos dropped the curtain of nightfall on a great and glorious career.

The Calcutta Municipal Gazette

It is with deep and profound sorrow we record the death of Sir Surendranath Banerjea which melancholy event took place on Thursday afternoon at his Barrackpore residence. By his death India loses the one man in the country, who contributed more than any one else among his contemporaries to make India what it is to-day. By this inspiration of an enthralling ideal and the live currents of a lofty and divine enthusiasm he brought a new life to his people and galvanised them into a nation. Of him, it can be asserted without any fear of contradiction that he occupies a unique place among that glorious band, headed by Raja Ram Mohun Ray, whom History will proclaim to the future generations of this and other land as the makers of modern India. Teacher, journalist, orator, municipal commissioner, legislator for upwards of fifty years he filled every department of public life by his vivid personality, dynamic energy and great gifts of intellect and character. Moses-like he had seen from the heights of Pisgah the Promised Land, and if it did not fall to his lot to lead his countrymen to it, a grateful nation will cherish for ever the sacred memory of the dark and long period of his toil and travail which revealed to its eyes the glimpses of a new dawn.

Sir Surendranath's connection with the Corporation of Calcutta dates back to 1876 when the elective principle was first introduced in that body and it was constituted upon a representative basis, a notable event in the annals of Calcutta and "a red letter day in the evolution of our civic life." Along with some of the most illustrious sons of

Bengal—Kristo Das Pal, Rajendra Lal Mitter, Krishna Mohan Banerjea, Digambar Mitter, Shamacharan Sirkar, Kalinath Mitter—Surendranath entered the Corporation that year and served it with the fervour of a rare civic spirit for more than a quarter of a century till the changes made by the Act of 1899 substantially reduce popular authority in the Corporation.

He was the first to agitate for the formation of local bodies on an elective basis in the pre-Ripon days. His speeches on the Calcutta Municipal Bill of 1888 and 1897 show unmistakably the remarkable grasp he had of Municipal affairs in general and illustrate the very eminent services that he rendered to the Metropolis of India. Surendranath was the first elected representative of the Corporation on the reformed Bengal Legislative Council of 1893. His election was a triumph and the "Pioneer" came out with an article on his life. During his long and honourable connection with the Corporation he succeeded in winning the esteem and affection not only of his colleagues but of successive Chairmen. Towards Sir Henry Harrison, Surendranath always entertained the greatest personal regard and one of his most noteworthy speeches was delivered in 1892 on his premature death.

The changes made by the Mackenzie Act were so fundamental, so opposed to the growing popular sentiment that it evoked bitter controversy and gave rise to an agitation which so far as municipal matters were concerned was without a parallel in the history of Calcutta. Twenty-eight Municipal Commissioners including Surendranath resigned their seats as a protest against the retrograde character of the Act. It was Surendranath who led the agitation against the Mackenzie

Bill both in the press and on the platform. In the Bengal Legislative Council Surendranath put up a most valiant fight against the officialization of the Corporation. He sat on the Select Committee and for three months and from day to day he struggled incessantly to change or modify the reactionary character of the Bill. But it was a lost fight. Lord Curzon had set his heart upon restricting authority of the Corporation and after the Bill had passed the Select Committee stage, he issued a mandate directing the reduction of the elected members and placing them numerically on the same footing as the nominated element. This coupled with the fact that the President was an official gave a standing majority to the Official block. But nothing daunted, Surendranath went on fighting till the very last hours of the fateful day on which the Act depriving Calcutta of her civic freedom was placed on the State Book. The memorable words he uttered amid the closing scenes of that historic debate in the Bengal Council revealed the insight of a statesman combined with the vision of a seer. He said :--

"Sir, most earnestly and most emphatically do I renounce all responsibility in connection with this measure ; and I will continue to live in the hope the trust and the confidence based upon unswerving faith in the dispensations of a God of Righteousness—I will live in the hope and the trust that better days are yet in store for my native land, that the wisdom of the past will soon be vindicated and that the inestimable boon of Local Self-Government will within a measurable distance of time be restored to the city of my birth, the house of my sires, the destined home of my children and children's children round which cluster my dearest, fondest and tenderest associations."

These were his words on the 27th September 1899. Twenty-two years later on the 22nd November 1921 Surendranath again rose in the same Council to introduce a Bill to amend the self-same Act, and to quote his own words "to re-establish and enlarge on a broad and enduring basis our ancient civic freedom thus setting an example of municipal self-government to the rest of India, and pointing out as if with the index-finger the future of our local institution which following the precedent of Calcutta and free to work out their destinies will be the nurseries of our public life strengthening, fostering, developing among us and around us that citizen spirit which is the truest safeguard and the strongest bulwark of all parliamentary system."

This is neither the occasion nor the time for pointing out the defects or blemishes of the new Calcutta Municipal Act, the handiwork of the great deceased. It is, as its author himself admitted, not perfect ; it has its limitations but the claim that Sir Surendranath made on its behalf, that it sought to establish in this great city the essential principles of democracy—the people, by the people and for the people—must be admitted by all. It has undoubtedly broadened the franchise, abolished plural voting, enfranchised the womanhood of Calcutta, relaxed the fetters of Government control and provided ways and means by which can be improved and promoted the health and happiness of the citizens of Calcutta. The Act will stand to the everlasting credit of Sir Surendranath, and will be appreciated if not anything else, at least "as a distinct effort to enthrone the popular will in the government of this city."

The "father of the new Municipal Act" took a justifiable and legitimate pride at his

being able to place on the Statue Book an advanced measure of civic freedom. To him it was rightly a matter for great gratification. To him it meant, as he said when the Bill was passed into law, the fulfilment of one of the dreams of his life. His words on that occasion will bear recitation.

"Ever since 1899 (he said) I have lived in the hope of witnessing the rebirth of my native city, robed in the mantle of freedom. I thank God that it has been vouchsafed to me to have had some share in achieving this consummation. I have endeavoured to embody in this Bill the principles which I preached and for which I lived and worked. I appeal to the citizens of Calcutta to co-operate for its success which when achieved, will be the proudest monument of their civic spirit and the strongest justification for that full measure of responsible government to which we all aspire.

But the new Municipal Act, through his greatest achievement, was neither his first nor his only act for placing the Corporation of Calcutta on a more popular basis. He it was who as Minister in charge of the Department of Local Self Government appointed for the first time an Indian member of the Civil Service as Chairman of the Corporation. And again he it was who made a still more notable departure by appointing an Indian public man, an elected member of the Corporation, as its first non-official Chairman. It was not all plain sailing. The Chairmanship of the Corporation was one of the prize-posts for members of the Indian Civil Service, and Sir Surendranath had to move the Government of India and Secretary of State to obtain their sanction to its being withdrawn from the reserved list.

Sir Surendranath loved this city with a great passion and his vision of the future Cal-

cutta he outlined in one of the speeches he made in the Bengal Legislative Council in connection with the Municipal Bill. He said :

"My idea is that as the years roll on the municipal limits of Calcutta will grow and expand until it includes even Barrackpore within its boundaries ; that on both sides of Grand Trunk Road, one of the finest roads in India, there will grow up little municipalities, self-governing institutions managed by local bodies under the guidance and control of the greater body dealing with the larger questions of drainage, sanitation, and water supply. That is my conception of the future of Calcutta, and I trust that some one, filling the position I have the honour to hold at the present moment, will have the satisfaction of seeing this dream realized."

The city which he loved and served so well now mourns his loss. And not only Calcutta, but the whole of India is in mourning. A great man has passed away from our midst, whose life-long labours in the service of the motherland will be the inspiration not only of the present countrymen but of the unborn generations in the years to come. May his soul rest in peace.

The Provincial Press.

"Hindusthan Times."

The "Hindusthan Times" in the course of a leading article under the caption "Maker of India" pays a glowing tribute to the late Sir Surendranath Banerjea. The paper says that at the moment of his final exhortation to his fellow country-men to co operate, may not command that instant allegiance which he could claim at one time, but the impulse that moved that adjuration will continue to be respected.

"Justice".

Commencing on the death of Sir Surendranath Banerjea "Justice" says "his loss will be specially felt by Liberals who had in him a stalwart of outstanding distinction and ability, acumen and statesmanship. No less however is the loss of the nation who has lost in him a vataran leader who could be depended upon to say the right thing at the right moment and guide in sober and statesmanly manner the destinies of our country."

"Madras Mail"

The "Madras Mail" pays a glowing tribute to the late Sir Surendranath Banerjea, saying that Surendranath's name will long be remembered in the history of India whom he served with a passionate devotion and an unsullied reputation.

"Times of India".

The "Times of India" in a leader expresses profound regret that a man of Surendranath's wide experience and deep knowledge should have been removed by the hand of death from the sphere of Indian Public life. His mature mind and balanced views were of great value to the country at a time when wildness and irresponsibility easily win adherents. The paper feels sure that all India while grieving at his death will yet envy him in that he has passed away full of years at the end of a long and honourable career devoted to the welfare of his country.

"Bombay Chronicle".

In the death of Surendranath Banerjea India loses almost the last representative of a tradition that had passed away.

Clouds of latter day agitation which be opposed are apt to darken in popular memory the brilliant services he had rendered for fifty years of doughty agitation. Once we sweep aside the laborations of his unsettled days as a leader, we see in him a patriot cast in heroic mould. So intense was the fire of his patriotism that if we conceived him without it he would be reduced to a strident carpet bagger but his patriotism sustained him in forty years of agitation and made him one of the supreme assets of our National progress.

"Evening News".

"The trumpets silver sound is now still in Bengal and in India, for the chief distinction to fame of the late Sir Surendranath Banerjea and his claim to permanent place in the diarchy of the Indian nation builder rest upon many achievements of his oratory unsurpassed in India. The best in him he freely gave for his countrymen and in former days the Indian national congress without Sir Surendranath would have been the play of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. It supplied him the best platform from which to ring out his country's grievances and to inspire hope and courage to his country's grievances and to inspire hope and courage to his countrymen. An epoch has passed away with him and an epoch of great orators, great scholars and great thinkers".

"Pioneer".

The "Pioneer" writes of the late Sir Surendranath Banerjea. He was a most vigorous and in many way most notable of public men whose death has to be recorded

lately. He found his practical experience of power given by the Reforms which he did his best to work lost him applause of the audience whom for years he had been able to appeal with unchallenged mastery. But when unsatisfying controversies of the day have disappeared Bengal will assuredly honour the great patriot whose over vigorous life was a practical illustration of the doctrine of physical fitness which he was never weary of preaching.

"C. and M. Gazette".

The "Civil Military Gazette" says there are few in India who will fail to feel a sense of personal loss at the death of Sir Surendranath Banerjee. Mellowed by the passing of time and by lessons of experience and responsibility, he had lived his last few years at the very pinnacle of that respect which men of sound views are quick to show towards a colleague who has conquered mere political impulse and placed reason and patriotism on equal thrones in ruling his concept of his country's good. Feared and even imprisoned by Government barely a score of years ago and looked upon for long as the most dangerous of Indian nationalists in our day, he had established a reputation for political wisdom.

The "Tribune".

The "Tribune" says, "the passing away of such a man is bound to leave an aching void in our public life for many a long day and to cause the widest and most sincere sorrow among all those in every part of India who are gifted with historic imagination and sense of historic prospective and whose minds are

disciplined enough to prevent their being unduly influenced by recent controversies in which Sir Surendranath admittedly did not represent the popular side". The paper adds "let us not forget that Messrs. Tilak and Gandhi whom we hold in such affectionate reverence to-day are but products of forces which Sir Surendranath Banerjee and his associates were chiefly instrumental in bringing into existence even as the latter themselves were products of activities of earlier generation to whom the dream of self government was unknown."

"Muslim Outlook".

The "Muslim Outlook" says universal sorrow will be felt in India at the passing away of Sir Surendranath Banerjee—one of greatest orators publicists of Bengal. With the grant of the Montford Reforms he became a moderate of moderates and latter a knight. But his past services to the country far outweigh any conservatism of his later days and will be remembered when many of popular heroes of the day are forgotten.

The vernacular papers all mourn the loss of this great patriot and through some express disappointment at his later day change in politics pay grateful tributes to his strenuous struggles for constitutional freedom for India.

"Indian Social Reformer".

The sudden death of Sir Surendranath Banerjee, which took place on Thursday, removes one of the few remaining landmarks in the early history of the movement of political progress in this country. In the awakening political mind of India, Sir Surendra Nath Banerjee had a large share. His magnificent voice and stately eloquence were for many years, the chief attraction of the Indian National Congress to many otherwise politically in-

different minds. His orations were a series of petroations, but they carried audiences off their feet, which after all, is the end of all oratory. As an educationist and as a political pleader Sir Surendra Nath will always rank among the fathers of Indian Nationalism. But he was much more. In his autobiography published only a few months ago, he has set forth an impressive detail the struggles he had to go through his life. He was certainly not rocked and dandled into a legislator. He had to fight every inch of his way up, and never did he flinch for a moment from him faith in himself.

The "Indian Daily Mail"

The news of the death of Sir Surendranath Banerjee will be received with the deepest regret by all classes and sections of the community. His death seems to have been sudden for there was no intimation of his having been ill recently. In the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms he saw the fruition of his life-long career. It was in the fitness of things that he should have been chosen as one of the first Ministers in the reformed Government of Bengal. He had not a smooth course in that capacity. The inherent defects of dyarchy on the one hand, and the opposition of the Non-Co-Operationists on the other, greatly restricted the scope of his usefulness. Nevertheless, he had to his credit, some notable achievements of one of which, namely, the reorganised Calcutta Corporation he was especially proud. He has died full of years and honours and Bengal and India which had only recently to mourn the death of another great leader are deprived of his wise and experienced guidance.

The "Searchlight"

Surendranath Banerjee was not a mere pioneer however, assisting at the birth of the National idea. Of him, it can be said with a truth that cannot be applied to many others that he nurtured and fostered that idea with a passion and devotion which is almost unique in the history of slave nations struggling to be free. Preacher, politician, journalist and teacher Surendranath was all this, but very much more—he presented indeed an extraordinary synthesis of all those great ingredients, those feelings and impulses, those inspirations and examples that form the circumference and diameter of liberty and the will to be free. In nothing was he second to his peers. The stately column broke and the mighty voice is hushed at last and another of the country's institutions has gone the way many others have. But if his imperishable example continues to inspire the present and the future generations; if his message of liberty continues to stimulate the heart and the mind and if we retain even a spark of our traditional sense of gratitude for those who have immolated themselves at the altar of national services when they might well have chosen the ease and the comfort of a calmer and quieter existence, Surendranath will not have trod in vain this baffling board of humanity with his mighty strides: he will not have lived striven and died in vain in order that his people might the more quickly reach the Promised Land!

"The Indian Daily Telegraph"

Sir Surendranath was a born Indian patriot. India will never forget the greatest of those early builders whose death it mourns to-day. Almost boyish in his enthusiasm, ever eager to throw himself into every cause that appealed to the younger generation, always at the head of every moment tending towards the ele-

vation of his country and countrymen, Babu Surendranath Banerjea, was the idol of the nation. His oratory has filled not only the people of India but the west in awe and surprise. As a journalist he early established a reputation unequalled by any living Indian. He moulded young Bengal from his high seat in the editorial chair of the "Bengalee". He was the embodiment of love and forgiveness and always held high the torch of unsullied character in public life. There is no other Bengalee who can take the place of the giant who lies prostrate in death. Young India will draw its greatest source of strength in its coming fight against the bureaucracy from the story of his life. From within prison walls he expanded into the council chamber; from being a dismissed Government servant, he emerged triumphantly from the ministry of Bengal. Sir Surendranath Banerjea can never die so long as Bengal lives—he will continue to live in the life the foremost people in India.

"The Express"

Sir Surendranath Banerjea—the Grand

Old Man and the maker of modern India, the orator, the statesman, the patriot and the scholar—one of the most remarkable and distinguished sons that our country has ever produced is no more. What Mazzini was to his country, Sir Surendranath was to India. He was the fountain-head from which flowed all political inspirations which animated not only his contemporaries and co-workers but generations that are now coming into vigour. To him, therefore, political India owes all that she is to-day. As a journalist he founded and edited the "Bengalee" for upwards of thirty years, and few among his Indian contemporaries could equal and none surpass him. His fame as orator and editor of that journal spread even over Europe where his admirers are a legion. His death will be mourned as a public calamity of the greatest magnitude at this moment when his sage advice, mellowed wisdom and sound politics which had stood the test of the fifty years of his strenuous public life, were needed more than ever before to sober down the wild political tactics that are so much rampant to-day.





Waterloo as described by Warrior, Statesman and Historian,

By G. L. De, B. A.

CHAPTER I. THE PLAN OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Startling the armed Europe assembled at Viana, busy at the spoliation of the conquered territories, by his sudden descent on France, and seizing the reins of Government without opposition, and offering a general peace to Europe which was rejected, and astonishing the European Monarchs, and their unnumbered numbers, by his gigantic efforts and super human exertions, in raising an army of about 2,50,000 men, from humbled and ruined France within a few months, in the midsts of great difficulties and dire adverse circumstances, which would have appalled and staggered any other mortals, Napoleon proceeded with a

giant stride out of France to measure his mighty talents with the enlarged and armed Europe. Frustrated after the noble attempt to make an honourable and general peace, he judiciously took the offensive immediately, in order that the most fertile and devoted frontier provinces of France, be not over run and devastated by the numerous enemy. The indefatigable exertions of Napoleon, in restoring the empire to its former strength and grandeur, were really astonishing, and never, perhaps, in the whole course of the extraordinary career of that great man, did the powerful energies of his comprehensive

mind shine forth with greater brilliancy and effect, than in his truly wonderful and incredibly rapid development of the national resources of France, in this momentous occasion.

Napoleon had thrown down the gauntlet to all Europe, and Europe exasperated was setting in motion against him forces, which did not fall much short of a million of men. An obstinate struggle might be expected, for who could calculate the resources of Napoleon's genius? At the head of the European Cabinet then, towered supreme the mighty behemoth of Muscovy, the potentate who counted three hundred languages around the footsteps of his throne, and from whose "lion ramp" recoiled alike "baptized and infidel,"—Christendom on one side, strong by her intellect and her organization, and the "Barbaric East" on the other, with her unnumbered numbers. The Emperor Alexander had formed a sagacious idea of Napoleon's situation and that of the Allies, and he had become the rock round which all gathered, to which everyone clung who comprehended the necessity of continuing the war, and dethroning Bonaparte. To him the Allies owed much, perhaps all. Thiers, XX. p. 14. De Quincer's Works, Vol. IV. p. 119.

Napoleon left France on the 12th of June, with 1,24,000 men and 350 pieces of cannons, to interpose between the English and Prussian Army, encamped at a distance of about 100

leagues apart, along the northern frontier behind Charleroy. Wellington with 1,00,000 English Soldiers had his base of operation at Brussels, and Blucher with 1,26,000 combatants had his base of operation at Liege. The Russians, Austrians and the secondary powers of Germany, formed on the east an army of About 5,00,000 combatants, which was still further from the theatre of war. The arrival of the Russians was awaited in order to commence operations. England furnished subsidies to the amount of £11,100,000 Green's History VIII p. 207. Thiers XX p. 16.

On the evening of the 14th. of June, Napoleon assembled, within four or five leagues of the enemy an army of 124,000 men, coming too from places so remote as Lillie, Metz and Paris. All this was effected without the English and Prussian generals, conceiving the slightest suspicion of the proceeding. The allied army under Wellington and Blucher, entertained no serious invasion so soon at that quarter. The history of military warfare does not, chronicle a like phenomenon. Never had so difficult a military operation been so successfully effected, for 124,000 men and 350 pieces of cannons had been concentrated on the borders of a forest, whose density alone separated them from the enemy. And yet this enemy was unaware of their presence. Thiers Vol. XX page 18.

On the night of the 14th., Char-

leroi, being insufficiently defended by the Prussians, was carried by the French, on which the Prussians fell back on. Ligny. On the 15th. of June the French, saw that they had the English on their left in the direction of Brussels, and the Prussians on the right, in the direction of Namur. Napoleon's object in endeavouring to take a position between the English and the Prussians being to encounter them separately, it was necessary to do two things—to attack one of these two armies immediately, and to oppose an obstacle to the advance of the other whilst so engaged. Thiers Vol. XX page 23. Guizot Vol. VIII page 202.

To prevent the junction of the two allied armies the possession of Quater-Bras was of utmost importance, because it was at the same time the route by which the English army could join the Prussians, and the point where the English general could concentrate his own troops. Napoleon looked upon it as essential, to the success of his plan of operations, that Quater-Bras should be invincibly occupied, in order that the English might not be able, by means of long and tedious detours, either to concentrate their own forces, or join those of the Prussians. Accordingly, Napoleon said to Marshal Ney "Do you know Quater Bras?" "I should think so", replied Ney, "I fought in this locality in my youth, and I remember that it forms the nucleus of all the roads". "Go then"

replied Napoleon, "And take possession of this post, by which the English might join the Prussians. Send a detachment in the direction of Fleurus to make observations". Thiers XX page 24 to 26. C. F. Guizot VIII page 202. With this view, Ney was despatched with a force 46,000 men, 116 guns and 5000 horse, to Quater-Bras.

Ney at 6 O'clock in the evening of the 15th became very uneasy hearing cannons in his rear, by which he thought that Napoleon was engaged with the Prussians. While perceiving a mass of infantry in Quatre-Bras, the advance guard of the English Army, though the men did not wear the English uniform, he paused before the undefended road leading to Quatre-Bras. He hesitated when the fate of France lay within his grasp, and which by extending his hand, he could have decided. Instead of that leaving a few detachments there, he returned to Charleroy to acquaint the Emperor with what had taken place.

Napoleon, who had mounted his horse at three in the morning of the 15th, and had not alighted until nine in the evening, having been on horse-back eighteen hours—though this exercise was painful on account of an indisposition from which he was at that time suffering—had at length taken some minutes repose, and was lying on a bed, where he listened to reports and

dictated orders. Again on his feet at midnight he received Ney, who related what he had done, and explained the reasons why he had hesitated to act. Napoleon sometimes became angry without cause, but he was perfectly gentle in delicate and grave circumstances, not wishing to agitate men, whom the position of affairs had already sufficiently disturbed. He did not utter a word of reproach against the Marshal, though the inexecution of the orders he had given him, was much to be regretted. Not seeing faults where it would be of no service to find them, he spoke in a friendly tone to the Marshal, and at two in the morning sent him back, impressing on him the importance of Quatre-Bras, and promising to send him precise orders. He then threw himself on a bed to take two or three hours rest, whilst he allowed the troops to repose during seven or eight hours, which indeed, they needed after the day's march, and as a preparation for the combat of the morrow. Thiers XX p. 32-33.

On the morning of the 16th. Napoleon informed Ney, that he was about to set out for Ligny, where it appeared that the Prussians were drawn up in line of battle, that he would fight if they offered resistance, but would advance to Brussels if they retreated. He instructed him to make his position good at Quatre-Bras, by placing a division in front of that station. and

another on the right, which would enable him to fall back on Ligny. He repeated, that when the Prussians should have retreated or been beaten, he would immediately turn to the right, to support Ney in the movement on Brussels, Thiers XX p. 41.

The allied commanders had not employed the time as well as Napoleon. Whilst the French were assembling at Beaumont on the 14th, Marshal Blucher had acquired only vague information of their approach. The Duke of Wellington's brilliant staff had a constant succession of balls and entertainments at Brussels where the great English general remained in case of an attack by the seacoast. Guizot VIII p. 202. Thiers p. 35.

The Duke of Wellington, whose perspicuity was here at fault, had only thought of defending himself against an attack upon the coast, for which however there was no ground of apprehension. Napoleon counted on surprising the Prussians. The character of the two Generals-in-chief opposed to Napoleon was taken into account by him. The hussar habit of Marshal Blucher, his activity and adventurous spirit, formed a strong contrast to the circumspect movement and slow marches of the Duke of Wellington. Napoleon afterwards observed in his memoirs, that he had attacked Blucher first, because he well knew, that Blucher would not be supported by the over-prudent and egotistical English

commander. But that Wellington, had he been first attacked, would have received every aid from his high spirited and faithful ally. All the efforts of Napoleon were therefore first directed against the Prussians. Wellington ignorant at what point Napoleon might cross the frontier, had followed the old and ill judged plans of dividing his forces, an incredible error, the allies having simply to unite their forces and to take up a firm position, in order to draw Napoleon to any given spot.

Vide—Historians' History of the World. Vol.—XV—p.—328. Thiers—Vol.—XX—p.—17 ; Hazlitt—Vol.—IV—p.—150.

Up to the 15th. no steps were taken by Wellington to collect his troops ; and so ignorant were those nearest the enemy of the danger which was impending, that, on the morning of the 15th., when the firing began near Charleroi, the Belgian videttes, who formed the advanced posts, conceived it was the Prussian artillery practice to whom they had become accustomed. So little did he expect an immediate attack, that on the very day (the 15th.), and the moment when Napoleon with his army was already far advanced across the frontier into the space between the British and Prussian cantonments, he was so far from making any immediate preparations for a defensive struggle, that he

was calmly writing a long letter to the Emperor Alexander at Brussels, detailing his plan for a general offensive campaign against Napoleon from the Alps to the sea, in which the first attack was to be made by the Russians and Austrians ; while he anticipated no greater task, in the outset at least, for the British and Prussian armies, than to reduce the strongholds of Maubeuge and Givet immediately in their front. Alison Vol. XII. p. 225. of. Lamartine p. 26.

"The enemy", says Jomini, "were so ill informed of our movements, that their armies were not yet collected. Bulcher had one of his corps at Charleroi, another at Namur, the third at Dinant, and finally, the fourth at Liege. Wellington's army had not yet stirred from the cantonments it occupied from the Scheldt to Nivelles. Wellington was occupied in giving fete at Brussels. (Jomini. Vol. IV., p. 49).

The Duke of Wellington had hitherto remained idle and unconcerned at Brussels. His negligence was more inexcusable than that of Marshal Blucher, whose columns had not yet come up into line, when the Emperor had crossed the Sambre. Ill informed of the musters and the movements of the Emperor even to the last moment, and still more ignorant of his genius, which excelled in rapidity and surprise, the

Duke of Wellington still reckoned upon weeks of preparation and inaction. He himself with his staff, his generals, and his select regiments, were enjoying, as a prelude to the war, the fetes and pleasures of Brussels, which he greatly relished, and of the enervating influence of which upon his officers' he was not at all apprehensive. He was, in fact, a warrior altogether modern, from character, from principle, and from the voluptuous habits contracted in India, in Portugal, and in Spain. Like Frederick II., or Turenne, he did not tighten and restrict before the hour of action, the discipline and spirit of his companions in arms. He allowed his generals, his young officers, and soldiers to enjoy the pleasures, the amusements and the voluptuousness, which he permitted to himself. Stringent only as to punctuality and bravery in action, he allowed the rigours of his camp to relax, both before and after, without fear of his troops becoming effeminate. (Lamartine. p. 26).

Late on the evening of the 14th, General Bourmont deserted to the headquarters of Blucher from Napoleon's camp, and confirmed the accounts previously recieved of the impending attack, which induced the Prussian general to issue immediate orders for the concentration of his army. On the 15th he was informed by the Prussian General Leiton, of the actual position of the French ; and

then ordered his troops to form round the three principal English quarters. Thiers.—XX—36. (Alison. Vol. XII., p. 266).

On the 15th at seven o'clock in the evening, the Duke of Wellington received a despatch from Marshal Blucher, to state that hostilities had commenced, and that a strong French reconnoitering party had sabred some of his advanced post. This did not hinder the English general from going to a ball, given by the Duchess of Richmond, who had gathered in her Saloons, resounding with music and animated by the dance, the princes, the diplomatists, the generals, and the officers of the English army. In the depth of the night, while the Duke of Wellington was chatting in the recesses of a window, amidst the noise and gaiety of the scene, with the Duke of Brunswick, one of his generals, when an aide-de-camp approached, and in a low voice communicated to him the contents of despatches, which had just arrived at head quarters. The intelligence was to the effect that "the French had entered Charleroi that morning, and continued to march in order of battle on Brussels, that they were one hundred and fifty thousand strong, and that the Emperor was at their head. The Duke of Brunswick arose with such a start, at this unexpected news of the invasion of Belgium by Napoleon, that he quite forgot a

young child that was slumbering on his knees, and which he allowed to roll on the carpet. Wellington turned pale but buried in his own soul the feelings excited by the surprise and his own imprudence. In an instant the news circulated through the ball-room : the music ceased, the dancers dispersed, the ladies felt and trembled for those that were dear to them ; the princes and diplomatists fell into groups, to exchange hastily their first impressions, the officers retired, and Willington

disappeared to send instantly to all the divisions, the necessary instructions and orders to march. The Duke of Burnswick, with impatience equalling that of Blucher, was the only one who had quitted the ball during the night and had hurried forward against the French. Lemartins p. 278.

Vide—H. H. W. Vol.—XV—p.—328.

The memorable scene was thus immortalized by the magic pen of the Poet :—

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then,
Her beauty and her chivalry ; and bright,
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when,
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell :
But hush hark a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.
Did ye not hear it ?—No ; t'was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before,
Arm arm it is—the cannon's opening roar,

Byron's Child Harold.

This seemed to rouse the Duke from his apathy, so far at least as to give over dance, and to issue orders to the army to break up its cantonments, and be in readiness to march towards the scene of action. The rest was left to chance. This apparent negligence, indifference and want of plan at preparation on the part of the English commander, which has been brought against him as a reproach, was perhaps highly creditable to his self-knowledge. He felt that what he chiefly had to do was to bring the men together, to stand by and see them fairly fight it out, and that any deliberate movement or interference on his part might be fatal. He wisely determined, therefore, (as it should seem) to make the battle a contest of personal courage, and to decline the trial of military skill altogether, both before and at the time.

Whilst the English general was giving these somewhat tardy orders, his lieutenants stimulated by the danger, made better and prompter arrangements than his staff having learned that the French were before Charleray, assembled. The head of the Prince of Orange's staff on the afternoon of the 15th, the Perponcher division, one brigade of which, commanded by the Prince of Saxe Weimer, advanced spontaneously to Quatre-Bras. Thiers p. 38.

Thus on the evening of the 15th, the English army began to move for-

ward from every point, but had not yet an entire division at Quatre-Bras; whilst the Prussians, owing to their greater proximity, and having received earlier intelligence, were able to assemble half of their effective forces on the plain of Ligny, and would be able to have three-fourths of them there on the morning of the 16th. Blucher was well aware of the disadvantages, in a military point of view, with which the position of Ligny was attended, specially when defended by three-fourths only of his whole force; but his object in holding it was to secure his communication with Wellington, by whom he confidently expected to be supported before the conflict was seriously engaged. He had a conference that morning on the 16th at eleven A. M. with the English general at the windmill of Bryo, from whom he had received promises of aid by an attack in flank on the French army at four o'clock. Thiers Vol. XX—p.—36, Hazlitt—Vol.—IV—p.—153.

The Prussians charged Wellington with wilfully sending a lying statement of the disposition of his forces on the morning of the 16th. in order to induce Blucher to fight at Ligny, and thus leave Wellington time to concentrate his ill-disposed and scattered troops. It is undeniable however, that the information he received and sent to Blucher, as to the position of some of his troops on the morning of Ligny, was not accurate. The English histo-

rians however defend their hero, by stating that this inaccurate information was due to his genuine belief, that the false reports he received from his subordinates were correct, and it was not a willful and malicious one. The Prussians also blame the English General, for not being able to fulfil his definite promise of helping them at Ligny, while engaged with Napoleon.

Knowing fully well the spirit of his opponents, Napoleon consequently opposed merely a small division of his army under Ney to the English, and turned with the whole main body against the Prussians.

Vide the—Historians'—History of the World—Vol—XV—p—328.





The Cradle and Grave of Fancy

BY

MAHABIR PRASAD PARASARI.

"It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Shakespeare.

It was evening. The train was in motion. Three friends sat on one of the corner benches in a compartment, enjoying talk and laughter. Some person came and wanted to pass over the luggage that was blocking the passage to the urinal which he wanted to reach. Then came another. This was, together with the malodorousness of the vicinity, most annoying ; and when a minute later the bench in their front was vacated, the friends immediately availed themselves of it. On the third bench from them

sat a girl, an old woman and some other passengers.

She was not a girl of remarkable beauty. A person of fastidious taste would not have pronounced her even beautiful. But the bloom of young maidenhood was on her, and that was no small thing. She must not have been older than sixteen. The old woman that sat near her was, as it obviously seemed, her mother, and the two young men that sat near her were her brothers. They were perhaps the whole of the family, and were coming

from pilgrimage from some holy place on the Ganges, as the pearly drops dropping now and then from a tightly closed jar upon the luggage berth seemed to indicate.

Our friends had not noticed her when they had come in, and now their eyes for the first time fell on her. The emotions that are stirred in a young man at the sight of all women are indefinable. They are not always passionate stirrings of love, nor anything which some self-centred beings term unholy. But they are a sort of vague, half-frightened thrill, not a thrill that quite overpowers them, or scares out their senses, but the thrill of a Child at the hideous Jack-in-the-box which is soon followed by the uncoiling of its little hands to open it itself. There is an unaccountable love in the nature of young men of looking a little wicked with the fair sex, and so these young friends began to whisper to each other, now and then looking at her and pinching one another with wicked import. One suggested that she was unmarried, for she had no ornaments on her toes; the other something else, and the third something of his own; and so they talked among themselves, casting frequent glances at her.

A station arrived and one of the three friends got down. The lanterns were lighted, for night had come. Of the two friends, now under the light,

one was a man of about twenty-three, tall and healthy, with all limbs tolerably fair, except the nostrils and the lips, the former being too much dilated, the latter too fat and too big and the other was younger, perhaps nineteen years of age, and was the more attentive of the two, if the former was attractive at all. Besides, there was a sort of melancholy tenderness about him that added a charm to his personality.

They sat on benches opposite to each other, so that the younger of the two was separated from the girl by one bench, while the other by two. The talk again turned on her, and in order to have a more convenient and constant look at her, they laid their big bundles of bedding beneath their heads, and began to look at her more frequently and with more constant looks. The younger who sat nearer was seemingly the more shy of the two, but he liked to show that he was not. Indian poets have rightly compared a look to an arrow and sometimes to a sword. The only objection against the smile is that these objects suggest metallic hardness and tremendous violence; while it is the softest look that kills deepest. But a ray of look, directed by the eyes, may not be harsh so as an arrow, it carries with it a strange, mysterious power. I mean not the mystic power, called the hypnotic or the mesmeric, but quite a

different thing, not so tremendous or awful, but much more delightful. It may merely arise from the conviction of the gaze and may not have an objective reality at all ; it may be a mere chance ; but, nevertheless, it was to this thing that the younger was referring when he told his friend that he could make her look up whenever he wished. It was his conviction, and haply it coincided with chance, that whenever he looked at her for a sufficient time—which, however, need not have been more than half a minute—she was sure to feel his gaze upon her body, like the heat of focussed rays of the sun through a lens and look up. It was a mere pastime. He looked deeper into her eyes whenever she turned them towards him ; and whenever she would be talking to her mother, he would pour down through her eyes a rushing stream of deep, stirring look, which would almost take her by surprise and make her bashful. The man who plays at noon with a lense upon a sleeping man's clothes is really 'playing with fire', and so was our young friend. She avoided his looks once, twice, thrice ; but they were so frequent and carried with them such an indefinite element of voluptuousness that it was not an easy thing for a young girl to avoid them always. She looked back into his eyes, only to see in it pure mischief or something else but that one look became deep and lasting as if it had found there

something interesting, and it was only a movement of her mother which made her take it off.

Another glance from the young traveller, and it received a longer response. She seemed to take advantage of every little opportunity to wriggle her body and draw the attention of the young man. She would talk in loud tones to her mother that the young gentlemen seemed to belong to such and such a place and attract their attention. I have already said she was, not very beautiful, but there is an inviting, tempting attractiveness in the freshness of youth that does its work like a magic wand. Our hero was a person of strong imagination and had a young man's curiosity and love of romance. It was not a wonder therefore, that the fire of passion lit his fancy, and he entered into the business with spooney earnestness.

Another station arrived. Sugar-canes were brought by the two companions. They began to chew them. The girl was looking out of the window. They, too, looked out and craning their necks a little, they could see the girl in the face. She drew in. The older of the comrades, too, drew in. But the young kept chewing his sugar-cane out of the window. After a few moments she again looked out. It was all dark outside the train. But even in that darkness the eyes of the young man could see the eyes of the girl, as she could his. And even in

that awful darkness, where you could hardly have been able to read the title of a newspaper, the eyes of the two read the occult language in each other's. It is such an interesting thing to look into each other's eyes. Where the young fire of love kindles them, they are significant, eloquent. And the looking into each other's eyes which was being done in that night was such an interesting thing to the girl that she almost forgot how long she had been staring and she drew in only when her mother by accident touched her. Cupid had made its raid into her innocent soul, and the young man, too, was conscious of it.

Even when not looking out of the window, they would take every possible opportunity of looking into each other's eyes. The girl would lean forward towards her mother, who sat by the young passenger, but on the other side of the plank that divides two joined benches. And when she would do so, the light of the lantern fell on her and made her eyes sparkle ; and the young man, too, would turn towards her, so that they could almost see passionate love in each other's eyes.

Looking out of the window again. The young traveller had asked his companion to avoid causing any disturbance in his enjoyment. The exchange of glances,—why, it may be said to be one long look into each other's eyes had fed the fancy born in

the two souls. The young man was almost moved to feverishness. He drew in his face and asked his companion for a scrap of paper and pencil, and when he refused, grew so earnest, importunate and entreating that he had to yield. With tremulous hand he scratched his address in the briefest possible words upon it, crumpled it, and hid it in his fist. But then the thought came to him, it would be more elegant to present something before giving the paper. Oh ! how he cursed his pockets for they had no kerchief in them, his fingers, for not one of them had a ring on it, his purse, for it had but coins and no paper money. But he wore a watch on his wrist and that came to his rescue. The watch was too big a thing for her to *hide*, so he would present the silver chain. Oh ! the element of concealment in the act ; it is this alone which defiles the purity of good wishes, as does the very clay of man defile the purity of love and degrade it to passion.

She was looking out of the window again, and he too, looked out. He waved his hand to and fro, jingling the chain slightly. At first the girl seemed to take no notice of it. But after repeated gestures, she at last slowly stretched forward her arm. He stretched forward his. But the arms of both could not reach each other. There were two big windows between the windows of the two, so that you can imagine the space that separated them. Despair

sat on the hearts of the two. But love is extremely cunning, extremely tactful.

The two casements of the intervening space were open. It was the month of October and a cold wind was blowing. She first shut her own window, then, as naturally, pulled up the other two also. The young lover was in despair and agony. Perhaps it meant a strong disapprobation of his intentions. But what it really was will presently come to light. Having closed the casements she sat still for some time till the train stopped. Then she opened the window, not her own, but that which was next to hers and began to look out, although it was comparatively uncomfortable than to look out of her own window.

The train started, the station passed, and the train began to move in the endless cavern of darkness again. The young man looked out of the window, and stretched his hand towards her. She her own. But even then they seemed to come short. He grew desperate and clinging as close as possible to the wall of the carriage, stretched his arm. There was a touch at the finger-tips, an electric touch that sent a thrill through all his body. He offered the chain. She caught it. But it required courage to leave it. A thousand fears, misgivings and ghosts of other frightful ideas made him hesitate in leaving the chain. Her mother was there, she might show

it to her. But she pulled harder and harder till the spring of the chain was injured, when she left it. The painfulness of remorse and repentance would hardly have been more poignant to a man than it was to him. He seemed to feel that the joys of heaven were in his hands, but he had lost them deliberately. The girl had a glow in her face.

After a few minutes' hesitation he looked at her again, and with a significant look asked her to look out of the carriage again. The hands were again at their mysterious work in the darkness of the space. This time he left the chain; and as soon as he had abandoned the grasp, drew in and lay down hiding his face. Alas! again the impious element of concealment. But he steadily watched what went on the other side of the partition plank. One of her glances seemed to want him again at the window. And he did as was wished. She, too, looked out. There was a beckoning of her hand to bring forward his hand. O! the joyous expectation of a return present! But the returned present was his own chain. There was a damp on the young man's spirits. He waved it to her again and again; but she declined by a flourish of her own hand. Ask not what a disappointed soul was then the young traveller's. But then a consoling thought came to his head, that she might have declined to accept it as it was rather difficult to keep it hidden. And when both of them

looked out again, he waved that bit of paper towards her, asking by gesture if she would take it. She nodded her head in consent. It required his whole courage to give that paper to her. It bore his name, his address and was written in his own handwriting. It was such a momentous paper. He stretched his arm towards her and felt the touch at the paper. Ghosts of fantastic and appalling ideas made a clatter and jumble in his mind and he drew back his hand with the paper.

Repentance, and passion lashed into feverishness by matters having proceeded so far, like sinful companions, persuaded him to venture again. She was rather annoyed at his former hesitation, and the little delay whatsoever so made in unwinding her hand put all his hesitations, if there were any left, at rest. The two hands in the darkness of the space, met again, and the paper from one was gone into the other. What a moment it was in the young man's life, what his condition was after that moment of climax it is not in the power of the pen to describe.

His own face seemed to him to have some strange shape, and he moved his hand over it to feel if it was the same. The girl perhaps, too, was feeling somewhat the same. She began talking loud and there was something strange in her voice which seemed to show that she was doubting if it were her own. She was talking aloud to

avoid observance of the expression on her face ; which however was more palpable to her than to anybody else. The young man had laid himself down, buried his face in his hands and lay still, but uncomfortable as on a rack. He felt his face burn, and the loud talk of the girl produced strange fears in his heart. Two officers whose outlines he could dimly see on the third bench in his front were without doubt, so he imagined, detectives, to ruin him. He entreated his friend to get up and watch what passed.

He lay in this condition, he knew not, for how many minutes. But when he rose, all was quiet and there was not a sign of excitement. He ventured to look again into the girl's face. Her condition was strange. The only few moments, in which he had lain half unconscious, had produced a strange effect upon her. Her face seemed melancholy like a faded flower. Her mind seemed to rave ; for when the train had stopped, she talked of quarters outside as another train moving ; and she laid her head on her mother's lap and sank down into lying posture. The young man was a noble soul, and it sent a pang through his heart to see her suffer like that. Her helplessness appealed to the finest and the most chivalrous within him, and he felt towards her as one would do towards a sick child with which one is left alone.

He too lay down. But no sleep it

was, yet no waking. Even waking seemed to him a dream, and dream waking. At last he got up. She was lying in the same condition he had left him and seemed to be sleeping. But after a few moments she opened her eyes and saw him looking at her. She too, got up and sat in the corner very quiet. A station arrived and her brothers got up to go to the window ; and she seized the opportunity to occupy their place and lie down covering herself with her shawl. One may call it one bench divided by a wooden wall, or two benches joined together so as to have one back for both. She lay down on one side. On the other lay down he. And they both were in each other's embrace, but for that cruel insensible piece of wood.

They lay in that condition till, the next big station was to come. Then she got up and sat down where she had lain, and looked down into the eyes of our prostrate hero, who was looking up into hers. A strange light burned in her eyes, a strange expression was on her face. She seemed oblivious of her surrounding, for she took little or no notice of her mother who had got up—as their destination was drawing near—and was standing above her, one skinny hand planted on the plank which separated the two.

As the parting moment drew near, her condition seemed to grow worse and worse. She tried more than once to drop her kerchief on the bench

where he lay, but she could find no opportunity when it could be done with all necessary secrecy. Her eyes were wild, and our hero's heart melted to observe her condition. While still in lying posture he moved the finger of his one hand on the palm of the other, meaning thereby if she would write, and the innocent snapt bird expressed consent by a movement of her head. She went on looking at him as she had been, and the condition of the young man may be better imagined than described...He placed his hand on his heart, for it was palpitating loud, and a tear trickled down from the eyes of the girl.....

The station arrived. The girl and the company with her got down. Our young friend asked his companion to take his luggage also along with his own—for they had to change the train; and he himself followed the girl. He gained upon her on the platform, and so as to arouse no curiosity went ahead and moving a few steps further on a stall stopped there to see her pass. Wrapped in that rosy shawl she passed, almost with tiptoe steps ; and in that light on the platform, and the moving crowd, she looked extremely beautiful. He followed her again, and as long as he remained behind, she would throw a longing look behind, for which purpose she kept most backward in her company. But he soon out-stripped her and again stood by her path to see her pass. The fresh air outside

seemed to have refreshed their figures and their spirits. The gate was near, and the crowd densest, so that there were little or no chances of any more responsive glances. So she bade him goodbye. It was a goodbye, which, though he might forget everything else in life, the young man could never forget. Her little hands were hid beneath the shawl, and she raised the right one just a little up in salutation. The brevity of the ceremony, necessary not only as the occasion was such, but because her hand was hidden under and encumbered by the folds of her shawl, gave it an inimitable grace and beauty, which made a permanent mark in the young man's heart.

Our young friend, when in his room, just after the journey was restless and uneasy. He did not definitely think something, but a vague melancholy weighed upon his mind. He never seriously meant to enter into a affair of the sort, but the random shot, so it appeared to him for some time, had proved too, important. He upbraided himself for having pained an innocent soul, and for a few days he was unhappy like a contrite. He was not quite hopeful of hearing from her, but he was extremely anxious to know how she fared. Day and night two images hunted him, one the tearful image in the train, the other the moving image on the platform when she had made her brief beautiful goodbye. And the broken silver chain on his

table bore testimony to the whole affair and the watch ticking by it seemed to mock him in his agony. I have said he was a noble and a simple soul. Hardly could her ever have made a distinction between love and fancy. He was too sincere for that. And so for at least about a week he was in a fever and anxiety born of his spoony earnestness.

Fancy, the younger cousin of Love is the softer and flightier angel of the two. It is the passing cloud, not the cloud that rains, but the white rag of vapour that comes over the sun, but does not darken. It is the silky paraphernalia of Aurora before the peep of Phoebus, which lasts but a moment, and not the glory of the day. It is the tender ripple upon the quiet lake, not the bore that agitates to the bottom. It is the glimmer of lightning,—nay that is too harsh; the glimmer of the firefly, that is so much more beautiful than the light of the steady lamp. It is the peep of the moon through a sift in the sailing clouds. It is the gentle breeze which is so pleasant, but which hardly disturbs the atmosphere. It is the image of a vagrant cloud held by the heart of a placid lake, be it never for so long. It is the mild whisper that tickles the heart, but does not overmaster it,

It was about an year later, one night, that our hero lay musing, on his bed. The anxiety which had been

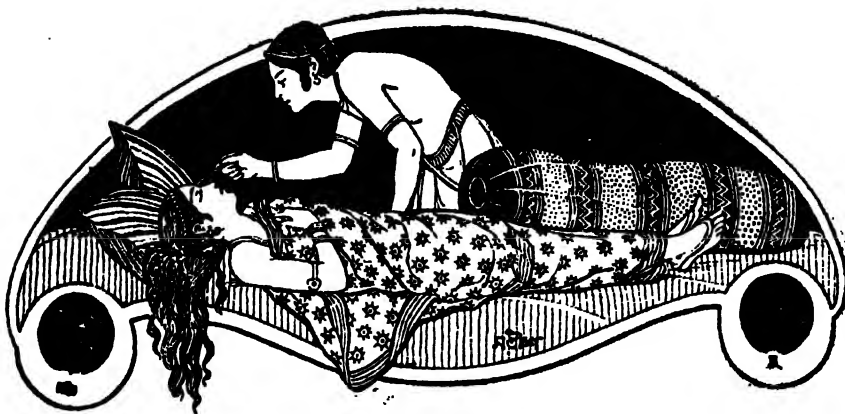
his passion for the first few days after his interesting experience had not only been watered down by the flow of time, but had almost been washed off. Not only was there no anxiety, but he very seldom, if ever, remembered her, although he always wore that chain round his wrist. He had not heard from her, and he was not wrong when he thought that she, too, might have forgotten it like an old nursery poem, heard in childhood. It is, of course, not the exact truth to say that they had forgotten the thing,—we seldom do; like the conservation of energy, there is also a conservation of reminiscences—but the fact was that neither was troubled about it. Whenever either remembered the event, it would be with a smile that it would be passed off like some interesting event seen in a drama by another and being narrated by him.

Our friend lay on his bed, musing, not over this affair, but other matters. The moon was full. The whole scene before him was one of whiteness, of as transparent a whiteness as the darkness on that occasion was thick. He lay with his arm under his head. As he turned on his side there was a pre-

ssure and a prick of the chain upon his wrist. The workers of his brain were still and resting like the night. Here was an awakening. It was after a very long time that such a vivid vision of that event was experienced by him. It was almost as intimately felt as real. But still, it did not make his heart beat with anxiety. He rose, for he had something on his mind, and walked out in that brilliant moonlight. It was winter, and might have been the same old month of October. He walked on and stopped at the well which was not far from his place. It was shaded over by a big tree and a tin roof. He stopped under the flickering shadows and lights made by the leaves of the tree, and took off the chain from round his wrist. Then he sat down on the edge, and let it drop into the dark always, for so it looked, till he heard its jingle at the farther end like the jingle it had made outside the carriage-window; and the chain upon which was left her touch and which he would not have exchanged with a gold chain nor sold for a thousand rupees, as he himself often had said, was gone.

‘Let us all ring fancy’s knell :

I’ll begin it,—Ding,—dong,—bell.’



To Account Rendered

(A Short Story)

BY—J. A. DAVID.

I

"Turn back to office, Jackson, I have left an important paper on my table," Roland McIntyre, having given the order to his chauffeur, settled down into his seat with an impatient air. He was the Junior Partner in the firm of Messrs. McIntyre and Sons of Bhogliwala, which dated from the days of the Hon'ble John Company.

With the grating sound of the brakes, the engines of a luxuriant looking 4 seater dropped to a gentle purr. A toot of the horn, a turn and the car shot out again, like a hound released from its leash and was doubling back on its own scent with a speed sufficient to send the policeman on point duty into a fit.

"Morning Graham," greeted McIntyre, passing through his senior clerk's room into his own.

"Good Morning, Sir," replied Graham, hastily thrusting a cover into his inner coat pocket.

"Why hasn't Peterson come to work to day?" asked McIntyre, seeing Graham standing at Peterson's table with an uneasy feeling.

"Yes, Sir, he has gone out. I was just settling his papers which had been blown off from his table."

Satisfied with Graham's explanation of his presence at Peterson's table, McIntyre entered his room only to return again with a packet of papers in his hand. When he had left, a smile of satisfaction and relief lit up Graham's face as he put his hand reassuringly to the breast pocket of his coat, which bulged with a wad of papers, which he hastily thrust into it.

II

Under the sweltering heat of the noonday sun, with waves of liquid heat rising from the tarred pavement, a seething, sweating mass of human traffic swayed to and fro, in a congested business quarter of Bhogliwala. A new-

boy with a bag slung across his back, dashed into this evermoving tide of human traffic, shouting in a shrill voice, "Paper—Paper,—Sahib." The poster hung round his neck bore the following headlines :

**"Strange Disappearance of Securities ;
Trail of the Manager for Alleged
Embezzlement !**

Roland McIntyre had just returned after a prolonged inspection of the up-country branches of the firm. The news of the arrest of his Manager was a shock to him. He was pacing up and down in his spacious and well-appointed office room with short quickened steps. His hands interlocked behind his back with fingers twitching in short convulsive clasps, his puckered brow displaying unmistakable signs of deep mental agitation.

Mrs. Peterson had just left him, after a long and painful interview.

The clock that had been ticking away struck ten, McIntyre stopped abruptly, looked at the clock, then reached for his hat and stick from the stand and walked out into the street. He signalled a loitering taxi and drove to the court.

The Counsel for the Prosecution had just ended his lengthy and impressive address. He had dwelt on the deliberate and criminal breach of trust by the accused and violation of the confidence of the employers at whose hands he had received nothing but kindness. Where would commerce and society be if there were no such things as mutual trust and confidence. He exhorted the court in the name of justice to award the extreme punishment to the accused so that it may be a warning and a lesson to others.

The Counsel for the Defence, who had been suddenly called out of the room by McIntyre and had had a hurried but momentous conversation with him, entered the Court. There

was an air of triumph about him as he cast a condescending glance at his opponent, who had just concluded his address. He said, "Your Worship, I seek the Court's permission to call in a witness—Mr. Roland McIntyre—who is in possession of certain information which is of vital importance to my client."

On the permission of the Court being granted by the Judge, McIntyre entered the room and took up his place in the witness box after being sworn in by the Court Nazir. From the "box" he cast a hasty glance at the spectators. In the front row sat his senior clerk with his wife and daughter. Sybil Graham though not decidedly pretty, possessed a certain attractiveness, which was arresting to the masculine eye. There was fire and dream in her dark blue eyes, a well curved mouth, straight and delicately pencilled eyebrows, small, slightly retroussé nose and warm healthy colouring.

The Judge addressed Roland, drawing his attention from Sybil Graham's face. "Mr. McIntyre, the Court understands that you desire to make a statement, which has an important bearing on the case. Will you kindly tell us, as briefly as possible, what this information is which you desire to communicate to the Court ?"

McIntyre then said : "I am the Junior Partner in the firm of Messrs McIntyre and Sons. On the day of this deplorable loss of securities, I had occasion to return to my office unexpectedly and on entering office I saw Graham at Peterson's table in the act of putting a cover into his inner coat pocket. At the time I did not connect the incident with anything unusual ; but in the light of the subsequent events, I think there was a certain suspicious air about Graham's action. I should like further enquiries to be made into the case. I know Peterson, I can vouch

for his integrity. I am prepared to stand bail for him."

On the conclusion of his statement, the Judge congratulated McIntyre, on his public-spirited action, and directed that Peterson should be released on bail, while Graham should be remanded, pending further investigation by the Police.

McIntyre felt a betrayer. A profound silence reigned in the Court at the sudden turn of events. Graham trembled in his seat while his wife and daughter were struck speechless.

The Court then rose for the day. A stream of visitors poured out, some making their way hastily to attend to their day's business, while others loitered about the Court, discussing the unexpected turn of events.

The news of the arrest of her husband came to Mrs. Graham like a bolt from the blue. If the ground had suddenly opened and swallowed him she would not have felt more stunned. To imagine that her husband whom she had come to consider as the soul of honour and integrity, was guilty of such a deed was beyond her unsophisticated comprehension. Leaning heavily on her daughter's arm, she walked out of the Court, calling down divine justice upon the betrayer of her husband.

It is needless to traverse the long trail of police investigation and the eventual tracing of the crime to Graham. Suffice it to say that he was found guilty of criminal misappropriation and sentenced to six months' rigorous imprisonment.

III

The ever-moving stream of human traffic in the well-lit and busy street of Bhogliwala looked bleary through Sybil's tearful eyes, like phantom figures in a heavy mist. She

stood on the pavement, hesitant, with her cheeks aflame and breathing quickly. A passionate curse escaped her quivering lips against her father's betrayer. Here, she was an outraged girl, with no one to defend her. Why couldn't men leave her alone? The manager of the firm where she was employed had suddenly lost his head, caught her in his arms and kissed her. In her righteous rage she had smacked him full in the face and had run out into the street to escape from his polluting touch, hatless, her hair dishevelled. The cold air outside brought calmer reflections. With her mother sick she had now lost the only means, however slender, of support. She stood in the street with a riot of emotions in her heart. A shrill toot of the horn, a nasty jolt and she was deemed conscious of a flash of stars.

When she opened her eyes again, she found herself lying upon a couch in a big office room, with her head throbbing fearfully. A pair of strong, manly hands were bathing her forehead with ice water.

"Oh, Miss Graham, I am so glad you have come round. It was a nasty accident but we have managed to catch the culprit." Roland McIntyre had now risen and was standing over her. Sybil did not know whether to thank her rescuer or to recoil from his contaminating presence. She blinked her eyes once or twice then looked up at the frank open face of Roland. Something inexplicable seemed to stir in her and she pouted in a feeble tone, "It is very kind of you, Mr. McIntyre, but I must really get home mother will be anxious about me."

"Please don't get up, Miss Graham, you are too shaken up to move. As soon as my car comes I shall carry you down myself."—A flush suffused his face momentarily when he realised that he had not even asked her permission.

"I am afraid, you are terribly knocked up I think you should take some rest. I'll speak to Morton about your leave."

"Thank you, Mr. McIntyre, but I have resigned my post," she replied with a sickly smile.

"Resigned! Why Morton only told me this morning that he was thinking of increasing your salary and of putting you in charge of the Paris Models' Department."

"Yes, but I, I—er, I don't want to go there again."

The accident had unnerved her and she began to sob. Then in disjointed, pathetic sentences, she told him the tragic tale.

Since the accident four months had rolled by. Sybil was now installed as a steno-typist to the Junior Partner of Messrs. McIntyre & Sons.

Roland sat at his table with a pile of correspondence in front of him, but he did not feel like working. A fit of the "blues" had taken possession of him. "Come in," he said, in response to a tap on the door. A light, airy form tripped into the room with a note book in her hand.

"Aren't you going to the meeting to-day, Mr. McIntyre?"

"What Meeting, Miss Graham?" asked the Junior Partner, looking blankly into two warm, dark blue liquid eyes, that seemed to be dancing a merry little measure of their own.

"At the Exchange," she replied with an arch smile, straightening out a crease in the carpet with the toe of her daintily shod foot and incidentally displaying her neat little ankle to the best advantage.

"Oh! Thanks awfully, what a blithering ass I am, I had almost forgotten about it." Then as a second thought, "By Jove, you possess a marvellous memory. Miss Graham!"

"It's not that Mr. McIntyre," she said, crimsoning under the compliment, "I was looking through my note book and came across the letter you had dictated a week ago, making an appointment for to-day."

There was something maddening about her beautifully moulded neck and the burnished coppery wisps of hair flapping against her well rounded cheeks, as she looked down with a demure archness. He burst out exuberantly in his boyish phraseology, which he affected on such occasion, "I say, Miss Graham, you make a rattling good Secretary,"—then realising his *faux pas* he sought to retrieve his position with "it is only quarter after four, why not have tea at the 'Grand' with me and then I could drop you home *en route*," blushing at his boldness of suggestion.

"Oh, how splendid," replied Sybil, clasping her hands with bewitching smile, which translated meant "Aren't you a dear?"

IV

Time in its ceaseless passage had flown. Graham was now out of prison. During the six solitary months of his imprisonment he had brooded over his imagined wrong. The deep affection and solicitude for his family which had actuated him in the commission of his crime, were now turned into a bitter hatred against his accuser. Revenge had become a fetish with him.

It was a 'band evening' at the Gardens. Sybil had succeeded in persuaded her father into taking her out. The evening was good, the band better and the spirits of spectators infinitely higher. Sybil in her exuberance of spirits was chatting gaily, and breaking out now and again with a catchy little lilt from the band. They had just emerged from a colonnade of tall palms interspersed with flower-beds blushing in the fulness of their

bloom, when she felt her father's arm, on which she was leaning, stiffen suddenly. Before she could intervene, he had taken out his revolver and fired at a figure seated under a tree.

The aim was erratic. Roland McIntyre, for it was none other, jumped up with a cold ticklish sensation in his arm, and then realised that a bullet had found lodgement there. Sybil wanted to cry out for help but the grim look on her father's face struck her speechless. Roland took in the situation at a glance. He was immediately by the old man's side, holding his bleeding arm.

"It's only an accident, sergeant," he said with ill disguised bravado to the ubiquitous guardians of the law. "Mr. Graham was showing me his revolver when it went off accidentally." Then turning to Graham and Sybil, "I think we had better get home and have my wound attended to." The eternal struggle of duty over the heart was now raging in Sybil's breast, fast and furious.

When the car drew up at the steps of Roland's flat he alighted holding his arm. A feeling of sullen indifference had taken possession of old Graham and he sat in the car quite unconcerned. Sybil held out her trembling hand, saying "I—I am so sorry, Mr. McIntyre that—", a lump rose in her throat. Roland took her extended hand with just the tinniest pressure and then walked in.

V

Business had revived and there was now an unprecedented boom. Roland invariably left office late. On this eventful evening, he was proceeding along the pavement homeward bound, when he recognised Graham a few yards ahead, hurrying along casting furtive glances behind every now and again. This excited his curiosity and he decided to

shadow him. They had walked for some time when Graham halted under a lamp post and then suddenly dived into a side-street that led to the Chinese quarter. Roland was at first surprised and then anticipating trouble he stepped up to the policeman on duty and gave him some instructions, and then followed in the wake of the fast disappearing figure of Graham. The street was narrow and ill-lit. A strong odour of joss sticks assailed him through the smoky atmosphere. A stealthy, shadowy figure of a Chinaman, who seemed to suddenly materialise like the genii from the smokeladen atmosphere, sidled up to Graham. Roland slackened his pace. After an exchange of a few words, he led Graham a couple of hundred yards and then entered a low-roofed house. It was a small room, partitioned into three compartments. A thick cloud of smoke hung heavily in the room in which the flickering light from an oil lamp that hung in the centre of the room looked ghostly. The walls were covered with newspaper sheets and photographs of actresses in *dishabille* with foot notes in red, extolling the proprietor and welcoming the guests. It was a restaurant.

"Where is Chin Choo?" asked Graham with an uncomfortable feeling.

"At your service, Mr. Graham," answered a voice. The curtain parted in the centre and Chin Choo came out with a sinister leer on his face.

"What do you want with me now?" asked Graham.

"Remember that night in Shantung when you ran away with all my money."

"Oh, damn all that, I am absolutely broken now and I can't give you a penny," replied Graham with some warmth.

"Ye-es, but you have a pretty little daughter," proceeded the unctuous Chinaman,

rubbing his hands in a most repulsive manner.

"You damned scoundrel! say another word and I'll—," Graham sprang at the Chinaman like a wounded tiger, but he found himself caught from behind by two strong hands. Chin Choo drew a yataghan from his waist and placed it on the counter. "Mr. Graham, you have escaped me before but this time, by my gods, you will not leave this house unless you agree to my terms."

With a crash the door flew upon and Roland, who had over heard the conversation through the cracks in the panels of the door, bounded into the room, with the revolver cocked.

"You damned blackguard! Release that man at once or I'll shoot the whole lot of you like dogs."

The Chinaman, realising that the tables were turned, released Graham, but before Roland could decide as to his next move, the lamp was knocked over and in the darkness, he felt cold steel being forced into the small of his back. Mad with rage, he turned round and fired two shots in quick succession at his assailant. The report of the revolver shots brought the police, whom Roland had warned. A scuffle in the darkness ensued. Roland struggled painfully to draw out the half trust yataghan from his back. The loss of blood had been profuse and he felt as if he was sinking down, down into a bottomless pit, with a vague sound of strange voices.

McIntyre lay in the "accidents ward" of the General Hospital. He had now recovered consciousness and from enquiries, has ascertained that he had been brought to the hospital by the police. He had very hazy, nebulous idea as to what had happened after he had been stabbed in the back.

A nurse came in noiselessly and said, "a gentleman and a lady want to see you, Mr. McIntyre. Please be calm and don't disturb yourself."

After a brief conversation in lowered voices, Graham entered with his head hung down, followed by Sybil, Roland could see from his face that the old man had suffered much and felt sorry for him.

On approaching McIntyre's bed, Graham dropped on his knees, his head resting on the edge of the bed.

"I have come to beg your forgiveness, Mr. McIntyre, I know I don't deserve it." There was a catch in the old man's voice, which filled Roland's heart with pity.

Sybil stood at the head of his bed, bending over him, with a look of devotion, affection and hero-worship in her eyes. He took her hand and drew her down to him till their lips met. Then taking Graham's hand in his, he said. "We are quits, Mr. Graham. I have also to ask your forgiveness and your blessing for robbing you of the greatest treasure of your life."

The Calcutta Review.

Step Aside.

BY
AMRITALAL BOSE.

Step aside ye crowned heads ! Step aside ye proud peers and belted knights ! Stand back all mortal world and for one moment hush ! Let from the frail frame a Great Soul pass away in peace to the abode of Eternal Bliss !

Bharatbaria has produced long lances and sharp swords as any country in the world. Her sons have defended their own and punished usurpers with might and main, in fight, fair and free. Her daughters had in their hearts, along with the milk of maternal tenderness, wine enough to inebriate the souls of the sterner sex with the spirit of chivalry and gallantry. Superhuman feats of physical strength have been performed by men to win the hands of fair princesses. But the heroes of this country never won the green laurel of immortality dipped in a brother's blood.

The standard of heroism in this land of ours was and is still gauged by the extent of self-conquest a person has achieved and not from an inventory of possessions he has been or is able to wrench off from his neighbours. Not the extermination of others but renunciation of Self makes Heroes in Bharat.

The British era in India has turned out thousands of graduates from English-made Universities, and Chittaranjan was only one of them. Hundreds of successful lawyers lived, and still live and flourish and Mr. C. R. Das was only one of the constellation. Charity is not a virtue but a habit with the people of Hindustan, and deeds of benevolence are not only sung in ballads or handed down through legends, but the ink is not yet dry on the papers on which are recorded the munificence of Palit and Rashbehary to the count of millions ; so in charitable Bengal the rich lawyer of Russa Road was but another charitable man.

The thing that made the Bengali to raise his brother of Bikrampur to the throne of worship is his act of renunciation, his act of sacrificing all—his entire annihilation of Self.

Renunciation is neither a new nor rare act in this country but the age, an age in which diction has turned gold into an adjective to qualify goodness, an age in which a University degree and an advocate's gown might have made Sakya Singha pause before He renounced the world, the renun-

* The name of the house at Darjeeling in which Chittaranjan passed away is "Step Aside."

ciation of Deshabandhu was superb, wonderful, divine !

In the eyes of the humble inditer of these lines, Ramchandra, Buddhiadeva, Christ, Mahomed, Sree Chaitanya, Sree Ramkrishna, Vivekananda Swami, though embodied in mortal frame, were not men but Incarnations of Iswarsakti. They are ever-living beacons to light up men's path but inimitable as models.

Here is our son of flesh, born in affluence, brought up in luxury, achieving worldly greatness, with gold mohurs in bagfuls thrust in the hood of his gown, rising one holy morning from his bed and declaring himself poor. Here is the scion of a rich family throwing away his gold spoon to put his fingers on a brass platter. Here is Mr. Das changing his Bond-Street clothes for Khaddar. Here is the thousand-a-day Barrister ministering to his wants by counting out copper pice.

He is no man who does not exclaim out "Abaha" when he sees a person stumble in his walk ; but the sight of one leaping down from a terrace forty-five feet high, stops the beating of the hearts of all those who look at it and the stunned heart bound up to the mouth when that One stands up instantly erect and taller than what he looked when high above on the terrace. This wondrous feat, in these

times of scrambling up the greasy post to catch the winning purse, was performed by Babu Chittaranjan Das. He threw himself down to rise stronger, he stopped to conquer. Ah ! What a conquest it was ! On the day that leap was taken died Mr. C. R. Das the barrister, the man with a million, the slave of luxury and with resurrection rose from the ashes of the servile flesh the Spirit of the King of Men. Three hundred millions of men, women and children bowed their devoted heads in the Grand Presence.

A how coveted by earthly sovereigns and commanded by legislature in letters of blood, forging swords and casting cannons.

India has not begun work in earnest yet ; She is receiving messages. Chittaranjan has delivered the message he was charged with from High ; that done the curtain dropped on his Ascension.

The Lamp-lighter has done his task and retired to rest ; an illuminated street is now before us, my countrymen, and if we will, we can walk up to our workshop.

An illuminated street is often before you too, our Rulers ! You also can tread this road both for your and our good if you will see your way by the Bengal light, leaving your Roman candle for service at home.

Asutosh and Chittaranjan : A Study

By Nripendra Chandra Banerji.

The passing away of Sir Asutosh Mookerjee and Deshabandhu Chittaranjan Das—twin-souls, however contrasted and separated by accident and circumstance within a year's swift interval, has been nothing short of a national tragedy. And yet adversity hath its uses and the secret of individual and collective progress is the capacity to transmute death into life. And thus India needs to be told from many an aspect of that in the life of both which can never die. India needs to assuage her thirst in that fount of *rasa* which coursed through that divine *lila* that manifested itself in the stage of being as the composite personalities of an Asutosh and of a Chittaranjan. And once she has learnt to drink deep that fount she will qualify also to march to the tune of the varied play of these two lives—so deep, so intense, so comprehensive, so vital, so sweet and withal so strong.

'Sweet and strong'—these were indeed the key-notes of that compacted and synthesised harmony which made up our beloved Asutosh and our dear Chittaranjan.

The strength of Asutosh that which earned for him the sobriquet of the **Bengal Tiger** and the strength of Chittaranjan the **Deshabandhu** were, however, of a quality, apart. As an associate of both, I have had opportunities of judging about this quality in both stalwarts and though subtle things are difficult to discriminate and describe in concrete language, I have still an overpowering, an overmastering sense of power as expressed in both lives. Asutosh's strength lay concentrated in the brain: Chittaranjan's in the heart. The one dominated by sheer, un-

compromising hard logic and and ratiocination: the other by a drive of warm impulse that irrigated, inundated the dry wastes of the analytic, the probing intellect.

Asutosh was strong in a strength of memory, of marshalling of legions in the domain of fact: his being flowed in an equable, restrained, disciplined, channel—a clear, pellucid stream with the back-washes of diplomacy well-hidden from view: his fights were with weapons forged in the armoury of the adversary and he himself never disdained to don the uniform of the master whom he castigated and chastised as only a Brahmin versed in the strategies, old and new, can. A mathematical precision, a consistently continued march along high-ways and by-ways was his he knew when to strike: he knew how to sharpen the weapons and how to use them: and when he struck, he struck as with a sledge-hammer. The enemy was stunned into defeat. Who can ever forget how the skilled generalissimo of the University forces had docketed, ticketed and labelled every one of his lieutenants and privates, and called them up to fill their places in the fateful hours of strife? There was not a single distinguished graduate in Bengal whom he did not know by face and name—whom he had not cared to befriend and counsel—and to pull by the legs on occasion: and not a day passed when the sanctum of the Russa Road house was not trodden by the feet of pilgrim-academicians, and when the atmosphere there was not charged with loving kindness for some and blasting irony for others. For Sir Asutosh was nothing if not

an accurate judge of 'men' and 'manikins' and to each variety he dealt out his gifts of forceful comradeship and scornful pity in appropriate measure. There was not the minutest nook in the spacious domains of the University, post-graduate and under-graduate with which he was not familiar: and he assayed his task of educational reconstruction with a mastery of details that was almost 'uncanny' and a vision of the Ideal that was almost prophetic. His soul was wrapt up in the coils of manly education for the upper and middle classes and knowing as he did that Gokhale's dream of universalising elementary education among the broad masses of India would not materialise for obvious reasons, he worked along other ways for the same ends. His dream was to create a band of intellectuals in the land whom sheer-hunger-urge would compel to descend into the arid plains of unlearned human dwelling and give of their best there.

But there was one thing which possibly escaped him and that was the gap created by this same education between the city-dwellers and the village-dwellers. He lacked also possibly, being a city-bred man himself, in that real contact with the village economy without which no bridging of the gulf between the classes and the masses is possible. And possibly he forgot also that a negative urge could never produce or stimulate a positive patriotism: starvelings could possibly not really be the active instruments of salvation for India's pauper millions.

But within these limitations, it must be confessed that Asutosh has beaten the Bureaucracy at its own game, that he has infused the breath of Asianism and Humanism into the corpse of a sterilised University system; rescued it from stiff-necked pedants and wily charlatans, made of it a magazine of free ideas

and the rally-centre of Bengal's higher culture. In fact, he has attempted and achieved a most difficult task: he has created a State within the State—a State of autonomy for teacher and taught within the State which is yet a stronghold of orthodox irresponsibility. Sir Asutosh has been a supreme adept in repelling all invasions, from all quarters, of his kingdom—he repelled the Swadeshi attack of twenty years ago as much as the more insidious invasion of the Curzonian diplomacy and stiffened the defences: he successfully side-tracked the big assault of the Gandhi-Dasite wreckers (of whose company my humble self was also one) and after having weathered the storm, piloted the boat safe to harbour athwart the sly skirmishings of the new Reformed regime and across the now-famous Government, House thunders. And this was how the Bengal Tiger "tigered" it all across the trail—and silenced lesser beings into atrophy or compelled them into homage.

And yet who can ever forget the innate sweetness of this fighting Brahmin, the purity of his domestic life, the stern simplicity and **swadeshimism** of living and dressing in which he revelled, the silent charities of his household? In ancient India this man among men would have carved out a bigger Naland—in modern Europe he would have carved out a free republic like another Hindenburg. But in modern Bengal he could only fashion a semi-democratic oasis in the Desert of Autocracy.

And Chittaranjan! The tears for the Deshabandhu, the country's devoted friend and the refuge of the poor, the depressed and oppressed are not yet dry in an admiring and mourning people's eyes and to write about him without passion or prejudice, understatement is hard indeed. And yet as one who suffered and fought alongside of that Big

Soul, fought for his innermost ideas and idealisms even when outwardly seeming to fight against certain modes and passing phases of his life, I make bold to say that there was hardly a greater born in Bengal—in the plane of activity after Sree Chaitanya. For Chittaranjan had in him the makings of a modern Chaitanya from the start and while the Secret of Ashutosh's being was **Bakti** a lava-flow of Power and Engineering, the Secret of Chittaranjan's life was that higher attribute which we call **Prama**, the liquid fire of **Love** selfless, disinterested and pure—the prime mover of social forces. It was given to him to **love greatly** and those who love greatly suffer greatly also. This was the kingly dower, the royal largesse with which the Divine Lover had blest him ; this is the heritage he has left us. Chittaranjan was a lover and a poet—a princely **Bhogi** (enjoyer) and a still more princely **Tyagi** (sacrificer). This prodigality of bounty was Chittaranjan's master-bias. He lived and loved, enjoyed and sacrificed, suffered and fought—with a sheer abandon that recked of no limits and with a passionate ecstasy that some times seemed to run into an apparently wasteful excess. And thus as a lawyer he spent his own money over the cases of indigent clients and settled and started many such in life—as a poet his songs were songs of the wild, restless, elemental sea—as a humanitarian he could never despise even the fallen woman and has eshrined the tragic tribe in melodious lines of haunting love—as a music lover, he went into raptures over **Kirtana-songs**, singing of the eternal love-play between the eternal types of man and woman of whom Krishna and Radha are exemplars. And when his prince among art-lovers and song-lovers came into the arena of politics, he came like a stormy

petrel—wrecking, dashing, swaying millions to and fro—and all by sheer power of love. His was not the reason-monger's art—he did not dilettantise like many a sickly, cynical latitudinarian in this land of bedimmed stars and be-fogged suns—he appealed, he exhorted, he gathered and rallied thousands with the power bred of burning love. I know of the agony of his soul—I know its crystal purity—I know of its hatred of shams and frauds—I know also of its impassioned zeal of obdurate opposition to its cherished ideas, programmes—I know of the fever, the fret, the worry—I know also of the superlative strength of this Himalayan personality and the break-neck speed of its Everest expedition in politics. I know of Chittaranjan the **ascetic**—as deeply as of Chittaranjan the **revolutionary**. Both were parts of one rounded whole—for his asceticism was coloured with the rose-hues of dreamy love—it was not of the orthodox, reactionary, dogmatic, stolid type which renounces the world and renounces humanism in the process, which, exercises the flesh and lashes the Devil but cannot root out the desire for name and fame, which talks of God and His saints and feels of self and its satellites : and his **revolutionarism** was not the crude theory of a cruel physical retaliation 'red in tooth and claw' which defeats its own end and in trying to subdue one evil creates hosts of other evils but the savino gospel of a revolution of ideas and mental processes and outlook which, once accomplished, history may be trusted to take its course and the genius of Revolution may forge its own weapons according to stress of circumstance.

And thus it was that this lover of men wept and fought, sacrificed his all, suffered and enjoyed in the act—and was called away to the bosom of the Lover of Lovers

when he had realised through his finite being a *rasa-lila*, a sweet love-play, the meaning of which only He knows but the portent of which all India and Bengal are to read in the signs of the times—and to read out of all the glories and lapses, all the triumphs and failures of the movement for freedom which this political ascetic, this mighty-seeker in storm and thunder, this unwearied activist, and this unabashed poet of the Epic of Love on the stage of a federating, race-fusing, west assimilating, East-reviving India led through fire and water.

This is not a political article. This is written by a man of some little culture for 'culturists' and cultured. I ask: is there

a finer task than to bathe in this tossing stream of love-culture which carried Desabandhu through the eddies and whirls right into that greatest mystery which we mortals call Death and the Divine Immortals possibly hail as Life?

Bengal wants a synthesis—Asutosh's brain and Chittaranjan's heart—the co-ordinate play of intellect and love—the correlate flow and fructification of *Sakti* and *Prema* which alone can bridge the yawning chasm between the upper and middle classes and the great unwashed. For will she in God's infinite mercy long wait for such a consummation for the Hour brings the man.

The Calcutta Review.





Transforming Power Of Love

BY TERESA STRICKLAND.

Older than all the gods am I, yet younger than them all,
 Before time was, or space, or sky, I from that Cause didst fall—
 That Causeless Cause, whom men name God, whose Spirit brooded o'er
 Chaos and darkness, where He trod, whose waters had no shore—
 He yearned, and from His open Heart, I fell, the Cosmic seed ..
 Destined Creative Laws to start, I life vibrations freed.
 I came when life and beauty came, and stars and suns above—
 I came to bear the sacred flame, and I am known as Love.

Love is the most potent force in the Universe—Love is the feminine principle of God's sublime Ego, by which was created the solar systems and the inhabitants thereof .. Love is the All for God is Love.

Well might the great Seer cry, "Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. Love never faileth : but whether there be no tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away."

So, Love is of the Spirit, and the one thing eternal and worth while.

Love, or Spirit, is masculine, as Soul is feminine, and the two must be united to create Beauty, Truth or Power, which are all attributes of God, the Omnipotent Omnipresent, Omniscient **Om** !

Psyche, or the Soul, had to suffer, had to be tried and tested, had to learn to cast out all fear and to have boundless trust, ere she became One with Eros, or Love, and was immortalized by the union. Walter Pater most beautifully tells the story.

This God of Love is represented as a beautiful youth with wings; Love must have wings and youth and beauty... Love must be able to send the fire-tipped arrows with unerring aim, through any obstruction or cloud to find the Beloved. Hence our love-thoughts are arrows, and when intelligently directed we can send them much further than the telephone can reach, or the wireless telegraph can communicate. Telepathy is the power, Thought is the dynamore—but Intelligence must direct the sending of the message.

The vibrations of love are rose colour, and clairvoyants have seen thought-forms emanate from the brain of the lover and shoot with unerring aim into space, like one of Cupid's arrows, to find the one to whom it was directed.

The power of vibration is limitless, and, a knowledge of how to use the marvellous forces with which man is endowed is to become God-like.

How then can we intelligently use this transforming power of love? Only by transmuting the baser metals of the physical body into the pure gold of Spirit and thus awakening the Cosmic Consciousness.

What electricity is in this material world, love is in the realm of spirit. Electricity has always been in existence but man knew it not, until one, unconsciously, came in touch with the great telephonic ether that surrounds the upper stratas of air, which is the treasure-house of the gods. He found out the secret only in part however, for we are as yet in the kindergarten of our comprehension of the power of electricity. If it is true, as has been suggested, that Radium is the affinity of electricity, when science

learns to intelligently mate the two forces what may be the wondrous third element brought forth to revolutionize the world! Although man has, in this century, already wrought apparent miracles, far greater things are yet to come, for man is still evolving.

Electricity has almost done away with space, and continents are connected by very small contrivances. However, the electric force may be harnessed, but without an operator it is impossible to use the current; the operator may also be there but without intelligence to use the machine he is useless; so the Divine Ego within the man must, after all, come to the rescue and teach the form he animates to transmit the message. It is absolutely necessary for us to come in touch with the God within ere we can realize our own power, and by Divine union of the love-force to use the power for what-ever ends we may desire.

When the Christ Mind awakens in our Souls, it illuminates the entire being and then Cosmic Evolution becomes possible.

I suppose that we are all familiar with the sweet, old mythological story of Pygmalion and Galatea—of how the sculptor created his ideal in spotless marble, and with the immaculate conception before his eyes, his soul reached out in love and desire towards it—of how his passion warmed into yielding flesh and blood the stone effigy of the perfect woman and she breathed, and lived, and loved! In the same way we can create an ideal and love it into life and being...that is why our cherished dreams oft-time become realities.

Ovid describes the transformation of the marble Galatea into life long centuries ago, in these burning words:—

"The sculptor sought his home, and bending o'er the couch that bore
 His Maiden's life-like image, to her lips
 Fond pressed his own,—and lo, her lips seemed warm,
 And warmer kissed again :—and now his hand
 Her bosom seeks, and dimpling to his touch
 The ivory seems to yield,—as in the Sun
 The waxen labor of Hymettus bees,
 By plastic fingers wrought, to various shape
 And use by use is fashioned. Wonder spelled,
 Scarce daring to believe his bliss, in dread
 Lest sense deluded mock him, on the form
 He loved, again and yet again his hand
 Lay trembling touch, and to his touch a pulse—
 'Twas very life ! Then forth in eloquent flood
 His grateful heart to Venus poured...
 The lips he kissed were living lips that felt
 His passionate pressure :—o'er the virgin's cheek
 Stole deepening crimson ;—and the unclosing eyes
 At once on Heaven and on their Lover looked !"

Love is the transforming power of the Universe ;—"he that loveth not, knoweth not God ; for God is love," said the Beloved Disciple.

The Sun loves the Earth ; and gladly she yields to him the beauty of the rose, the glory of the vine, the wonder of the tree.

He touches with a kiss of love the lips of Spring—and lo thousands of flowers come laughing into the world. He embraces the Mountains with heavenly love—and lo, the ice fetters are burst asunder, and thousands of sparkling rills dance down the rocky steeps to the plains below, giving life and joy to the thirsty earth, then clasping hands they run onward to the Sea, there to be absorbed and to become one with its vastness and strength, as we all must become One, in the Universal Sea of God's love.

It is Love who sends the birds singing into the air ; Love paints their plumage, and thrills in their songs.

Love teaches the sparrow to round the nest to fit her throbbing heart, that she might cover the eggs and love them into life.

Every eagle in the air and every bird, and all things that live are guided by the same law of Love that leads the stars in their mighty processional !

Love is constructive, and never destructive ; and yet, great physical disturbances occur, that cause the sceptic to cry aloud, "Behold the workings of God !...The Divine Father, who sends cyclones, accidents, earthquakes and wars, to hurl into Eternity thousands of His helpless children without a moment's warning !" God does not punish—"We are our own Fates : our own deeds are our doomsmen." Nature's laws are immutable.—Nature in her mighty works, holds the human race of no more account than she does the dumb beasts of the field, or the birds of the air. A great storm arises—trees are uprooted, the nests woven with such care and

understanding are hurled to the earth with the helpless birdlings whose wings are not feathered for flight ; they are crushed and killed, and the tragedy is as complete in the bird-kingdom, and of as much importance in Nature's eyes, as when a cyclone sweeps a town of human beings out of existence !

In the histories of the ages, we have accounts of great floods, buried cities, destructive earthquakes, and submerged continents : —all are in accordance with the immutable laws of Nature. Nature is apparently cruel but she is a wise house-keeper and makes no mistakes.

A child breaks a law laid down by its parents ; punish the little one—it has brought its own suffering to pass—the law is sure :

"As a man soweth that surety shall he be-reap."

In the "Book of Golden Precepts," we read, "Learn that no efforts, not the smallest whether in **right** or **wrong** direction—can vanish from the world of causes. E'en wasted smoke remains not traceless. A harsh word uttered in past lives, is not destroyed, but ever comes again. The pepper plant will not give birth to roses, nor the sweet jessamine's silver stars to thorn or thistle turn." This Eastern precept was doubtless familiar to Jesus, who brought the same lesson home to the hearts of the simple people around Him, when He said,

"Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles ?....."

Know of a certainty, thou canst create this day, thy chances for thy to-morrow. "In the great journey, cause shown each hour bears each its harvest of effects : for rigid Justice rules the world."

The sins of the people of Sodom and Gomorrah, the vices of the inhabitants of beautiful Babylon, destroyed and laid them low. God did not send the wreck and ruin. Did not

Christ cry out in agony of spirit, "**O Jerusalem, Jerusalem—thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not !**" In His love for humanity His heart almost broke over their sins, but He could not save them from the karma they had brought upon themselves. Even as He could not save the sin-sick world from the blood-drenched destruction that was self-created—a people and a country must work out their Karmic debt, and then will come Reconstruction. The New Day even now begins to glow in the East : the Light shineth through the darkness.

Throughout the Bible we will see that sickness, sorrow and disease was the direct result of sin, of evil spirits, who through our acts we have invited to enter and make their abode with us. The same law holds to day as then.

In the great cataclysms of Nature, some law has been broken ; some reconstruction had to be brought about by destruction. In a night, a spider with the skill of an Arachne, may weave a web of exquisite beauty across a rare tapestry in the parlour—the filmy, silken thread may be woven in the parlour—the filmy, silken thread may be woven in intricate pattern to rival the work of Minerva herself, and yet a careful housewife with one sweep of her broom will destroy the web and its inhabitants ; she has no thought of their well-being ; but to them it means utter destruction ! So with Nature, it is ever the **survival of the fittest**. She believes in order and elimination, and would shatter the world to bits—"and then remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire !"

We see the meteors hurled through space, and falling stars to mark great up-

heavens on other spheres....."The firmament showeth His handiwork."

The moon was once a radiant world—perhaps peopled by a higher grade of inhabitants than our Earth ; but it became worn, and old and weary—it is now a burnt out shell, shining only by reflected splendour of the sun. But a period of reconstruction will one day restore the lost vitality to the moon, and she will again reach the "human tide wave."

Everything moves in circles according to fixed laws. The planets must have their periodical times of rest, in which to become re-vitalized, just as man must drink in new life from "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep" [...and the year must have its Winter to produce the re-creative energy to bring forth renewed beauty in the spring. Divine Love turns the wheel of life and all is good.

"God is Spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in Truth." Love is of the Spirit :—we are surrounded by the sea of God's love—we must take deep inhalations of this divine essence to bring forth the fruits of the spirit—we must establish a perfect rhythm to find our key-note in the Eternal Harmony.

The great occult teacher, St. Paul, knew full well the workings of this law of love, when he wrote. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not Love I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

Spirit is indestructible ; floods cannot drown, fire cannot burn, earthquakes cannot destroy it. Nothing on earth, nor in the waters under the earth, can hurt or harm Spirit. Neither death, nor the grave, nor hell can imprison it ; no locality can contain it—for Spirit is free, untrammelled and eternal ! God is love, and love is the essence of Spirit.

As by sin came death into the world, so by Love came life. The love of man for woman is a sacred and a beautiful thing, when it is the perfect union of mind, body and soul...It is

the communion of Spirit ; the divine fire on the altar, at which to light the torch of humanity to illuminate the world. Without this love, desire would cease, the race would become extinct, and the earth would sleep and become as torpid as the moon.

From the union of the Father, with the creative spirit of Love, or the Mother-Principle, came the Son ; from the union of man and woman comes the perfect flower, in the child ; from the union of darkness and dawn comes the radiant Day. And so from the marriage, or union of two forces or elements in all chemistry and Nature, in physical and psychical life comes the perfect three in one, known as "trinity in unity."

Love is the ambrosia of the gods—in the eating thereof mortal may become immortal. Love is the wine of life, that the "Angel-shape" bore on its shoulder, and bade us drink thereof. Love made Holy the contents of the Grail, and brought about the At-onement of God and man. Love is the sculptor who moulds the Soul into His likeness, and make the desert of our life to blossom like the rose. Love will blot out all mistakes, right all wrongs, turn the unsightly into the beautiful, transmute the baser metals of the heart into pure gold—Love is the All !

So, Beloved, take heart ! If things are going wrong with you in spiritual or physical life, remember that Love is the law, and **"Only God may be had for the asking."** Right thinking produces knowledge—right knowledge produces right action—right action produces good **karma**So, Love will overcome the world, the flesh and the devil !

With the dear old seer, John Burroughs, let us say,

**"Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Whate'er the storms of life may be,
Faith guides me up to Heaven's gate,
And Love will bring my own to me."**

The Calcutta Review.

Glimpses Of The Invisible Reality.

Mahabir Prasad Parashari.

I wandered once a region thin,
So thin, like dream, and so serene,
Like starlit darkness dimly seen ;
'Twas like a crystal with a dream within.

I left my house, so hushed so still,
Like an old, deserted temple
Dilapidated on a hill,
Where blows no wind, nor birds, nor insects shrill.

I sailed, I floated little a wave
Of music in an infinite cave.
I might have been a fancy, save
That thought or fancy couldn't like me behave.

I felt so dry, yet I felt wet ;
I could not have been substance, yet
I was not thought—that I could bet.
I was like vapour—dry and wet ;
A substance, not a substance yet.

—Like vapour in a darkened room,
Where heat you see and feel the gloom,
—If you have senses of a gnome,
Where lies hushed and flat even a boom.

1. It was a region fairies dwell ;
2. For colour, or music, or smell,
3. Though these seemed none, yet all could swell
4. So rich, so splendid as in an 'chanted dell.

I was so free, I was so light.
 Absolute freedom and all might :
 It was a realm of pure delight,
 Where wish had neither time nor space to fight.

There was no waiting and no pain
 Of wish and effort made in vain.
 Lay Logic poor there snapt in twain.
 And space and time meant to pain
 The mortals were there all in vain.

I could have shown, or be concealed
 Like fate to mortals ne'er unsealed.
 No light, no dark on me could wield
 It's influence. To none I had to yield.

Come music : and it came at once ;
 Not note by note, rising in tones
 And falling ; but as in a trance
 Single impress of picture or of tones.

There swelled a temple cone on cone
 Of colours diverse and unknown,
 Unveil'd, of sudden, like a throne
 Artistic, gorgeous : 'Twas a rag well known.

Now odours familiar and now
 Absorbed and bathed me like the dew
 Ecstatic ; mixed, yet separate, too.
 This was a sunset, I well knew
 Had bathed my vision like the dew.

And jingling bells and flutes thrilling
 In unison, all welkin filling
 Rose ; aptures in me instilling ;
 Yet curious, tangible, warm and chilling.

This was I knew an evening prayer,
Prayed in a temple's beatific air
'Mid fount-spray and flowers fair
And candles bright and thrilling as with prayer.

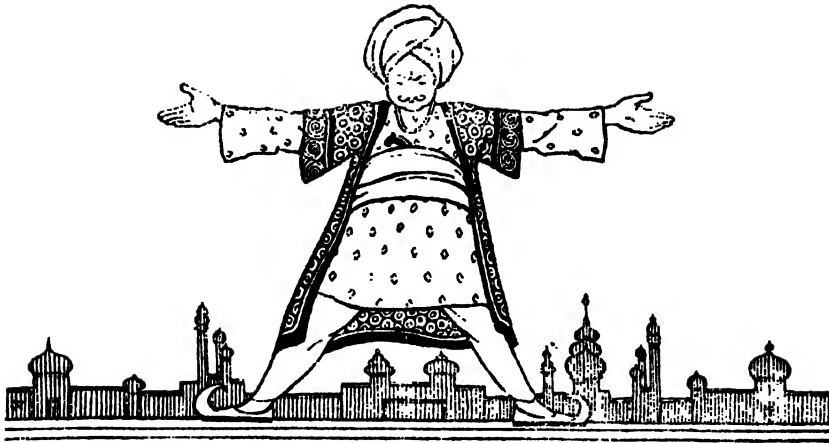
And whatever flash'd across my mind
And caught a sense of whate'er kind,
Ere grasped, did sure fulfilment find.
No law, but of pure wish did this land bind.

And this was thinner than the thinnest air ;
And this was cooler than the coolest water ;
And this was brighter than the brightest fire ;
And this was purer than the purest either.

And I had wandered, full of joy
And purity, as a scraphic boy.
And seemed forgotton the decoy—
My house—which seemed far grosser than alloy.

Ardour and purity and love
Were wings sustained me thero above.
And I might long like this have throve,
Had not I got this unsuspected shove.

My purity immaculate
A dirty wish defiled ;
And ere I could foresee the fate
I had been carried through the gate.



Kanu the Clever.

A Folk Tale

By Harendranath Dutt, M. A. B. L.

Kanu and Srimanta were very close friends and lived in the same village.

Kanu was very poor but had a good soul and everybody loved him for his cleverness and sharp wit.

Srimanta was the son of a rich man and owned a big house, yet he was a great friend of poor Kanu.

Now, Kanu approached Srimanta one day, asked for some capital and offered him half-share of the profits. Srimanta readily agreed and gave him five rupees to start with.

Kanu started business and made a profit of one rupee on the very first day. He saw Srimanta the next morning and gave him his half-share of the profit as settled between them. Srimanta looked pleased at first but grew

very angry when Kanu began praising his own business talents. Srimanta said, "ungrateful wretch, why do you forget that I gave you the capital? Business talents are worth nothing without capital." Kanu replied to this that he could manage a business even without any capital. To this Srimanta said, "Well, you have come to this so soon, however I won't be your partner any longer and I want my money back at once."

Kanu pleaded with Srimanta for some time but he proved obdurate; so Kanu gave back the five rupees and felt like crying out. He went home in a very sorry mood and fell asleep without any dinner.

Srimanta however was not satisfied

and was plotting more harm to Kanu. He called two of his stalwart durwans and ordered them to set fire to Kanu's house that very night.



"Kanu pleaded with Srimanta for some time but he proved obdurate"

It was mid-night and not a mouse was stirring. Kanu woke up on hearing something and found red flames entering his cottage. He rushed out of his bed but could save nothing as the flames engulfed everything. He left that place the same night taking with him a sackful of ashes.

Kanu trudged on for three days without any food but weariness overcame him at last and he sank down below a tree and fell asleep.

At night he was awakened by a restling sound close by and saw a thief entering a big mansion with a bundle of valuable ornaments. The

owner of the house was awake at that time and he began chasing the thief. The thief came out, threw the bundle in a bush and hid himself in a big wooden box which was lying close by.

Kanu saw that the owner of the Mansion was coming towards him and at once assumed the attitude of a Sanayasi in deep meditation.

Sadananda was the name of the mansion-owner. He respectfully bowed to Kanu and asked his blessing. Kanu seemed to be very pleased with this and began to have an imaginary conversation with the sack of ashes. Then he said to Sadananda "My diety has graciously ordered to give you some ornaments : Go and get it from inside the bush." Sadananda rushed to the spot and to his infinite delight found a bundle of ornaments lying there. He got utterly amazed and fell to the feet of Kanu and requested him to relieve him of the evil things of his life. Kanu gravely answered "I see—some devil is trying to harm you and that devil is at present resting in the box over there—" pointing to the box the thief had hid himself in. Sadananda opened the lid of the box with trembling hands and found the ugly-looking thief who too was trembling with fear. Sadananda was too fearfully impressed to notice this and he at once began beseeching Kanu to rid him of this devil. Kanu looked very serious and said "Yea, if you keep



Sadananda and Kanu

gold mohurs and then set the thief at liberty.

Kanu—now a rich man to the extent of twenty thousand gold mohurs, immediately returned to his village and engaged a large number of masons for building a suitable mansion for himself. The people of the village became astonished at Kanu's riches and some of them even grew jealous of him. However, as Kanu had become a man of position by this sudden acquisitions of wealth, the village—people soon began to flock around him and praise him for his high qualities and numberless virtues. Kanu well understood what was the meaning of all this and became very cautious in his dealings with others.

this sack of ashes in your house, the devil will not dare to disturb you anymore, but in that case you shall have to pay a "Nazar" of ten thousand gold mohurs to my diety". Sadananda readily consented and brought ten thousand gold mohurs to Kanu and gladly took away the bag of ashes.

After Sadananda had left the place, the thief, who had been observing everything from inside the box, requested Kanu to set him free. Kanu had already locked the box and refused to set him free without getting a ransom of ten thousand gold mohurs. The thief had to yield at last and pointed to Kanu a tree under which he used to keep his treasures. Kanu dug open the place, took ten thousand

Now, Srimanta was greatly perturbed by the fact of Kanu's growing so rich and his getting such a number of admirers. He was only looking out for revenge though Kanu had not harmed him any way. One day he appeared before Kanu in his usual friendly manner. Kanu gave him a splendid reception and took him to his beautifully furnished drawing-room and said, "my friend, I thought that you had forgotten me for ever." Srimanta begged to be pardoned and confessed that he had set fire to Kanu's house. Kanu burst out laughing and said that it was no good raking up the past and hoped that they would once again be close friends. Kanu even thanked Srimanta as the maker of his

fortune. Srimanta came to the conclusion that the burning down of his cottage must have helped him in discovering hidden riches and thought that if Kanu could get all these gold mohurs from underneath his cottage how many more gold mohurs could not he get if he dug up his palatial house !



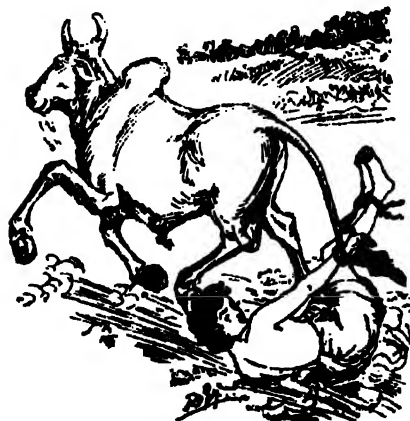
The whole plot had been nicely cultivated ; you have only to sow seeds and get a good harvest,

Srimanta returned home with the above idea and with the help of a large number of masons razed his fine building to the ground and began digging up the whole place but was

sorely mortified not finding even a courie.

Kanu heard all this and tried to console Srimanta by advising, "Dear Srimanta, the whole plot had been nicely cultivated ; you have only to sow seeds and get a good harvest." To Srimanta it was almost like adding insult to injury and he said "Well, you are making fun of me in my distress, I shall soon teach you a lesson for all this" and he was always on the look out for putting Kanu in trouble.

Srimanta got his opportunity thus. One day Kanu was walking alone in a field and a bull was grazing close by. Srimanta caught him up from behind and tied him to the bull's tail. Kanu could not free himself and the bull began to run carrying Kanu along with it.



Kanu tied to the bull's tail.

Kanu was absolutely helpless and went on travelling as philosophically as he could. His body was getting scratched and punched at stones and gravels. Sometime after the bull stopped seeing an old man, who asked Kanu where he was travelling with this strange companion. Kanu gravely answered that he was going to Kailas. The god shiva had at last got pleased with his penances and had sent down his bull to carry him to Kailas, but as it would be sacrilege to ride upon the bull which Shiva himself used, he had tied himself to the tail.

At this, the old man began cry and curse his ill fortune. Kanu sympathetically asked the old man if he would like to go to heaven. The old man simply jumped at his proposal and eagerly asked Kanu what he would have to do to secure a passage to Kailas. Kanu then said, "Well, you go to Kailas to-day instead of me, but don't forget to send back the bull to carry me there". The old man then unloosened the strings and allowed Kanu to tie him tightly to the bull's tail. Then the old man said, "See, brother, I am leaving none behind me—so I bequeathe all my property to you. I have kept five thousand mohurs under that tree—you will

kindly take them away and spend in whatever manner you think fit". With these words he asked Kanu to start the bull—which Kanu readily did, and



Kanu went home merrily with the old man's gold mohurs.

went home merrily with the old man's gold mohurs. Kanu went to Srimanta the next day to bid him good morning. Srimanta looked dumb with shame and became more angry than ever.

Kanu now began to spend his wealth for the good of the people. He grew to be a wise man by always conversing with learned men and his reputation as a benevolent and clever man soon spread far and wide and ultimately reached the ears of the king and his beautiful daughter.

Kailash—the seat of the god Mahadev.

II

Now, the king of the land was a very powerful ruler. His daughter was an exquisitely beautiful and accomplished girl. Not only she was versed in all the fine arts but she could even beat learned people in argumentations.

The neighbouring kings grew enamoured of the princess and all wanted to marry her. They sent to the Court of the princess's father messengers who began to trumpet the various qualities of their respective kings. Thus, the messenger of the king of Govindpur said, "Oh mighty lord, our king is a great man. He is full five cubits in height and cubits three in circumference. His belly alone would weigh two maunds, and he is the owner of twenty-five villages. He may come here himself if your highness so wishes. Our king is passing sleepless nights from the time he has heard of the beauty and good qualities of your daughter". The messenger from the Court of Raipur said, "Our king may not be so fat, but he is full six cubits in height. Besides he can jump down from trees twenty cubits high without damaging his legs. He has simply gone mad for the princess." Other messengers from the other kings also described their lords at great length.

Now, our king found himself in a great fix over this matter. He could

neither accept nor refuse all these offers. If he refused all the princes, they might attack his kingdom together and carry away his daughter. However, he had great faith in his



The princess.

daughter's intelligence so he consulted her. The princess handed over a fool-rule to her father and humorously requested him to marry her to the

prince of the largest dimension. After this she spoke something to her father which set his mind at ease.

The king called all the messengers the next morning and said, "I am very grateful to all these princes for their kindly asking for the hand of my daughter, but you see, I have got only one daughter and it is not possible for me to marry her to all the suitors. I have, however, found one solution ;

put by my daughter, will be deemed eligible for her hand"—and he dismissed the messengers with these words.



The Raja of Govindapur, 5 cubits in length and 3 in breadth



The Raja of Raipur, 6 cubits in length.

that is this : the prince who will be able to correctly answer the questions

The princes ultimately agreed to this proposal and they began to pour in into the kingdom one by one. The princess began questioning at princes one by one—but none could answer them satisfactorily and all of them had to go away disappointed.

III

Srimanta after suffering repeated reverse in the hands of Kanu was leading a wretched life. He could not yet forgive Kanu for his growing so rich and the latter's increasing reputation only made Srimanta grow more furious. Someone suggested to Srimanta, "Look here, Srimanta, you come of a noble family and are a clever fellow too. Why don't you try for the hand of the princess and mend your fortunes?" Srimanta thought the matter to be very easy and began to build castles in the air. He imagined that he has married the princess and secured half-share of the kingdom. The very thought of having scored on Kanu gave him great pleasure.

He accordingly started for the place and notified his intention. He was taken to the princess whose beauty sent him off his wits at once. He failed to answer a single question and accordingly put in prison.

Now, Kanu was sorely grieved to hear of this news. The days of his childhood, the happy times in the friendship of Srimanta flashed across his mind and he forgot all the wrongs Srimanta had done to him. A thoroughly good-soul as he was, he at once made up his mind to free Srimanta by any means and went off to see the king. The king received him kindly as his cleverness was well-known

even in the Court and asked his purpose of visit. Kanu requested the king to set Srimanta at liberty but the king told him that it would be possible only if he could successfully answer the questions put by the princess. Kanu agreed to this and he wanted to be taken at once to the princess.

The princess was sitting in her room with her maids. Other princes used to make queer bows to her—but Kanu did nothing of the sort; he simply nodded to her and gravely took his seat. The princess had, even before this, heard about the exploits of Kanu and she has a natural curiosity to see him.

Now, Kanu also was a very handsome young man and for sometime they could not take off their eyes from each other. They fell in love with each other at first sight and this sorely perplexed the princess for she feared that if Kanu be not able to answer her questions, she would lose him. At last she decided to ask questions, the answers of which must be correct if she would only take them that way. She asked him.

"Who is the most learned man in this kingdom?"

Kanu possessed sound general knowledge of the world—but never taxed his head about learned people—so he kept silent. The situation was boring to the princess; she however



The princess questioning of Kanu.

put a second question, "Who is the most religious man in this kingdom?"

Kanu was a benevolent man himself but what could he know about religion or philosophy? He kept silent as before and the princess fell herself more awkward.

She put her third and last question, "Who is the most clever man in this Kingdom?" To this Kanu replied with hesitation, "myself".

The princess felt pleased at heart but looked angry and asked her men to put him in prison. The shrewd

minister saw through the matter and told the king that her daughter was only seemingly angry. The king accordingly asked Kanu, "Well, you think you are the most clever man in this kingdom!"

Are you prepared to adduce proof of your cleverness?" To this Kanu replied in the affirmative. The king said, "Very well, I am issuing warrant of arrest against you this moment; if you can evade capture for one month, I shall be convinced of your cleverness"

Kanu felt mighty glad and went out of the Court. When he got to the palace gate—he found four sentries posted there to arrest him. He adroitly asked them, "Are you looking for Kanu?"

"Yes, where is that scoundrel?"

"I shall find him out for you—but what would be my reward?"

"Oh, the king would reward you heavily.

"Very well, you just hide yourself in that room, I know Kanu would enter that room presently".

The sentries entered the room and hid themselves. Kanu locked the door at once and made good his escape.

The king came to know of this and proclaimed a reward of Rs. 1000 for the arrest of Kanu. Kanu left his native village and took shelter in a neighbouring jungle. He found a dilapidated temple of the goddess Durga and used daily to make offerings there. One day, the king's sentries arrested him there and put him in a village prison. Kanu was always looking for means to escape. He found a sentry sleeping without his coat and turban. Kanu took the coat and turban, donned them himself and quickly walked out of prison. None of the sentries challenged him as they took him for a sentry.

The king had been informed of the arrest of Kanu. A month had already elapsed and the king was comfortably seated in his Court.

Now, up turned Kanu in his usual jolly mood and reminded the king that one month had passed since the order for arrest.

The king consulted his daughter, who wanted more convincing proof. She had lost her necklace that and she asked Kanu to detect the thief. Kanu thought it to be an absurdly easy matter. He said, "Put all the people of this palace in a row before myself and I shall find out the thief.

The people were accordingly made to stand in a row before Kanu, who after putting a piece of straw in the hands of each, said, "All these straws are of the same length and contain magic qualities. I am putting a piece in the hands of every one of you—but when I take them back, the straw in the hands of the thief will automatically become larger than the rest."

Kanu began uttering incantations and took the straws back after some time. When the cashier came to submit his straw for examination, Kanu noticed that he had torn off a portion to prevent its growing larger. Kanu at once laid his hand on him and said, "See, the cashier, you have a guilty conscience—it is you who has stolen the necklace—come out with it at once." The



The Cashier was taken aback.

cashier was taken aback and openly confessed his guilt.

The princess however was not fully satisfied and she demanded more proof. She said that if Kanu was to get married to her, he would have to manage the administration of the kingdom some day. For this it was essential that Kanu should be tested in heavier matters. When Kanu was informed of the wishes of the princess, he left the place in disgust and sent a long letter to her. The letter ran thus :—

“Oh mighty princess !

I was fool enough to entertain a desire for your love. My aspiration

may be compared to that of the dwarf for the moon, but you will excuse my insolent pretensions by realising that your beauty and your high qualities made me blind to my own imperfections. I ask pardon of you again and take leave of you hereby. My only request to you would be to set at liberty Srimanta—my lifelong friend.

May I cherish a fervent hope that you will not hesitate to call for my service whenever you may require it !”

The princess read this letter several times over and saw what a noble mind this clever Kanu had. Her love for Kanu began to increase and she remained on the look-out for an



The Princess read the letter several times.

opportunity when she could ask for his services and reward him by her hand.

The opportunity presented itself very soon. The neighbouring princess had heard how Kanu had successfully answered the questions of the princess and they all got enraged at this and attacked the king in a body. The king consulted his daughter, who requested him to take help of Kanu's intelligence. The king at once called Kanu and implored him to save

him from this situation. Kanu said, that he would take no army with him but that he would fight all the princes single handed. Kanu took the best horse from the king's stand and immediately set for the camp of the opposing princes. He found them sitting in war-council and said that he had come to seek for peace. Our old friend the prince of Gobindpur with his two maund's weight of belly asked for the terms. Kanu stated that the king had no objection to give his daughter in marriage to the princes but the princes should choose between themselves who most deserves the hands. The princes agreed to this at once and sent away their armies, but later on they began to quarrel among themselves. From words they came to blows and at last they all left the kingdom in disgust being unable to come to any agreement.

Kanu now returned to the king and related how he had successfully fought all the kings and turned them out of his kingdom. Our king became very glad and immediately gave orders for general jubilation and illumination for the celebration of his daughter's marriage.

America And The World

By Mr. V. B. Metta.

America until recently has been looked upon as the home of liberty, the refuge of the oppressed and the starving. She had proclaimed in the "Declaration of Independence" that all men are equal. But that was some hundred and fifty years ago. She was then struggling to be free, and so, like all people who are striving for an object, she was full of noble ideals. But noble ideals often disappear with the attainment of the object, and the coming of prosperity. And America is no exception to this rule. She has started making enemies in the world already.

Who are the peoples whom America is antagonising? They are (1) The Negroes; (2) The Asiatics; (3) The Spanish Americans; (4) The Jews; (5) The Italians and other South European peoples.

The Negroes, as is well-known, were taken to the United States as slaves in the early days of the colonization. Though slavery was abolished after the great Civil War 1861, the Negro is treated with the utmost contempt even in northern states. He cannot dine in the restaurants where the "Whites go. Of course there is no legal objection to his going to any of those restaurants. But if he did enter any of them, no waiter or waitress would take his orders, and so he would have to go home hungry. You hardly ever meet Negroes and Negroesses for tea or dinner at the houses of your friends. A "wife" barber would not shave a Negro. In the Southern States, Negroes have special parts of the tramways assigned to them. They live in special quar-

ters of the cities all over the country. For example, the Negroes of New York live mostly in San Juan Hill and Harlem. The Negroes are every now and then lynched for their sensuality. It has been estimated that four hundred and eighty Negroes were lynched for rape during the last thirty years in the United States. Now this fact strangely enough proves that the Negroes are not particularly lustful people,—because in less than two years four hundred and eighty white men are indicted for rape in the city of New York alone! The Negroes are given very few facilities for education. In Florida, the "whites" are actually punished for teaching anything to Negro children!

It cannot be said that the Negroes are incapable of civilization. They have done striking things with the very few opportunities that have been given to them. It has been shown that five thousand patented inventions are due to them. The only "real American" music is Negro music. The negroes have produced good singers like Roland Hayes and Black Patti. They have produced talented sculptors like Edmonia Lewis and Mita Warwick. Painters like Tanner and Scott are not inferior to the "white" painters of America. It is well-known that in boxing and other branches of athletics, they are very good. Chestnutt was a Negro Novelist of talent. A Negro from the East Coast was the first to discover Arizona and New Mexico. Crispus Attucks, a Negro, was one of the first men to fall near Boston Common for American In-

dependent in 1775. Many others of his community have also fought and died bravely for their Mother Country on various occasions. And yet not one of them is ever mentioned in the official histories of the United States !

The various kinds of insults and humiliations to which the Negroes have been subjected for such a long time, has at last made them turn—like the proverbial worm. Men like Marcus Garvey think that the Negroes should have the United States and settle down in Africa. But the others prefer to stay in America and gradually assert their rights as citizens. They have formed associations such as "The Negro Blood Brotherhood," and "The National Equal Rights League," for the purpose of uniting and fighting the "whites".

Formerly the Asiatics were welcomed like the European settlers, and that is why there are large colonies of them on the West Coast. But now the United States Government is becoming more and more anti-Asiatic in its policy. The Chinese and Japanese were debarred from becoming naturalised citizens of the country some ten years ago. In some cases the Civil Registry offices have refused to give a license of marriage between an American girl and a Chinaman or a Japanese. To make matters worse, the United States has now passed the Immigration Act, which prevents the Japanese from even going to the United States. It is a mortal insult to a Great Power : who knows what its results will be ?

The Indians, who are highly respected by the better classes of Americans for their great traditions of philosophy and mysticism, are also treated unfairly. The Supreme Court of the United States ruled not long ago that an Indian is not a member of "the white race". Now what is "the white race,"

pray ? There is no such race ! Races depend upon common physical and linguistic characteristics. The Americans, on the whole, may be said to belong to the Aryan race, to which most of the peoples of India also belong. The English language which Americans speak, is of the same stock as Sanskrit, from which a great many of the modern Indian languages are derived. Why then are Indians not eligible for citizenship in the land of "The Stars and Stripes" passes one's comprehension !

The Spanish Americans do not like Uncle Sam because he is a little too sound of dictating to them. They say that the Monroe Doctrine having originated in the United States should apply only to the United States and not to the whole American Continent, as they were not consulted about it. They also fear to be swallowed up by their big northern neighbour. They know what has happened to Mexico. Bit by bit the Americans have craved out silences from the Mexican Republic and assimilated them. Any day the United States might seize the rest of Mexico and then advance southwards. That would mean the extinction of their independence ! There is also a certain amount of racial prejudice in America against the Central and South Americans—people who are of mixed European, Red Indian and even Negro blood. In California and the rest of the west coast of the United States, the Maxicans are as much looked down upon as the Asiatics. Not therefore that the Mexicans favour Japanese immigration in their country. By having the Japanese as their allies, the Maxicans hope to be able to prevent the Americans from seizing their country.

There is a large populations of Jews in the United States. In the city of New York alone there are about a million and a quarter Jews living ! In fact, New York is the larg-

east Jewish city in the world. And with their usual business capacity, the Jews captured a good deal of the trade and industry of the country. They own big cinema companies, hotels, and railways. But they are very unpopular. Some of the Universities are closing their doors to students of Jewish origin. In certain first class hotels, the Jews are not admitted. The Jews are consequently embittered against the Americans.

Finally there are the Italians and other South European peoples like the Roumanians, the Greeks and the Serbians. The American Government has recently given the world to understand that it wants colonists of the Nordic stock, that is people of the Anglo-Saxon and the Teutonic races. It looks upon the Mediterranean peoples as weak, unreliable, vicious and inferior. The South European peoples are therefore beginning to harbour a grudge against the United States.

It is not merely the Government of the United States that is making enemies among different sections of its own peoples. The Ku Klux Klan—a powerful, secret society—is also at war with the Negroes, Asiatics, Jews, and Roman Catholics in the country. These facts show that the future history of America will not be smooth and peaceful. There may be internecine warfare,—which might affect not only the United States but Central and South America, Europe and Asia also. America, instead of becoming more popular, is being more and more hated by the various nations of the world.

It is possible that some great, far seeking American statesman of the future, might create harmony from the present discord by pursuing a liberal policy. If he does so he will certainly avert the catastrophe which is threatening to overwhelm his country.

The Indian Review.



My School

By Rabindranath Tagore

I have been told that you would like to hear of the educational mission I have taken up, but it will be difficult for me to give you a distinct idea of my institution which has grown gradually during the last twenty-four years. With it my own mind has grown and my own ideal of education has come to its fullness, so slowly and so naturally, that I find it difficult now to analyse and put it before you.

The first question you may all ask is : what urged me to take up education. I had spent most of my time in literary pursuits till I was forty or more. I had never any desire to take my part in practical work, because I had a rooted conviction in my mind that I had not the gift. Perhaps you know this fact, or shall I make a confession ? When I was thirteen, I finished going to school. I do not want to boast about it, I merely give it you as a historical fact.

So long as I was forced to do so, I felt the torture of going to school unsupportable. I often used to count the years that must pass before I should find my freedom. My elder brothers had passed through their academic career and were engaged in life, each in his own way. How I used to envy them, when, after a hurried meal in the morning, I found the inevitable carriage, that took us to school, ready at the gate. How wished that, by some magical spell, I could cross the intervening fifteen or twenty years and suddenly become a grown-up man. I afterwards realised that what then weighed on my mind was the un-

natural pressure of the system of education, which prevailed everywhere.

Children's mind are sensitive to the influence of the great world to which they have been born. Their subconscious mind is active always imbibing some lesson, and with it realising the joy of knowing. This sensitive receptivity of their passive mind helps them without their feeling any strain, to master language, that most complex and difficult instrument of expression, full of ideas that are undefinable and symbols that deal with abstractions. And through their natural gift of guessing they learn the meaning of words which we cannot explain.

But it is just at this critical period that that the child's life is brought into the educational factory,—lifeless, colourless, dissociated from the context of the universe, within bare white walls staring like eyeballs of the dead. We had the God-given gift of taking delighted in the world, but such delightful activity was fettered and imprisoned, stilled by a force called discipline which kills the sensitivity of the child mind, the mind which is always on the alert, restless and eager to receive first-hand knowledge from mother Nature. We had to sit inert, like dead specimens of some museum, whilst lessons were pelted at us from on high, like hailstones on flowers.

I rebelled, young as I was. Of course, this was an awful thing for a child to do,—the child of a respectable family ! My elders did not know how to deal with this phenomenon.

They tried all kinds of persuasion, vigorous and gentle, until at last I was despaired of and set free. Through the joy of my freedom, I felt a real urging to teach myself. I undertook the task of playing schoolmaster to myself, and found it to be a delightful game. I pored over my books that came my way,—not school-selected text-books that I did not understand,—and I filled up the gaps of understanding out of my own imagination. The result may have been quite different from the author's meaning, but the activity itself had its own special value.

At the age of twelve, I was first coerced into learning English. You will admit that neither its spelling nor its syntax, is perfectly rational. The penalty for this I had to pay, without having done anything to deserve it, with the exception of being born ignorant.

When in the evening time my English teacher used to come, with what trepidation I waited ! I would be yearning to go to my mother and ask her to tell me a fairy story, but instead I had to go and get my text-book with its unprepossessing black binding, and chapters of lessons, followed by rows of separated syllables with accent marks like soldier's bayonets. As for that teacher, I can never forgive him. He was so inordinately conscientious ! He insisted on coming every single evening,—there never seemed to be either illness or death in his family. He was so preposterously punctual too. I remember how the fascination for the frightful attracted me every evening to the terrace facing the road ; and, just at the right moment, his umbrella,—for bad weather never prevented him coming,—would appear at the bend of our lane.

One day, I discovered, in a library belonging to one of my brothers, a copy of *Dicken's Old Curiosity Shop*. I persisted in reading it, and, with the help of the illustrations supplemented by contributions made by my

own imagination, I made out some kind of a story. In this manner, with no help from any teacher, but just as a child learns by sheer guessing, I went on reading and reading and a twilight atmosphere of colourful vision was produced in my mind.

This was the experience of my own young days and I believe that a large part of such success or reputations I may have acquired, I owe to that early freedom won with wilfulness.

In our childhood we imbibe our lessons with the aid of our whole body and mind, with all the senses fully active and eager. When we are sent to school, the doors of natural information are closed to us : our eyes see the letters, our ears hear the abstract lessons, not the perpetual stream of ideas which from the heart of nature, because the teachers in their wisdom think that these bring distraction, that they have no great purpose behind them.

When we accept any discipline for ourselves, we try to avoid taking in anything except what is necessary for our purpose : and it is this purposefulness, which belongs to the adult mind, that we force upon the children in school. We say "Never keep your mind alert, attend to what is before you, what has been given you." This becomes torture to the child, because it goes against Nature's purpose, and Nature, the greatest of all teachers, is thwarted at every step by the human teacher who believes in machine-made lessons and not in the lessons of life, so that the whole growth of the child's mind is not only hurt, but forcibly spoilt.

I believe that children should be surrounded with the things of Nature, which have their own educational value. Their minds should be allowed to stumble on and be surprised at everything that happens in the life

of to-day. The new to-morrow will stimulate their attention with new facts of life. This is the best method for the child, But what happens in school is, that every day, at the same hour, the same book is brought and poured out for him. His attention is never hit by the chance surprises which come from learning from Nature.

How quickly the child, left to himself, is capable of gathering facts ! In its early days it is always picking them up : and even if, for the time being, it does not grasp all their meaning, yet because of the immense receptiveness of the subconscious memory, nothing that passes across the mind really ever leaves it. Our grown-up mind is always full of the things we have to arrange and deal with, and therefore the things that happen around us, the coming of morning, celebrated with music and flowers leave no mark upon us. We do not allow them to, for our minds are really crowded ; the stream of lessons perpetually flowing from the heart of Nature does not touch us, we merely choose those which are useful, rejecting the rest as undesirable because we want the shortest cut to success.

Children have no such distractions. With them every new fact or event comes to a mind that is always open, with an abundant hospitality ; and, through this exuberant, indiscriminate acceptance, they learnt innumerable facts within a very short time, amazing compared with our own slowness. These are most important lessons of life which are thus learnt, and what is still more wonderful is, that the greater part of them are abstract truths. I cannot even imagine how it is possible for a child to understand abstract ideas through mere guessing, to master that most complex organism of expression, our language while its mind is so immature.

Knowing something of the natural school which Nature herself supplies to all her creatures, I chose a delightful spot and used to hold my classes under some big shady tree. I taught them all I could. I played with them. In the evening I recited our ancient epics and sang my own songs. I trusted to the presence of the spirit of freedom in the atmosphere. I had to fight the teachers who assisted me, who had been brought up in a different environment to that of mine, it was impertinence for the boys to be boys.

Then I tried to create an atmosphere of culture. I invited renowned artists from the city to live at the school, leaving them free to produce their own work, which I allowed the boys and girls to watch if they so felt inclined. It was the same with my own work. All the time I was composing songs and poems, and would often invite the teachers round, to sing or read with them. Our boys would also come, and peep in since they were not invited, and listen to the poems and songs fresh from the heart of their composer. This helped to create an atmosphere from which they could imbibe something impalpable but life-giving.

We have there the open beauty of the sky, and the different seasons revolve before our eyes in all the magnificence of their colour. Through this perfect touch with nature we took the opportunity of instituting festivals of the seasons. When nature herself sends her message, we ought to acknowledge its compelling force. When the kiss of rain thrilled the heart of the surrounding trees, if we had still behaved with undue propriety and paid all our attention to mathematics, it would have been positively wrong, impious.

The seasons of the rains often brought us unexpected release from duty. Some voice suddenly would proclaim from the sky : "To-



Rabindranath Tagore

day is your holiday!" We submitted gladly and would run wildly away. Such sympathy is so easily crushed by routine which takes no count of nature's claims, and does not keep open the path for this great world to find its place in the soul of man. I do not believe in such barbarity.

Our children began to be of service to our neighbours, to help them in various ways and to be in constant touch with the life around them. They had their own freedom to grow, which is the greatest possible, gift for the child life. There was also another kind of freedom at work in them, the freedom of

sympathy with all humanity, a freedom from all racial and national prejudice.

The sympathies of children, like the undergrowths of a forest, are allowed to cling to the dust of the soil to which they belong and not to grow up to that height from which they can send their branches in all directions. Therefore their hearts remain stunted, incapable of understanding other people with different languages and customs. This causes us when our growing souls demand it, to grope after each other, in darkness, to hurt each other in ignorance, to suffer from the worst form of blindness of this age. The mission

ries themselves have contributed to this evil. In the name of brotherhood and in the arrogance of their sectarian pride, they create misunderstanding. This they make permanent in their text-books and poison the minds of children. The worst of fetters come when children lose their freedom of sympathy.

I have tried to save children from such vicious methods of alienating their minds which are fostered through books, through histories, geographies and lessons full of national prejudices. I have done it with the help of friends from the West. In the East there is a great deal of bitter resentment against Western races, which rankles in our hearts, and in our own homes we are brought up in feelings of hatred. I have tried to save the children from that and these friends from the West, with their understanding, with their human sympathy and love, have done us a great service.

We are building up our institution upon the ideal of the spiritual unity of all races. I want to build it with the help of all other races, and when I was on the continent of Europe, I appealed to those great countries, to their scholars, and I was fortunate enough to receive their help. They also came to this institution, which is poor in material things, leaving their own centres of learning, and spent a year or more with us, helping to build it up.

I have in mind not merely a University—that is only one of the aspects of our Visva-bharati,—but I hope this is going to be a great meeting place for individuals from all countries who believe in our spiritual unity and who have suffered from the lack of it,

who want to make atonement and come into human touch with their neighbours. Such idealists there are and when I travelled in the West, even in out-of-the-way places, many unknown persons of no special reputation wanted to join this work.

When the races come together, as they have done in the present age, it should not be merely gathering of a crowd. There must be some bond of relation, otherwise they will knock against one another.

Our education must enable every child to grasp and to fulfil this purpose of the age, not to defeat it by acquiring the habit of creating divisions, and of cherishing national prejudices. There are of course natural differences in human races which should be preserved and respected and the mission of our education should be to realise our unity in spite of them, to discover truth through the wilderness of their contradictions.

This we have tried to do in Visva-Bharati. Our endeavour has been to include this ideal of unity in all the activities in our institution, some educational, some that comprise different kinds of artistic expression, some in the shape of service to our neighbours by way of helping the reconstruction of village life. As I wanted this institution to be inter-racial, I invited there great minds from the West. They cordially responded, and some have come permanently to join hands with us and build a place where men of all nations and countries may find their true home, without molestation from the prosperous who are always afraid of idealism or from the politically powerful who are always suspicious of men who have the freedom of spirit.

On the passing of Sir Surendranath Banerjea

By A. C. Ghosh.

Alone he stood, erect,—
A Titan in his strength ;—
Uncowed by tyrant's frown,
Unswayed by vulgar breath !
Full fifty years he voiced,
With burning tireless zeal,
A nation's choking griefs,
Which he did keenly feel.



Late Sir Surendranath Banerjea.

And know how best to vent,
In words of telling weight,
And pealing vibrant voice,
Which reached to Heaven's gate !

For fifty years he led
The nation's forward move ;
And in return enjoyed
Its confidence and love.
But when he found, at last,
The pace that he had set,
Outstripped by eager youths,
Who burst through caution's net ;—
He let them have their way,
And buy experience dear ;
And wisely was content
To fall back on the rear.
But still he stood, unbent
By age or taunts of scorn,
With armour on for fight,
Just like a hero born !
And, though removed by death,
He still stands there for aye,—
A figure grand and god-like,
For great men never die !
O weep not, Ind, for him ;
His day's work he has done,
Gone home in all his glory,
And all his wages won !
His work hath won for him—
A great immortal name,
Which History shall record
In the golden book of fame !

6th August, 1925.



The Shepherdess

Lokmanya Tilak As A Scholar

By N. C. Kelkar, M. L. A.

The dictum of Carlyle that "a hero at one point is a hero at all points," cannot certainly be accepted as wholly true, but there is no doubt that after subtracting the Carlyles from the aphorism, there remains a substratum of truth, which unquestionably has an actual or potential existence and foundation in fact. Very often the divine afflatus of heroism is the same, and all depends upon the field of work one chooses of his own accord or inevitably is flung into. The scholarly sparks, however, is so irrepressible and expensive that, though its full glare might continue to illuminate only one chosen sphere it cannot fail to shed its fitful lustre in other temples, whenever opportunity offers, at least through the lattices of their windows or fissures in their walls. To take the most recent instance from Great Britain alone, Gladstone, though a large portion of his energy was absorbed by politics, did devote some time to scholarly pursuits and made a mark, not surely as deep as in politics but none the less noticeable : morley as Secretary of State for Ireland or India may be easily forgotten, but his name as an erudite litterateur, a profound thinker and a master of English prose is sure to be enshrined permanently in the memory of men. More names in illustration can be given, but only a couple suffice for our purpose.

Tilak's mother-country was not so fortunately placed as Great Britain was in the time of Gladstone and Morley, and is in these of Lords Oxford and Balfour. A remarkable

feature of independent countries like Great Britain is that their politics are not so exacting and drastic, nor so omnivorous as the politics of subject nations like India. In the former case, politics and letters may be said to run closely parallel to each other, as a canal and a Railway line beside it do, both advancing with equal pace : while in the case of the latter, letters more often than not are swept away in the every swelling torrent of politics it is very rarely that they succeed in tearing themselves away from the all-absorbing grip. Suffer as Tilak had to under these unavoidable disadvantages accompanying inseparably the politics of a dependent country Tilak as a scholar shines with as much brilliance as Tilak as a politician : and it has to be acknowledged that his Vedic learning and researches affected thought to the same extent as Gladstone's classical scholarship did and that his philosophy of the "Gita" as propounded in his monumental "Gita-Rahasya", supplied a practical point to the theories of political social and moral philosophy.

Lokamanya Tilak was born with the literary or scholarly spoon in his mouth, as it were. His father himself was a "Sasori" of some repute and all the youthful learning was acquired after the manner of "Pandits." In his School and College days Sanskrit and Mathematics were subjects which he treated as his own and in both his intellectual acumen was so piercing and matterlike that even his teachers and professors at times were struck with wonder and awe at his untutored genius.

He began life in a field which could give the amplest scope to his scholarly pursuits and though afterwards Fate forced him to forsake that favourite field to the last day of his life he remained a politics-scratched but a full blown scholar. How unconquerable was his love of learning is shown by his statement that he would like to be professor of Mathematics if his country were free. To satisfy this unquenchable thirst Tilak maintained a large library of which he was jealous almost like a lover and whatever moments he could steal from the storm and stress of his strenuous political agitation he used to spend in his beloved library as though conversing with the 'mighty minds of old'.

But the magnificent and varied collections of books in his possession are not the sole index to his octopus like genius and oversatle scholarship. Such was the plasticity of his parts, the acuteness of his parts, the acuteness of his intellectual insight and the breadth of his general mental culture that he had become what may be called a non-expert Referee in all matters of erudite disputes and critical controversies. Whether it was a question of historical research astronomical investigation, astrological discussion, theological disputation or even legal decision he had always something new and original to say which even when it did not satisfactorily set the point at issue at rest, threw a flood of search-light over it, illuminating its dark corners and thus facilitating its solution. Specialists in particular branches of human knowledge many a time approached him, some honestly to applaud the width of his talents, others to superciliously defeat him, but all to consult him and have the delight of a learned talk with him. None of them ever went away unsatisfied, the praisers with re-

verential awe and the contempters with biting repentance.

That Tilak had an insight into type-boundary and press machinery the Kesari Press founded by him will prove; that he had the instincts of an historical researcher, his record find of the Jethi chronology fully demonstrates; that he had a learning towards the so-called abstruse (calendar shows, that he wielded the pen of a flaming and powerful Marathi prose writer, his articles in the 'Kesari' make unmistakably clear. But the three triumphant pillars of his varied genius and scholarship will ever be his "Arctic Home in the Vedas," his "Orion" and his "Gita Rahasya." It will also be his triple literary crown of the greatest effulgence. Though there are a few squeamish critics who find fault with him for writing the first two books in English these establish him as a scholar of practically international renown, and the profundity of his achievements was worthily appreciated by foreign scholars. In writing these two books in a language other than his own mother-tongue, one of his patriotic motives was to show and affirm the supremacy of India as a nation in departments which foreigners had come to believe as monopolised by them. As these two books made Tilak's scholarship known beyond Maharashtra and beyond India, so his tremendous "Gita-Rahasya", first issued in Maharathi registered an epoch in Maharathi literature and language. Here I should incidentally mention that his two English books were long out of print, but now they are being made available to people, and even the Maharathi "Gita-Rahasya" is, I am told, being Englished. It goes without saying that the new impressions of the two English books and the appearance of the third in an



Lokmanya

English garb, not to speak of the translations of this last in the many Indian dialects, will carve and secure for him and permanent niche in the republic of letters alongside the best masters. Even those who are only remotely familiar with Tilak's life-story, will easily recall that his lucubrations of such glorious repute were the results of the enforced leisure which his servers politics secured for him, and thinking in that strain one begins to wish that he had been granted a long holiday from his pervasive politics. Such is the character of the works and the circumstances which brought them forth, that instead of our mind being proudly satisfied with the splendid output India had from

him, our thoughts go to reckon what the world, and of course India with it, has lost on account of Tilak's endowments being, from the literary point of view, wasted over politics. And it is not without a curse on the irony of the politics of a subject nation that one can sum up his vastly promising scholarly career as a lapse from letters to politics, from glorious letters to grinding politics. The only consolation to us is that both, his designs were lofty, and as the poet him said: "Lofty designs must close in like effects." Let us, therefore, "Loftly lying—leave him so" lest the world suspects, Living and dying."—

"The People"

To Love.

O Love, do not hide the moon of thy face
Lest my heart should be like the darkest night ;

Let no shadow flitter across thy face
And mar the sky of life, so clear and bright.

Dry those eyes, O my heart, those drops of tears
Of grief ! O never, never shall they rise,

In those sparkling eyes—each such tear sears
Like burning coal my heart which deeply sighs.

O my dear heart, then soothe those burns I pray
With the magical balm of thy sweet kiss,

And hiding thy face in my breast, Oh say
Sweetly the words that hail eternal bliss,

That I might in silent joy hold thee mine,
When twinkling stars in the sky laugh and shine.

A Lover.



Goddess Durga

By courtesy of Messrs C. K. Sen & Co. Ltd.



2nd year.

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The Durga Puja Vacation.

What the feast of the Passover was to the ancient Jews, what Christmas is to some sects of Christians, what the Mohurram is to half the Muhammadan population of the world, that the Durga Puja is, I do not say to the Hindus of all India—for the Hindus of northern, central, southern and western India do not care much for the ten-handed goddess—but to the Hindus of Bengal. It is the greatest festival in the country. It is the season of high religious excitement, of social reunions, of gorgeous dresses, of much buying and selling, singing and dancing, feasting and merry-making. It is the season of universal festivity; the rich and the poor, the high and the low, *raja* and *raiya*, the Brahman and the Chandala, alike welcoming it with exultant hearts. The ten-handed

goddess, though by no means "so bucksome, blith, and debonair" as Milton's Euphrosyne, the Hindu of Bengal may well address in the language of the poet—

"Haste thee, Nymph and bring with thee

Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,

Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek
And love to live in dimple sleek,
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides;"

for her day is the gala-day of the millions of the Hindu population, the annual jubilee of Bengal. Every other *puja* is the *puja* of this god or of that goddess; but the Durga *puja* is

the puja, the great puja, the puja of pujas.

Fully one month before the Durga *puja* in what a flutter are the Hindu population of Bengal ! "The *puja* is near," is in every body's mouth. What preparations are made ! What activity is displayed ! What amount of business transacted ! Every Hindu tradesman sits up late, casting accounts, and sending out bills for payment. The calls are incessant and preptory ; there is no taking denial or brooking delay, for "the *puja* is approaching." Through the rest of the year he has been remiss in his calls upon his debtors ; but he must realize all his money now, as the *puja* is approaching. In the bazaars and streets of Calcutta there goes on an infinite deal of buying and selling. The cloth shops of Burra Bazaar are in a state of regular siege all the day and some hours of the night, for every Hindu, whether rich or poor, must put on new clothes during the *puja* ; the shoe-makers of Lal Bazaar and Mechua Bazaar find it difficult to make the supply equal to the demand, for the throng of customers is endless ; the sale of *malas*,—garlands of beads for the neck—and of *ghunshis*—silk or cotton bands for the waist—is prodigious ; while the confectioners of Burra Bazaar and Nutan Bazaar are busy laying in stores in the shape of sugar and clarified butter and giving earnest-money to milkmen, against the great *puja* when mountain-

loads of sweetmeats are expected to be consumed. There are hardly any tradesmen and artizans who are not unusually active, and who do not expect large profits. In the villages, usually so quiet, there is excitement too. The rich people are whitewashing their houses. The women of the poorer classes are rubbing and scrubbing their huts, and displaying their ingenuity in confectionery. The houses, in which the image of the goddess will be worshipped, resound day and night with the din of preparation ; and groups of little boys and girls may be seen any hour of the day, watching the carpenters engaged in moulding or fashioning or painting the idol.

During the three days in which the goddess is worshipped, there is hardly a village in Bengal where the sound of the tomtom is not heard. The people are dressed in—I was going to say—their Sunday's best, every one almost putting on new *dhuti* and *chadar* and new shoes. Groups of men, women and children may be seen going about the streets any hour of the day and of the night,—in the day, to make obeisance to the goddess, and in the night to see dramatic representations and to listen to songs. All work throughout the country has been suspended. There is no blazing fire in the stithy ; the carpenter has tied up his stools in his bag ; the shoe-maker is not busy with his last ; neither is the shuttle of the

weaver in motion : all have shut up shop, except the confectioner, who is now busier than in any other part of the year, and whose oven, ablaze all day and night, testifies to the industry with which he is manufacturing various sorts of sweet-meats. The whole nation has given up work, and has risen up to play.

The fourth day of the *puja*, the day in which Durga finds a watery grave, is the gayest of all. The streets of every village and town are lined with procession ; the Hindu world and his wife are out sight-seeing ; the images, borne on the shoulders of bearers, are paraded about ; the tomtoms are giving out their harsh dissonance with a vengeance ; loud shouts of exultations are ever and anon heard ; shows and pantomimic exhibitions are everywhere calling forth peals of laughter ; and the gaiety ends only at nightfall when mother Durga is fairly pitched into the river and rifled of her tinsel. From the river or the village-tank they all return to their homes, and then follows a ceremony which, though connected with superstition, must be regarded as one of the most amiable institutions in the land. The whole population embrace one another, the males embracing the males, and the females embracing the females. The father embraces the son, the uncle his nephew, the brother the brother ; and all distant relations, even cousins of the fortieth remove,

clasp one another's arms, touch shoulder to shoulder, join hands and do obeisance. The moral of the custom is, that envy, hatred, malice and all charitableness are laid aside, and give place to good-will, charity and brotherly kindness.

This is the bright side of the Durga *puja* ; turn we now to the other side of the shield. The filthiest songs are sung in the streets and in the houses before boys and chaste maidens ; the consequence is, a general relaxation of manners, and a depravation of the sanctities of life.

The above serious view did not entertain in those days when, as a mere school boy, I left Calcutta at every *puja* season for my native village. I then liked the *puja*, not on account of either of its scenes of dissipation, but on account of its festivities, its new clothes, its new shoes, and sweetmeats. I generally left Calcutta on the fourth day of the moon, that is to say, three days before the commencement of the *puja*. On this occasion, however, unlike other times, I did not travel alone. As all the natives of my village who did business in Calcutta went home in bands, I accompanied one of them. The excitement was always great. Most of them had not seen their wives and children for a whole twelve month. They had been toiling and moiling for a whole year, and had scraped together ther savings, which they were now going to spend in their homes. They

were carrying with them the finest *saris* their means could afford for their wives, little *saris* for their daughters' and *dhutis* and shoes for their sons, and Calcutta delicacies for all. They were going by forced marches, travelling not only in the day but also some hours of the night; indeed they ran as on "feathered feet," for they were impatient to reach their homes. Great was our joy when we stood under the paternal roof-tree. All the members of the family—and Hindu families are usually large—who had been scattered in different parts of the country, had all returned from their wanderings; the old familiar faces appeared again; the greetings were warm; and cheerfulness beamed from every countenance. The three days of the *pūja*, properly so called, were spent in looking at the idols in different houses, in estimating the art displayed in the formation and painting of each, in listening to songs, and in witnessing those dramatic representations called *yatras*. In the evening of the fourth and last day, after the idols had been thrown into the tanks, I embraced my nearest relatives in the house, and taking a servant with a lantern in his hand to

illuminate my path, I paid a round of visits to all my distant relations living in the village. I went to every house, and embraced every one. At every house I had, whether I wished it or not, to swallow a sweet-meat or two, for my relatives would take no denial; and as, after visiting a dozen houses or so, I could not, through sheer repletion, swallow any more, my kind relations used to tie up sweet-meats, the one subjective and the other objective.

The festivities of the fourth day are closed with each one drinking a solution in water of *sidhi* or powdered hemp-leaf. As the solution is very thin, it scarcely produces intoxication—its only effect being to produce an irresistible tendency to inordinate laughter. Once in my life, some of my friends made me swallow a somewhat stronger solution than is usually drunk on such occasions; and I well remember the peals of ringing laughter or rather guffaw which I involuntarily gave out. I recollect also another effect which it produced in me, namely deafness, which was so complete that I could scarcely hear a word uttered so near me that the speaker's lips almost touched my ear. I should not like, however, to make the experiment again.

Paxton

By Dr. Naresh Chandra Sen Gupta, M. A. D. L.

In the course of a week Staunton became familiar with the city. And, thanks to the efforts of the assistant librarian who had taken him in charge he had picked up a great deal of the language of Paxton.

At the end of the week he met the young couple who came to enquire after him at the Library. Staunton had in the mean time learnt a great deal about them. The name of the young man, translated into English, was Bullock and the woman's name was Rose. They were gardeners in the Public park and lived there together. Staunton vaguely understood that they were husband and wife.

Staunton was glad to meet them and tell them in their own language that he was grateful to them for their kindness. Bullock was amused by his gratitude and Rose straightway burst into a giggle. Staunton liked the laughter—everything that Rose did was so beautiful. He was not sure however that it would be the right thing to give her the compliment.

Bullock told Staunton that they would be delighted if Staunton came and lived with them. He could easily do so if he asked to be given work in

the Park. The suggestion amused Staunton. The idea that the functionary of the foreign office who had dined with kings and worked with ambassadors and Prime Minister should come and serve as a gardener was so ridiculous.

Rose too welcomed him. She said she would love to work and play with him in the Park. This did not strike Staunton as half so bad. Any way the welcome did credit to the simple hearts of the honest couple. Staunton said he would think about it and consult his friend the assistant Librarian.

After a delightful quarter of an hour Rose and Bullock left. To the astonishment of Staunton Rose put her arms round his neck and kissed him on both cheeks. Staunton looked so embarrassed that Rose burst into another giggle and jumped into the arms of Bullock. Bullock laughed too and—to the further embarrassment of Staunton took hold of both his hands and kissed him on his lips.

When his young friends had left, Staunton felt the kisses of Rose burning on his cheeks and filling him with joy. He felt uneasy with his con-

science, but the simple charm of the girl proved too strong temptation. He sat down on a chair with a book on his lap and was soon lost in sweet dreams. He was brought back to his senses by the touch of Palm, the assistant Librarian.

"Look here Staunton ; said he, 'you have learnt the language and passed your probation. You will now have to become a full citizen."

"Most gladly" answered Staunton. "But how do I do it ?"

"First of all you have to give up your pre-historic costume. We don't wear that here."

"But, but—I can't go about in that dress".

"You need not. You are not obliged to wear anything, but our laws forbid people covering the graces of figure. You see we are an aesthetic race. You must have noticed how we have made everything so beautiful."

"That you have, only you do not know what extra-ordinary charm a good suit gives to a lady. I wish I could take you to a salon in Paris."

"Would you ? You think we don't know ? Now, come with me." With this Palm led Staunton down a long row of rooms to one whose gate was locked. When the door was unlocked there was exposed to view a long gallery of pictures and figures in a wild variety of garments.

"This is our clothes mueseum" said Palm. "It gives you the whole

history of dress both with reference to beauty and utility. Come in and see."

Staunton was struck with wonder at what he saw. There were pictures and painted statues and life like mannequins wearing all manner of dress and ornament that men and women have ever worn in any part of the world. With a great deal of the forms of dress shown here, Staunton was familiar from his amateur studies of arthropology on the one hand and his experience in drawing rooms on the other. But there were a great many exquisite costumes likewise which he had never seen and some of which, Staunton thought, the fashion leaders of Paris would simply gasp at.

Palm showed him round and explained.

"Look at these—the first idea of dress. These savages thought that human body was not good enough to look at. So they picked up leaves, straw, feather, shells, daubs and all sorts of things they could think of to cover parts of their body and make it look different from what is. It is striking how these people borrowed their designs so often from animals.

"Look again at these men and women. They have got used to the idea that men and specially women must cover themselves and that it is a shame for them to be uncovered. They begin heaping cover upon cover till

they make themselves unspeakably ugly.

"That's your idea of clothing too. You see all these civilised races of the eighteenth nineteenth and the twentieth centuries. The two ideas of covering and beautifying are mixed up in their clothes.

"These later forms show a great development of artistic sense. People have began to realise that the human figure is itself beautiful, provided you give it scope for full and harmonious development. These people have therefore given great thought to the development of their form and they also pay homage to their sense of the beauty of human form in their statues and paintings. But they are not bold enough to eschew the trappings of clothes in life."

"Well you see" interposed Staunton, "there is the question of modesty and decency. I agree that a finely formed human body, male or female is beautiful. But it is not merely beautiful, the naked form appeals to other feelings than those of art."

"True indeed, in the stage of society you refer to. But look at these naked savages there. You have heard of them I suppose. The naked human form does not disturb their mind very much, Look at us. Our passions are not inflamed by undity. Nor are yours very largely. For here is a lady of your time. She goes about among men with her face and arms

and neck all bare, some of them show a great deal of their bust. You look upon them with a fair measure of equanimity. But if that woman of Arabia were to remove the covering on her face or show her bare arm, all the young men of her country would be inflamed with desire. It is all a matter of convention. Men covered themselves so much that they forgot what it was to look on the naked skin—It is the unfamiliarity that accounts for the passions, not nudity in itself.

Staunton saw a great deal of sense in that. After this he silently followed Palm through the whole range of pictures. When he came away he was half convinced but by no means willing to doff his clothes. He pleaded, "You see Palm, it is all very well for your people to go about without clothes. You are all so well—built and so beautiful. We have parts however which do not show off so well. Clothes give us a grace in spite of those defects. They give the person with a defective figure some chance."

"But he has no right to pass off as handsome. Your clothes create false values that is an additional argument against them. A plain deformed woman with a rich dress to hide her ugliness find greater favour than your Cinderella in rags. And your tailor—made man gives no chance to a really handsome well-built youth. And, besides, in our country no one need be unhandsome. You have only to go to

the gymnasium where almost every physical short coming is cured by a course of culture. Where exercise fails surgery always succeeds."

For a week Staunton got a respite from the inevitable laws but he had to yield and felt miserable for over a month after that.

When he wore his new robes he found they were remarkably comfortable. He could not guess what stuff it was made of but it was soft, smooth and elastic like one's own skin and quite warm. Palm informed him this stuff was invented half a century ago to provide a covering to people for outdoor work without violating the regulation about the beauty of forms. This was the solution these people had formed to the problem of protecting the body against inclemency of weather without destroying the charm of the human figure.

Palm now told Staunton that it was time for him to settle down. A few days ago Staunton would have thought that he had finished doing that difficult job and had been settled in life. He was then in the enjoyment of a comfortable income, a finely appointed house, a splendid housekeeper and a first class cook. As he had no idea of marrying, this he had thought

was the last word in settled life. Though things had changed very much since then and Staunton had more or less fallen into line with his new environments, his first thought at Palm's suggestion was a feeling of surprise. But he soon recollected himself.

"Well, I have no idea of settling down here my friend, if you will pardon my saying so. What I think I should like to do now is to contrive to get back to England as soon as I can manage."

"But suppose you can't." He smiled. There was something in his manner which sent a cold shiver into Staunton's heart. Did it mean that he was never to see old England again?

"But I can, I must. If you can't help me I must contrive some means myself."

"We don't mind," coolly answered Palm, "That is one of the problems which we have abandoned as insoluble. But till you have done it, I suppose you propose to live."

"Yes live, in the hope of seeing dear old England again."

"You astonish me. Why, what do you find wrong with our country that you should pine for England. My readings tell me that your London is a very ugly town. You inhale soot there and are constantly being knocked down by all sorts of accident."

"That's your way of looking at London old chap. Mine is very

different. London is the heart of the world, it is an active brain-centre of the Universe."

Palm smiled again.

"I suppose that's what you call patriotism."

"I should not be ashamed to be considered patriotic, but my estimate of London is true to the letter. If only you knew London, you would think so too."

"However, we may rule that out altogether, for the moment. You can't get back and you have to live. How do you propose to do that?"

Staunton was not exactly pleased by the manner of Palm's speech. He had so far showed Palm's hospitality and naturally he looked upon his speech as a rude way of showing the door to a guest.

"I am very sorry," he said, "I did not think about it so long. I shall have to look out for some work. Meanwhile, I suppose your State Bank could give me some advance against my credit in the London Banks. You must have correspondents there."

"Unfortunately we have not found it possible to establish connections that way. Besides our way of doing business is very different from yours. You will find our Bank very different. But you won't want an advance. You have but to choose your work and set about it. You won't then be in want of any necessary things."

"Well I don't pretend to understand," said Staunton. "But any way I should like to get to work at once. Could you give me any work in this Library. I could help you here."

"I am afraid not. You will have to go over to the Employment Office to find out your work. They will be able to tell you where there are openings and they could place you in some business for which you are fitted. What can you do?"

My education has been mainly literary. I could do any kind of desk-work and should love to do some political job which requires trainings."

"I am not talking of that. That work you will have to do in any case. They will find out what brain work you are suited for and put you to it.

But you have to do some manual work—you must help to produce something useful."

"But a statesman is a most useful person."

"No doubt he is, and we make full use of his talents. Only that is not work by which you could get your daily bread."

Staunton was puzzled out of his wits. This was language he did not pretend to understand. He asked for an explanation.

Palm rose from his seat. "You may come with me and see" said he.

Staunton accompanied him to a room in the house which was fitted with strange machinery.

Palm sat on a bench and turned a number of switches. A faint mustling noise indicated that the machine was at work. Palm brought out ingots of iron from a cupboard and began working with the machinery. He was at his work for about two hours and Staunton watched him with wonder. The ingots were gradually transformed an instrument which looked very much like a plough-share. When Palm had turned out about half-a-dozen of these a bell tinkled in one of the boxes and Palm rose. He came to the tinkling box and drew out a small ticket from it.

Hh showed the ticket to Staunton and asked, "Do you understand?"

"No" answered Staunton. He was puzzled beyond measure.

"Well this is the work I do for my daily bread. My work at the library is brain work. It is not paid for. It is the service which I have to give to the state as a part of the obligations of citizenship."

He then proceeded to explain in detail. After listening to his explanations for half-an-hour Staunton got a more or less clear idea of the strange economic organisation of this state. Every citizen was expected to labour to produce some wealth—that is some useful article. The machine which was fitted up at every place of work automatically registered the amount

of work done and when the allotted amount of work was done it issued a labour ticket which was the only currency known here. The State Bank took these tickets in deposit and issued orders for goods as required from time to time.

Brain work was not paid for. It was either a luxury and a relaxation or a form of service which was considered due to the community. When a man was capable of giving any such service to the State it was his duty to render such service.

"But, Mr. Palm," said "You can't make me work with my brain if I don't choose to."

"Of course not, who said you could?"

"Well, then you don't get the best work. If I feel I can do work which would be useful to the State, I would do it if I thought it worth while. I should expect to be paid for it, generally speaking."

"That is where we differ from you. We consider it worth while doing all that we can for the community. It never strikes a Paxtonian that such work can be paid for."

"What incentive could you have to work then? Why shouldn't you go to sleep or have a good time rather than pore over your State work? Wealth gives an effective answer. It creates motives."

"In other words, your view is that men would not work, or any rate

would not put forward their best efforts except for gain. That is entirely false. You too would be able to realise the untruth of the proposition. Even in England I suppose people bring up children. They work to serve the babies and do all they can to make their children happy. I don't suppose any body expects to be paid for it."

"How absurd ! Why should a man think of being paid for bringing up his own children. You forget that here the motive is already provided by nature—and that is Love."

"Yet there have been people who killed their own children."

"Not civilised men. Not normal men at any rate. I suppose you are referring to female infanticide. Well that is not a civilised institution."

"It would surprise you to learn perhaps that we too don't look upon your feelings towards the community as sufficiently civilised. With us love furnishes the motive of civic work just as it does for your family business. We love our fellow-men, we love our community."

"But you must acknowledge my dear friend that love, at any rate the sort of diluted feeling that you can have for men in general is not a very strong incentive—nothing near as strong as love of gain."

"That depends upon the stage of culture you are in. Man was born with a two-faced soul. He has a natural impulse to serve himself. He has also an equally natural impulse to serve others. Your civilisation has cramped

this desire to serve and be helpful to others and given an altogether unnatural impetus to the other side. The result is that your whole social life stands, so to say, on its head. Love of gain dominates your society. Our society is organised on quite different principles. It stands on the firm basis of love and mutual service."

"You are dreamers my good fellow. Your whole state is walking in sleep, I do not envy your feelings on the day when you wake up to the grim realities of life. Somehow you manage to keep isolated from the rest of the world and that's why you are still getting on. The moment you come in contact with our civilisation you will find yours crumbling down like a house of cards. We have harnessed the most potent motive of man for promotion of common life. The result is a vigorous powerful national life—a rush for the better all round which has enabled us to be at the fore front of civilisation. That's why every other society has gone down before us. The whole world is in a way serving us and promoting our well-being."

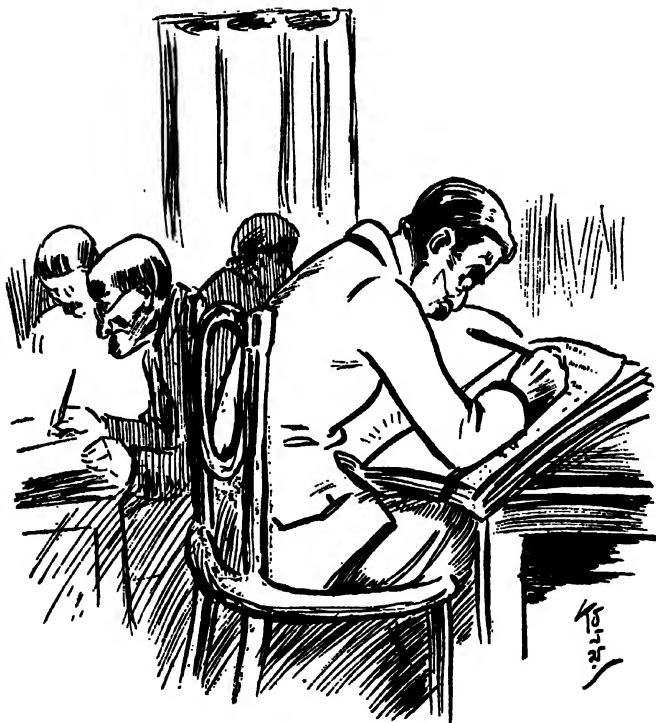
Palm smiled one of his irritating quiet smiles and kept quiet for some time.

"You will see it all for yourself. Perhaps some day you will realise that what holds you together even in your society is not the self-love you admire but the instinct of love and service which you hardly acknowledge. Meanwhile I think I must let you go to the Employment office. You have got to get to work from to-morrow.

(to be continued).

"Babu"—Bankimchandra

I.



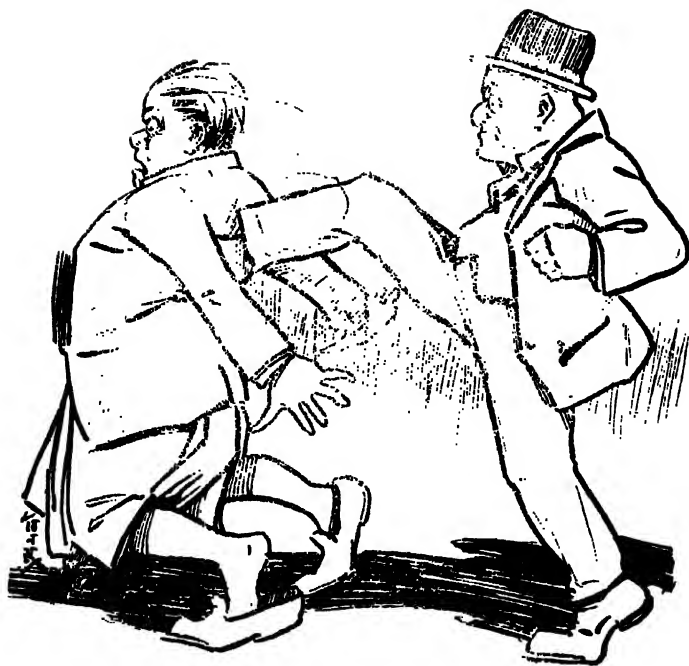
Verily Babu is he—

Whose strength lies onefold in his clerical duties.



Ten times in his mouth.

3



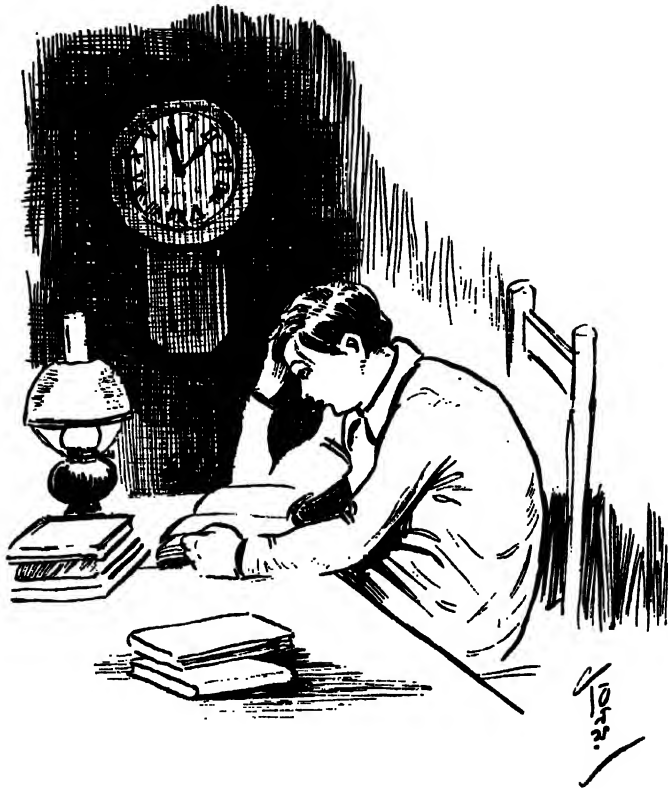
Hundred times at his back.

4.



And in disappearance at the time of necessity.

5.



Surely he would be called Babu, who is a book-worm in his boyhood.

6.



A drunkard in his youth.

7.



A henpecked in his old age.

8.



He sees in the Englishman his God.



In the Brahmo his holy preceptor,

10.



He drinks water at his own house.

II.



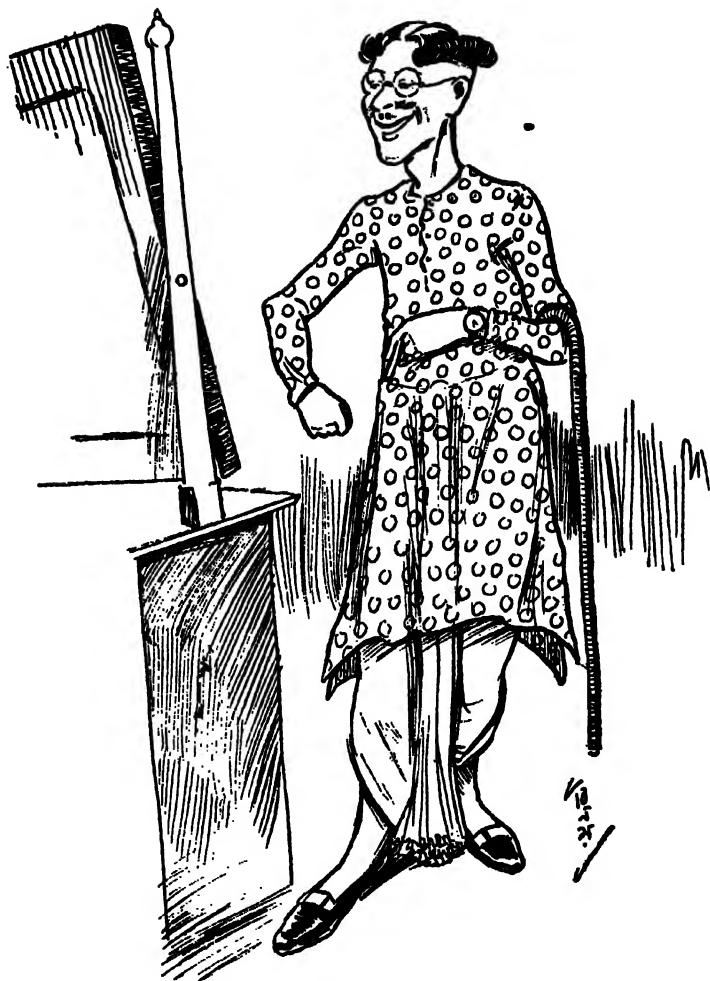
And wine at his friend's

12.



And gets only brooms while at the prostitute's house.

13.



Surely he is Babu
Whose attention is directed solely to dress.

14.



Whose activity can only be seen when flattering.

15.



And whose devotion can be seen at best when waiting
upon his mistress.

Sin's Address, to Idleness.



Hail Idleness, thou child O' sluggish liver,
Thou godson of intemperate habits all,
Thou half brother of pale wan Jaundice slow
Thou belov'd of the Glutton and the Sedate
Thou fore runner of that creeping decay
The Bright's disease, hail thee, thou makest life
A forced rest. How sweet it is to lie
Down listless on the couch and dream of all
That's useless in this world. Of all that's "Mine
Aim to procure" The Earth would be a bliss
Without they work. My lot without thy help
Would have been worse, my life long work undone,
But for thy snares the Man would have been free
From lie, from greed, from lust and all that's bad.
Work on ! He cannot reach the Heaven till
He is your slave. So long you opiate
His senses he can't budge. Once left he'll go
Up, where, all's joy, a land of peace and grace,
Oh ! there for both of us is not a place.
Work harder then, blidfold the Man,
His Hell is our Heaven, our joy his ban !

A. Wanderer.

FACTS

Radon's Rival.

Radon, a new discovery, costs £1,000,000 an ounce. Although it is the most expensive substance in the world, its use will make the treatment of cancer cheaper. It is a gas-like emanation of radium and will be cheaper to use than radium because it is 1600,000 times as active.

Radon is put up in tiny glass "seeds" the thickness of a human hair. The supply is inexhaustible, but it has the disadvantage of short life. It loses half its activity in about four days, while radium maintains half of its weight at the end of 1,700 years.

Benzene's Birth.

A hundred years ago Michael Faraday discovered benzene. Of all his discoveries, scientists consider that of benzene to be the most important. The centenary was recently celebrated.

At the time of Faraday's discovery, gas was compressed into iron cylinders and supplied in the same way as oxygen is today. With the natural curiosity of a scientist, Faraday examined the gas and so discovered benzene—a substance composed of six parts carbon and six parts hydrogen.

The actual form of joinery between the carbon and the hydrogen opened up a new field of thought for the chemist. Benzene should be pictured as a hexagon formed of carbon with an atom of hydrogen at each of the six points.

The substitution of other properties in

the place of one or more of the hydrogen atoms has been the basis for much experimenting. The possibilities contingent upon this study of compounds are immense. A thousand different substances, including every variety of dye and a large number of drugs, have had their origin in benzene.

The vast number of derivative discoveries and the consequent widespread influence of benzene, is typical of the discoverer.

Where Cricket Was Cradled.

Winchester College has purchased Broadhalfpenny Down, at Hambledon, Hampshire, world-famous as "the cradle of cricket," and by way of keeping alive its associations with the game played a commemorative match a few weeks ago.

The competing elevens represented the College and the Hambledon Club, an organization that has some two hundred years of cricketing history behind it. Hambledon began as a village club, and has never been anything else, although during the first hundred years of its existence it had the greatest team in England.

In 1825 Hambledon ceased to use Broadhalfpenny Down and the great days of the club came to an end, that event marked the close of an era in the story of cricket.

The game has been played spasmodically in recent years on the Broadhalfpenny pitch, mainly by way of keeping up the continuity. However, the club has retained its existence, its traditions, and its old records. Like their

celebrated originals, its members are villagers who follow various occupations and have "cricket in their blood."

The old Hambleton "uniform" consisted of knee breeches, silk stockings, silver buckled shoes, and sky-blue coats with black velvet collars. Some of their opponents used to play in white beaver hats, nankeen breeches, white silk stockings, and sashes

His Own Grandfather.

How a man is his own grandfather is explained by Mr. C. J. Liebenberg in this manner :—

I married a widow with a daughter. My father, who was a widower at the time, frequently visited us. He fell in love with the daughter and eventually married her. My father thus became my son-in-law and my step-daughter my mother-in-law.

Shortly afterwards my wife gave birth to a son, who is naturally my father's brother-in-law and at the same time my uncle, for he is the brother of my step-mother. To make matters more involved, my father's wife also became the mother of a son. The boy is my brother and also my grandchild.

My wife is logically my grandmother, for she is my stepmother's mother. I am therefore my wife's husband and grandchild, and since the husband of anyone's grandmother is his grandfather, I have to acknowledge that I am my own grandfather.

Queer Dishes.

At a luncheon given recently in London many strange edibles appeared on the menu, among them being goose stewed in honey, chicken stuffed with pistachio nuts and dates and served with honey sauce and cherries, and pigeons stuffed with cherries.

In Sutton-in-Ashfield, Nottinghamshire, there is an hotel where roast hedgehog is a regular feature in the bill of fare. Every race has its favourite dish, and whilst they shudder over roast beef, the Chinese enjoy soups made from certain kinds of birds' nests.

France breeds snails specially for the table. In Britain we marvel that anything so unclean as snails could be eaten by anyone, yet the lobster feeds on the refuse of the sea, and the pig is fed on offal, whilst snails live only on greenstuffs such as parsley, lettuce, and vine leaves.

Whale, camel, and elephant steaks were served at a zoological dinner in Paris and were greatly relished.

In India a species of ant is dried and made into a sort of curry, and in the West Indies no more tasty dish has yet been discovered than rats.

You can eat fried dragon-flies in the Malay Archipelago, caught by boys with branches smeared in bird-lime.

Even the octopus has its partisans among the people of the Mediterranean, and in China it is dried and sold covered in flower.

Oh, Professor !

When a funny story of absentmindedness is published the victim is almost invariably described as a "professor." We were beginning to think that the joke against professors had gone far enough ; we contemplated changing the profession of the victims of our future stories of absentmindedness. After reading about the Australian professor the other day, however, we have changed our minds ! This is the story :—

An Australian university professor has

arrived in this country a year earlier than intended !

He is one of the Australian delegates to the Empire Universities Congress, which is to open in London in July, 1926, and as he will have to return home before the Congress is held he will have travelled 24,000 miles under the misapprehension that his presence was needed here now.

A typist's error is said to be the cause of his confusion. Last January the Universities Bureau of the British Empire sent to Australia preliminary notices in connection with the Congress, but inadvertently the year was not mentioned.

"We received a letter from Sydney University in March last informing us that all delegates in Sydney had been warned of the error," said an official of the Bureau. "How it was that one delegate should be under a misapprehension it is not possible to say. There is no reason why he should not have known that the Congress was next year, for the typist's error had been corrected in time."

Gull's Transatlantic Flight.

In the records of aviation, the feat of the first gull to fly the Atlantic Ocean is an honourable one, and worthy of record. The gull, a kittiwake, was found in Newfoundland wearing a silver band upon which were inscribed the words: "Inform Witherby, High Holborn, London," and the bird has been identified as one that had been released from the coast of Northumberland by a correspondent of the London naturalist.

It is quite likely that this gull was forestalled in his great achievement by other gulls. It is a pity to have to record that the bird was shot.

Star-Gazers' G. H. Q.

The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Royal Observatory in Greenwich Park will shortly be celebrated. It was not founded for astronomical work in the usual sense of that term, but for the practical business of enabling seamen to have correct tables for the purpose of finding their longitude or angular distances east or west from a standard meridian (as that of Greenwich) to the meridian of any place, reckoned to 180 degrees East or West.

In 1675 a French scientist devised tables based on the movement of the moon, but King Charles II. decided that English seamen should have their own tables, and John Flamsteed was appointed Astronomer Royal at £100 a year. Sir Christopher Wren proposed Greenwich Castle as a suitable site for the observatory. The foundation stone was laid on August 10th, 1675, and the building was first occupied by Flamsteed on July 10th, 1676.

Poultry-Farming of Long Ago.

Although hot-air and hot-water incubators were not known in Europe until the last decades of the eighteenth century, the Chinese and Egyptians practised artificial incubation of fowls' eggs thousands of years ago. The ancient Egyptians built enormous ovens of semi-dried bricks, often covering an area of as much as 6,000 square feet. Similar egg-oven are in use in Egypt to-day, the craft having been handed down through the centuries from father to son. Through the centre of the egg-oven runs a passage which opens up on each side to circular vaults, in which the actual hatching is done. Fires are kept alight in each vault, and all surplus heat and smoke escape from a large hole in the roof. During incubation the porous egg-shell admits

a slight amount of oxygen and allows the escape of other gases. Everyday the shell grows more brittle, so that when the time comes for the live chick to break forth it has no difficulty in doing so

Human wireless.

Through he did not know it, through the aeons of man's existence, it was to a "receiving set"—more complicated and miraculous than that other kind of receiving set—that man owed his precious gift of vision. The eye is a receiving set that works on wave lengths of incredible minuteness, and can instantaneously and automatically "time in" to stations, however near or far.

It is no bigger than a boy's marble. The filmy aerial, though less than a square inch in size, will effectively pick up incoming signals from the nearest object or the most distant star.

Each eye works at one and the same time on hundreds of different wave-lengths without undue "jamming." Each has its own telephone exchange with thousands of "land lines" connecting with the brain.

Ceaselessly, silently, and swiftly these receiving sets of Nature work, often sixteen hours a day, year in and year out, with no rest but a momentary wink during their hours of receiving. So it is no wonder that they need occasional repair and tuning up; and if they are overworked, like all machines they break down.

When this happens the brain gets bad reception, it makes errors of judgment, and it makes miscalculations which may have unhappy results for the individual.

Perils of Anger.

Both anger and grief have a mental basis,

and indulgence in both produce marked ill-effects on the body, says a writer in 'The Times.' Sir James Paget and Dr. Murchison, for example, considered that protracted grief and anxiety were the cause of cancer in certain organs of the body. Further investigations into this subject tend to prove the truth of their assumptions.

Anger, which like grief, is a mental quality, is known to provoke indigestion, headaches, and neuralgia. Seeking relief in tears, therefore, when the feeling of anger is sought to be overcome, would be tantamount to jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. Both Anger and grief, therefore ought to be shunned by all right thinking people, and this modern applied psychology teaches one how to do it.

In Eighty Seconds.

At luncheon at the Savoy Hotel recently a party of guests saw an interesting new film which is going to show the world at the Cinema houses how a submarine cable is made and laid.

The making of a modern cable is a most elaborate affair, and some very clever machinery is used for giving the precious wire its protective coatings. These composite cables vary in their make according to the kind of sea bottom on which they are to lie—there is, for instance, a special cable for iceberg regions. The film takes us aboard the cable ship and shows the experts hooking up the damaged cable from the depths by the use of about six different kinds of grapnels, each one a marvel of ingenuity.

One of the cable's greatest enemies is a submarine insect called the "teredo," which seems to have a special appetite for gutta-percha, jute, and pitch, which form the protective layers of the core.

With the King opened Wembley this year, it was known all round the globe in eighty seconds.

Balneology.

What in the world is that? you ask. It must be something remote and abstruse, something only the very learned can understand. So I thought when I read that at a medical congress the doctors there assembled had been discussing balneology. But it turns out that this simply a long and learned name for bathing.

So when next you take your header at your favourite seaside resort you will be able to flatter yourself that you are a balneologist. The doctors laid down certain rules for bathing—you shouldn't go into the water after a meal or when you are tired, and if it is cold you shouldn't stay in too long. We seem to have heard that before, somehow.

We are told that doctors are not very good at taking their own medicine. Perhaps ignoring their preceptors about "the therapeutic value of balneology," they went and played glof instead.

Freak Lighting.

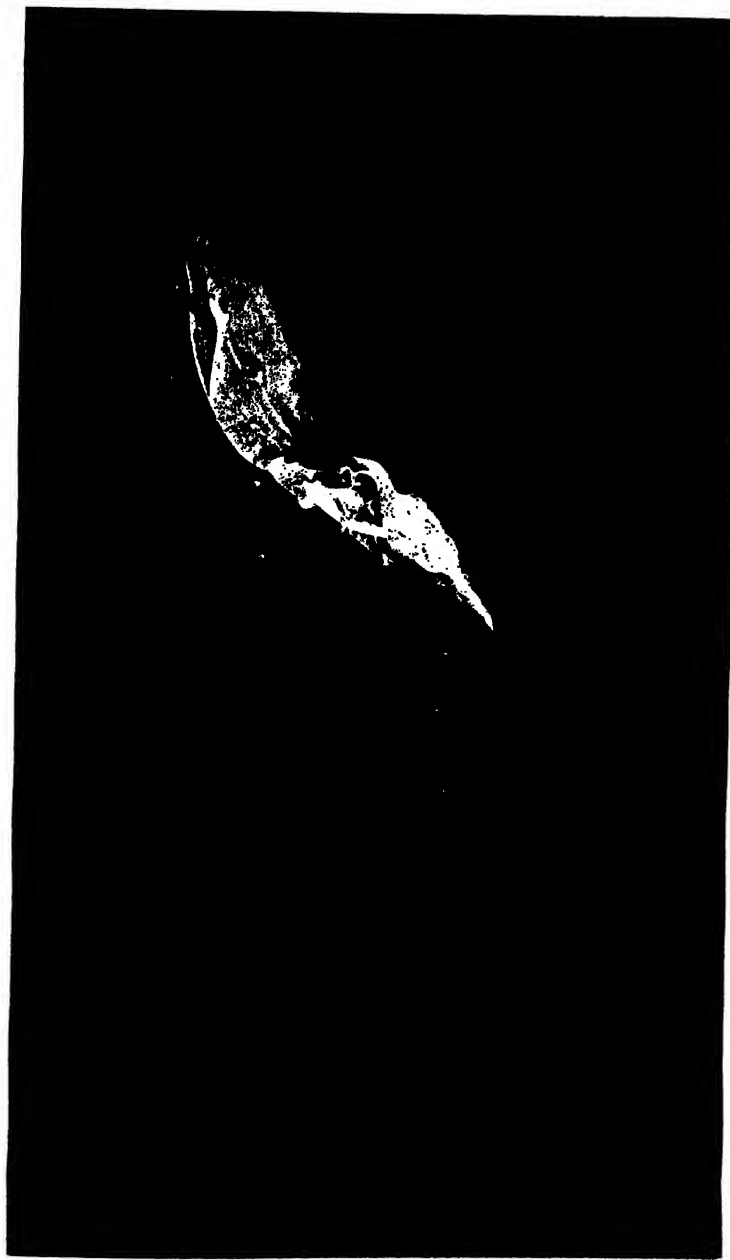
In parts of the United States curious examples of "freak" lighting are to be found. Some of these are illustrated by Mr. A. L. Spring in a recent issue of the 'Electrical World.' Sierra Madra, a little city in California, has a beautiful setting of oak trees, and it was felt that amongst these ordinary lamp posts would be unsightly.

The designers solved the problem by lighting standards shaped like rustic oak, each carrying a lighting unit in the form of an acorn!

At Altadena, California, "Christmas Trees Avenue," lined with beautiful cedar trees, receives special illumination at the festive season. From December 20th to New Year's Eve each year every other tree is decorated from top to bottom with coloured lamps. Perhaps, however, the most singular form of public lighting mentioned was that adopted by an enterprising tract owner who installed lights immediately over the kerb, with protecting concrete arches over them.

This form of lighting would doubtless harmonize with the views of those people who argue that public lamps are too high.





Lightning.

By—Jatindra Kumar Sen.

Expressions

Of the two greatest living actors of Bengal.



• Babu Surendranath Ghose (Dani Babu)

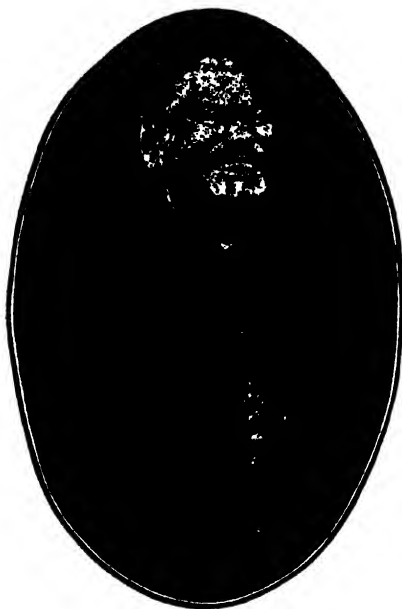
• Photo by—D. Ratan & Co.



Sorrow.



Disgust.



In high glee.



Devilish plot.



Meditating.



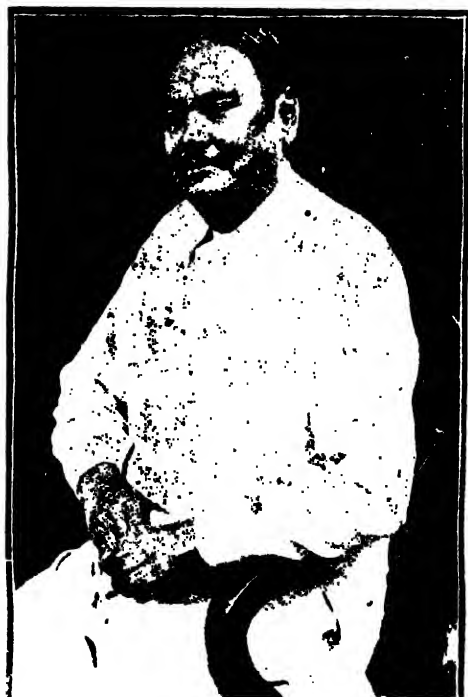
Fear.



Flattery.



Angor.



Satisfied.



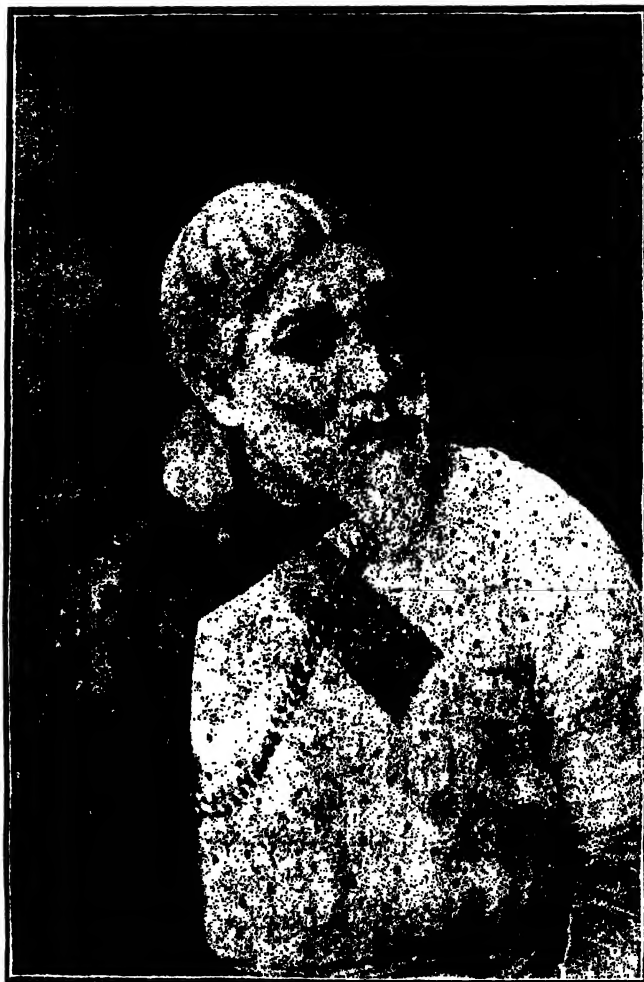
Crying.



Well—

Alamgir—Sj. Sisir Kumar Bhaduri, M. A.

* Photo by—T. P. Sen & Coy.



Is that so—ah !

Alamgir—Sj. Sisir Kumar Bhaduri, M. A.



The king of Ajodhya.

Rama—Sj. Sisir Kumar Bhadhuri, M. A.



"Thou art then son of Seeta"——

Rama—Sj. Sisir Kumar Bhadhuri, M. A.

Laba—Sj. Jiban Bhushan Ganguly.

Things That Amuse

Although he had never been to sea before, Sikes got a job as a deck-hand.

The vessel was four days out when a member of the crew lost his balance and fell into the sea.

Sikes hurried to the captain and told him what had occurred. The latter let loose a string of expressive adjectives, and told the Irishman to throw a buoy to the drowning man.

In less than two minutes Sikes returned, gasping for breath, and blurted out :

"Please Sir, I couldn't catch the boy, so I threw the Chinese cook overboard."

Patience : "Hasn't Miss Oldun got searching eyes ?"

Ethel : "Well, I don't wonder. She's been looking for a husband for twenty years."

A certain school teacher was endeavouring to explain to a small boy in her class the meaning of the word "collision."

"Suppose two boys running in the street should bump together," she said, "what would there be ?"

"A fight," responded the little fellow loudly, and with astonishing promptness, and the teacher gave it up.

"It appears, Mary Jones," said the magistrate, "that you have already been convicted thirty-five times of stealing."

"That's right, your honour," answered Mary. "No woman is perfect."

Country Lady : "Excuse me, constable, but is this Buckingham Palace Road ?"

Policeman : "Yes, madam."

Country Lady : "Well, can you tell me what number Buckingham Palace is ?"

The little son of the house was very quiet during the first part of the dinner, and everyone forgot that he was there. As desert was being served the host told a story. When he had finished, and the laughter had ceased, his little son exclaimed gleefully :

"Now, father, tell the other one."

"Jones tells me he never destroys a receipted bill."

"No : he's more likely to have them framed, and hung up in his parlour as curiosities."

Employer : "What's all this about ? Sleeping in the daytime over your work !"

Clerk : "Excuse me, sir, but my baby kept me awake nearly all the night."

Employer : "Then why don't you bring your baby to the office ?"

She was very well dressed and, as she walked into the fashionable boot shop, the manager himself came forward to serve her.

"I see by your catalogue," she said, "that you have just received two thousand pairs of ladies' Court shoes."

"Yes, madam," the respectful manager informed her.

"Good," said the girl, sitting down. "I wish to try them on!"

The old man entered the village shop. "Mornin', mornin'," he said heartily. "I've just looked in to buy an average. Let's have a look at some, young feller."

"An average, did you say, sir?" said the assistant blankly.

"Yes, yes, same as Mr. Megson bought."

"What's it like, sir?" asked the unfortunate young man behind the counter.

"How should I know?" answered Mr. Stiles angrily. "All I know is as old Mr. Megson told me how he's got a hen what lays twenty-five eggs a month on an average, wants one, too."

Little David was not very well, and mother crept into his bedroom and whispered: "Are you awake, dear?"

"No," said David, "and the doctor said particularly I was not to be awakened to have my medicine."

The honeymoon couple were sitting on the beach.

She (archly): "And you don't find it tiresome all alone with me? "You are quite sure you don't want to go back to your bachelor life again?"

He (earnestly): "Quite, my darling. Do you know, if you were to die to-night, I'd get married again to-morrow morning!"

"Take care of yourself, dear," said the public speaker's wife as her husband set off for an open air meeting.

"Yes, yes, I will," he answered.

"That's right," she said, still anxious. "And, remember, don't stand with your bare head on the damp ground."

"How's the food here?" asked the new boarder at the dinner table.

"Well, we have chicken every morning," said an old boarder.

"Chicken every morning! And how is it served?"

"In the shell."

A servant was brought into hospital, suffering from the effects of an overdose of poison. When questioned as to her motive for taking it, she replied:

"I wasn't feeling well, and I went to missus's medicine-chest. There was a bottle marked: "Three drops for an infant, six for an adult, and a teaspoonful for an emetic. I knew I wasn't an infant, I wasn't sure about an adult—so I thought I must be the emetic, and took the spoonful."

Child: "Papa, what is a king?"

Papa: "A king, my child, is a person whose authority is practically unlimited, whose word is law, and whom everybody must obey."

Child: "Papa, is mamma a king?"

"You seem un well," she said.

"I'm not feeling too grand," the youth replied. "The fact is, I'm troubled with heart failure."

"Oh, how terrible"

"Yes. I started four times to ask your father's consent to our marriage, and every time my heart failed me."

Fond mother (anxiously): "Ah, my boy, my poor boy, are you in pain?"

The Son (through his tears). "Nun-nun-no; the pain is in me."

Trivvett: "Is this your advertisement in the paper for a lost dog?"

Dicer: "Yes."

Trivver: "Why, you never had a dog to lose."

Dicer: "I know; but I want one now, and I think I can make a satisfactory selection from the animals the advertisement will bring in."

She: "How is it you were not at West-end's reception?"

He: "I stayed away on account of a personal matter."

She: "May I ask what it was?"

He: "Will you promise to keep it secret?"

She: "Yes."

He: "Well, they failed to send me an invitation."

"Doesn't it humiliate you to have to go through life this way?" asked the sympathetic woman, as she purchased a photograph.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the bearded lady. "If it wasn't for the wife and children I'd throw up the job to-morrow."

The excursion train had stopped at a small countryside station for a considerable time, greatly to the annoyance of the passengers in general, and an old lady in particular.

"Guard, guard!" she shouted out of the window, "what are we waiting for?"

"Why, lady," said the official, "simply for the train to go on!"

The dusty-looking tramp was broke, as usual. All he possessed was a penny and a gigantic thirst.

After wandering up and down for some time he entered a public-house where a customer had just ordered a whisky.

"I bet you a panny I can drink your whisky without you seeing me," he said to the other man.

"Done!" was the reply. Whereupon the tramp picked up the glass and drained it.

"Ah, but I saw you drink it!" said the other.

"Yes," replied the thirsty one as he made for the door—"here's yer penny. You've won the bet."

Old Lady (to soldier on sentry-go): "Young man, just run and tell yer hossifers that Mrs. Wiggins has called to see her boy Charlie. I'll mind your little house."

"How long is it going to take to get through with this case?" asked the client who was under suspicion of house-breaking.

"Well," replied the young barrister thoughtfully, "it'll take me about two weeks, but I am afraid it's going to take you about four years."

Landlady (to lodger): "Beg pardon, sir. Did I understand as you were a doctor of music?"

Lodger: "I am, ma'am. Why?"

Landlady: "Well, sir, my Billy 'as just bin and broke his concertina and I thought as 'ow I might put a odd job in yer way."

The conscientious enthusiast in charge of the improvised "soda-fountain" at the garden fete could supply drinks in two flavours—vanilla and strawberry.

Towards the end of the day up came a thirsty man who wanted a pain soda water, without any flavouring at all,

"What flavour do you want it without?" asked the temporary bar-tender.

"I don't care."

"Well, you'll hvae to have it without vanilla, 'cause there's no more strawberry left," was the verdict.

At the little missionary church the minister, announced that he regretted to state that a certain brother had retired to rest the night before without locking the door of his fowl-house, and on rising in the morning had found that all his chickens had disappeared.

"I don't want to be personal," he added "but I have my suspicions as to who stole dem chickens. I shall be glad if the man who took dem will not put any money in the box when it is passed round, and then I shall know if dose suspicions are right or not."

The collection was taken. The boxes were crammed full.

"Now, brederen," announced the minister, "I don't want you to spoil your dinners by wonderin' where dat brudder lives who don't lock his chickens up at night. Dat brudder don't exist, mah friends; he was a parable for de-purposes of finance."

An invalid, after returning from a trip, said to a friend. "Oh, it's done me a world of good. I've come back another man altogether: in fact, I'm quite myself again,"

"How did you find your uncle, Johnny?"

"In apple-pie order."

"How's that?"

"Crusty."

A city youth, who wanted to make a stay at a firm arranged with the farmer to render certain services in return for his board. When the farmer called him the first morning it was so dark that the young man could not resist the temptation to take another forty winks before rising. Even then he was out in the field by six o'clock.

"Fine morning!" he said.

Through the dim light the farmer scowled at him. "It was I!" he replied.

"But, father," said the young poet, "poets are born, not made."

"Now look here," broke in his father angrily, "write all the nonsense you like, but don't you dare blame your mother and me for it."

A celebrated physician was giving a lecture on physiology, in the course of which he said that the human body contained sulphur.

A young lady promptly asked: "How much sulphur is there in a girl's body?"

"That varies," said the physician.

"Oh! I see," said the young lady, "that is why some of us make better matches than others."

"Fine piece of land out here!" said the dusty, shrewd-looking man as he descended from his trap outside the farmer's house.

"You're right there," replied the farmer eagerly. "It's the best to be found in the country."

"Bit too high a figure for a poor man, I reckon?" asked the stranger.

"It's worth every penny of three hundred pounds an acre," answered the farmer with an eye to business. "Were you thinking of settling and buying in these parts?"

"Hardly," murmured the traveller, making some notes in a book. "I'm the new tax assessor!"

Old Brown had worked nearly forty years as gardener and odd man, and was apparently contented until his employer added poultry-raising to his list of activities. Then he was ordered to write on each egg with an indelible pencil the date and the name of the hen that laid it.

"I'm goin' to leave, sir," announced Brown one day.

"Leave! Whatever for?" inquired the employer.

"Well, I've done nearly everything about the place, but I ain't a-goin' to be secretary to your hen's!"

Teacher: "Thomas, what is the best time for picking apples?"

Thomas: "When the big dog isn't loose, teacher."

"How long have they been married?"

"Oh, three years or so."

"And do you think she has made him a good wife?"

"Can't say, but I know she's made him a very good husband."

"George," said a pompous squire to an old farm labourer, "you are getting very bent. Why don't you stand up straight like me?"

"Well, sir," answered George, "d'ye see yon field of corn?"

"I do," said the squire.

"Then ye'll notice that the full heads hang down, while the empty heads stand up."

The prisoner had been convicted a dozen times before.

"Your honour," he said, "I should like to have my case postponed for a week. My lawyer is ill."

"But you were captured with your hand in this man's pocket. What can your counsel say in your defence?"

"Precisely so, your honour. That is what I am anxious to know."

They had been to the summer concert in the park.

"What do you think of brass bands?" he asked.

"Brass band- are better than none," she replied, gazing, contemplatively at the third finger of her left hand, "but I prefer gold bands."

The engagement has now been announced.

A Boxing professor was giving one of his pupils a few tips when suddenly he knocked him down.

Pupil : "Is it necessary to knock me down like that?"

Professor : "Bless yer, no, guv'nor. Get up and I'll show yer ten other ways."

A very pompous farmer was made a justice of the peace, and he was so impressed with the tremendous dignity of his position that the village where he lived was much too small to contain him.

As he was swaggering along the road he walked into a borrow belonging to an old woman.

"Be careful where you're going, man!" she cried.

"Woman," replied the indignant farmer, "I am a magistrate, not a man!"

Stewardess : "Madam, I've attended to you as well as I possibly can, and I've supplied every want, but you are still unsatisfied. When do you want now?"

Suffering lady passenger : "I want the earth."

In a recent little competition a magazine-editor asked his readers to send along amusing reasons for our habit of throwing stones into the water at the seaside. A large entry was received, the following efforts being three of the best :

We probably stone the seaside because the seaside's "stoned" us.

As Britons, we 'aim' to rule the waves.

For the majority of people it means the "last throw of summer"!

Bobbie : "What are descendants, father?"

Father : "Why, the people who come after you."

Bobbie : "Oh ! so the tailor is one of your descendants, then?"

Magistrate (to prisoner) : "You were caught in the act of opening a bedroom window."

Prisoner : "Yes, your worship ; I believe in hygiene, and I was only going to open the window an inch or two for the benefit of the occupants. It's frightfully unhealthy to sleep with your bedroom window completely shut up, your worship."

A husband is called the head of the house (A dignity seldom he loses) ;
But the wife is the neck, and it's easy to see
She twists the head round as she chooses.

A village watchmaker decided to emigrate. A few days before his departure he met the schoolmaster, who asked him to what part of the world he was going.

"That's a terrible place !" remarked the schoolmaster when he heard the name. "Why, only a short time ago there was an earthquake there that shook the town to its foundations. You wouldn't like that, would you ?"

"Wouldn't I, though !" responded the other. "Look at the number o'clocks that would need mendin' after a kick-up like that !"

They were sitting in the barracks telling yarns :

"Ever heard this one ?" asked one of the group. "A dog was tied to a rope 14 feet long. Twenty feet away was a meaty bone. How did the dog get the bone ?"

"That's an old yarn," said one of the mariners. "You want some fool to say : 'Give it up,' and then you'll say ; 'That what the other dog did !' "

"No, you're wrong. The dog got the bone."

"Well, how did he get it ?"

"The other end of the rope wasn't tied ?"

She : "Do thoughts that came to you long ago ever return ?"

He (a poet) : "Often ; I enclose a stamped envelope."

He was attracted to her from the very first, but she scorned him. The less notice she took of him the more desperate he became. Finally driven to despair, he actually tried to stab her.

Her anger was roused now. She would be revenged ; so picking up a weapon she struck him. And he fell lifeless to the ground. "That's another wasp out of the world," she muttered unconcernedly.

I can't assist you any longer, as I've a wife now, and I need all the money I can get," said a lawyer to a beggar he usually helped.

"Well, now, that's just coming it a little too strong. Here you actually go and get married at my expense."

Things were getting desperate with a certain servantless lady. She was therefore quite excited when the registry office sent her a possible maid.

"Are you a good cook ?" she asked the gaily-dressed applicant.

"No, I don't cook," was the reply,

"Are you accustomed to washing and ironing ?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't do either : they're too bad for the hands."

"Can you turn out a room ?"

"Certainly not !" (This was quite decided). "I'm not strong enough."

"Well, then," asked the exasperated lady, "what can you do ?"

"I dust," was the cool reply.

"You don't seem to have any notorious spots here," said an inquiring tourist to the native guide. "In the last village we stopped at they showed us a place where a man had

lain in wait for his rival in love and attacked him with a fiendish gusto."

The guide had never heard of this remarkable crime, but his professional jealousy was aroused.

"That is quite true, sir," he unblushingly bore witness. "But you, perhaps, are not aware that the villain afterwards made his escape in this direction, and you are now standing on the very spot where he threw away the fiendish gusto with which he made the attack.

Auntie sewing in her bedroom, noticed that little Muriel, whom she had left to play in the sitting-room below, was unusually quiet.

At last she went downstairs and opened the door. She saw Muriel sitting in an easy chair with her hands folded.

"Well, dear," said auntie, "can't you find anything to do?"

"I can't find anybody to play. 'Hide the Thimble' with me," the child replied, "so I've hidden it myself, and now I'm waiting until I forget where I put it."

It was the first time the two Negroes had met since the war and they were comparing their recent experiences.

"Mose," announced Rastus, "Ah's got a good job now."

"Yo' got a good job?"

"Ah's got a job bein' p'fessor of pathology to the college."

"P'fessor of pathology? But yo' kain't read nor write."

"Seems yo' don' know what a p'fessor of pathology is. A P'fessor of pathology is de

p'fessor what shows people how to go in an' out of de college grounds."

When Israel arrived at the sea side hotel, he immediately asked if there was a telegram for him, and when answered in the negative appeared much disappointed.

Half an hour later he inquired again, and receiving the same answer seemed disturbed. After tea he made further inquiry, and, on learning there was still nothing for him, said: "Well, I'm going for a blow on the sands."

Twenty minutes later he returned, and again asked if there was a telegram for him, and when told there was none, went to his room with a puzzled countenance.

When he came down dressed for dinner, the hotel clerk called him, and, waving a telegram, said:—

"Telegram for you, Mr. Israel: just came!"

Israel snatched it and impatiently tore it open and, leaning heavily against the hotel desk, clapped his hand to his forehead and exclaimed:—

"O! by Heaven, my house is on fire!"

"Sorry to say my sister has had rather a bad accident. She's been bitten by an adder."

"Good gracious! An adder? Where was this?"

"Well, perhaps not exactly an adder, but she got her fingers mixed up in the machinery of the cash register.

"Dear, dear! Is she getting better?"

"Well, the latest report is 'no change.'"

Old William was not so young as he used to be, and one day three lads entered his sweet shop.

"Well soany," said William, addressing the tallest lad, "and what de 'ee want?"

"Penn'orth of aniseed balls, please, mister," replied the boy.

Old William shuffled out of the shop into the next room, and returned with a rickety-looking ladder, which he placed up against the shelves. He climbed laboriously up the ladder and, taking the tin of aniseed balls, brought it down and weighed out the required pennyworth. This done, he handed the lad the sweets, returned the tin to its place, and stumped off with the ladder into the next room.

"And what do 'ee want, sonny?" he inquired of the second youth on his return.

"A penn'orth of aniseed balls, please, mister." was the answer, and William laboriously went through the procedure again, procuring the ladder and weighing out the sweets.

Before returning the tin of sweets to its place, he turned to the third boy.

"And do 'ee want a penn'orth of aniseed balls too, my lad?" he asked,

"No," came the reply, so old William returned the tin of sweets to its shelf and took the ladder back to its place in the next room.

"Well, and what do 'ee want, then?" he asked the third lad on his return.

"An 'a'porth of aniseed ball, please, mister."

Pat had seen nearly every clock in the place but had discarded all of them as not

being good enough for his purpose. The weary shopman had exhausted his whole stock except a few cuckoo clocks, so he brought these forward as a last resource.

"I'll show you what they do," said the salesman, and he set the hands of one at twelve o'clock, when the door flew open and the cuckoo thrust his head out and cuckooed.

Pat was imposed.

"Well, how do you like that?" asked the salesman. "That's a staggerer for you, isn't it?"

"Faith and begorra, I should think it is! It's trouble enough to remember to wind it, without having to think of feedin' the bird."

Bill had succeeded in getting a job in a motor factory. He did not even know himself how he got it, for he knew nothing at all about engineering.

On his second day at work he chanced to meet a friend of his who was equally ignorant.

"Hello, Joe!" he said. "How's business?"

"Oh, all right!" was the reply. "How are you getting along with your new job?"

"Great!" said Bill. "But it's terribly close work. Why, do you know, we have to work to a thousandth of an inch."

"Heavens, Bill! How many thousandths are there in an inch?"

"Millions, Joe—millions!"

Sol and Abe had always been rivals, first one, then the other outdoing the other in the restaurant business. When they had resorted to every means of vying with one another, and seemed to be running along at a dead-heat, Sol took a plunge and leased a

building directly across the street from his rival. He repainted its front and hung out a flaunting sign bearing the name of the new establishment. It was : "Grand Cafe of the Two Hemispheres."

Abe was distraught when he saw the custom that surged into the new restaurant, and vowing not to be outdone, had his place repainted and hung out an even more ostentatious sign. It read : "Grand Cafe of the Three Hemispheres."

The flames poured out from the smoke-blackened windows, and the little knot of people clustered together below gave a gasp of astonishment as they saw a hefty fireman emerged from the window carrying a woman in his arms,

But as the gallant man stepped on to the ladder and attempted to descend, he slipped and fell to the ground. The woman landed safely but heavily on the prostrate hero.

The doctor hastened to the scene.

"You're" a very brave man!" he cried, addressing the fireman.

"Brave, begorra, but no gentleman," said Patrick, rubbing his bruised limbs, "or I'd 'a' let the woman go first!"

Young Gerald had but recently commenced his scholastic career, and was not very enthusiastic about the proceedings. However, daily, on his return from school he would report progress and such other incidents as seemed advisable, to his admiring parents.

One day he came home very worried and perplexed and after a lot of thinking delivered himself thus :

"Daddy, I'm fed up with school. I ain't goin' no more after to day. I'm finished"

"Dear, oh dear!" smiled his parent. "What can the matter now?"

"Well, yesterday they said that four and one made five"—he paused to let this sink in—"and to-day they said that three and two make five. Well, when they say things like that, you just don't know what to believe!"

On the occasion of a special service at a village church, the vicar of a large London parish was persuaded to preach. The congregation was naturally an agricultural one.

After the service the clergyman from London stopped to speak to a very old shepherd in the churchyard, and asked him how many sheep he had in his flock.

"Three hundred, zur," replied the old man proudly.

"That's nothing," retorted the other. "My flock is over five thousand strong."

"My word!" gasped the old shepherd, his eyes flitting at the thought. "You must 'ave 'ad a terrible busy time last lambin' season."

—

Timidly she tripped into the offices of the celebrated shipping agency. After a moment or two a clerk leans across the counter and demanded her business.

"I want to buy a ticket for Paris," she said in reply to the assistant's query. "And I want to travel in a boat that I know to be perfectly safe. Is there a boat you can recommend?"

"The Ardua, madam, I can thoroughly recommend," murmured the young man.

"Is it safe?"

"Madam," replied the clerk, in his gravest manner, "during the forty years in which the Ardua has been crossing the channel she has never once gone to the bottom. Of this I can assure you."

"Oh," came the reply, "then that must be all right. Let me have a cabin, please!"

With true Irish hospitality, a somewhat impecunious host ordered his butler to bring up a bottle of his most precious and finest claret, for an unexpected guest.

After a short interval the butler returned, bearing the bottle, covered in cobwebs, in a special basket reserved for this purpose.

In due course the wine was poured out, and the host tasted it before allowing his guest to have any. He pulled a wry face, and then remarked:

"Surely this is not the best claret?"

"No, indade, your honour," replied the butler.

"Then why did ye bring it?"

"Because, yer honour," answered the butler, "it's the best ye have!"

An old man was leading two lively horses out to pasture in the morning. When he came to the field he paused, rather at a loss what to do. For the gate was firmly fixed, and he was unable to open it without releasing the horses.

Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to him. Stopping down, he tied each horse to his boot-tags, and then he commenced to open the gate. Immediately the horses, seeing that the labourer no longer held them, dashed off up the lane.

When he was picked up some few minutes later, his wife, as she bathed and annointed his bruises, remarked:

"Didn't you know better than to do a silly trick like that?"

"Yes, my dear," he answered; "I hadn't been dragged four rods before I realised my mistake!"

Scrivener, the great dramatic novelist, had journeyed to Bermuda to finish a novel that had its final scenes laid in that choice spot.

Some few days later a party of roisterers turned up, and soon made their presence felt. For some time Scrivener suffered in silence, though he was hard pressed at times, for the roisterers roistered night and day; but one evening he could stand it no longer, and sent a message of complaint to the manager.

The latter immediately dispatched his complaint by the chief waiter to the party, who were at that time enjoying themselves in the music-room.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the waiter "Mr. Scrivener, the novelist, begs you to make less noise, as he is engaged on an important novel and can't write."

"Can't write, eh?" said the leader of the party. "Well, you go back and tell old Scrivener that he needn't have sent you here to tell us that. We know it already!"

The retired colonel was in form, and his fellow club members were being made to realise it.

"Talking of ants," went on the colonel, who had been talking of nothing else the

whole evening—"talking of ants, we've got 'em bigger than crabs in the West. I've seen 'em fight with their long horns, which they use as lances, charging each other like savages."

"They don't compare with the ants I have seen in the Far East," said an inoffensive individual near by. "The natives have trained them as beasts of burden. One of them could pull a ton load for miles and miles with ease. They used to work willingly enough, yet sometimes they would turn on their attendants and kill them. I've seen them pull trees down myself," he concluded.

"Oh indeed !" spoke up the colonel, in a military tone of voice. "And what sort of ants might these wonderful specimens be ?"

"They were eleph-ants," replied the inoffensive individual in his mildest manner.

He was fresh from the country, and had come up to town for a holiday and to see a bit of life. He had read in the local papers that all sorts of fun could be had in London, and he decided to find out the truth of this statement for himself.

Whilst walking along a city street he noticed a very high building, over the entrance of which was hung the following notice : "Please ring the bell for the porter."

Thinking it would be rather a joke, he rang the bell furiously, and the porter, who lived in the top of the building, hurried down the stairs, very hot and out of breath. On seeing the countryman, he demanded in very haughty tones what he wanted.

Our friend, with his sunburned face wreathed in smiles, pointed to the notice and replied :

"Why can't you ring the old bell yourself ?"

It was almost a mile away that she was first seen—a lithe young woman who stood on the pavement in Piccadilly. Around her circled men—young men, older ones, stout men who could hardly bend forward, and boys who scampered hither and thither on nimble feet. They all stooped to the pavement, picked up something, returned to the young woman with hats doffed, made passes at her outstretched right hand, backed away, and went groping about the pavements and gutters again.

Some ran into the street, retrieved, hurried back, and bowed again. Others followed the course of the gutter, unmindful of the rush of the traffic, oblivious to the harsh imprecations from the bus-drivers.

Every time one of the score or more of slaves approached the girl smiled engagingly in a ripple of dimples and thanked him, and said it really didn't matter at all, and surely by this time there was no need to look any more.

"What's happening ?" asked an astonished spectator. "It looks like a kind of exhibition dance to me."

"Dance be blowed !" exclaimed the other. "This happens nearly every day here. Can't you see the girl has broken her beads ?"

The boarding-house keeper played a little game on a grumbling boarder by serving him a piece of leather instead of beefsteak.

"You've changed your butcher, Mrs. Hascher ?" said the boarder, looking up at the landlady, after sawing two or three minutes at the leather.

"Same butcher as usual," replied the boarding-house keeper, with a patronizing smile. "Why ?"

"Oh, nothing much," said the boarder, trying to make an impression on the steak with his knife and fork, "only this piece of meat is the tenderest I have had in this house for some weeks."

A learned professor, in the course of a long climb to the summit of a Highland mountain, went out of his way to enlighten the gillie by whom he was accompanied regarding photographs sent by telegraph, wireless, and other modern inventions.

As Donald never condescended to give the slightest indication of either interest or wonder, the professor rather warmly expressed his surprise at his silence, on which the Highlander confidentially informed him, "Ah'm an awfu' loer tae !"

I think that I should like to be a sailor :

They say a sailor's life is full of sport ;

He visits many, many foreign countries,

And has a different girl in every port.

They're all so far apart that there's no danger

Of being caught with Jane or Marjorie :

I think that I should like to be a sailor—

If a sailor didn't have to go to sea.

The languid lady sank on to a couch in her room with a sigh of weariness. "I'm very tired," she murmured to her new maid. "Bring me something I can slip into."

"O! will that, mum," replied the colleen from Connemara.

After a rather long interval, the maid returned bearing a tray, on which was a thick steak with fried onions and a bottle of stout.

"Now, just be after slipping into that, mum," said she. "It'll do ye a power of good."

Mr. Evans had just bought two halfpenny stamps, and in moistening them he had let them fall to the ground.

He stooped to pick them up. They avoided his grasp, and ran from him.

Mr. Evans pinched himself to make sure that he was awake.

"Must be the wind," he said : and he tried again.

Again they ran from him, and this time there was no mistaking the fact. They bolted along the office floor and slithered half way up the wall ; and he gazed upon those stamps till they reached the ceiling, and then, with a sob, jammed his hat on tighter and hurried out of the office.

The office boy made it his business to investigate the mystery, and by and by he caught the stamps.

And then it was found that they had, while in their moist state, fallen on the back of a large blue bottle !

The lady who was to play Juliet at the little provincial theatre had insisted on lime light : but there was no apparatus on the premises. Then a happy thought struck the manager. He would get a ship's bluelight.

And it would have done equally well, no doubt, had not the ship's chandler given the lad from the theatre a signal-rocket by mistake.

The prompter did not notice the difference, and when Romeo cried : "He jests at scars who never felt a wound," Juliet appeared, the prompter struck a match.

Romeo (continuing) : "But soft, what light through yonder window breaks ?" (This was the match lightning the fuse.) "Arise fair sun !"

The sun did rise with terrific hiss.

Juliet was knocked off the balcony, the flyboards were set on fire, and the theatre was filled with smoke, while the audience, fortunately a small door made a Stampur for the door.

Since then "Romeo and Juliet" has always been looked upon in the town as a dramatic work that could not be witnessed without danger.

An English comedian who prides himself upon his ability to speak the Scottish dialect like a native was invited to a dinner party by a Glasgow business man.

During the evening the comedian told some stories in his best Scots accent, and then, thinking to spring a surprise on the party, he said to the host :—

"What part of Scotland would you say I come from ?"

The host coughed gently.

"Penzance !" he suggested.

They were on board the excursion steamer, and as Mr. Bigpott, the prominent politician, strode the deck, he devoutly hoped that here, at least, he would not be recognized.

But it was not to be. "You're Mr. Bigpott, ain't you, sir ?"

"That is my name," said the wearied politician, frigidly ; "but I am not aware that I have had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"What !" said the unabashed admirer, "you don't remember me ? Why don't you recollect that big meeting you had in Loamington a year ago, and what a grand reception you got ?"

"Yes, I remember that. But——"

"Well," was the triumphant rejoinder, "I was the chap in the brown hat !"

When Morris and Rosebaum returned to lunch after their morning walk on the pier the palms of Morris's soft white hands were scarlet with sunburn.

"Oi, oi !" exclaimed his old mother, "look at his hands. Vat have you been doing dat your hands inside should look like lobsters ?" "I knew it !" said Rosebaum. "I take him out for a blow before launch and he could talk business with a man he met."

A young minister was preachin in a village church. He was very positive, repeating several times : "I am correct, though all the commentators disagree with me."

That evening, just as the preacher rose to read the Scripture, and old lady entered the door and walked up to him. She looked into the minister's face as she handed him a market basket and said, "I heard you say this morning that all commentators disagree with you. I have brought you a basket of Kidney Specials, which I hope you can eat without being ill."



Day-dream

By—*B. Richard Morris De.*



The Little Phinga

(A Fairy Tale)

There was a king of the name of Vikramjit and he was greatly proud of his riches.

A little Phinga built its nest on a tree neighbouring the palace and used to watch the doings of the people inside.

One day it found that the king's little son was playing with a gold mohur and it quickly took away the gold mohur without being noticed by the servants and stored it in its nest. It became very proud of its possession and immediately set crying

"How rich have I grown.

How rich have I grown."

The king noticed its cries and asked his servants to search the Phinga's nest. The king's servants searched the nest and found one gold

mohur, with the king's name on it. They thought that the king would be pleased with them if they could recover the gold mohur; so they took away the gold mohur and gave it to the king.

When the king awoke next morning, he heard the Phinga crying—

"The King is but mean

The King is but mean"

The king found himself in great difficulties and had to ask advice of his minister. The minister advised him to return the gold mohur and settle the affair amicably. The king accordingly ordered his servants to put the gold mohur in the Phinga's nest again.

To his infinite anger the king heard

the Phinga uttering a different cry next morning.

"The King is so afraid of me

The King is so afraid of me"

The mighty king could hardly believe his ears—but when his servants reported the impudent hearing of the Phinga, his anger knew no bounds and he ordered his servants to capture the Phinga and bring it before him.

The king's servants set off for the Phinga's nest with nets etc. but no sooner did the Phinga notice the approaching servants, it began to fly away from one tree to another and thus began harassing the servants out of their lives. The servants, however, succeeded in catching the Phinga at last and brought it to the king.

The king became very glad at this and again consulted his minister as to how should he take his revenge on the Phinga. The minister could suggest nothing whereby the king could take revenge in a manner befitting a king—so he kept silent. The king got angry again and said "very well, I shall eat up the Phinga and put an end to his impudence".

The king took the Phinga in his own hands and gave it to the queen to get it cooked for him.

Poor little Phinga found that its life was in danger and began to think of means for saving itself. When the queen's maid-servant came to it with a knife, it began to sing pretty tunes from inside the sieve (Dhuchuni)

which held it captive. The maid-servant thought that the queen ought to hear the music of the little bird first and it might be killed conveniently afterwards. The queen got very pleased with the sweet tunes and expressed pity for its fate. The Phinga now found its opportunity and said to the queen, "Gracious queen, I see you are pleased with my songs—but I am very sorry that I cannot give an exhibition of my dancing talents in this little cage. Pray, take me out for a moment and see my dancing, then you may do whatever you like with me".

The queen thought that there could be no harm taking out the Phinga for a while and she set it free. The Phinga began dancing about the room and when the queen got charmed with its performance and become a little careless about her prisoner" it flew away out of the window.

The queen and the maid-servant got terribly alarmed as they knew perfectly well that the king would severely punish them for this: The queen at last hit out a plan and asked the maid-servant to catch a frog that was hopping at some distance and to make a dish out of it for the king.

The king finished Court in due time and came inside the palace to have his dinner. He was very eager to taste of the new dish and asked his queen to bring it. The queen tremblingly handed down the specially prepared dish to the king who greatly



The little Phinga flew away.

relished it thinking that that he was really eating the Phinga's flesh.

Suddenly the Phinga—who had been noticing all this from a neighbouring tree, burst out crying.

"The king is eating a frog.

The king is eating a frog."

The king grew greatly ashamed

being thus defeated by the little Phinga. He instantly ordered for the banishment of the queen and her maid-servant for serving up a dish of frogs and playing tricks with him.

After this—he never disturbed the Phinga.

The Wishing umbrella.

There lived a peasant and his wife who could seldom earn enough to get a full meal every day.

Now came the month of pous and every household was joyous at the prospect of eating puddings (pithas). The peasant's wife too wanted to prepare 'pithas' for the occasion but she had not the money to buy the materials with. She asked the peasant to go out and try to secure some job so that they might enjoy the season with others.

The peasant accordingly went out early next morning in search for work. It was a foggy morning and he lost his way. It was past noon, and far from getting some work, he could not even make out his way home. He became very thirsty—but could not get a single drop of water to quench his thirst with. The mid day sun was sending down his hot rays and the peasant tired with his long ramblings and sorely pressed with thirst and hunger, sank down at the foot of a tree. He was

thinking that he could have reached home some how had he an umbrella with him. With this thought, he soon fell asleep out of sheer fatigue.

Now it so happened that the king of the fairies along with his queen was flying over this place and the queen noticed the sad condition of the peasant struck down by the sun's rays. She requested the king, to give him the wishing umbrella by which everything could be had for the mere wish. The king merely said that the peasant was suffering for the sins of the previous life and that even the 'wishing umbrella' could not relieve his distress permanently. The queen maintained that the umbrella would make him happy for his life and she therefore placed a beautiful umbrella by his side and said.

"Oh peasant, wake up and see
This umbrella grants everything
to thee".



The King of the faires and his queen.

The peasant thought that somebody was whispering the above lines to his ears and he got up in haste but the king and the queen of the fairies vanished at once. The peasant became very glad at the sight of the umbrella and thought that he could now go back to his home if he could only get water to drink. As soon as the peasant expressed his wish for drinking water, the umbrella carried him aloft, through some distance in space and ultimately landed him by the side of a nice tank. The peasant got very alarmed at first but later on understood the magic qualities of the umbrella. He drank out of the tank to his heart's content and then wished that the umbrella would take him home. The umbrella at once rose into the air carrying the peasant along with it.

The peasant's wife was anxiously waiting for her husband the whole day and when she found that the peasant was coming down from the sky with an umbrella, her wonder knew no bounds. The peasant gladly told his wife about the magical qualities of the umbrella and described his recent aerial journey. He also asked his wife to prepare a list of their household necessities. So that they might procure everything they wanted by more-ly working for them.

Now the peasants might have lived very happily had they rested contented with their lot but it was not to be.

Men create their wants and make themselves miserable and this ever-increasing desire makes people miserable. Verily goes the proverb; "Greed brings in sin and sin brings in death." It so happened with this peasant and his wife. They soon got every thing they could reasonably want but not satisfied with their condition as peasants, they wished for riches and jewels, and they had riches and jewels; they soon wished for carriages, servants and mansions and they had all these but still they were not satisfied.

While the peasant with his wife were thus living beyond themselves, the king's daughter fell seriously ill. All the physicians of the country failed to bring her round, and at last a mendicant turned up and declared that the princess could be cured only by the juice of the Seals to be found in the North—Polar region. The king at once proclaimed that whoever could bring the juice of the seals and cure his daughter would be rewarded with half-share of his kingdom and the hand of the princess to boot.

The peasant and his wife heard this proclamation and thought that if they could achieve this, it could bring them the greatest happiness they could wish for. The peasant accordingly went to the polar regions with the help of the umbrella for bringing the medicine that would cure the princess and the peasant's wife began to think

as to how she should treat the king's daughter who would become her co-wife. She thought out at last that the best way of utilising the services of the princess would be to compel her to press her body and feet.

The peasant returned sometime after with the medicine and cured the princess. The king thereupon gave him half share of the kingdom and further made him son-in-law.

The peasant now thought that he should not ever speak to his former wife as it would be beneath his dignity to do so. He therefore made separate arrangement for her lodging and would not allow her to approach him in any case.

The peasant's wife now began to think that after all those former days with all their sufferings and hardships were a great deal better and so she stole the umbrella one night and wished that they might return to their old conditions. No sooner did she wish it, than up rose a great storm, loud noises were heard and she fainted away in fear.

When she came to her senses she found her husband lying by her side in a peasant's dress and this made her happy though the palace had vanished under her feet and she found herself, once again in their old old cottage.

Thy will be done.

Once upon a time there reigned a great king who had seven sons and the youngest of whom he loved most.

The king and the queen always kept their youngest son with them and could not bear his absence even for a short time. The first six sons were married and the king was trying to get a suitable bride for the youngest. His idea was to give him in marriage with a girl who would shed pearls when laughing and diamonds when crying and whose finger-tips would

convert anything into gold by the mere touch.

Now, there came a great astrologer and hermit who declared that as the youngest son was very lucky, the desire of the king to get a bride of the description mentioned above, would not long remain unfulfilled. This made the king very angry inwardly as he believed that all the happiness of his family depended on his luck. So he called his first six sons and asked them one by one, "My son, can you tell me, how you are en-

joying so much happiness?" All the six sons replied, "Through your good luck, father. You have become king on account of your good fortune—and so we are only sharing your happiness, otherwise we would have been no better than ordinary people." These answers pleased the king and he then called his youngest and most beloved son thinking that he would also answer in the same key. But the youngest son sharply replied, "My dear father, I am of course grateful to you for your kindness and affection, but do not for a moment delude yourself with the idea that I am enjoying all the happiness because of your good luck. Good luck does not come to people as a matter of chance but it is the reward of a man's good deeds in his previous life."

This bold answer enraged the king very much and he said, "Very well, I know how to punish you for your impudence. I order you to get out of my kingdom within twenty-four hours and beware, that if you are found within the hall of my kingdom after this period, you lose your head that moment."

The prince silently bowed to his father and after uttering, "*Thy will be done*"—left the kingdom.

The prince was walking mile after mile till he could not move himself any further being stricken down by hunger, thirst and fatigue and then he

sank down under a tree by the side of a big Tank uttering "*Thy will be done.*" All on a sudden something dropped down on his lap and to his utter astonishment, he found it to be a basket of sweets. The prince was very glad and after carefully putting the basket under the tree, washed his both hands and feet and then took up the basket for partaking of the sweets. Just then he heard some groans coming out of a dilapidated temple which stood close by and then, kind-hearted as he was, he took the basket and went inside the temple. There he found a leprous old man in agonies and at once began to tend him like a mother. The old man feigned anger and asked the prince to clear out of the temple—but the prince continued tending him as before. The old man, in order to test him further said, "I am very hungry, will you allow me to eat the sweets in that basket." The prince without a murmur, put the sweets into the mouth of the old man who seemed to eat them up with one gulp. The old man then said, "My boy, I have become very pleased in that fearless manner in which you have tended me and I mean to reward you for this. Lift that yonder stone and you will find an underground passage. Go down without fear and you will enter the kingdom of the dead. Keep your faith in God and you will achieve success. But before going down the passage, get me some water from the tank."



Enchantress

Fig. 1. Enchantress, K. map. No. 1.

The prince went to the tank and fetched some water but the leprous old man vanished immediately after touching the water with his finger tips. The prince concluded that surely this old man was some supernatural being and being very thirsty, began to drink the water himself. The water tasted like nectar and the prince left himself very strong and rebuffed after he finished the draught.

Now the prince lifted the stone and found an underground passage as described by the old man. After uttering—"Thy will be done" he began to descend down the passage and after some time entered the kingdom of the dead. The soldiers and sentinels were there, the shopkeepers and citizens were there, but everything had been converted into stone and not a living soul was to be found anywhere. Nothing daunted—the prince made his way through these petrified figures and at last came before the golden gate of the palace. He pushed open the gate and went to the palace door. There were sentries standing here and there with open swords but there was no life in them. The prince uttered, "Thy will be done" and boldly went inside the palace. When after finishing the outer apartments he came into the chamber of the princess, suddenly there arose the sound of music and merriment. The prince looked about him but could see none and stood aghast. Then came the sound of loud laughter and it seemed

to him that there was a general note of welcoming him coming from the side walls. The prince could not make any head or tail out of it and he sat down on the marble floor uttering once again "thy will be done".

Now, one of the walls burst out and disclosed the princess with her companions. They advanced towards the prince with a garland in the hands of each and heartily welcomed the prince in their midst. The princess was exquisitely beautiful and rays of bright light were coming out of her crown. She offered her garland to the prince and at once accepted him as her husband, and the lord of the kingdom. The prince thought it was the will of God and so he exchanged garlands with the princess and married her and the princess' maids began to sing and dance around them.

A year has rolled on. The prince and the princess were living happily. The prince has noticed by this time that the princess sheds pearls when laughing out; as she had never any occasion to cry, he could not ascertain whether her crying would drop diamonds from her eyes.

One day the prince told her that he had a great longing to see his parents and brothers and that he wanted to go back to his house. The princess would not consent to this as the man who went out of the enchanted kingdom could never come back to it. But still, the prince insisted on



She offered her garland to the prince.

going there ! the princess began to weep and related how her father came to grief having incurred the displeasure of his Guru who used to teach him charms and incantations and how the Guru had converted everything into stone. While she was relating all this with weeping eyes diamonds began to fall from her eyesides. The prince said "Don't weep like that my beloved. Have faith in god and he will set aright everything." on hearing this, the princess eagerly said that these were the very words which the Guru had told her when leaving the kingdom. The Guru had spared only herself and her maid and had kept her alive to expiate for the sins of her father ; It was the Guru who gave her the crown which she wore and had told her that by his blessings she would shed pearls when laughing and diamonds when crying and that some prince would come marry herself and would restore everything to life after wearing that magic crown. The Guru had also told her—she could remember nothing of all this unless anybody raised the topic.

Now the princess offered the crown to the prince and the moment he wore it and wished everything to be restored to life, everything came back to life. The soldiers began to beat drums, the sentries began to keep watch, the horses

and elephants began running at once here and there, the shopkeepers went on carrying business and the citizens were seen walking about the streets as if nothing had happened at all.

The people of the kingdom hailed the prince as their deliverer and would not let him go on any account. so the prince had to give up the idea of going back to his native country and began to pass his days happily with the princess.

One day it so happened that while the prince was watching the men in the streets from a window he found seven ill clad and half-starved men and seven women in the same plight. He at once recognised them as his parents and his six brothers with their wives and went down himself to see them. They could not recognise him at first but when the prince acknowledged the king as father, he knew him at once and shed tears of joy. He then related how he was defeated by another king and had been turned out of his kingdom with his family.

The prince took them inside the palace and, after they took some rest, he described his own adventures. The king now admitted that the prince was happy because of his own good will and that his fortune was independent of anybody.

Disposal of the dead

BY MAURICE A. CANNEY.

Mat-burial is probably only another form of skin-burial. Among the Lango, a Nilotic Tribe of Uganda, the corpse is carried to the grave in the sleeping-hide of the deceased person, and this is buried with him. (1) Among the Baganda, who live on the north-western shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza the same kind of burial has been noted. "Among the common people the death of a person is made known at once and wailing begins: the body is washed and shaved clean of all hair on head and face, the nails are pared on hands and feet and both hair and nail parings are reserved for the grave. The legs are bent into the favourite position of squatting and the body is wrapped in a cowhide. The place of burial is the dung-heap in the cow kraal. These heaps are made by sweeping the kraal each day and throwing the sweepings to one side until a heap often six feet high or more is made. This duty of sweeping the kraal is one of the few laborious duties that men

belonging to the pastoral clans may perform without injury to the herds. In this heap the men dig a hole big enough to receive the body, and line it with cow skins for the body to rest upon. During the day the weapons and all milk vessels or water vessels used by the deceased are placed outside near the door of the hut in which the body lies. Before the funeral takes place both relatives and friends take leave of the dead, each person smearing a little butter on the forehead of the dead man, and wailing is carried on without cessation during the day. The relatives who carry the body to the grave there put it in a sitting position. From the time that the body leaves the house until the funeral rites are complete no sound of mourning is heard: but the lamentation begins after the burial and continues during the night. The widows have to be watched and guarded to prevent them from taking poison and dying at the grave." (2) Among the Bantus, the corpse

(1) J. H. Driberg, *The Lango: A Nilotic Tribe of Uganda*, 1923, p. 167.

(2) 'Worship of the Dead in Uganda,' in *Harvard African Studies*, 1, 1917, p. 45.

of an elder circumcised Kikuyu fashion is buried in the hide of a slaughtered bullock. (1) The corpse of an elder circumcised Masai fashion is first laid on the hide on which the person was accustomed to sleep. Then an ox is slaughtered and the corpse is covered with the raw hide, the hair side being upwards. (2) Among the Ila-speaking peoples of Northern Rhodesia, the corpse is placed in the prenatal position and wrapped in a skin. (3) Other skins are laid at the bottom of the grave. It is the ambition of every man to set aside a number of fine large oxen to be killed at his funeral. These are called the wrapping-up cattle. (4) The following account of a burial is interesting in various ways. 'The corpse was put on three dry skins, and wrapped in a blanket. Then shells (*impando*) were put all over him—on the head, under the armpits, and on the back, then beads; bracelets for which there was no room on him were put in a basket, together with tobacco (for he would be in great trouble without it), pipes, mealies for seed, also Kafir corn, millet, *mabelo*, ground-nuts. He was then covered with four blankets given by his children and fresh ones for him were put in a box. Fat was put all over him and his pipe put into his mouth.' (5)

The next later burials at Babylon resemble those found by Campbell Thompson at Tell el-Lahm. These are doubleurn interment, being two pottery vessels placed together with mouths joined together. In burials of this kind at Tell el-Lahm were found pots and plates of plain wheel-turned ware. In

Babylon there were found also a few subterranean chambers built of brick and with barrel-shaped vaulting. These seem to have resembled those found at Ur. by J. E. Taylor. Campbell Thompson assigns these graves to the period early in the First Dynasty or a little before. "Similar double-urn burials were found at Nippur and assigned (by Peters) to Hammurabi's period, or rather before. So also at Telloh where the careful records of Gros show that these double-urn burials are subsequent to Bur-Sin, as he found a brick of that king below them." (6)

Campbell Thompson points out that the next class of interment is entirely different. "Koldewey found a different class of burials above the stratum in which these double-urns were contained at 3 metres above his zero line, and he puts them at 'Nebuchadnezzar and earlier,' which, however, seems far too late. Peters, who found the same at Nippur, assigns them to 2000 B. C., and onward to the close of the Persian period. The coffin in this case is a clay sarcophagus rather like a small bath-tub, round at one end and square at the other, the length rarely more than a metre." Campbell Thompson found the same kind burials in the same circumstances at Tell el-Lahm. He is inclined to assign the bathtub burials to an earlier date than that of Koldewey. One discovered at Sippar was proved by documentary evidence to belong to the period of Hammurabi. (7)

In Crete in the Early Minoan Age there seem to have been many different types of

(1) C. W. Hobley *Bantu Beliefs and Magic*, 1922, p. 98.

(2) *Op. cit.*, pp. 99 f.

(3) E. W. Smith and A. M. Dale. *The Ila, speaking People of Northern Rhodesia* 1920, II, p. 104.

(4) *Op. cit.*, p. 110.

(5) *Op. cit.*, p. 110.

(6) Campbell Thompson, *op. cit.*, pp. 548 f.

(7) *Op. cit.*, p. 549.

tombs. There were cist graves, terracotta coffins (*larnakes*), and large rectangular chamber tombs. "There is no sign of cremation and a noteworthy feature is the practice of using the tombs, whether rude rockshelters or elaborate stone-built *tholoi* as ossuaries or charnel houses where whole villages or families continuously laid their dead over a long period of years." In the Middle Minoan Age we come upon another method of burial (in addition to the earlier methods). It was a common practice to inter the dead in large jars. "The bodies were apparently trussed up and thrust head foremost into the jars which were then placed in the earth upside down, so that the deceased should always be head uppermost." This kind of burial, J. H. Driberg tells us, is still practised in Uganda. "When a twin dies he is not buried in the ground, but in a newly prepared clay jar (*agula*). In the case of infants and small children the corpse is crushed into the jar, the limbs if necessary, being broken; but in the case of a grown man a specially large jar is made, and his limbs are hewn off and he is inserted piecemeal. The lid is hermetically sealed with a mixture of clay and cowdung. A *peru* is built near *otem*, as for the birth of twins, and under it the jar is set, while the two *tuk* (earth-nests of a species of termite) are placed on each side of the jar, the *tuk* and the jar being then profusely plastered with swamp mud. Not unusually an ant-hill forms after a short interval, embracing the jar and the whole *peru*, as it were, in a

natural mausoleum. If two twins die simultaneously, they are put in separate pots, but occupy only the one *peru*, and the number of the *tuk* is not increased. The twin's *gweno jok* (consecrated chicken) is killed over the jar and eaten by the nearest relation, his father, if alive, the feathers and bones being thrown under the *peru*." (1) In Palestine in the earliest times, as the excavations at Gezer have shown, the cave-dwellers burned their dead. This practice was not followed by the later Semitic inhabitants, who buried their dead in the earth. The caves of the pre-Semitic inhabitants, however, continued to be used for disposal of the dead. In one cave bones were found scattered over the floor. In conformity with an early type of burial, the body seems to have been placed on its side with the knees drawn up toward the chin. Skeletons were found in enclosures around the sides of the caves, which seem to have been reserved for persons of distinction. (2)

In another burial at Gezer, fifteen bodies had been placed in a cistern, one of these having been the body of a girl about sixteen years old. This was perhaps a quite exceptional type of burial. Another practice, which has survived among tribes east of the Jordan, was to place the dead in the earth inside one of the prehistoric menhirs (*gi'gals*). When bodies were placed in the ground, the simplest procedure was to bury them without accessory of any kind. A few burials of this kind were found at Gezer. "The skeleton was in these cases stretched out; sometimes on its side. As these bodies were buried without accessories,

(1) The Lango: A Nilotic Tribe of Uganda, 1923, pp. 169 f.

(2) Caves are mentioned as burial-places in the Old Testament (e.g., Genesis XXXIII)

so contrary to the custom of the Palestinians who placed food or drink by the dead, the excavator thought that they were probably the graves of murdered persons, who had been hastily concealed in the earth." (1) Another form of burial was found at Gezer. Dr. Macalister came upon five graves, which were probably Philistine. "These graves were excavations in the earth, lined with cement, and, after the interment, covered with four or five massive stones and earth. In these graves the usual deposits of food and drink had been made in beautiful bronze and silver vessels, which show kinship to the art of Cyprus." (2) Another form of tomb more frequently met with is the rockhewn tomb. This may be either a 'shaft' tomb or a 'doorway' tomb. A 'shaft' tomb has been described as follows: "The tomb chamber or chambers are cut in the rock and are approached by a perpendicular rock-hewn shaft, which is usually rectangular. This shaft is closed at the bottom with slabs and then the shaft is filled with earth. Such tombs are usually constructed in ledges covered over with soil, so that, when the whole leading to the rock-cut shaft is filled, the tomb is effectually concealed." (3)

The 'doorway' tombs are tombs cut either in a ledge on the slope of a hill. In either case they are approached through a doorway. The tombs consisted of one room or more. The bodies were placed either on the floor, or on

raised benches, or on shelves cut in the rock. Another plan was to cut a shaft or niche in the rock and push the body or sarcophagus in. In the Hellenistic and Roman periods such tombs were enlarged and adorned. In one of them there were three rooms in its upper level and three in its lower level. (4) The children buried in the walls of Megiddo were placed in urns. (5)

Burial in urns has been found elsewhere. In Malabar have been found caves with massive urns (*kuta-kallu*) and massive sepulchral urns without caves. In some of the specimens of sepulchral urns found at Vani-amkulam in the Valluvanad Taluk, the bottom of the urn thickens out in a circular shape and through this protuberance a small hole is drilled. "It has been suggested that this peculiarity in construction is emblematic of the religious ideas connected with the *Bhu-devi* or earth goddess (Tellus), and that burial in this fashion was emblematic of the return of the individual to the womb of Mother Earth. The protuberance on the bottom of the urn under this supposition would signify that it was representative of the *os uteri*." (6)

Writing of the Zoroastrians in the Kianian period (from c 2000 B. C. to c 700 B. C.), M. N. Dhalla says: "As the burial of the dead, is classed among the most inexp-

(1) G. A. Barton, *Archaeology and the Bible*, 3rd Ed., 1920, p. 181. The excavator was Dr. R. A. S. Macalister.

(2) Barton, *op. cit.*, p. 181.

(3) Barton, *op. cit.*, p. 182.

(4) Barton, *op. cit.*, p. 182.

(5) See B. Kittel, *The Scientific Study of the Old Testament*, 1910, pp. 55 f.

(6) William Logan, *Malabar*, 1887, p. 181.

able of sins, and as the demolishing of tombs and the digging out of corpses are held to be meritorious deeds, mortuary buildings would not be expected in Zoroastrian Iran. The Vendidad enjoins the exposure of the dead on the summits of mountains, where they may be devoured by corpse-eating birds and dogs. The dried bones are later to be collected and placed in a receptacle made of either stone, concrete or clay. The Shah Namah, however speaks of charnel houses built of various designs, with lofty halls, ivory seats and gates painted red and blue, as the final resting places of some kings and heroes (1)

The Chinese have never adopted any system of disposal of the dead which entails a quick destruction of the body, such as cremation, water burial, exposition in the open air, etc. "From the earliest times we find them clinging to the system of burying their dead in the ground, in coffins of great solidity, sometimes in several coffins inclosed one within another, in receptacles calculated to ward off putrefaction for a long time." (2)

In ancient times stone coffins seems to have been used; but according to the **Li li** coffins of wood came into vogue during the Yin dynasty, and they have continued to be generally used down to the present day. Since the main object of the coffins of antiquity was to prevent decomposition of the corpse, it is perfectly natural that they

should have been made of very thick, substantial wood. Wooden grave vaults were also constructed, no doubt to make doubly sure that the corpse would be preserved from speedy decay. There is mention of stone vaults also.

It appears "that the ancient Chinese used double, triple and quadruple collins of different kinds of wood and hides, with, vaults of of wood or solid stone." (3)

In China "the coffin is covered all over with oiled paper over which comes a layer of straw, and finally the pit is filled up with a watery mixture of earth and lime. In time this mixture becomes very hard and forms a vault, which prevents the coffin from being crushed under the weight of the earth when it loses its solidity from the decay of the wood." (4)

The Chinese work, **Tso ch'won**, states that when Wen, the ruler of Sung, died in 587 B.C., they used for his grave lime of clams. (5) Lime was used for the construction of graves many centuries before the Christian era. According to the work **Chen li** there was an Officer for the Sea-clams whose duty it was to provide clams for closing burial pits. (6)

In mediæval times the use of lime must have been very common for a formal rescript was made rendering the use of it almost obligatory. We read in Chu Hi's Rituals for

(1) Zoroastrian Civilization, 1922, p. 149. In early times the dead body was fastened with brass or stones, so that the birds and dogs might not carry the bones to the waters and trees, p. 157.

(2) J. J. M. De Groot, The religious System of China, 1892, Vol. I, p. 280.

(3) Op. cit., p. 291.

(4) J. J. M. De Groot, The Religious System of China, 1892, I, p. 213.

(5) Op. cit., 1894, II, p. 725.

(6) Op. cit., 1897, III, p. 1081.

Family Life : "Make a partition wall (of boards around the coffin in the grave) for the lime, then put a (wooden) cover into the pit, and fill up the space around with lime, finally filling the pit by means of earth." According to De Groot, "commentators, expounding this passage, say that a layer of charcoal dust must be laid at the bottom of the pit, and, over it, a thick layer of lime mixed with sand and clay, and that a similar double protection against termites, moisture, roots of trees and robbers is to be made around and over the coffin by the help of wooden boards." (1)

In the Channel Islands limpet shells seem to have served much the same purpose as clams in China. In the interior of the cromlechs were found "thick layers of limpet shells, forming a hard concrete, through which a pick-axe is forced with difficulty." (2)

A Chinese work, the History of the

Southern Part of the Realm, speaks of an old grave which was discovered in a garden. "Nothing was placed over the coffin except a stone vault, which contained over ten different sorts of copper articles, three old-fashioned signets of jade, and a very large quantity of precious objects, a part of which were not recognizable. There were also several pecks of gold and silver objects shaped like silk-worms and snakes : besides, a mound had been made of red sand a tank of silvery water." (3)

We have seen that often in prehistoric and primitive burials bodies were placed in a sleeping posture, or in an embryonic position ; that they were surrounded with rethard or with sand ; that they were provided with shells, with the teeth of animals, with flint implements, and with such treasures as jade or amber.

The Calcutta Review.

(1) Op. cit., p. 1081.

(2) S. P. Oliver, *Megalithic Structures of the Channel Islands*, 1870, pp. 3 f.

(3) J. J. M. De Groot, *The Religious System of China*, 1894, II, pp. 413 f.

Karuna

By Rakhal Das Banerjee, M. A.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GUARDIAN OF THE GATE.

In the first quarter of the day a soldier knocked at the door of a closed chamber in the first floor of a palatial building in the city of Purushapura. Not having received any response the soldier knocked for a second time after a little while. Then somebody asked from inside the chamber, "Who is it?"

"I am Siddhabriddhi."

"What dost thou want?"

"The Lord Abbot of the monastery of Kanishka desired the favour of an interview."

"Ask him to come in the evening."

"I have said so."

"What does he say?"

"He said that he will start for Jullunder even now."

"Why did he not come yesterday?"

"I have said so."

"What does he say?"

"There was no necessity for an interview yesterday."

"Then what necessity is there for an interview now?"

"The Lord Abbot said that it is very urgent."

"Tell him that the Governor is indisposed, it is not possible to obtain an interview with him just now."

"I have also said that."

"Then what does he want?"

"He will not start without any interview with you."

"What a terrible nuisance. Tell him to go to the council chamber. I am coming."

The soldier went away. After sometime the closed door of the chamber opened and a thin small fair young man emerged from it. A slave brought sandals of scented wood, a second brought a slaver and a ewer and a third washed his feet with scented water. The first slave washed the feet of the fair youth and dried it with a piece of scented silk. Then he placed the sandals in their proper place. The fair youth descended to the ground-floor. Four bearers brought a sedan

chair heavily embellished with gold and the youth entered into it. A servant held a sun-shade embroidered with jewels over his head. A second servant started fanning him with a great fan while a third began to scatter scented water on the road. Behind him four richly dressed bearers started followed by four other servants bearing cases of betel leaves, scented water, a golden ewer and scented silk. At once it became known throughout the fort that the governor had awakened and that he has started from his bed chamber for the council room.

As soon as they heard the news, the guards stood at attention, the mace bearers left their beds and started to don their uniforms. In the city the officials startled by such untoward action on the part of the governor began to tell their beads. The Governor never comes out of his residence before the end of the second quarter of the day and never reaches the council room before the end of the third. A few moments before his arrival the council room was hastily prepared for him, the prefect of the city and the officials came and stood before him. The Governor descended from the Sadan and asked the prefect, "Where is the Lord Abbot?" The prefect was astonished and asked "Which Abbot Oh Lord?"

"The Lord Abbot of the monastery of Kanishka. I have come to meet him."

"I have not seen him master."

"I told Siddhaviddhi that I shall see the Lord Abbot in the Council room find out where he is?"

The prefect went in search of the Abbot. Vishnubhadra and the Abbot were then standing at a short distance but no body even glanced at them. Everybody was looking for them but nobody asked them any question. The Abbot understood from the conversations of the mace bearers that they were looking for somebody. He asked one of them after sometime, "whom are you looking for?" They answered "For the venerable Lord Abbot of the monastery of Kanishka."

"I am the Abbot of the Monastery founded by the son of Heaven, the Shahi Kanishka."

"You?"

"Why are you astonished?"

"The Lord Abbot of the venerable order of Buddhist monks has come alone and on foot."

"Yes, are you not a Buddhist?"

"No I am a Vaishnava; in Pataliputra the Lord Abbots come on elephant or in palanquins to the Imperial palace."

"Riding is forbidden in the case of a Buddhist monk. Pray inform the Lord that I am present here, that these men are being troubled uselessly and that they should be stopped."

The mace bearer went towards the Council room and after some time return with another. This man was a

Buddhist, therefore he recognised the Abbot at once and saluted him. He said, "Yes, this is the Lord Abbot of the monastery of Kanishka." Then the first mace bearer took the Abbot towards the Council room and Vishnubhadra followed him.

When the Abbot reached the Council room then the governor of the Purushra District had reached the last extremity of his patience. Suddenly his face lit up with a smile on seeing the old Abbot. He asked "Lord where were you—I am standing on the steps of the Council chamber for nearly quarter of an hour." The old Abbot laughed and said, "I beg pardon Oh Lord, I was standing nearby. I could not come nearer because I had not received your permission. Those who were seeking me did not know me."

The governor greeted his teeth in petulance and said, "Oh Lord, pardon me for the discourtesy of my servants. Be pleased to enter the Council chamber." All entered the chamber and seated themselves when the governor had taken his seat. On seeing Vishnubhadra the governor asked the Abbot—"who is this person?"

"His name is Vishnubhadra—a Brahman from the country of Vahlka. He is on his way to Jalandhara. I have come to your Lordship for him."

When the governor heard that the man was the Brahmana he left his seat and saluted him. The Abbot

laughed and Vishnubhadra became ashamed. The governor resumed his seat and asked, "Lord, you have come to me for him?"

"Yes he is carrying very serious news from the city of Vahlka to the prince Imperial Govindagupta at Jalandhara. That news ought to be communicated to you."

"What news?"

"The people of Vahlka and Kapisha are terrified. Have you heard of Hunas?"

"No, are they Scythians?"

"No nation like them have as yet been seen within the zone of influence of the Aryans. They are neither Aryans nor Scythians."

"Then what are they?"

The Abbot was sitting quietly up to this time, but now he saw that to introduce the news of the Huna peril into the drink sodden brain of the Governor was no easy task. He said, "Lord perhaps you have heard of the great river?"

"Yes."

"Fifty years ago a nation of barbarians called the Hunas destroyed the Aryan settlements in the northern Kuru country, destroyed the sacred religion of Buddha and founded a new kingdom. Sometime ago a Huna king named Khinkhila from the great Chinese desert has extended the kingdom up to the borders of Persia."

"Is Khinkhila trying to invade Kapisa and Vahlka?"

"Yes."

"O Lord, what shall I do? Vahlka is far away and my powers are limited."

"I have not come to you to beg for help for the defence of Vahlka."

"Then what do you want?"

"If the Hunas cross the great river Oxus then they will come to Purushapura in no time. Prepare for war even now."

"They will attack Gandhara and Udyana after conquering Vahlka and Kapisa. Good deal of time yet."

"Lord, I have lived in the city of Purushapura for ages. The welfare of the citizens is the only object of my life. I have disturbed you at an untimely hour for this reason. The lives of hundreds and thousands have been placed in your care, If you do not try from hence the city will not be saved. Please strengthen the forts in the passes, repair the defence of the city, collect provision for a siege lest you should be compelled to capitulate at the request of the starving citizens."

"Plenty of time as yet Oh Lord, please do not be afraid, no barbarian nation will dare to attack the dominions of the great king of kings."

Vishnubhadra said, "Lord I am a Brahmana, I swear by the sacred names of Narayana, Vasudeva, Hrishikesa and Damodara that I have not come to Aryavartta, impelled by false fear. Evil days approach the empire.

The Hunas are brave and cruel. In a single year they cleared Northern Puru of men and after five years the green fields of that country were turned into a desert. Please put your faith in the words of a old Brahmana, there is time yet, be warned while there is time.

Abbot.—Are you not going with this news to Jalandhara, to the court of the Lord of circles, the prince Imperial?

Vishnu.—Yes.

Governor.—I am sending that news Sir, you are a Brahmana, you are tired after your long journey, please rest in this city. The Hunas will never dare to set their feet in the sacred empire of the great Lord, the great king of kings.

Vishnu.—Lord I thank you for thy courtesy. If the prince Imperial does not believe me then I shall have to travel to Pataliputra and therefore it is useless to forward the news by a messenger.

The Governor rose from his feet. On seeing this the Abbot and Vishnu bhadra also rose. The governor yawned and asked, "When will you start?" The Abbot said, "Just now." The Governor saluted Vishnubhadra and the Abbot; the new comers took their leave of him and left the Council chamber.

When they had left the governor called, "Siddhavridhi?" A comman-

dant entered the room and saluted. The governor asked him, "Siddhavri-ddhi, where is the danseuse from Pataliputra?"

"In the garden closed to the northren gate."

"Come, I shall go to the garden just now."

"O Lord, the prefect was saying that some urgent work—"

"Tell him that I cannot see him."

CHAPTER VII.

Aruna.

Two young ladies were taking their walk in the white marble covered veranda of the Imperial palace at Pataliputra. It was summer, the cool evening breeze, impregnated with atoms of moisture from the emaciated surface of the Ganges was playing with their short locks of air. The elder was very beautiful and had attained full youth but if you look at the younger you will think that she had just reached her teens, like a lotus bud about to bloom she had just reached the domains of youth. The elder was holding the younger by her hands as she walked and the latter was pouring forth a stream of questions but was receiving very few answers. She asked, "Sister, why

don't we see you now, why do you not come?" The elder replied, "When the prince marries you then we shall see very little of you."

"Go away, you are very wicked. Sister do you not feel our want?"

"Why?"

"Say for us?"

"For which of you?"

"Why for me and—"

"And for whom?"

"Say the empress—"

"Who else?"

"I do not know. Why don't you come?"

"Your brother-in-law does not leave me."

"Even so, I shall see you. I shall tell him all when he comes.

"Whom will you tell? The prince?"

"Why him, I shall tell my brother-in-law."

"I am dying for-- fear--for--him."

"Who can cope with you."

"Aruna, where is the empress?"

"In the temple of Syama, as long as she has heard of the marriage of the emperor with the daughter of a dancing girl, she has taken refuge in the temple of Syama and has not stirred out."

Let us go to her."

"Come sister, you try if you can make the empress take any food. Mother has not touched any for two days. You have heard all, haven't you?"

"I have heard everything on the road. Aruna why does His Majesty behave thus?"

"I do not know sister. For two months father has not entered the female apartment. Previously if he did not see me once a day, he became anxious, and complain to mother. Now I can not see him even after applications. The son of that Brahmana of Saurashtya, who saved father's life, has come of age. That son came to the city seeking a job. I wanted to see His Majesty for that Brahmana--but father--"

Her voice became choked and she started crying softly. The elder sister said, "You are very fretful. What has father said?"

Aruna said, in a choked voice, "Sister, father sent word that he had no leisure."

Gradually they left the veranda and went towards the temple of Syama. A female guard stood at the entrance of the silent temple. In the mandapa two or three others were hiding in the lee of pillars. The door of the temple was open. The empress's maid was sitting with a sad face on the steps. She rose on seeing the sisters. A butter-lamp was burning in the interior and a white clad figure was lying prostrate at the foot of the black figure of the goddess. Aruna called from the door of the temple, "Mother" but there was no response. Then Aruna said, "Mother, sister has come Gauda" Behind her an eager plaintive voice rose, "Mother". The mistress of Northron India and the annointed empress of the Gupta Empire sat up on the moist floor of the temple and asked in a broken voice, "Who is it? Karuna?" The next moment Karuna ran and hung from the neck of the old lady. Then, locked in each other's embrace, they sat on the flagstones of the temple and began to cry softly. Very nearly an hour passed in this fashion. Then Aruna said from the gate of the temple, "Sister,

the hour of worship is arrived and the priest has come." Then the empress come out leaning on her foster daughter and the temple servants entered the sanctum to make arrangements for the worship."

Coming out into the mandapa with the empress, Karuna asked, "Mother how long will you survive in this fashion?" The answer was, "I have lived too long Karuna. I am suffering because I have lived. No longer."

"Why will you die mother? With whom are you going to leave us?" "Why shall I die? Karuna you ask that? When, which annoyned empress has been dragged down from the throne without fault? Can you tell me which royal princess and annoyned empress has left a throne and stood at the foot of the altar for the daughter of a harlot?"

"Mother, why will you abdicate for a dancing girl's daughter?" "Karuna, he who gave me the right of sitting on the throne, is now determined to take it away. On whose reliance I shall be there? Indralekha's daughter will sit on the throne of the venerable Samudra Gupta, will be placed in the position of the lady Dhruvasvamini. Skanda will be a beggar in the street, I have heard it—that is sufficient for me—I wont be able to see it with my own eyes. This

is my last day. You too remain with me. Tell Skanda to come to me when my last moment arrives."

"Mother, does death come to one as soon as it is wanted?"

"Karuna, when I have come to the temple of Shyama to die, then I have come prepared for death."

At this time steps were heard and female guard came up to the empress and spoke, "Lady, the mother has become favourable towards us. A messenger from the prince just told us in secret that the prince Imperial has reached Pataliputra just now." The empress said, "Guard, you have brought good news. Tell the prefect of the female apartments to inform the prince Imperial that Skanda Gupta's mother wants to see him on her death bed."

On that day worship was carried on at the temple of Syama without music. When the priests had retired, the ompress entered the sanctum and sat on the moist floor in wet clothes and said, "Mother, I have worshipped you for long. I have never committed any offence. Then why have you turned your face from me? Tomorrow I shall quench thy thirst for blood with the warm stream of my heart. O goddess of stone, do not turn thy face from Skanda."

On hearing her speak like this the sisters cried out and clasped her to

their breast. The three cried silently for a long time and an hour was passed in this fashion,

Suddenly the court-yard of the temple became bright with the light of hundreds of torches. The vast Court-yard was filled with servants, mace-bearers, female guards and royal guards. Karuna and Aruna saw that a tall man was dragging another towards the sanctum. Karuna rose hastily and said, "Mother, father is coming." The empress rose with lightning speed and snatched the sword from the hands of the stone figure. She said, "Arun, my end has come to-day. Tell Skanda that I could not wait to see him."

In a second the sharp blade descended to the heart of the empress, but Aruna caught it with both hands, her soft fingers were lacerated by the sharp blades. At that time that tall man arrived at the door of the temple and asked, "Who is there in the temple? Is her Majesty the empress still in the land of the living?" Karuna replied in a choked voice, "Yes".

The brilliant light of the torches lit up the interior of the sanctum and the tall man said, "O king of kings, the merits of our ancestors has saved Skanda's mother and the scene of

the slaughter of a woman has not tinged the dynasty of Skanda Gupta as yet; but—but a woman's blood has flowed in the temple. Is Her Majesty wounded?"

Govinda Gupta saw in the light of the torches that the clothes of the three ladies was drenched with blood. He asked again, "Tell me whence this blood comes?" Then Karuna said, "Her Majesty was trying to offer herself as a sacrifice. Karuna has caught that sword and has been wounded."

"Great king of kings, this but the first act of the drama of placing Indrlekha's daughter on the throne of Samudra Gupta."

The old emperor stood with a bowed head at the entrance to the temple. Then slowly Kumara Gupta I raised his head and said, "Aruna, you take her Majesty to the palace. The night is advanced. Govinda, send a mace bearer to Damodarasarman and ask him to come to the council chamber. Aruna, Govind and I shall return to the female apartments after an hour."

The emperor and the Govinda Gupta left the precincts of the Syama temple. A maid bound the wounds in Aruna's hands and Karuna and Aruna took the empress to the female apartments,

CHAPTER VIII.

The banquet at the capital.

When the prince Imperial Govinda Gupta was engaged in saving the Gupta Empire from the clutches of the dancing girl Indralekha and when the lady Karuna was busy in saving the empress from suicide, then at the palace gates of Patliputra a Brahmana from Gauda was in great embarrassment. Seeing that the evening had come the guards ordered him to go out of the palace limits. The Brahmana was moved to tears and asked them, "O fathers, where shall I go?" One of the guards became vexed and told him, "What do we know of that?" One of them was a wit and he told the Brahmana, "Never fear, the evening has come, why not go to thy father-in-law's abode?"

When they saw that the Brahmana did not budge, then one of them became very angry and told him, "O Lordling, move quickly, otherwise you will be insulted. After sunset strangers are not allowed to linger within palace limits." The Brahmana spoke again, "O fathers, pray lend me thine ears. The commandant of the army of the province of Gauda is my friend. I have come with him to the capital this afternoon. When his lady went into the female apartments, she asked me to descend from the charriot at this place and told me to wait here and

will make arrangements for me after entering the female apartments. That is why I am waiting here, but I may not have to tarry long, a mace-bearer will shortly come and take me away. Kindly permit me to wait a little longer. I am new to these parts and do not know the roads of the city. It is dark now, so I may lose my way and get into trouble. The plaintive cry of the Brahmana created sympathy in the mind of an aged guard and he said, "Lord, you wait here. Let me go and ask the prefect, of the city and of the female apartments." The wit said, "Look here Haridatta, you are a fool. This Brahmana is certainly a liar; why should you take trouble relying on his words, I shall beat him and drive him away." The aged guard held his hand and said, "Aditya, you are mad. The lady Karuna's chariot entered the female apartments at evening and therefore this Brahmana's words may be true." Having asked the Brahmana to wait Haridatta entered the precincts of the female apartments. When he heard of the proposal of beating the Brahmana he became afraid but he was assured by the kind words of old guard and sat one side of the gateway.

The lady Karuna having come to Pataliputra after a long time, seen her

sister and her foster-mother the empress, had forgotten Rishabhasarman totally. She did not remember that he was waiting at the gate of the palace and therefore the prefect of the imperial or that of the city, Krishna-gupta, had received no order about Rishabhasarmān. When the old guard came and asked the prefect of the city and that of the interior about a friend of Bhanumitra, the general of the army of the province of Gauda, they said that they had not received any orders. The old guard returned to the gate and told Rishabha, "Lord, you will have to go away because no orders have been received about you from the interior of the female apartment. The Brahmana was disturbed and said appealingly, "Father if you do not take pity on me then I shall die. I am a foreigner and do not know the capital at all. Moreover I am very hungry because in the prospect of a royal banquet I did not eat my fill at mid-day. If you turn me away then you will be guilty of slaughtering a Brahmana." The old gate-keeper said, "Lord what can we do without the permission of the prefect of the city no stranger can remain within the limits of the palace." Saying so the guard caught hold of Brahmana's hand and took him to the other side of the moat. Then the gate was closed.

That gate of the palace where Rishabha was waiting was the third gate of the Imperial palace at Patali-

putra. After crossing this gate one could get into the interior of the female apartments. To go into the city from the interior of the palace one had to pass through three separate gates. Rishabha was starting to cry out side the third gate and at that time the guards of the second gate caught hold of him and expelled him out of that gate also. At that time the dark night was illuminated by the light of hundreds of torches and somebody caught hold of him by the neck and threw him at a distance. Being Caught Rishabha cried out, then another man clapped his hand on his mouth. At the same time a chariot drawn by four white horses and surrounded by hundred horsemen entered the second gate. The lights went away. Then that man liberated the Brahmana and asked him. "Who be you?" The Brahmana said, "I am Rishabhadevasarman." He was asked again. "Where do you live?"

"In the city of Gauda."

"Why has thou come here?"

"I came to the capital with my lady in the hope of enjoying Royal banquets."

"Who is thy lady?"

"The lady Karuna, the wife of the general Bhanumitra."

"We do not know Bhanumitra or his wife Karuna. Thou art certainly a thief."

The Brahmana now understood that he was before the prefect of the police.

He started to cry and said, "Oh father, I am a poor Brahmana. When my lady comes away then nobody gets a full meal in Gauda, so I have come to the capital. Nobody has stolen anything in my family. I am not a thief. Kindly let me go. Rishabhasarman will never act like this. The prefect of the police without listening him started beating and brought him outside the first gate. Several of his men were waiting there. He gave the Brahmana to them and said "Take him to the lock-up. I shall deal with him to-morrow. In one corner of the grounds of the palace there was small lock-up and offenders caught within the palace limits were kept there at night. In the lock up the police-men saw that their captive was dressed in rich white Bengal silk. On that day Rishabha had clothed himself in rich silk clothes. Bhanumitra had forbidden it but the Brahmana had not listened to him. Looking at the clothes of the captive the first policeman said to the second, 'Look here friend, this man must belong to the higher ranks. Such white silks cannot be purchased in Pataliputra even for fifteen golden dinars. Let us not confine him in the same cell with other prisoners.' On hearing this the second man said, "Where shall we keep him if we are not to lock him up in one and the same cell with the rest. Where shall I get a throne and a palace for him?" The executioner despatches a prince of the

empire of the rank of the heir apparent with the same axe with which he beheads a common murderer. All prisoners are equal."

"Friend, this prisoner belongs to a new type I have caught thieves for twenty-five years and can recognise the criminals at a glance. This man cannot be a thief."

"Brother, you have become old and your wits have gone wool gathering. Who knows what particular crime this man has committed. If he escapes then both of us shall lose our lives for him. There is no room for love or honour in a prison."

As soon as the first man had ceased the second policeman caught hold of Rishabha's hand and took him to a large chamber. At that place a clerk took down his name and asked him. "What offence have you committed?" The Brahmana half dead with fear said, "That I don't know—please I have committed no offence." The policeman said. "This man was captured within the palace limits. Perhaps he has committed treason." The clerk wrote it. Then the policeman locked the Brahmana in the same cell in which common offenders were kept.

The prison chamber of the palace was a small stone built cell with a single door and two windows. More than a hundred feet below these windows there was a small canal and therefore the Imperial officials had not considered it necessary to bar the

windows. Before Rishabha's arrival, fourteen prisoners were gathered in that cell. As soon as he had entered the policeman locked the door and went away in the distance, one of the prisoners said. "It is time." The Brahmana cried out. "What has happened?" The first prisoner said, "We have decided to make a rope with our clothes and escape through the window." he man threw his ragged upper garment on Bishabha's shoulder and asked him to wear it. The Brahmana had become almost senseless with fear and obeyed him. Thirty pieces of cloth knotted together, became a long rope and all prisoners escaped through one of the windows. Their leader had great difficulty in coaxing Rishabha's partly from through the narrow apperture. Obtaining freedom each went his own way but the Brahmana stood non-plussed. Then the leader of the thieves asked him. "Why are you waiting?" The Brahmana sighed and said, Where shall I go?"

"Where do you live?"

"In Gauda."

"Where do you live in Pataliputra?"

"Nowhere."

"Then why were you arrested?"

"I could not understand that even."

"Why did you come to the city?"

"To enjoy royal banquets."

The man laughed a little and said, "If you wait here you will be arrested again."

"What shall I do? When I have no place to go to, the prison is preferable;"

"Then why did you escape?"

"You would not leave me alone."

"You come with me, I shall give thee shelter."

The man started to walk and Rishabha followed him. After passing through many dark crooked lanes they stood before a small brick-built house. The Brahmana's companion knocked and the entrance was immediately opened. Both of them passed in and the door shut with a bang. At that time the prefect of the city Krishnagupta, was asking the soldiers on guard at the third gate of the palace. "What has become of the Brahmana from Gauda who was waiting here in the evening? Her Imperial Majesty has ordered me to take him to the interior."

Indian Fruit For Germany.

A Trade Hint

The current number of the Industrial and Trade Review for India has an interesting article under the above caption of which a summary is given below :—

Germany, buys lemons from Italy, oranges from Spain, cocoanuts from Africa, pineapples from California, bananas from the West Indies and raisins from Greece : even Ceylon and South Africa are drawn upon to meet the requirements of Germany. But she buys hardly any fruit from India. Still it would be possible for very many Indian fruits to find a market in Germany, e. g., green and dry cocoanuts, raisins, almonds, dry apricots, dry plums, nuts and many fruits, especially bananas.

Difficulties of Over-Sea Trade in Tropical Fruit.

As international competition is great, only the best fruit comes in question for the purpose of the over-sea trade. The packing and transport of this fruit, however is the most difficult problem to be faced. It is not sufficient that the fruit be purchased in India and, somehow or other, packed in a ship sailing for Europe. The greater part of it will then naturally arrive in a rotten condition. For dried fruit the case is comparatively simple, but even then it is important to pack the fruit in the manner which the European dealers demand. Repacking in Europe is out of the question because of the cost involved. A few instances may be given. Nuts, for example, must be carefully sorted according to size, by the Indian contractors, and packed in new gunny-bags containing 50 kg. each.

The German import merchant demands, however, that the goods, on arrival in Hamburg, should still weigh 50 kg. net. The Indian exporter must therefore calculate the loss due to drying, and despatch more than the 50 kg. net. This is a method in use even in Europe. At present large quantities of nuts are exported from Roumania to Germany. The transport by rail lasts three weeks and during this time they lose about 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ kg. in weight. The Roumanian exporter has therefore, to ship $51\frac{1}{2}$ kg. in case of already well-dried nuts, as it is impossible to export fresh nuts which would, in that case, arrive damp. The Roumanian exporter often makes use of sulphur as a special method of preserving nuts for a long period of time. This treatment with sulphur should not be attempted by any exporter who is not well trained in the process, as the nuts should on no account taste of that substance.

The export of almonds is the same as the export of other nuts. Countless quantities of almonds are exported in small barrels of 50 kg. net.

Raisins, as well as apricots and plums, must be packed in a very dry condition in boxes of equal size containing 5 or 10 kg., or $12\frac{1}{2}$ kg. net each. They should be well and cleanly packed in paper and in this condition must be offered to the retail dealer, who can offer them to the consumer without repacking. The packing must be in the very best manner.

Only large consignments of these fruits are, of course, profitable, for instance at least 10 to 15.00 kg. i.e., one waggon load. The

duty upon these goods is very high and if the difficulties of packing can be overcome, then a paying business is not impossible.

More difficult, still, is the transport of fresh fruits. Central European fruits grow only from the end of May, until the middle of October at the latest. But the European wishes fresh fruits throughout the year, and so fruits are always imported from different climates. In addition to the difficulties of packing there is also the difficulty of transport in this case, because these fruits can be transported only in special ships with a cooling arrangement. Since the introduction of ships with refrigerator arrangements a revolution in food stuffs has taken place in the European market. Since then, frozen meat, which is imported chiefly from the Argentine and from Australia, has been more and more in demand. Since then, also bananas have become an important part of the European wholesale trade. Bananas are imported chiefly from the West Indies. The other sources of supply, specially the Canary Islands and West Africa have been totally eclipsed by the large output from Central America.

Organisation of the Import of Tropical Fruit.

It is not customary in the tropical fruit trade to buy the goods at fixed prices from the over-sea exporters and to introduce them into the European market at one's own risk. There are several reasons for this :

(1) The prices of tropical fruit fluctuate rapidly according to the condition of the world crops at the time. When one, for instance, buys cherries in Italy, it is of very great importance in setting the prices, to know, firstly, how the cherry crops have turned out, not only in Germany, but also

in France and Spain and secondly, how the harvest in straw berries and other fruit which could serve as a substitute for cherries has turned out. On account of the long-distance transport to which fruits are subjected in the case of the over-sea import, it is impossible to calculate beforehand the extraordinarily great fluctuations in the prices. The importer would therefore run a risk which cannot be disregarded if he were to settle fixed prices.

(2) The transport of fruit filled with so many dangers that the importer can never know whether or not he will receive them in a well-preserved condition. Furthermore, European importers have often suffered heavy losses by fixed contracts with the over-sea contractors. In cases where fixed prices were settled upon, the importer often received only fruit of inferior quality. If the fruit rose in price then the contract was very often broken or partly kept. On the other hand, if the prices of the fruit fell, much larger quantities than were ordered would be supplied.

(3) The importer cannot judge, from Europe, of the quality of the goods to be delivered, because the quality of the fruit is different in different years and Indian fruit may one year be classed among the best in the world, and in the following year it may be much inferior to that of California or Africa.

Mode of Payment.

It has, therefore, become a law in the fruit trade to deliver the fruit to the European dealer in consignments. The European dealer is usually not averse to making a certain advance payment upon the goods to be delivered ; but the final settlement of account can take place only after the sale of the goods, and this must, no doubt, be left to the European dealer. It is, of course, impossible to settle a

fixed price in the case of fresh fruits, because they are liable to be spoiled and must be sold on any account.

This business is transacted in the following way:

The over-sea exporter buys the fruits either from the cultivator or from the owner of the plantation, and sees that they are packed as quickly and as faultlessly as possible. Quickness is indispensable, because every day of delay in the tropical heat makes the fruit more liable to be spoiled during transport. The exporter ships the fruits at his own risk to one of the big fruit importers of Europe and receives for the floating goods, if need be, a certain advance. Immediately after their arrival at Hamburg the goods are placed for auction on the fruit market there. (Hamburg is the most important port for the import of fruit on the Continent of Europe). An official document of sale is drawn up and delivered to the over-seas dealer as a basis for the settlement of account. The European dealer gets only a commission.

As one can clearly see, the business is extraordinarily risky. The prices fluctuate considerably. Nevertheless the trade in tropical fruit is very profitable and the over-seas sellers, as well as European importer, reap large profits. Of course the business is filled with complications and is to be recommended only to people really possessing sufficient capital.

The trade in dried fruits is somewhat simpler. They are not liable to be so easily

spoiled and they may be treated as every other staple goods. Fixed price can, if necessary, be obtained here, although business by consignment generally prevails. The prices are settled according to samples. Part payment is made if necessary, against delivery of documents. The balance can, however, be paid only after the acceptance of the goods in Europe, where an examination of the quantity necessarily takes place. Nuts, almonds, coconuts, dried plums and apricots are the products that come chiefly in question.

Profitable as the export trade in fresh as well as dried fruits really is, we should strongly advise Indians not to take it up, unless they possess not only a large working capital but also the requisite scientific and technical knowledge. Much Indian business fails just because it is engaged in without any special training and the lack of technical knowledge is fatal in the case of highly perishable goods such as fruit. It would be advisable for those who really feel that they can tackle the trade, to proceed to Europe or South America in order to acquire practical experience of the methods used and the difficulties to be overcome.

We have here not dealt with the highly profitable export of bananas. This fruit is imported into Europe by the West India Banana Co., which commands a complete monopoly. But only those acquainted with the complicated organisation of this trade will understand how risky it is to embark upon it.

Forward.



Radha-Krishna.



Pseudonym

By—Probhat Kumar Mukherjee, Barrister-at-Law.

CHAPTER I

After many struggles with the Press, I succeeded in getting out the holiday number of the *Light of Bengal* before the Durga Puja. I was giving instructions to the manager as to the despatch of the journal when Satish appeared in English costume, smoking a cigarette. He said, "Come to Darjeeling."

Satish was the friend of my boyhood. We studied in the same class, sat together, worked together. The master used to call us Oastor and Pollux.

Having matriculated, we came to the College at Calcutta; but from that time our lives began to diverge. Satish tried in every way to adopt the manners of Europeans; while I

became devoted to my mother-tongue. Satish jeered at me for constantly reading and writing Bengali; while I lost no opportunity of having a fling at him for imitating Europeans. Later Satish went to England and returned a barrister, having completely adopted English ways.

We were no longer, as in boyhood, one soul and spirit. Satish had become changed.

He no longer confided all his thoughts to me. Nevertheless we were excellent friends. He said—"Come to Darjeeling."

"When do you go?"—I asked.

"To-day."

"Goodness! Where is the time?"

Satish opened his watch, and holding his cigarette between his teeth, said—"It is only ten ; the train goes at four. Six hours—360 minutes. Heaps and heaps of time."

"My good fellow"—I replied—"you have become a sahib. Can I, a black man, emulate your speedy way of doing things ? By the time I have bathed and dined it will be twelve o'clock. Then some little rest—"

"Nonsense ! I will not take your excuses."

"If you wanted to go to Darjeeling, why did you not tell me two days ago ?"

"It was only this morning that I received the invitation from Dr. Sen."

"What !"—I exclaimed in astonishment—"Is Dr. Sen at Darjeeling with his family—and his daughter ?"

"Certainly"—and he laughed a little.

That Dr. Sen's learned daughter Nirmala had captivated my friend was an open secret. I said—"How terrible ! Must we wait till four o'clock ? Is there no earlier train ?" Satish also sighing like an actor, said "No." I sang--

"From her dear presence how can I
stay,
Counting the moments and hours
- away ?"

Although I have never been in love with a woman myself, I am pretty familiar with the affair. To have suggested even a day's delay to Satish would have been like trying to preach the tiger into vegetarianism ; so I resolved to go. Hastily collecting my things we set out by the four o'clock train.

CHAPTER II

While the train slowed into Darjeeling Railway Station, I perceived Dr. Sen with his wife and daughter standing on the platform. At the sight of a Bengali maiden wearing shoes and stockings, and standing openly on a public platform, my gall rose. I have seen many *Brahmo* ladies in my time, and I even

know one or two of them, so that these fashions are not altogether new to me. Nevertheless, to meet thus Satish's future wife and future mother-in-law was a fresh blow to me. I am much in favour of the education of women, but doing away with the *zenana* custom is a thing I cannot endure the thought of. I have just published an

article in my paper on the subject, and was at that very moment framing in my brain fresh matter for future articles in a similar strain. Some very hard, sharp words were arranging themselves in my head, but in a short time they were all dispersed.

Alighting from the train, Satish presented me to his friends. Having never been introduced to ladies of that type, I knew not what was called for in the position and, unable to say a word, I stood like a fool at the end of the platform near some shrubs.

Presently Nirmala approached me and said, with a smile—"Manmatha Babu, I read your paper regularly"—and seemed as if she would have said more, but did not. Nirmala's mother said—"When will the *Puja* number of *The light of Bengal* appear, Manmatha Babu?"

"The *Puja* number is already out"—I said.

Mrs. Sen looked at Nirmala, and asked—"Have you received it?"

"Not yet."

"Excuse me"—I said—"there has not been time for your copy to arrive yet. It was issued only yesterday, and

we cannot despatch all the copies in one day.

Nirmala said—"Oh, my copy goes first to Dacca, and then is sent on here. Have you not a copy with you, Manmatha Babu?"

My editor's soul was delighted at Nirmala's interest in *The Light of Bengal*, and I answered quickly—"Oh yes, I have copies. I will send one to you to-morrow."

"Don't trouble about it, send it when quite convenient" replied Nirmala.

Mrs. Sen said—"Manmatha Babu, we shall be glad to have you with us at tea to-morrow afternoon"—and with the usual polite farewells they departed.

I went towards the Sanatorium, thinking that such is the influence of education and habit that even a Bengali maiden can talk to a strange gentleman in a free and easy manner, without the least embarrassment. At night, resting my wearied body on my bed, I resolved many thoughts on social matters. What would be the ultimate result of these new manners and customs we were importing with education from Europe? But before my reflections travelled far I had fallen asleep.

CHAPTER III

As I drank my tea the next morning, I reviewed the events of the previous day. I could not regard this free mingling of the sexes except as a danger to social morality. So I resolved not to go to this tea. Why should I act against my own beliefs? I would send *The Light of Bengal* by a servant, or it might be Satish would be coming in, and I could send it by him. But Satish was such an ass that he did not come. I suppose he could not leave his Nirmala. I began to picture their courting in my mind, and felt highly entertained.

When I had finished lunch it struck me that it might be a breach of manners not to go to this tea. As I had accepted the invitation, I was bound to go. If it was opposed to my convictions, I ought to have declined at the time. I must go to-day, and be careful in the future not to accept any further invitations. So in the afternoon I prepared to go. I was rather careful about my toilet. I told myself that if it were a gathering of men only there would be no need of being particular, but in women's society a certain smartness was necessary.

I have often been at Darjeeling; all its streets were well known to me. I arrived at the house just ten minutes

before four o'clock. The hour fixed was four. I thought—"These people held by English ways. If I go in before the time they would probably think me a barbarian." So I walked about a little, and sent in my card precisely at four.

I was warmly welcomed by all. Nirmala looked very beautiful to-day. When I had seen her at the Station, wearing an English cape and shoes, I did not like her appearance. Now I saw her in red velvet shoes of Indian make, and orange-coloured *sari* draped in the new fashion, her plentiful hair gathered into a knot, and adorned with a hill rose of a yellow colour. Nirmala looked very handsome indeed.

At first I did not see Satish and resolved, when I met him alone, to let off a few jokes about the worshipful red feet of his divinity.* He soon after came in. When tea was over, and some time had been spent in conversation, we set out in company for a walk.

When I took my leave, Mrs. Sen said—"Manmatha Bahu, if you will join us again at tea to-morrow, we can afterwards go out for a walk together."

It occurred to me that now was the time clearly to decline the invitation.

* Ali the Hindu goddesses have red feet.

"Should I give the true reason for my object thereto? Should I not take this opportunity to bring home to her the deep sociological truth underlying the idea? But again I thought—"What is it for an invitation? 'If

you come.' Could that be called an invitation?"

Disturbed with this inward debate, I could not frame any answer, and on their part they were giving the farewell salute.

CHAPTER IV.

At ten O'clock next morning Satish came in. When I asked how he could tear himself away from Nirmala he said—"She is so taken up with that wretched paper of yours, *The Mirror of Bengal*—or *The Light of Bengal*, whatever you call it, you gave her, that I came away in a rage."

I was delighted. Was Nirmala's love for literature so great? I thought if Nirmala wrote herself, I would not mind printing the article in *The Light of Bengal*, after necessary corrections.

Satish had much to relate about her. The happiness of these two young lovers renewed the youth in my mind also. Satish said—"Now I am going. I just looked in to see if the rooms suited you. We shall meet at tea time. You are coming I hope?"

"At tea time? No; not to-day. Mrs. Sen did not invite me."

"Of course she did; I heard her."

"In what way? She only said 'If you come.'"

"Exactly; that was an invitation. Must one present one self at your door with the garment round one's neck, as invitations are prescribed in the *Shastras*? What an old fogey you are."

"You don't say so! But I am hardly at liberty to come to-day. Would it be thought dreadfully impolite if I did not come? I am not very well acquainted with your English etiquette and that sort of rubbish."

Satish said, gravely—"It would be extremely impolite."

At this I felt very angry with myself. I ought to have said to Mrs. Sen "I shall not be able to come to-morrow, as I shall be busy." Instead of that I had debated whether this invitation were or were not in proper form, hence this predicament.

Satish said, laughingly—"Oh, it is not so terribly impolite as all that!

you need not be so troubled. If you apologise next time you meet, it will pass. But why should you not come? Do, there's a good fellow."

I was not anxious to give the true reason to Satish at that moment. "There is some important work"—I said.

"Important work can be done to-morrow. To-day you must come. At least, try to come." And he disappeared.

I said to myself—"You may say what you like; I won't go any more."

But as time went on I began to feel very lonely. Also, I was eager to discover what Nirmala thought of that number of *The Light of Bengal*, especially of that article of mine, "The Ideal Woman's Life." Had I not written it for the benefit of the new woman of the class of Nirmala? I must know how that article had affected her views, so decided to go.

When I arrived, there was no one in the drawing room. But presently Nirmala came, and, saluting me with a smile, said—"I am so glad to see you. We had given up all hope of your coming. Father, mother, and Satish Babu are all gone to see the garden. Satish Babu said you would not come to-day; you were too busy. Some new writing, I expect?"

"Yes—no, I had work that I thought"—

"I understand. May I ask, Man-

matha Babu, how many hours a day you give to *The Light of Bengal*?"

"Nearly all my time. I exist for its sake,"

"That must be delicious. I wish I could devote myself to literature, day and night in that way. But is it not very rush to confess that to you?"

"Why so?"

"From what you say in that article of yours, 'The Ideal woman's Life,' it seems that you think that home is the woman's proper sphere; that, to forget herself entirely in the service of others in the domestic circle, is woman's true existence,"

"You must, then, have read the article?"

"Read it! Certainly. I have finished the whole of the magazine. Last night I fell asleep reading it in bed. I awoke to see the candle burnt quite down, and flickering with so great a flare that at first I was much alarmed."

"Ah! it is fortunate nothing caught fire."

"If through my reading that journal my curtains had caught fire and I had been burnt to death—the announcement of the event in the different newspapers would have been a fine advertisement for your *Light of Bengal*."

At first I could think of no suitable reply to this speech; a sort of metaphor was buzzing in my brain, that

like the wax of the candle of which she spoke, this educated maiden was tender and delicate, and bright like its flame. I gave a meaningless laugh and at length said—"since you are so fond of Bengali literature, why do you not write yourself?"

"If I wrote who would read? In the first place, who would print it?"

I had a suspicion that Nirmala did write in secret, but I had not the courage to ask. The discussion turned upon the short story. I said that the present custom of giving a short story each month was a cause of great embarrassment to an editor at times owing to the dearth of good tales of this kind.

Nirmala said—"I have a friend who writes short stories. I have one by me now: will you look at it?"

Had I anticipated this disaster, I would not have introduced the topic of the short story at all. In the drudgery of editorial duties it fell to my lot to read many stories by novices. But I had come now to the hills for a month's holiday. However, there was no escape, so I said—"I will look at whatever you give me."

"You must give me your real opinion of it."

"I will do so."

"You must not keep anything back, because the writer is my friend."

"If you are really anxious to hear it, I will give you my genuine opinion."

Nirmala immediately went to fetch the story. A few minutes later she placed in my hands a bundle of beautifully executed manuscript on ruled foolscap, with half margins, fastened at the corner with crimson silk. At first sight I exclaimed—"A new writer?"

"Yes; but how do you know?"

"New writers nearly always take great pains in preparing their manuscript. The handwriting of authors of established reputation is usually illegible."

As I said this, I turned to the last page in search of the name as is usual with editors. There was none. I glanced through the page to see if the lovers ended their lives by poison. Now authors seldom permit their heroes or heroines to survive. But I saw that these here were allowed to live, so I became rather hopeful. A doubt arose whether Nirmala herself might not be the writer. Many shy writers present their first efforts as written by a friend. I said—"I will take this home to-day, and let you know to-morrow what I think of it."

That it was written by Nirmala was extremely probable. The words in which I should express my opinion were already cut and dried. I had to do this sort of work, giving an opinion on a friend's literary efforts—most days of my life.

The phrases were there; you had

but to distribute them : "Very readable in certain parts" "with practice he may become an excellent writer," &c., &c.

One after another, all the members of the family came in. When tea was over, we sat about chatting. There was no further talk of a walk.

CHAPTER VI.

On reaching home I read the story. I saw I had made a great mistake. It was no maiden effort, the composition was that of a practised writer. The diction was vigorous, but restrained. Again, it was not written by Nirmala. One has not been an editor so long for nothing. I was not even at a loss to name the writer. It was by Gouri Kanta Ray. I had never met him, but had heard that he lived out towards Dacca. I had read many of his writings. He was one of the best writers of the younger generation, yet there were many defects in his writing. These were due to his youth, and he rectified by time.

The next day I gave a good report of it to Nirmala. In one or two places I pointed out faults, but accorded much praise. "Is the writer very young ?"—I asked.

"Yes ; a little older than I am."

"He is a great friend of yours, I think ?"

"It is so".

"I did not like this. Why should a "great friendship" exist between a young woman and a young man ?

I asked—"Can we have one or two of his writings ?"

"Why ? Do you find them very tempting ?"

"I confess I do".

"Well, I will look out one or two. But not this one."

"Have you many of his writings by you ?"

"Yes, I have many. Whenever he finishes a new one he sends it to me to read."

I thought—"This is not at all right. So great an intimacy !" Aloud I said—"You are, then, his principal reader ?"

"At least, I am his first reader. I fancy no one admires his writings more than I do."

"May I not hear his names ?"

Nirmala reflected a little, and then

said—"Gouri Kanta Ray"—and as she spoke her cheeks became crimson.

I felt sorry for Satish.

Then we began to discuss Gouri Kanta's published writings, and I said that we had received his newly-pub-

lished novel 'Nandarani' for review.

During several days after this I discussed Gouri Kanta's writings very freely with Nirmala. She simply worshipped him. An inexplicable feeling of hostility arose in my mind against this man.

CHAPTER VII.

Satish had not yet asked for the hand of Nirmala from her parents. When he should do so, it was pretty certain he would be accepted as a husband, for her. It was my firm belief that Dr. Sen was as anxious to become his father-in-law as Satish was to become Dr. Sen's son-in-law. This had become clear to me during these few days. But this affair of Gouri Kanta caused me much uneasiness. I could not understand this close friendship. The affair showed itself thus to me : Satish and Nirmala married. Nirmala strongly devoted to Bengali literature ; Satish furious at its very name. Meanwhile, Gouri Kanta Ray, a brilliant writer, had chosen Nirmala of all the women in the world, to be his literary confidante. And Nirmala was strongly attracted by him. This was like an unknown seed—Who could tell what kind of tree might not grow out of it ?

I would not suffer this to come about. I would clear my friend's married life from thorns. The temple for the worship of Gouri Kanta that Nirmala had consecrated in her mind, I would reduce to ashes by thunderbolts of criticism. I would show that there were writers among the new men even more brilliant than Gouri Kanta. I would expose Gouri Kanta's errors in language and in Grammar. Going through ancient and modern Western literature, I would show the same ideas as those expressed by Gouri Kanta. Side by side I would print extracts proclaiming him a thief in the face of the world, and thus by constant reiteration, I would give birth to the conviction in Nirmala's mind that her god was nothing better than a clay idol stuffed with straw. I had sacrificed everything for *The Light of Bengal*. My Critical Mace was the dread of every writer, great and small. Now,

by the aid of this mace I would accomplish an act of friendship. Once a doubt arose whether this would be a breach of my editorial duties, but aided by my inclination, I easily succeeded in putting my conscience to sleep.

Thus resolving, I wrote a terribly sharp review of "Nandarani," pulling it to pieces, and sent it to Calcutta to appear in the October number of my journal.

In due time the order proofs arrived. Upon them in various places, : sharpened the sting of criticism. On that afternoon Satish came in. Seeing "Nandarani" on my table, he took it up. I said hastily—don't touch it, it is only a Bengali book."

"You have been so occupied with this wretched book lately that you have not been to see us for a week. Whenever I come here I find you at work on this book; so I have come to carry it off."

"I have been reviewing the work. You can take it away now, as I have finished."

"The review is finished?"

"Yes; I despatched the order proofs by post some minutes ago." Seeing Satish concerning himself with Bengali literature, I asked myself, "What can have happened?"

Satish, looking at me, began to smile.

"What is it?"—I asked.

"I am going to tell you a secret about myself. I have only been waiting to do so until that review should appear in your paper."

Supremely astonished, I said—"A review of Nandarani! What connection is there between that and any secret about yourself?"

"A very close connection. I am Gouri Kanta Ray."

It was as if I had fallen from the skies.

"You!!!"

"Yes I—don't you see? *Sati* means Gouri *ish* means Kanta."

I repeated "You!" and while speaking rang the bell to call a servant. When he came, I bade him bring a telegraph form. Satish told me that when he was in England he used to sit in the British Museum reading all the good Bengali works with great attention. Then he studied and practised original composition. He was waiting to tell me this until a review of his first long novel should appear in *The Light of Bengal*, lest knowing it beforehand I should be biassed by friendship in reviewing the work.

The servant brought the telegraph form. I telegraphed to the manager that I had despatched the order proof by post, but that it was not to be printed. In place of it I told him to put in another article.

Turkish Vistas.

XII. "Number Seventy-Three."

By Abdul Qayum Malik.

Murtaza, a child of obscure parentage, of mixed racial characteristics, born at a place situated on the boundary line between two great kingdoms, was left as an unprotected orphan when his "father," the butler of an army officer, died on the eve of his master's retirement. Fate bore him westward where he grew up as a precocious boy to whom nothing seemed to be difficult. His protector and patron with the instinct a shrewd "Political" early discovered the possibilities lying unfledged in the restless and ever active youth. Murtaza's capacity for mischief was unbounded. Partly in token of gratitude for the lifelong service of a faithful domestic and chiefly to rid himself of the consequences of the wild adventures of the dangerous lad, the retired colonel, upon whose generosity he lived, procured his admission to a boarding school. The grown up youngster devoured knowledge with the appetite of a hungry wolf. He spent several years at the school, and although disgusted with his frequent wild escapades and serious indiscipline, the old headmaster treated the brilliant student with great tolerance. He had begun to manifest indications of being a clever spy, with the additional knack of being most popular with those whom he denounced. Murtaza passed the school examination with credit, and in due time joined a college. He spent several weeks at the house of his benefactor before proceeding to the higher institution for his studies, and during

his stay with the retired colonel struck up acquaintance with another "Political" connected with the Foreign Office. The officer was impressed with the young student's keen intelligence and love of adventure. He took him to the Headquarters of Foreign Intelligence, and unknown to himself had him subjected to various tests for ascertaining his dormant capacity for a certain kind of work. The verdict of observers supported the opinion of his discoverer. The young Murtaza was treated and feted by his new friends, and, finding him responsive to their insidious suggestions, the young aspirant to a life of adventures was brought up one day before the Director of Intelligence. The latter minutely interrogated him as to his wishes, and, after satisfying all his inquiries, young Murtaza was given assurances of an unlimited supply of funds in return for faithfully and blindly serving his unknown employers.

"Remember, our young friend, the of adventure is a life of glory, and the few years of one's life are best spent if they are spent in seeking wonderful experiences, travel in strange lands, coming across all sorts of people, and enriching one's observation by studying their characteristics, traits, habits—and movements." The Director paused in the middle of his remarks closely studied the face of his wrapt listener, and then resumed: "I am the Deputy Chief of a world-wide organisation, whose representatives, men of learn-

ing, position and means are endeavouring to study the movements of human thought and the trend of political currents in different countries. You are too young to understand these at present, but it is possible for us to enable you to become a worthy acquisition to our body. Your first step in that direction should be to acquire as much learning as possible, learn as many languages as you can, and become proficient in closely watching the movements of those in whom we may be interested. Now do you understand all I have said ?" The Director stopped, took a pencil from the table at which he sat, and began playing with it.

Young Murtaza was too inexperienced yet to know the real meaning of these words, and like one enchanted with the promised opportunities of acquiring learning, those of travelling and spending as much money as he liked, he readily assented to each and every proposal of the distinguished-looking gentleman whose guest he was at the moment. The latter rose from the chair as if to give his listener time to gloat over the fascinating proposal, and opened the window of the tastefully furnished study-sitting room of his country villa, situated in the heart of the garden country, letting in the summer sun now shining with a brilliance hitherto unknown in the cold and fog-bound Islands, and the soft breeze laden with the fragrance of flowers which covered the silent meadows for miles around. He came back and took his seat. Noticing the smiling features of Murtaza, now suffused with the warmth of golden hopes and the balmy and refreshing air, he inquired : "But perhaps you are anxious to communicate the suggestion to your parents before taking the final step."

"I have no parents," eagerly informed the candidate, "nor have I any home. I was born in the East and brought here by the kind old

colonel, my patron, at whose house I first met you. He has been my protector, my father and everything else to me. I can still speak the language of the land of my birth and that is about all I possess of the old country .." "I know that already, but I made the inquiry just to ascertain if you had any other friend besides the kindly old colonel, your patron. In one respect you are better situated than many others to join the body whose name I have given you. In a few days you will be sent to the best university of this country. We will supply the funds, and look after you in every other way, and we hope, with this wonderful opportunity before you, you will give a good account of yourself at the college." The Director of the Department of Secret Intelligence noticed hypnotism of his words making deep impression on the promising youth, and concluded his last speech with an assurance that his patrons will help him in every possible manner.

A few days later, young Murtaza left for the university with an ample supply of funds and letters of introduction to some of the officials entrusted with the duty of overlooking the activities of foreign students at the world renowned seat of learning. Murtaza very early in his university career justified all expectations which his patrons had formed of him. He proved himself a diligent scholar and, what was more, a very useful ally to the invigilators who secretly watched a certain class of students in whose doing the Government was particularly interested. As his stay at the university progressed, and with it his knowledge of things in general, Murtaza gradually realised the onerous nature of the mission of which he had been an unconscious instrument. With no country, creed or relations which he could call entirely his own, he seemed to like the position of absolute inde-

pendence in which he found himself, and by his assiduity at his studies, and his skill as a clever spy, he won golden opinions of his employers. Three years after joining the university he graduated with distinction in political science and diplomacy. He showed special aptitude for law, but the young aspirant to a life of adventures had developed enough understanding not to pursue a course which his financial dependence on others made too difficult to adopt. After his graduation he found himself at the country villa of his employer, whose shrewdness prevented him from broaching the subject of Murtaza's future all at once. He gave him several weeks in which to recoup his energies, and to have a good time at the expense of his host. With the approach of autumn the Director made known to him his intention of taking him to the Headquarters.

"What Headquarters?" interrogated Murtaza, with an air of feigned surprise.

"Why the Headquarters of Political Intelligence, whose bounty has enabled you to be what you are, my dear Murtaza. I belong to a body of secret investigators attached to the Government's Foreign Department, and our duty is to renounce all worldly attachments to be able to serve our employers efficiently;" and then with a roguish smile the Director added, "Surely you are old enough to comprehend the inner significance of the work that you have been successfully doing so far. Your friends at the university who paid for your studies have reported well on your capabilities, and I do not think a sensible youngman like yourself would be prepared to throw away the opportunity for more solid work for which your university training was merely a preparation."

Young Murtaza merely nodded in silence in reply to this statement, pondering the while

over the possibilities of the career held out to him. On the following day he felt with his host for the Headquarters. Arrived at the place, the Director took him round to various rooms filled with the materials—books, secret documents, seals, dresses, strange implements, chemicals, weapons, and devices for the use of those who adopted political spying as a profession. This particular branch of the Central Headquarters of Political Intelligence appeared to Murtaza, who had never set his eyes on such a wonderful collection of strange objects and things before, as a veritable library, arsenal and laboratory combined into one. He gazed at this medley of the instruments of a mysterious trade with feelings of wonderment and awe. His astute companion marked Murtaza's state of feelings, and felt satisfaction at his anxious inquiries to find out the use of some of the objects. After this tour of the Intelligence Headquarters' mystery rooms young Murtaza felt completely enchanted with its contents, and declared breathlessly to his guide, "It is a strange world we live in. There is no limit to human knowledge, and every new object opens up illimitable vistas of things yet unseen." "But this is only the beginning of your surprise. Wait till you are initiated in other and greater secrets, results of lifelong devoted labours of men like you and me," answered the Director. The clock struck eleven and the pair of the mystery-museum's sightseers repaired to the private sanctum of the Director-General of Secret Service. An orderly took them to a small waiting room, where they waited for a minute. A bell rang in the waiting room, Murtaza and his companion came out of it, and pushed the large adjoining door and entered. They approached the immense office table of the man who knew more about men worth knowing than they themselves were

aware. It was evident from the piles of papers and files, with which the table was littered, that he had been busy with the work. The Director-General raised his bald head and disclosed the wrinkled features of a man well past the prime of life. He bore a pince-nez and wore dark workmanlike clothes. The walls of the office were pierced by high bureaux, which were packed with books and files of all sizes and descriptions. A thick pile carpet covered the floor and three heavily upholstered sitting chairs stood round his table. A revolving book-case, and a miniature card indexing case, together with a small telephone numbers key-board occupied spaces on the left and right of the office table.

The Director-General rose to greet the visitors, and after warm handshakes, had a good look at Murtaza, and settled down in his chair and lit his pipe.

"Well, Murtaza," he began, plunging at once into an attitude of familiarity, "how did you find your companion at the Rag-night meeting last year? Surely you failed to tell us all about the revelations of the student from the eastern province—you were less observant I believe." The Director-General cast a knowing glance at his able lieutenant's face who had so far had charge of the candidate, and pulled once or twice at his pipe before waiting for the reply. Murtaza's visit to the mystery museum, the vast appointment of the Secret Service Headquarters, and the astounding knowledge of the Director-General of an almost omniscient organization had completely taken him by surprise. In incoherent language he blurted out something which he himself could not understand. The chief smiled indulgently, and then, turn to his companion, declared "Murtaza is a novice, but I

must say he has successfully tided over his novitate. All he needs is a little more hard work and some darling, which, of course, will grow with experience." Then followed searching inquiries as to the state of his health, his hobbies and special inclinations, and whether he had contracted any sentimental attachments. Murtaza returned a definite answer in the negative to the last question which seemed to reassure the chief.

As if satisfied with the account he gave of himself, the chief arose from his seat, and seated himself in the chair next to Murtaza, and addressed him.

"Murtaza, unknown to yourself your chief benefactor so far has been the Secret Service of this State. It is true, you don't belong to this country, but your uncommon physiognomy, your light hair, and your aptitude to acquire foreign languages and ways have been your chief recommendations in procuring you the patronage of this department which is under my supreme control. As you have successfully passed through your candidature, and the department has already spent several thousands on your training. I hereby enroll you as an "Agent of the Secret Service." The chief paused, looked impressively towards Murtaza, and before the latter had quite recovered from the effects of all that he was witnessing and listening, put his hands on his shoulders and looking into his eyes solemnly declared. "Remember, do what you are told faithfully and count upon the limitless resources of the State in all your difficulties—remember, too, that any the slightest betrayal of a trust may mean your annihilation." The chief paused again, and made a sign to his colleague, who had sat silent through this drama. The three occupants of the chief's sanctum now arose; the former went round to the right of the table and pressed a red button

on the telephone key-board, and in another three minutes four officials in orthodox black coats entered the room and formed a semi-circle round Murtaza. The chief drew national standard from his drawer of his office table, a vial of yellow liquid, a pistol, a large knife and a yard length of silken rope. He deposited all these on the edge of the table in front of Murtaza, and in a deep voice called up him to take an oath by repeating the following words :—

"I, Murtaza, do hereby renounce all I hold dear, and sacred, and do swear on this flag, to obey blindly the commands of the chief of the Secret Service and to uphold the honour of the flag even unto death."

Murtaza repeated the oath as commanded, and at its conclusion was warmly congratulated by those present. The chief produced an impressive-looking volume bound in red morocco in which Murtaza signed his name put impressions of the fingers of both of his hands, and the oath of fidelity to the flag. The chief entered some more details therein and then declared in solemn voice : "Murtaza, the Secret Service Agent number seventy-three is hereby truly enrolled." The officials signed the register, and after warm handshakes with Murtaza and his companion left the room. "My dear Murtaza, you are granted a month's leave of rest, and after that your friend the Director of the Oriental Section will give you necessary instructions, and papers relating to your new duties." The chief then accompanied the two to the door and bade them **Adieu**.

Led by his companion, young Murtaza left the awe-inspiring structure which enclosed such strange wonders as if in a dream, and exception brief answers to his friend's enquiries, maintained rigid silence until they reached the hotel. Then month's leave of rest

duly passed away, and the young adventurer was sent abroad to learn languages, and international law and usages. His keen intellect and rapidly growing powers of perception quickly recured him the necessary knowledge of languages, and the intricacies of eastern and western usages of politics. The war clouds of an international Armageddon were gathering on the horizon, and Murtaza received his first independent commission of observing the activities of a certain band of revolutionaries who had collected their resources and had started their operations on the frontier. He arrived on the scene and mingled with the raw conspirators, and in no time pushed his way into their innermost counsels. His initial adventure turned out to be the biggest success of his career.

II

The Great Pasha, Marshall of two historic fields, the organiser of the national movement and the most honoured, the most feared, yet the most hated man in Turkey was holding a special reception in the small **Dar-ur-Riyaset**, the Presidential Chamber of the Assembly House in honour of the accredited representative of the powerful Muslim community of a distant country. It was the darked hour in Turkey's fortunes. The Greeks had invaded and taken possession of Ionia. The Pontus was proclaimed a reborn Greek Republic, and foreign armies held the gate-ways of the Fatherland on all sides. The press of the world was gloating over the fall of a historic empire, whose armies and navy had constituted a source of deadly terror to the nations of the West for over seven centuries. The friendly gesture of the sympathetic Muslim community of a distant land burning with passion against Turkey's tormentors was hailed with frenzied joy throughout the land, and one of its representatives who had outwitted officers of the

Foreign Control, and had entered Turkey secretly to convey to the Gazi Pasha expressions of sympathy and good-will of the Muslims of Middle Asia was being honoured by the leader of the new movement as the honoured guest of the Nationalist Government. Journalists and officials, townspeople and tradesmen flocked in their thousands to witness the arrival of the **Din-Kardashmis**, our faith brother, the **Basam Mehman-i-Muhtaram**, our honoured guest, at the Assembly House, to see the delegate of the non-Turkish Muslim friends of Turkey. The Pasha's own motor car and conveyed him from the station, and amidst deafening shouts of **Marhaba Din-Kardashmis**, **Marhaba Zat-i-Muhtaram**, **Marhaba Quimitli Refikmis**—Welcome, our faith brother, welcome, respected personage, welcome our valued friend, the young, expensively dressed visitor of the Ghazi Pasha was received at the entrance to the Dar-ur-Biyasat, led in by him and followed by a host of high officials of State, Deputies of the Chamber and army officers of all ranks who all vied with one another in doing honour to the distinguished stranger, who bore the designation of the Delegate of the Central Committee for the Defence of the Muslim Rights. The Ghazi Pasha introduced to him in person to all the members of the Government and leaders of the Turkish redemption and in a voice choking with the feelings of the gratitude thanked him, and then sat down to hear from the delegate the whole story of his Committee's efforts to stand by the friendless Turks, who had themselves begun to doubt their innocence so persistent and ramified had become the world-wide propaganda of anti-Turkish hate. The young, astute, and extremely clever delegate recited at length the rise and growth of pro-Turkish feeling among his co-religionists and countrymen, who were awaiting his despatch to deliberate upon and

adopt the best measures of effectively aiding the Turks struggling manfully against heavy odds. Ghazi Pasha and his colleagues sat motionless while the clever young delegate described to them the history of pro-Turkish agitation without Turkey, and but for **Barkallahs**, **Marnabas** and **Mashaallahs** of his fascinated listeners with which his long speech was punctuated by the assembled heads of the new movement, not a soul dared to interrupt the absorbingly interesting narrative of the visitor from a distant land.

"My people will rise should your adversaries chose to carry out that with which you are threatened, and I beg to lay before the honoured Ghazi Pasha the assurance that your co-religionists out in far away Middle-Asia are watching breathlessly your Homeric combat against forces opposed to your redemption, and will leave no stone unturned in seeing to it that the Turkish cause is fully and absolutely vindicated."

After the formal meeting the delegate freely mixed with his hosts, who all joined in doing him honour, which would have been considered extravagant even for the reigning head of a great friendly State. The young delegate was given the run of the country to see with his own eyes all that the Nationalists were doing to checkmate their adversaries. Within the course of a few weeks he penetrated the most exclusive political circles and carefully collected and arranged the invaluable information. He made use of it for a purpose of which his hosts and absolutely no knowledge. His learning his efficient knowledge of several languages and free and easy manners secured to him the friendship of all and sundry, and the young Muslim delegate became a **persona grata** to every official and non-officials gathering. He came late one evening to the Assembly House and found its approaches guarded by vigilant gendarmes.

He inquired the reason, and the obliging captain of the *Meclis* guards explained to him apologetically that a session *in Camera* was in progress. The delegate smilingly thanked the officer, and retired from the place. Two hours later the Chamber doors were thrown open, and most of the Deputies withdrew after the adjournment. For reasons best known to himself the young delegate was simply thirsting to know the subject discussed at the secret session, but his discretion prevented his interrogating members with whom he was on less familiar terms.

At last he hit upon a novel idea. He took a long walk towards the eastern part of the town in the rough country beyond the Acropolis, and returning late on purpose he made for the palatial residence of Dr. Numan Bey, the Speaker of the Chamber, who was his greatest friend. He knocked at the heavy gate. The durban who knew him let him in, and a minute later he was being warmly welcomed by the master of the house, who thanked him for deciding to come to his house with the slightly sprained ankle that he had in his walk. The doctor massaged the injured part and after dinner pressed him to rest there for the night. The delegate's plans were progressing according to his wishes. While they were chatting over their cups of coffee, the young delegate with a feigned air of idle curiosity questioned Dr. Numan Bey as to the subject of that afternoon's confidential session. The President lightly regarded the enquiry, and laughingly pleaded secrecy as the reason for his inability to divulge the news. The delegate apologised for the unwarranted enquiry, and quickly changed the topic of conversation.

After breakfast next morning the delegate and his charming host repaired to the official part of the town, and after dropping the for-

mer at the State Guest House, the President moved on towards the Assembly. After the protracted secret session of the last day the members had a journey for two days. The Doctor got through some official business at the Assembly Secretariat, and then walked to the Ministry of the Interior. He had a long interview with the Minister in the *cabinet noir* of the censor's department. It became the Doctor's principle care to see the Minister of the Interior before proceeding to the Assembly House every day after that. A questioning look from the President, and a simple sign from the Minister, and Dr. Numan Bey would step out of the Minister's office and wend his way to his place of official business.

A week following his first confidential meeting at the Ministry, the Minister came early to the Ministry and instructed his Private Secretary to wait for and bring the President immediately to him. His orders were obeyed. After a hasty handshake, the two members of the Government entered the *cabinet noir* and started examining a partially written sheet of paper.

"Have you discovered anything," anxiously enquired the Doctor.

"Yes, everything," briefly answered the Minister. "Your bosom friend is a most dangerous and a very clever spy." He handed him the sheet of paper written in the form of a letter on one side, and on the other covered with the most valuable information of which the greatest of secret enquiry agents could make a scoop. It contained partially correct surmises as to the subject of the secret session of the other day, detailed information of the growing strength of the Nationalist army, and points about the physical disposition of the country of which the Nationalist capital was the centre. There was no signature on this side of the leaf, but

only two signs of arithmetical notation scribbled in pencil, one 7 and the other 3. "That was merely an evidence of the writer's idle fancy, but the information set down in concealed ink is of the utmost importance. This is the third letter we have treated with 'the process,' and it tells its own tale." The Minister paused, and, taking the leaf from the hands of his confrere, re-examined it in front of the partially raised shutter of the window. He discovered nothing fresh, and merely said, "Our duty is clear; the writer deserves to be watched with the greatest possible circumspection and skill."

The writer of the letter was no other than Murtaza, the Secret Service Agent Number Seventy-three, who had so cleverly inveigled himself into the confidence of the authorities at Angora and, immune from the interference of the censor's department, had started operations almost immediately after his arrival at the Nationalist capital. He had been writing these incriminating letters now for the last two months, informing his colleagues through an innocent address at Constantinople all that had been going on in the interior. He chose a novel method of sending out the valuable information. He wrote a harmless looking message on one side, and filled the other page with the special intelligence that was intended for the Chief of the Political Department. He had been making use of a code so far, but fearing lest frequent resort to quaint phraseology might betray him, he had adopted the next most useful method for sending out the highly incriminating matter.

The Department of the Censor spread a net of observes around him, who, although unperceived by Murtaza himself, were carefully watching the movements and taking notes of the messages of the dangerous spy, as well as replies which he received from time

to time from Constantinople. Half a dozen of Angora's expert Secret Service men were despatched to the ex-Imperial capital to follow Murtaza's letters to their destination, which was no other than the Intelligence branch of the Headquarters of the Foreign Army. The Turkish members of the "Tashkilat-i-Khususiyeh" made an effort to come into contact with a Muslim member of the Foreign Intelligence, and after weeks of careful and skilful negotiations and appeals succeeded in unravelling the real object of "Seventy-Three's" Angora sojourn. They lost no time in communicating that to their Headquarters. The "Tashkilat-i-Khususiyeh" had completed its enquiry, and had secured all the necessary evidence.

On the day following the review of the latest acquisitions to the ranks of the Nationalist army, the Minister for Defence gave an official reception to the members of the Mejlis, and all the distinguished sojourners at Angora. Murtaza, the spy, was one of them, for if he had been discovered, his treacherous mission was known only to the Minister of the Interior, the President of the House, the Head of the Cabinet Noir, and the Great Pasha his intended victim. At the reception he was surrounded by a cordon of laughing and complimenting army officers, who were his Angora chums. They were the agents of the "Tashkilat," and it was their duty to keep on sharp eye on him. Murtaza excused himself for a while and was led to the place of necessity. He entered the closet and carefully closed the door. He was noticed through the key-hole feeling and adjusting an object in his hip-pocket. "Seventy Three" came out of the closet, and appeared to be slightly flushed in the face. Only his immediate confrere noticed it. He made an attempt or two to approach the small group of distin-

gaunched-looking gentlemen in Afghan hats, Russian astrakhans and Turkish kalpaks, one of whom was the Great Pasha himself; but his laughing and chattering companions clung to him like leeches. One of them withdrew from the circle, and returned a moment later with the compliments and the summons of the Minister of the Interior. Murtaza reluctantly followed the young officer, who ushered him into a room occupied by the Minister of the Interior, the Chief of the Police and the President of the Assembly. They all three arose as soon as he entered, and surrounded him. The Chief of the Police quietly slipped handcuffs on the hand extended for a friendly handshake. The minister of the Interior deftly dipped into his hip-pocket and removed the loaded magazine revolver.

"Murtaza, our *mehman-i-muhtaram*, you are a prisoner from to-day, and you will be held at the disposal of the Political Department of the State," solemnly whispered the Chief of Police, Murtaza's face went ashen pale; his body contracted; and his quivering lips failed to vomit a word. At sunset he was quietly removed to the suspect's cell in the grim old Acropolis.

Few people had noticed the sudden disappearance of Murtaza, the delegate of the Muslim Society, from the crowded reception saloon of the Ministry, and his presence was nearly forgotten by most of his friends and companions. At the Acropolis "Number Seventy-three" was being daily plied with questions by the Head of the Political Intelligence to elicit information pertaining to the spy's activities, but in vain. They then hit upon a novel plan. The question of the exchange of the foreign prisoners with the internees of Rhodes Island was the subject of lengthy despatches between the Angora and

the foreign Governments. The names of prisoners about to be released by either side were published. Murtaza's name was not in the list and his release was never demanded. In order to reassure the tenant of the Acropolis cell the "Tashkilat" agents gave him certain amount of freedom within the boundaries of the fortress. His food was improved, and he was given news papers and books to read. He was permitted to see a few friends, who sympathised with him, and assured him of the final vindication of his innocence. A week after the change of regimen, Murtaza, while scanning a page of a foreign newspaper, noticed the headline: "Appeal of Murtaza, the Agent of the Muslim Association and the Suspected Spy, Fails." He read the contents of the paragraph with hungry eyes, and discovered that the Government, his alleged employers, had disowned him. He was described as an adventurer doing something on his own. "No Government could have anything to do with such a man."

This brief statement filled Murtaza's mind with passionate hate. "So this is the reward of my undertaking such a hazardous job," he reflected. He placed the narrow courtyard for several hours, thinking hard of his future plans. Before sunset a friend came to see him. Murtaza stared at the approaching man, turned and entered his cell. The friend followed him. They were absorbed in a confidential conversation for a long while.

"It will do you good to make a clean breast of it before the Judge of the Istiklal Court. The Attorney of the State will be pleased to know of your decision, and it is possible your free-will confession may help to inspire the Court with feelings of pity for you," advised the friend. Absorbed in thought Murtaza merely nodded his head in

reply to this proposal, and, after another few minutes of chatting, Murtaza's friend departed from the cell.

It was a clever stroke of the "Tashkilat" agents to get Murtaza to agree to a confession. The paragraph in question purporting to disown the spy was not a part of the original copy. The "Tashkilat" had reprinted the notes leaf of the foreign news paper, and after removing an unimportant item, had inserted the above noted matter, and had reprinted the faked seal in the exact likeness of the original. The "manufactured" leaf was introduced into the rest of the journal and presented to him, as if it had never been tampered with. Murtaza read it, as was naturally expected, and after he had learnt that his release was not tried for by his employers, nor was he owned, his consequent despair led him to abandon his silence, and to throw himself on the mercy of the Court.

III

The ample Court House of the "stiklal Mahkimas," the Court of Independence, was crowded with whispering men and women. Army officers in the familiar field-khaki, civilians in grey Radan coats, substantial farmers in their baggy shalwars, and Ulama in flowing robes of their callings and **laffa**-bound tezes, occupied the long cushioned forms of the Court House. The galleries on either sides contained privileged people, such as Government officials members of the Assembly, and visitors from the provinces, some of whom and assembly, and visitors from the provinces, some of whom had especially come to angora to watch the progress of the most sensational spy case within living memory. The clock at the

back of the Presidential platform struck eleven, and a posse of gendarmes entered the Court House and posted themselves in different parts of the spacious but crowded interior. There was subdued hum of voices at the sound of the rumbling of carriage wheels without. People half rose in their seats to catch a glimpse of the party of police surrounding the bowed figure of the prisoner. Necks were craned to have a look at the central figure of the tense drama whose last act was to be enacted that day. "Be seated, **Beyler,**" shouted a voice from the back of the draped tribune. A hush fell over the scene pierced by the scratching of the pens of the **Mahkima Kaimia**. The audience rose in a body when the curtains of the back door were withdrawn. His honour Kalich Bey, the President of the Court, had taken his seat and do so everybody else.

After some preliminaries the Attorney of the State, Sadar Bey, rose from his seat. "The prisoner," he declared, "is prepared to make a confession." The news sent a thrill of expectancy through the waiting throng and heads were turned in the direction of prisoner's dock.

"Murtaza Effendi," spoke the President, "you have just heard what the **Umoomi Wakeeli** has declared. Is that so?"

"Yes effendim, he did so after acquainting himself of my wishes."

"Well, then, we are ready to listen to your statement," said Sadar Bey. "Remember," he added, "your confessing should be the result of your own free will, and not due to any kind of influence or threat. Your confession under compulsion will be ineligible for the purpose of this trial." The President passed a little and then concluded: "The Government in its Great clemency has

not placed you before a Court martial, who try all political offences against the security of the State. You are being tried by a Court of Judicature, and it is my wish that you should have the privileges of a judicial trial."

When he had spoken these words, the foreign pressmen and others who formed part of the audience with difficulty suppressed the applause and the expression of their admiration for the decision of a Revolutionary Government.

The prisoner merely nodded his head when the President had concluded his instructions. The Attorney whispered something into the ear of a gentleman sitting close to him, who quietly approached the dock and exchanged with Murtaza a few remarks in a subdued voice. The President raised his head and looked towards the whispering gentleman. The latter said.

"I am a **Dawa-Vakeeli**, Sadar Bey, and I have been engaged by the Ministry of Justice to defend the prisoner on trial."

"I thank you," replied the President. "You have perhaps made sure that his confession is not due to any coercion."

"I have, Sadar Bey, and it is a free-will confession."

The Dawa-Vakeeli resumed his seat.

"Proceed, please," said the President, turning towards the prisoner.

The proceedings writers and the corps of press reporters trimmed their pencils, and the waiting multitude of spectators comfortably reclined back in their seats.

"I was born in the East, Bey, effendim," began the prisoner in a voice which seemed to indicate a state of returning confidence, and was brought to the West by the employer of my father who looked after me and educated me. A chance acquaintance took

charge of me after my school career and introduced me to other friends who sent me to the University. They were Directors of the Political Intelligence Bureau. They paid for my studies and kept me in a princely style. After graduating with distinction I was enrolled as the Secret Service Agent number 73, and my first exploit was achieved on the frontier. The war had broken out, and I was commissioned to watch a band of Oriental revolutionaries. I succeeded in winning their confidence and accompanied one of their European missions to Russia, where we presented an address engraved on a gold plate soliciting recognition of their revolutionary organisation, unknown to the members of the delegation. I denounced them to the Tsar's officials, and most of them were shot as alien disturbers of international amity. There had been a mistake in the orders, and I was hauled up along with others to be shot. I made frantic efforts to procure my release, or to get into communication with the Government officers, but to no avail. My companions were wroth at my selfishness, but my life hung in the balance. At last the mistake was miraculously rectified, and my life was spared.

"From Russia I came to Germany, and mixed with scattered bodies of students of whose doings I kept notes. Some of these were persuaded to cross the frontiers, and were trapped. Although the frontiers were most vigilantly guarded, so extensive and efficient was our Secret Service that passports of all kinds and descriptions were got ready in a few hours, and my exit from frontier to frontier was the simplest of my experiences. I was next employed to meet and watch a party of Orientals coming from America and proceeding westward. I persuaded them to land and facilitated their landing at the Irish port of call. At night they were rounded up

and taken to an unknown destination. I was sent back to Germany, and here I had another close shave. On the frontier I produced by mistake the wrong paper. The sentries handed me to another group of invigilators—my passport still in my hand. By a clever sleight of hand trick I succeeded in taking out the right permit from my inner coat pocket, and, when interrogated by the officer who read my papers, I explained to him the stupidity of his men. He apologised and let me go.

"My contact with Turkey began in Berlin. It was when Munawwar Pasha was the guest at Potsdam. At first, I could not get an opportunity of an interview, but through the good offices of a Russian Muslim I succeeded in my efforts to see that man of destiny. There was something very soft in his voice which nearly frightened me, and I never went to him again. I crossed over to Switzerland, and was deputed to the Near East, as the main field of my future operations.

"At Constantinople I was instrumental in inviting the revolutionaries who placed themselves under my guidance. I was denounced to them by a Russian who somehow or other had divined the real nature of my secret activities. They never believed, and in order to remove the threat of his denunciation I had to despatch him. My daring crime was discovered by the friends of the missing Russian, and they sold me to the Russian Secret Service for several thousand roubles. I could not refuse their orders, as they had paid for me in cash, the proceeds of my sale, however, going into other pockets than mine. Nor could I disobey my own employers who were ignorant of my new entanglement. I decided to make the best of a very bad situation, and succeeded in worming a lot of useful informa-

tion out of my unsuspecting Russian colleagues, and passed it on to Headquarters. My resourcefulness highly pleased my employers, who entrusted to me the task of drawing up a list of certain Arab prisoners of war with the turks, which operation initiated by me led to their annihilation ~~en masse~~ during their passage through the Marmora one dark and stormy night.

After I had served the department for over three years the Director of the Oriental Section came to East especially to see me, and congratulated me on the uniform success which had attended all of my exploits. He told me that my allowance was enhanced, and that as a recognition of my fertile brain and great ability I was about to embark upon the most daring of the Service's adventures. The war had concluded, leaving the body of humanity torn and lacerated. The ambitions of the victors had reached such dizzy heights as to make it impossible for one to determine the ultimate end.

"But the Turkey of all other countries had kept its temper even and head cool. It refused to fall in with the plan of its tormentors. Subtle ways were devised to reason with the Turks; but the ways of fate are subtler still, beyond the comprehension of even very clever mortals such as—I know—I am. I renounced all I held dear or sacred for the Service of the 'Intelligence' has renounced me which had employed me to strike at the foundation of your movement. I confess my guilt. But I have one extenuating circumstance to plead." The Court looked up, the spectators who had sat through the two hours recital of the spy's doings like human dummies now raised their heads a little higher. They were expecting something remarkable, something worthy of remembrance.

"I was the product of circumstances, I was child of destiny." Murtaza concluded.

Sadar Bey merely nodded and lowered his head. After a pause he enquired.

"You have nothing more to say."

"Nothing, Your Honour," answered the prisoner.

Next morning the Court was held as usual. Very few attended the proceedings. The

counsel for defence made a short speech pleading for mercy....

Early next morning the body of "Number Seventy-Three" was dangling from a tripod erected on the spot where two months ago the "Din Kardashmiz," the "Kimatli Refiqmiz," had been ceremonially honoured by his intended victim.

"The Comrade"



"Recollections"

It is one year. The morning dew
Begems the rippling grass.
To me, ah ! looks all changed the hue
Where ever now I pass.

No more my soul the flowers thrill,
No more I find delight,
In wayward dancing of a rill,
Adown a craggy height.

It is but so, since Kanwala dear
Thou hast bereft this heart,
Where'er I be, I find no cheer
In Nature's magic art.

The Spring's best wealth of leaf and flower
Is now a barren scene,
For thou art gone-the reigning power,
Of life in mount and green.

A. Wanderer.



Nala and Puskara at Dice.
--"Nala-Damayanti"

B—Bharatmohan Studio, Calcutta.



2nd year.

NOVEMBER, 1925.

9th Number

The Diagnosis

By

N. K. VENKATESWARAN, B. A.

(A chapter from a strange pathology)

Many may not know the exact meaning of *Diagnosis*. It is one of those technical expressions frequently used but imperfectly understood by the layman. It is therefore necessary to make its meaning clear.

Diagnosis is the art of discovering a positive, real ailment where there was a dubious one or none at all before.

You have a slight headache. You go and consult a doctor. He taps your forehead with his knuckles four or five times, looks in through your nostrils two or three times, rubs your jugular veins the wrong way once, says to himself so that you might hear him "Chronic neuralgia !" You return home with a splitting pain in your

head and you are done for———
Diagnosis.

To cite another example. You have a pain in the stomach. You go to the doctor. This sweet but somewhat tragic individual lays you on a table and thrums on your 'maw' persistently for a pretty long while after which he exclaims, "Gastritis" or "Appendicitis." which are both the same to you being Greek to you. However, the mystic interjection hangs on you like grim death and of course your pain becomes pronounced and ere long you resign yourself to the tender mercies of sharp steel—*Diagnosis.*

The following story reclaimed from a rich but unused experience not only sheds further light on *Diagnosis* but

also suggests a possible path of escape from its gruesome evils called prognosis in medical lore.

First, let me introduce myself to you. I am going fifty. Being a 'twice dorn' I have to bear the burden of more than an ordinary mortal's share of sinfulness. But my complaint was in no way connected with this gratuitous weight. Nor does it appertain to any of these days when the physical frame is bending under the snows of age and the sins of lengthening existence. My complaint goes back a score or so of years. Being on the sunny aide of thirty' my veins were then brimming with blood and my head was brimming with brains. These latter dare-devils' created all manner of wild and whirling ideas in the magic cauldron of imagination and the former lent them a hundred horse-power of emotion. Link raging ideas to surging feelings and you get a locomotive the like of which Science has yet to know. I was no less on an engine. Strange ideas heaved in my head. The queerest and awfulest phantasms puddled there like rabbits in a warren. I wandered on the wings of an unimaginable celerity and did 'heaven' and 'hell' as it were in a trice. With lightning like-speed I passed from the paradise of the happiest of the happy to the haunting darkness in which the wretchedest of the wretched lives. I was a helpless doll in the hands of an unruly mind'

It was now that my 'complaint began to touch me with its pallid fingers. At this time I was having a healthy mind in a healthy body with a vengeance. For the former intensely imaginative by nature soon became hyper-imaginative by an exuberance of health in itself and in its immediate neighbourhood. No sooner did I think of fever than I got it. No sooner did I think of headache than my head started aching. Indeed those were days when my thoughts always cast their images in action. Temperamentally more inclined to dwell on the dark side of things, I soon ploughed a furrow on my mind for the free flow of a pessimistic stream of imaginings.

About this time an elderly gentleman of the neighbourhood went the way of all the flesh and the reason assigned for the 'departure' by knowing men was that deuced disease of a thing called *Tuberculosis*. Now this word was no more intelligible to me than say *Angioneurosis* is to the average educated youth. But the average educated youth doesn't worry himself about his ignorance. In this respect I was exactly his opposite. So I tracked the word to its full connotation and posted up myself with all the implications and ramifications of that connotation. Within a few days of this forage into the realm of *knowledge* I began to feel a rise in temperature, a fall in appetite, exhaustion on exertion and a disinclination to work which

was indeed strange considering my age and health. The symptoms were serious.

To my great fortune—I won't say misfortune for that would be ingratitude without grace—I had cultivated the intimacy of a celebrated medico in the locality and I was sure that help was at hand. He was, indeed, a trump-card. I often used to ride with him in his Rolls-Royce to the beach or to the bedside of one or other of his numerous patients. One fine evening we went together to visit a lady, patient. On such occasions the doctor's face used to wear a significant air and was no bad index of the patient's diseases. If I read the index at all correctly on this occasion, the poor lady was apparently suffering from a serious distemper. On our return drive, my friend looked ominously glum. I, therefore, ventured to ask him what the matter with her was. "Tuberculosis of the lungs; I am so sorry. The poor thing is wasting rapidly." Hardly was the answer uttered before a big lump rose into my throat and nearly blocked it. I felt my pulse. It was ticking at top speed. I had no doubt that my temperature was of a piece with my pulse. I was certain that my appetite would fail me altogether at dinner. A host of undrilled apprehensions rushed my mind and claimed it for their very own. I could no longer conceal my fears. I broke the dreadful intelligence to the

doctor in a hesitant voice of deep anguish. Quite non-chalantly he patted me on my back in the fashionable manner of civilized affection and promised to 'explore' me up the very next day.

I awaited the exploration with no less dismay than impatience for I knew not what horrors it might discover. Time hung heavily. My fate was trembling in the balance. At long last the apponited hour came and I was 'explored'. A dark patch stole across the usual vivacity of the doctor. I saw it and shivered. The livid faintness of a despairing hope came on me but my vibrant voice gasped out. "There—is—nothing—the—matter—with—me." "There! What did I tell you?" exclaimed the doctor. And then he shook hands with me admonishing me at the same time to keep a record of my temperature.

I obeyed. It went up and down with awful vagaries. It gave me now a chill and now a sweat. It occasionally left a little legacy of a bitterness in the mouth. It stole my digestion and it laid violent hands on my body-weight. I lived under the Damocles' sword of a dark obsession. A regular news-service got itself established between myself and the doctor. With the result that the latter's vivacity entirely disappeared. He began to look at me through the corners of his eyes and I even noticed a slight tincture of 'doctor's itch' in his otherwise spotless

countenance. However, the doctor put me through a few further instalments of exploration and came to the inevitable end of such preliminaries I knew it all, although he did not tell me his *Diagnosis* in so many words. Yes, we understood each other perfectly well. The possibility of all friendship between us vanished into thin air under the lurid light of the doctor's discovery. Being too poor to purchase his custom I was left to myself to perish as best as I could. Thus ended the intimacy of years—*Diagnosis*.

And with it ended my malady. Hitherto I was a cage-bird fretting behind the bars of a malignant self-

suggestion. For the first time in my life I stood face to face with reality. The terrible hypnosis loosened its fatal clasp and I was free.

I accordingly assumed responsibility for my well-being. I shook off my wanton imaginings and cultivated an optimism too thick to be pierced by any bacilli. I ate good food; I breathed God's air; I slept in the salubrious open; I ran up every hill I met—and I smiled to myself at my good fortune and day-dreamed of my glorious future. I chased dull care away and lived like a fay.

Thus did I neutralise the tragic toxin of *Diagnosis*.



Action and Reaction



Cupid's activity begins

Honeymoon period,
The young couple.



"Thou art my life and happiness".



The first fruit of love—cupid had done his work.



And now begins cupid's over doing
Love begets children and children pouring in
tends the increase the grocer's bill.
Housewife—The grocer has submitted his bill.
Master—I, see



Housewife—Get off, get off thou mischievous urchins—you have driven me mad.

Master is just back from the office with a bottle of Horlick on his lap and is being dumbfounded, finding him in the midst of a whirling Scene.



The servant trembles before her ladyship.



Housewife—Nonsense, what shall I do with this paltry sum ? Whom shall I pay, grocer or milkman ?



Their grandson—the peacemaker
The Common platform where they meet.

Ethics of Birth Control

Natural Vs. Artificial Methods.

During 1921, the National Council of Public Morals, which has for its object the promotion of the moral and physical regeneration of the race, appointed a Special Committee "to consider the ethical aspects of Birth Control from the point of view of Christian Religion". The Committee, of which the Lord Bishop of Winchester was the President, included representatives of the Church and Medicine, as also Mrs. John Clay of the Mother's Union and Sir Hermann Gellancz representing the Jewish community. The Committee were met with certain initial difficulties. The pretice of artificial Birth Control had already become widespread throughout Europe before the necessity for such a Committee was even thought of. The investigations into the medical and economical aspects of the question had not advanced sufficiently far to be of practical use to the Committee in coming to a decision. The subject of Birth Control moreover was so very much allied to such social problems as Matriage Prostitution, Free-love, Law of Population, responsibilities and rights of parents and children, etc., that the Committee, if they did not set a definite boundary to the scope or their investigations, ran the risk of being overwhelmed by the very magnitude of their task.

Therefore, before beginning to examine witnesses on the subject, the Committee set themselves a limit to their task. A Christian outlook, according to the terms of reference, was assumed, which, in their own words, meant "that.....the formation of character concerns our future as well as our present existence :

that self gratification is not the true purpose of life.....and that the family is a Divine institution. Secondly they concerned themselves "solely with the ethics of Birth Control within the married state"; for, free-love and prostitution being in themselves unethical it needs no argument that Birth Control is, in those states, essentially so. The Committee examined many witnesses, medical as well as clerical, on the following questionnaire:—

(i) Is parenthood the only valid reason for marital relations ?

(ii) What motives justify the restriction of of the family ?

(iii) Is any mode of restriction except voluntary abstinence from marital relations moral and religious ? and

(iv) How would such voluntary abstinence affect the health, comfort, and happiness of the relations of husband and wife ?

When we read the evidence submitted before the Committee, as also the latter's Report (which has been published in a volume by Messrs. MacMillan and Co., London) we are impressed by the fact that practical unanimity is maintained up to a certain point, beyond which the cleavage of opinion is marked. Thus the sanctity of marriage and the right of marital relations and parenthood as the consummation and direct result of marriage are not denied. They also are practically agreed upon and emphasised the duty of adequate parenthood, viz : that normally each couple should look forward to a family of four or five children at the least : that woman should

not be looked upon as a means of pleasure to the husband ; and that every child that comes into the world must be assured unhampered development of its natural powers. It is also granted that parenthood is not the one and only function of marital intercourse, and that the results of frequency of conception are too tragic to be left without a remedy. The necessity for some sort of Birth Control does not seem to be disputed even by clergymen.

But the trouble arises on the question of what method of Birth Control ought to be encouraged. Here also, there is a certain amount of unanimity. The importance of Self Control as the best method of Birth Control is emphasised. All the clerical witnesses insist that this self control, together with such natural safeguards against too frequent conception, as confining intercourse to the inter-menstrual periods, should be sufficient enough without resort to mechanical or chemical contraceptive methods which Bishop Gore calls "unnatural" and hence un-ethical. But medical witnesses argue that once the necessity for Birth Control is granted, it is incumbent to see that the method adopted is efficient and least harmful to the parents. The use of contraceptives for Birth control is "unnatural" only in the sense that wearing of clothes to prevent heat and cold, or cooking of food, is unnatural and self-control to the degree required is not only not practicable for normal men and women, but is positively harmful. To confine intercourse to the inter-menstrual periods, when the desire for intercourse is least present in women is harmful, unsatisfactory and inefficient, and the medical profession must be free to instruct their patients in the best available methods of Birth Control, when the necessity for the same is felt on examining individual cases on their individual merits.

The Hon. Bertrand Russell, F. R. S., appearing on behalf of and instructed by the Worker's Birth Control Group pleaded the cause of the poorer working women who found that doctors in Government Hospitals refused to impart information on Birth Control even though they were satisfied as to the necessity for the same, and that doctors should be ordered not to withhold such information where it was found necessary. In doing so, he said, "As far as I understand their contention, they want it to be given when asked, and when there is a special reason such as children being born with venereal diseases : they want the information primarily in exceptional cases of that sort, or where a woman is almost certain to die from another confinement. You find cases where a woman goes to a hospital for a confinement and they tell her that if she had another child, she will die, and she says : How am I to prevent it ? and they say : I can't inform you.' I have known cases where a woman, having been told, has asked for advice and the reply has been 'We are not a brothel.' And yet the richer classes on payment of a fee, can readily get the information from a private doctor." He pleaded against this martyrdom of the poorer women.

The Committee summed up the result of their investigations to the effect that the ideal method of Birth Control is self-control : that the capacity for self-control especially in young people are often underrated but that "there are numerous cases in which control of conception, considered in itself and apart from the question of the method employed, is medically necessary and economically advisable, but in every such case all the circumstances should be weighed in the light of the best available scientific and ethical counsel."

M. N.

Is Birth Control Immoral ?

The following are extracts from a paper read by William Allen Pusey, M. D. at the recent International Birth Control Conference New York :—

The objections offered to birth control are, first that as respects married life, it puts gratification of sexual appetite above ethical ideal ; and second that it promotes immorality by relieving it of part of the penalties of extramarital intercourse. To the first, I would make flat denial. I would maintain on the contrary that an easy, unrestrained happy sexual marital life renders most probable the realisation of its other ideals. As to knowledge of birth control promoting illegitimate sexual intercourse, it would undoubtedly tend to that end to a certain degree by freeing it of one of its two great hazards. It is the same objection that is raised to measures for preventing venereal diseases the argument being that venereal diseases and fear of conception restrain irregular sexual intercourse, and for that reason it is immoral to offer any protection from these dangers, when we are brought face to face with what this attitude means, it is this : It is better that the world should go on being scourged with venereal disease and with abortions and the agony of desperation that illegitimate conceptions produce than that it should be freed from these horrors at the expense perhaps of increasing illicit sexual intercourse. I do not believe this is a sound ethical position and I am still

more strongly of the opinion that it is not humane, to use no stronger term. I do not believe any moral code in the long run will be benefited by such an attitude. But aside from its ethical defects, it is not effective. The history of all time shows that fear of venereal disease and of illicit conception is not sufficient to check the exercise of the sexual appetite in those who have not the strength of character to control it. Nothing in fact except strength of character is effective, and I would like to see the efforts for the much desired control based upon that promise.

But I do not believe that knowledge of birth control would actually increase sexual immorality. On the contrary I believe the tendency in this direction would be vastly more than offset by the improvement in sexual morality that would result from making marriages as a rule more successful sexually. That of all things would tend most to sexual morality in civilised communities.

It is considerations like these which I think from their experience are borne in more upon physicians than upon most men, that make me feel that adequate and satisfactory methods of birth control and widespread knowledge of them would not only conduce to human happiness and social betterment but would be invaluable influences in favour of sexual morality. They would, indeed, promote morality in its broadest and best sense.

I know how shocking to some minds are the truth of sexual life that I am expressing and I am expressing them not from desire, but from a conviction that necessity, as well as honesty and sincerity, compels their expression. One of the most mischievous factors in our handling of sex problems is that we do not face the truths of biology and experience; but we try to think them away to ignore them, to persuade ourselves that they do not necessarily exist that they are not as we find them, but as a certain sort of unreal sentimentality would have them. It is not that this attitude is simply a false one, but much more important, it is the cause of a great part of the enormous difficulty of the problem. In this problem as in any other one, fundamental truths, even if unpleasant must be met and given frank consideration if any sound progress is to be made.

Another argument that is advanced against birth control, upon which the physician is entitled perhaps to say a word, is that the Earth would become depopulated, if child bearing could certainly be prevented by easy methods universally known. Assuming that there would be a situation where such knowledge was universal, I am sure nothing is further from the truth. Remembering the relative rarity of sterility, it is an impressive fact how frequently we are called upon to see if we cannot furnish relief for it. One of the facts that is brought home to physicians, as it is

to everyone else who takes occasion to consider it is that men and women, as a rule, want children; That the desire for children is a strong instinct and that the pleasure of their upbringing is the most satisfactory one in life. Indeed probably all the altruism that man has is based upon this instinct. The way that men and women as a rule wish to have children, even under conditions of the greatest sacrifice of comfort and opportunity to themselves, and the way they strive to do their duty by them is the most inspiring human phenomenon. I can think of few more fortunate conditions in the world, than one in which the regulation of the number of children that a family might have, could be reasonably within the decision of the family itself, without the payment of such unhappy, dangerous, demoralising penalties as are now exacted.

There is one aspect of this problem—obvious when it is stated—which is not commonly recognised, but which is constantly emphasised in the experience of physicians; that is that this is peculiarly woman's problem. Of course it is man's problem also, but men are not concerned in the way that women are. It is women that bear the penalties of injury, disease and death and mental torture that are involved in it. They have a right to know how they can intelligently—not crudely and dangerously—control their sexual lives. And they are justified by the highest considerations in fighting vigorously and persistently until they have this right granted to them.



Prayer

By—Satish Chandra Sinha

Paxton

By Dr. Nuresh Chandra Sen Gupta, M. A. D. L.

Staunton walked into the employment office blushing like a girl. He was tingling all over with shame for having had to come out so meagrely covered. And there were so many women about. At the door of the office he met Rose who greeted him with one of her fascinating smiles.

"You have come in time, dear," said she, "don't forget to ask for work in the Park, would you?"

Staunton could hardly speak for shame. But every part of him was filled with a strange intoxication at the sight of the beautiful woman. Her words of love filled him with strange passions.

He only said, "I will do as you bid"—and he ventured to add a "dear", with some hesitation. And then, to his intense surprise, delight and consternation Rose threw her arms round his neck again and kissed him on both his cheeks—before all those people who stood watching them. Then the girl slid away like a dream.

Staunton was accosted by a young man who asked him, "So you are the stranger who dropped in the other-day".

Staunton did not know what to answer. He ventured an ambiguous movement of the head and hoped he was the party.

"Well" asked the young man, "what work are you fit for. Could you dive?"

"I am sorry, I can't. I should like to work in the Park if you could let me."

"Assuredly," the officer answered, "Rose was just telling us, she wanted help in the Park. Very well, you go and work there."

"Thanks" said Staunton, but he soon remembered that it was not good manners to say "thanks". Without more, therefore, he turned round to go. "Stay," said his officer. You must have your recorder and ticket box."

The young man gave him a box and what looked like an armlet. He was told that he should put on the armlet while working. It would automatically register the amount of his work. After that he would fit the armlet into ticket box which would eject his labour ticket.

As he was leaving, the young man came and caught hold of both his

hands and kissed him on his lips as Bullock had done.

It now struck Staunton that these kisses were merely forms of greeting and did not necessarily mean love. This view was confirmed when, the next moment a woman came and kissed the young officer—just as Rose had kissed him. And the young man kissed her back. She had only come for some new employment.

At this discovery Staunton felt a depression in his heart. If Rose did not love him, well, it did not seem that anything mattered to him. At any rate it was no use going to work in the Park. He was almost tempted to ask for some other work. But he desisted and went home.

It was Bullock who greeted him first in the Park, next morning. He irritated Staunton. Bullock took him by his arm and led him to a lawn where Staunton was to do the weeding. Gardening had been a hobby with Staunton in his school days and he did not mind working in the garden. But his heart sank within him at the thought that he had to earn his living as a day-labourer. His mind wandered back to his desk at the Foreign Office. The contrast between that and his present surroundings hurt him.

He had not proceeded very far with his work when Rose came running and jumped towards him.

"So you have come dear," she said, "Don't you find it nice, working in the garden under the sun. I like it heaps better than helping in the hospital kitchen as I have to do for a week."

Staunton looked up and, said, "So you are working in the hospital now. Why then did you ask me to come here?"

Just then Staunton's armlet began to make a tinkling sound.

"Ah there!" said Rose smiling, "there goes your bell. Come away now, You have earned your ticket; come and take it out."

Staunton looked surprised that so little work was required of him. It was less than two hours he had been working and he did not feel the work at all tiresome.

Rose took him by his arm and led him to his ticket box. She adjusted the recorder to the box and turned a handle. And lo! there was the ticket.

Rose ran with him to the Bank where the ticket was duly deposited. She asked him, "what would you like to have now?"

Staunton answered, "I hardly know. I have not the slightest idea what that little ticket is worth in food or drink."

"I see," smiled Rose, "you are too ignorant. You must have a woman to help you."

"I already have one - an angel."

"Have you ? Where is she?"

"Just before me," said Staunton and looked at her with yearning eyes.

Rose suddenly became serious. "Poor soul !" she said, "You must not think like that. You know I am wedded to Bullock and I find him good enough. But stop. I shall find you the woman you want. Meanwhile I shall manage for you to-day."

She put in two tickets of her own in the Bank and took out various orders.

They then walked along the pavement of a beautiful road. It looked like an avenue in a Park. Rose hummed a happy little song as she fluttered along the fern-bound edge of the road. Staunton followed him sullenly. He was feeling very sore after the rebuff he had received from his companion.

Suddenly Rose asked, "What is the matter with you, dear, you don't seem happy."

"Happy !" growled Staunton, "How could one feel happy ? Here I am, a stranded exile with no hope of return to my country".

"But isn't this a nice country to live in ?"

"I donot doubt it is - but I should prefer my England any day."

"It is so sad," said the poor girl and sighed. "But you must have courage dear. You must not break down and let people call you a coward."

"Coward ! No I am not a coward."

"I know you are not dear," said Rose and gently stroked his hair as they passed.

Staunton started back, "Mrs. Bullock", said he -

"Who is Mrs. Bullock ?"

"Why, you !"

"I am Rose."

"But he is your husband."

"Well, what then ?"

Staunton realised that things were different here from England. Women did not take their husband's name on marriage.

"You must not caress me like that," he said.

"I won't, if you don't like," said the girl sadly, "I meant no harm." She looked down.

Staunton was strung with remorse by the sad look of the girl. How could he be so rude ? He took Rose's hand in his and pleaded, "Rose, do not misunderstand me. I did not know I was hurting you. I donot know your ways well enough, and you must bear with a great deal from me. What I did mean was that I cannot bear your caressing me. I desire you too much as it is. If you don't keep away but come and caress me like that I am afraid I won't be able to restrain myself."

"I think I understand," said Rose, "we shall talk about it with Bullock."

"With Bullock ! you cannot mean that !"

"Why shouldn't I ? He is my husband."

"I know and envy him his happiness. And that is just the reason why he must not know that I have been making love to his wife. Forgive me Rose, I won't forget myself again."

"But why do you say I must not tell him ? Perhaps he could cure you of your love or do something else."

"I don't know what he would do but if he feels like me, he would settle the matter by burying me".

Rose broke into a ripple of laughter "I see what you mean", she said, "you are thinking of the ancient times when people fought and killed one another for the sake of a woman. You are so funny."

Staunton did not see exactly where the fun of the thing lay. But they had now reached a great building which looked like a Palace. Rose led the way into it and Staunton discovered with surprise that this noble building was really a great store inside, where everything could be had—everything that is, which Paxtonians had need for.

Rose passed from place to place in the stalls and collected a large number of parcels, some of which she unceremoniously transferred to Staunton. Staunton looked round for a porter or somebody, to carry the parcels, but no one was to be seen. They themselves carried the parcels home.

Home ! What an irony, thought Staunton. Yet, when he was in it, he admitted it had good points.

He entered by a small gate into a charming little cottage set in the neatest garden he had ever seen. The cottage was delightful. Chaste in design and clean and smooth like a mirror the walls and the floors gave one a delicious sense of freshness and charm. There was very little furniture and few drawings, but each little thing was set in its place with supreme art and taste. The house looked more like a prince's dwelling than a labourer's cottage.

They sat in the parlour on comfortable low easy chairs. There was a curious little thing like a foot stool upholstered in some damask stuff that shone like marble. Rose touched a spring of each and the little thing gracefully unfolded itself into a little table. Staunton was startled as he saw the little footstool grew into a table, but a series of shocks during these days had dulled the edge of his surprise and he soon reconciled himself to the idea.

Rose spread her catables on three tables. She unwrapped a glass and a flask she had brought which she placed before Staunton. On the two other tables she put a glass on each but only one flask between them. All these things, Staunton understood had been bought for three tickets, his own and those of Rose and Bullock.

"You earn a lot with little labour it seems," said he, as Bullock entered gleefully. "Your country must be wonderfully rich."

"I suppose we are not quite badly off. But we are not amazingly rich either," said Bullock who had now joined.

"In England wages for two hour's work would hardly buy a chop. Our eight-hour day has put a heavy strain on growers. Prices are going up all round."

"Eight hours of manual work a day!" said the startled Rose, "Does every body do that? When do they read or amuse themselves? And how on earth is community work managed? Your people must be very hard-worked indeed!"

"Well, you see," explained Staunton, "we don't exactly do things as you do. It is not every body who does manual work. There are a great many of us, the leisured classes, who do nothing at all. Some people of this class do all the community work for the rest. That's how the work is divided among us."

"Yes, I was reading all about it the other day. It is a pernicious system of sweating the many for the benefit of a few," said Bullock.

"I am afraid, I don't agree. There is sweating and exploitation, unfortunately to some extent. But if you leave the drones of society apart, it is a very efficient system. Everybody is doing what he is fit for. What you

call community work is itself a business with us and some people devote themselves exclusively to it."

"But how do they maintain themselves?" asked Rose.

"They are paid for this work."

"Paid for community work?" said Rose in amazement. "Goodness gracious! I suppose husbands and wives are paid for loving and kissing too."

Staunton laughed at the suggestion—it was so droll. It was useless, he thought, to try to make these people understand.

"But what passes my comprehension is how you can manage to supply all the needs of your highly civilised society with so little work" said he "The bulk of our people are working for eight hours or more and they can just produce enough to give us all that we want. A two-hour average of labour is unthinkable."

"Since I saw you first," said Bullock, "I have been reading a great deal about your country and times and I think I can explain. For one thing we have our labour-saving appliances. A man and a woman can do about ten times more work with these than he could do with your crude machinery. And then you waste so much labour. Everything here is completely organised, no labour is wasted."

"I think I see what you mean. Our socialists and other visionaries often talk like that. Private ownership of factories they say lead to over

production. No one knows how much of his goods he can sell. With a nationalised industry on the other hand, the factories and workshops would produce just what is needed."

"And then," said Bullock, "I think I am right in saying, you think you want a great deal that you really don't want. For instance, I was ready the other day that thousands of men were engaged, working hard at printing advertisements of goods. We don't need advertisements. We know how much of each thing is wanted and we produce just that amount; and our system of distribution is so organised that everybody can get what he wants. Then again, several million tons of chemicals are produced for no other purpose than to give a spruce appearance to finished goods, not because that improves their quality, but because it makes the thing attractive and helps its sale by a fictitious value given to it. I was told by Palm that quite an enormous mass of things are produced for which you have no use and which are simply wasted. Then again your wants are so ridiculous. Your dress for instance. I am told thousands of people are engaged in making dresses, acting under ridiculous notions of beauty and decency."

Staunton smiled and said, "Our ideas about dress do not happen to be identical my friend. I can't agree that you dress as well as we do. But now that you put it in this way I am

inclined to think that we do waste a considerable amount of energy in producing what is not wanted. It is imaginable that with a perfect organisation for production and distribution with direct reference to the needs of the people work may be largely reduced. How do you manage it here?"

"It is very easily done. We have factories and homes for producing each class of things completely organised into a system and through our highly organised distributing agencies we know exactly how many pieces of a thing would be necessary. We produce that much and no more."

"Not more than one firm is allowed to start a factory for one thing?"

"What do you mean? We have no firms. The productive agencies all belongs to the community."

"Ah! there, I see you are Communists. It is all very well so far. But I am afraid you don't see the danger of all this. You are making for the death of your race. You have eliminated competition altogether. You can't improve. You must stagnate in your present position."

"We are not stagnating. We are making great progress all round. We have plenty of competition."

"But how?"

The conversation was interrupted by a vision. In the middle of the conversation Rose had left the company of the men to go out. She now re-entered the room with another girl

of surpassing charm. She had a tall, well-built and strong figure which beautifully contrasted with a soft, delicate and timid-looking face covered by a crop of dark curls dropping halfway down her back. Her eyes with their long eye lashes and dreamy look had a languishing air about them.

"It is Tiny," said Rose smiling, "and, I hope, your wife."

Tiny blushed and smiled. A dainty dimple played on each cheek and greatly heightened her charms.

Staunton had risen to receive her. He too blushed—a blush that became crimson as the girl, coyly advancing, coiled her arms round his neck and kissed him. Staunton had not yet become so far inured to these startling customs as to kiss back his greeting. The shock of this entirely unexpected joke of Rose had taken his breath away.

Staunton did not exactly like it that after kissing him Tiny went and performed the same operation on Bullock when Bullock kissed her back with great gusto. All the time, though, Staunton felt that he loved Rose and not Tiny.

Tiny soon made herself at home. She sat in a chair and pushed out her table. She had had her meal, she said, but would love to have a drink. Staunton gallantly offered her his flask "Not yet," said Rose and smiled. "She must drink out of my flask till you have made up your mind." and

she poured out a glass and laid it on Tiny's table.

Staunton did not exactly realise what Rose was driving at in talking about making up his mind. But he had a feeling that it was not a joke at all. This was very soon made clear by Rose.

"Do you know Bullock," said she, "Staunton was making love to me this morning."

Staunton's ears tingled with horror. Rose had done it and he felt he had to prepare himself for the worst. He was surprised to find that Bullock did nothing like what he was expecting.

"But surely you don't want to leave me," said Bullock apprehensively.

"Oh dear no," said Rose, and clasped her lover in her arms, "how stupid of you to think so. I told Staunton that we were quite happy with each other."

Bullock smiled and said to Staunton, "I am sorry for you, my friend, nobody could be as good as Rose, but Tiny will make you a good wife. Won't you Tiny?"

Tiny blushed again and said "I don't know."

"Ah that's what these wicked creatures always say when they are deeply in love."

Staunton felt for the hundredth time that he did not understand these people. Bullock did not seem to show

the least resentment that another should make love to his wife. He did not form a very high idea of the morals of Paxtonians so far as sex relations went. He began turning over the thing in his mind and for some time he ate his food in silence as the other three chattered away on the prospects of Tiny and himself agreeing.

His attention was diverted by the drink. He had thought it was wine and was relieved to find that he was going to get some alcohol after all. He found however that though it was a delicious beverage it was not wine. He was not pleased to find that it was not.

When the meal was finished Tiny removed the plates and glasses and turned on a switch under the tables. The tables were immediately cleaned and polished by an electric process which Staunton did not understand. She then knocked down the tables into foot stools. The plates and glasses had in the meantime been similarly cleaned in the bowl where she had placed it. She now took them out and placed them on the cupboard.

Bullock and Rose then left suddenly after kissing their adieu. Now that he had the chance, Staunton remembered to give Rose a smacking kiss. Gazing at her retiring figure he forgot to notice that Tiny had been left behind with him and that she was busy house-keeping.

When he woke up to the fact, he was puzzled. Tiny was then at his side. She took his hand in hers and said, "Come let us go and get some flowers for decoration."

"Yes but—er—when do you go home?" The girl looked puzzled. She said, "Isn't this my home?"

The naivette of her answer disarmed all resentment. Staunton felt she would be hurt if he said 'no,' and somehow he did not feel inclined to hurt her.

He said, "Er, yes But we must get married first.—It will take time, you see."

"Why, you surprise me. We must live together before we wed."

Staunton grew red at the thought. "I—I can't live with a woman who is not my wife," he growled.

"But I thought I was going to be. I am sorry."

Her eyes grew wet. She slowly made for the door. Staunton was sorry to have pained the girl. He thought very rapidly as the girl slowly walked towards the door. He had an idea that the girl would perhaps be compromised in the eyes of her people by having come into his house to be his wife and then being turned out. If that was so he must make amends and marry her forthwith.

He therefore rushed out and caught hold of Tiny's hand.

"Don't go ; come let us talk it over. I am afraid there has been a misunderstanding."



The Prince Siddhartha leaving his home

By—Satisa Ch

Tiny came back. Staunton put Tiny in a chair and asked her, "How do you get married here? Where do we go?"

"We don't go any where. We simply live together. That's all."

"Is that all? You have no registration, no ceremony, nothing?"

"Of course not. Who heard of such a thing? When a man and a woman

love one another they wed, drink out of the same flask and sleep in the same bed. So long as they love, they live together."

"But Tiny, you know so little of me, how can you love me?"

"That's why I have come to live with you. We have a month's probation. If we find that we suit one another, we wed. If not, we break the home."

(To be continued)





The ideal lover.

Indian Women and Law

By P. N. Subrahmanyam, B.A.

Everywhere in India there is a cry that society has lost its balance and that the civilisation of power is chiefly masculine. Women are therefore trying to assert themselves in all fields of human activity with panting breaths and palpitating hearts. Any suggestion to them that the woman's function is the passive function of the soil which not only helps the tree to grow but keeps its growth within limits is sure to prick their bosom and make their eyes light up with a malevolent fire.

But, in trying to restore the equilibrium in society they sometimes do things which call for the greatest reproach. Many may tolerate women-coachmen, women-jockies and Hon'ble women-members with pincenez and gloves making budget speeches in the councils and in the Assembly especially after the Majority Report of the Muddiman Committee; while some may tolerate women with walking sticks smoking and taking to snuff; and a few could even allow though after a great deal of hesitation, women trying to grow beards and develop crops and "Prince of Wales" moustaches to boot. But no Indian would

reconcile the idea of Indian women taking to law.

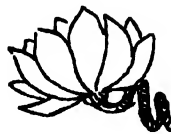
However much people might say that education of women undermines the distribution of labour in our homes and brings in its train frequent wranglings and bickerings in the domestic peace, I am ever of opinion that women do need education. For education makes a mind noble, education makes one broadminded by imparting true, liberal culture; education completely equips one with all the necessities for the weary and troublesome journey of life. So if education has succeeded in making a woman think well, act well and do well that is more than enough. An educated lady then will be a blessing to the household and a valuable asset to the nation.

In the teaching and in the medical profession, women may contribute a great deal towards the happiness of the nation. One can understand a number of girls sitting at the feet of their Learned Mistress and drinking deep of the springs of knowledge. One can also understand ladies taking to surgery and mid-wifery as the most philanthropic work for the benefit of all

women-folk, for they are best equipped for it by virtue of their sex.

But logic cannot extend any further. Indian women taking to law is nothing short of an insult to Indian sentiment ; it is a violent revolt against Indian modesty. The legal profession is not a sweet bed of roses first. It is covered all over with thorns and with thorns of the most undesirable and dangerous type which no woman could successfully tread over. It is vain logic to say that just as women doctors are useful to women patients, women lawyers would be useful to women clients. Not only would they be of absolutely no use to them, but they should trample down upon all sense of Indian sentiment and modesty if ever they take to translating their intention to action. Even in the so-called civilised—countries of the Western World where women are slowly being given more and more freedom, the idea of

women taking to law to not after all so well cherished. In England for instance, though there are at present about fifty women barristers I have never heard of any success among them and what is more, they are not encouraged to have any practice otherwise than in their chambers. Well, what does this mean then ? Even the progressive and reforming European sentiment too is against it. And I therefore fervently hope the day will not be far off when women barristers would be totally extinct from civilised societies out of sheer respect for womanly sentiment and modesty if not for anything else. Indian women too who are now trying to ape their sisters abroad would, I hope, take the lesson in good time and would retire in calm and peace. Will not the Bench, the Bar and the 'varsity agitate on the point and keep up the dignity and self-respect of the Indian nation ?



PRAYER



Prayer (1)

Persia.



Prayer (2)

Persia.



Prayer (3)

Persia.



Prayer (4).

Persia.



Plucking flowers

By—Satish Chandra Sinha



The Beautiful Rajkumari

By Navin Chandra Mittal, B. Sc., Jammu.

Once upon a time there lived a Raja named Chandrashekhar who had a clever son, Sushil Kumar, and a beautiful daughter, Saraswati. The Raja reigned happily for a long time, and he was very much loved by his subjects. He had great faith in his religion. He was very regular in saying his prayers, and going to the temple.

One day he expressed his intention to go on a pilgrimage to Amar Nath Ji. Thereupon Sushilkumar told him that he must accompany him, and would not like to stay at home in his absence, on any account. The Raja asked him who would rule the State in case he be allowed to accompany him. He cleverly replied that his sister disguised as a prince would manage the state affairs efficiently. His father agreed,

After a few days, the Raja with

his son left for the desired pilgrimage and Sarawati began to rule the State in disguise. The Raja's Minister, Qidar Nath, soon discovered that the present ruler was no other than the Raja's daughter. He, therefore, tried to contrive a plan to compel her to disclose her identity. He asked her one day to go out for a walk one evening with him. At his request she accompanied him. Both of them discussed pleasant subjects as long as they were in sight of the town. But as soon as they were far away from it, Qidar Nath, under the threat of murdering her, demanded to admit her real personality, and marry him. It was a great problem for her to solve at a moment's notice. It was also difficult to face such a calamity at this odd time, when she was unarmed, and had nobody to help her. At this trying time, however, she did not lose

heart. She was very beautiful and young. She had rosy cheeks and large beautiful eyes. She admitted that she was the daughter of his Raja and said that she would marry him on the completion of a palace which should be built by him in honour of his marriage with her. She also added that there should also be built two life-like statues of each of them, and placed in the hall of the palace. The minister agreed. He was much pleased with her decision.

The minister went to his office, and immediately issued urgent orders that a magnificent palace should be built in the shortest time possible. He took much pains in the matter but to his great disappointment it could not be completed even in six months. In the meanwhile the Raja wrote to him that he would be coming back from his happy and successful pilgrimage very shortly and that he should give him a hearty reception on this occasion with special pomp and show, on the date which would be communicated to him later on. The minister requested Saraswati to reside in the palace, which he got decorated with all sorts of pictures and rich furniture. He wrote to the Raja that his daughter was found to be of loose character, and in his humble opinion it would not be fit for him to keep her in his palace. On this unexpected bad news the Raja got very much enraged, and ordered

his son to go to her atonce, and take off her head with his sword.

On reaching Qidar Nath's palace Sushil Kumar knocked at the door and asked his sister to open it. She quite unhesitatingly opened the door atonce, because she had no knowledge of the minister's letter, and she was true to herself and to her relatives. Sushil took pity on her, as he all along knew her to be an innocent soul. He placed her in a box, and floated it in a river.

The box went on floating for a long distance. It so happened that one morning it was stranded at a short distance from a city. The Raja of this country had a son, Satish Ohandra who was a handsome young man and was expert in military exploit. He always won wonderfully in his achievements. One morning a washerman went to the river and saw the box; he broke it, and to his great astonishment he found in it a young beautiful Rajkumari. He took her atonce to the Raja, as he thought it fit that she should have a prominent place in the Raja's family. The Raja was quite pleased to see her and married her to his only dear son. They lived happily for a number of years. She understood her duties very well, and made it a point to pay due respects to her relatives. The ladies of the palace were always glad to enjoy her company. She loved

above all her Lord, whom she simply took for Krishna ji. For him she was nothing but Radha. She was a phantom of delight for him. God blessed them with two sons. The Raja died. On the expiry of the 18 days of mourning, Satish Chandra was enthroned. He ruled his kingdom peacefully and efficiently. One day the Raja with his minister, Gobind went out into a dense forest for the hunt of a tiger. It was a very trying day for both of them, because they had to exert their utmost in order to find out their prey. In the afternoon, they heard the fearful roaring of the tiger. The minister, being a coward left his master's company, and came back to his place. He was wicked, cunning and *badmash*.

Gobind told the Rani that her lord was dead and that she should marry him. On this she got enraged, and told him that he should not talk with her like that, on any account. But he considered himself the ruler of the State, and therefore ordered her under threat of corporal punishment to give him her hand in marriage. She told him that in course of time two of her sons would become Rajas, and she would not agree to his proposal under such circumstances. The haughty minister considered it a lame excuse, and at once cut off their throats, and thus got rid of them. She was much grieved at this, but asked him to take one corpse in his hands, and the other

she took herself and buried them. She requested him to bathe in a river far away from her to which he agreed. Under the pretext of going to take a bath she proceeded along the stream and cleverly escaped into a dense forest. He was very sorry to lose her, but there was no help for it. She lived like a *Sanyasi*, a hermit and built a hut for herself, and went on living there for about two years.

The Raja came back to his palace after a successful hunt. When he did not find his wife he was surprised. The minister tacitly told him that she was a *rakshasi* and had devoured her own handsome sons, and by contriving such stories he made him believe in him. He requested him, after a few days, to marry Qidar Nath's beautiful young daughter. The Raja agreed. Gobind informed Qidar Nath about the intention of the Raja Sahib. Qidar Nath at once sent his Barber with certain suitable articles to the Raja to celebrate the betrothal of his daughter. On his way to the Raja, the barber passed by Saraswati's cottage. She was in the disguise of a hermit, when she received him very hospitably. She entertained him with nice food. She got all informations about the intended betrothal. The barber sang the praises of the hermit in elegant strains to the Raja, the Wazir, and the other courtiers. He even requested them to see him on their way to Qidar Nath. He added

that in case he would give Raja Sahib his blessings, it would be a good omen. The Raja promised to act according to the wishes of the barber. The betrothal ceremony was performed, and the date of the marriage was settled.

On the appointed day, the Raja started for the bride's house. It was also decided that he would halt for a day at the hermit's cottage. The hermit took three very big rice pots, and put a grain of rice in each, and let them be boiled. She prayed to God that He should fill them with rice if she was pure, chaste, and sincere to her husband. She served the marriage party with rice, and other delicious dishes giving nice flavour. The Raja requested the hermit with folded hands, to very kindly accompany him and bestow his blessings on him at the bride's house. She agreed to it.

Before the marriage ceremony was to be performed, it was arranged that

the hermit should deliver a lecture. He promised to do the needful on condition that anybody who would interrupt him in the course of the lecture, would atonce be beheaded. Though the condition was very hard, it was agreed to unanimously. He got up from his seat amidst shouts of joy and began his lecture. After a short introduction he related Saraswati's tale from the beginning to the end. When she came to the point that they should see the statues of both Qidar Nath and Saraswati in the palace, the minister rose up, and said that he was a vagabond, a liar and so on. According to the agreement, he was ordered to be killed. Similarly when he related Gobinda's treachery and ill-treatment, he also blamed her and consequently he too met with the same fate.

Once again Saraswati became the dear Rani of Raja Satish Chandra. She lived happily for a long time with his parents, brother and husband.



VARIETY

BY

MIRIEM KHUNDKAR.

In the City of Bagdad, in the Spring of the year, reigned a Sultan of the East, who summoned one day his ministers of State and spoke to them thus, saying :

"My days pass solitary and slow, unblessed by sound or touch of woman's voice or hand, while in the chambers of my heart my spirit hovers ever around the portrait of a slim white lady, sweet of voice and soft of manner, whose dark eyes reflect the beauty of a soul and whose pale face shows paler in the shadows of her hair. Now find me this Lady of my Dreams to be my wedded Sultana, for without her verily are the moments of existence void and dark, as a starless night."

And the ministers bowed and withdrew and the ambassadors of the

Sultan went forth through the cities of the Universe searching the slave-markets of the world, till they brought to the foot of the Sultan's jewelled throne from the snows of her Cashmerian mountains the Lady of his heart's desire. And the Sultan rejoiced exceedingly and plighted her his troth, saying :

"Lo, thou art a perfume and a fragrance and a flower. In the calm beauty of thy spirit will my heart find rest, and to thee only will I cleave till the end of existence."

But in the Summer of the year, he summoned his ministers and pointing to the pale-faced Sultana, said :

"This woman freezes me, for her cold whiteness is like unto that of a statue's—and like a statue's, too, is the

frozen calm of her manner. Moreover, my days pass solitary and slow, for in the chambers of my heart my spirit hovers ever around the portrait of a damsel, beauteous and gay, who seems like a young moon and sings like a nightingale. Now find me this Lady of my Dreams—or I perish, for the red gold of her hair and the grey of her eyes dim the sunlight of my days, so that without her verily are the moments of existence void and dark as a moonless sky."

And the Sultan of the East beat his breast and fell to weeping sorely so that his ministers were alarmed and his ambassadors journeyed through the cities of the Universe searching the slave-markets of the world, till they brought to the foot of their master's carven throne, from the southern shores of "Feringistan," a daughter of a light-hearted race who looked like a young moon and sang like a nightingale. And the Sultan rejoiced greatly and plighted her his torth, saying :

"Thou art a Poem and a Melody and a Song. In the trill of thy laughter and the lilting of thy voice will my heart find rest and to thee only will I cleave till the end of existence..."

But in the autumn of the year, he summoned his ministers and pointing to the laughing Suitana, said :

"This woman wearies me. For her perpetual frivolity discloses a hollowness of nature, lighter than the tinted

bubbles in my wine-cup. Therefore is she of no more worth than the forth of foam—and my days pass solitary and slow, for in the chambers of my heart my spirit hovers ever around the portrait of a regal being, whose dark eyes flash forth the fires of an unconquered race that rival the glitter of polished steel—a creature of flame that might die for love or kill for a caress. Now find me this Lady of my Dreams or I perish, for in the meshes of her hair lies my heart entangled. So that without her verily are the moments of existence void and dark as a sunless day."

And the Sultan of the East rent his garments and wept loudly and forgot the taste of food and moaned by day and wailed by night—so that his ministers were alarmed and his ambassadors hastened through the cities of the world ransacking the slave-markets of the Universe, till they brought from the pillared halls of the Moroccan Alhambra to the foot of the Sultan's gilded throne an Andulasian Princess in whose dark eyes smouldered memories of a thousand gory bull fights and whose rosy fingers toyed perpetually with a jewelled stiletto. And the Sultan rejoiced exceedingly and plighted her his torth saying :

"Thou art an Incense and a Temple and a Shrine. In the passionate fervour of thy nature will my spirit find rest and to thee only will I cleave till the end of existence."

But in the Winter of the year, he summoned his ministers and pointing to his Sultana whose fingers toyed idly with the gemmed hilt of a stiletto said :

"This woman annoys me. For the impetuous fury of her being is like unto a volcano in eruption. While a panther of the forest might be gentler in his mildness than this woman of the mountains in every word and deed.

Moreover, my days pass solitary and slow, for in the chambers of my heart my spirit hovers ever around the sweet face of a brown-skinned maid."

* * *

In the Spring of the New Year there reigned over the City of Baghdad, a Sultana of the East with flashing dark eyes whose rosy fingers played ever with a jewelled stiletto—and who was a widow.

"Sahib and Memsahib"



Classical Indian Music

By Pramatha Nath Banerjee, M.A., P.H.D., P.R.S.

With great diffidence I venture to write on Indian Music or more properly Aryan Music as it developed in India. Sacred as the Ganges this music was born out of the hymns of the Sama Veda or perhaps its source may lie further back in time. Its aim was not merely to please the ear, but to elevate the soul till it became united with the Divine—the ocean of bliss. Thus it was recognised to be the highest of all Arts, Sciences, the purest of all branches of knowledge, physical or occult. Rishis like Narada, Tamburu and Bharat and many a holy sage of antiquity walked this speediest road to the goal of the highest human ambition. A man who took no delight in it or whose heart was not moved to raptures by its ethereal strains was thought to be worse than a beast, and no system of education would be complete in those days without a touch of this sanctifying element.

I would not try the patience of my readers with quotations from the Sastras about the merits of "Marga" or Classical Music supposed to have been brought down from the heavens as opposed to "Deshiya" or popular music which prevailed and still prevails in different parts of India. Being the consummation of high class musical art, "Marga" music pre-supposed a certain degree of culture, and hence it was a sealed book to the ordinary people who had to be content with "Deshiya" music which they could far

better assimilate. But they could not help being branded as 'tailless bears' by the connoisseurs of Marga music the latter hardly condescending to dignify Deshiya music with the name of music.

No doubt classical music in India as elsewhere evolved historically out of popular music but that did not preclude it from being infinitely superior in expression to all forms of popular music. It was reached by a gradual process of artistic discrimination and selection combined with analysis, synthesis and generalisation. I shall try now to make myself more explicit.

Since people learned to communicate their feelings not merely by gestures and language but also musical voice, which might have been long long before the discovery of metal, or the use of fire, they sang songs. An emotional occasion whether in individual or social life would hardly go unsung by individuals or groups. They sang to soothe their love-laden soul, to celebrate their nuptials to mourn their dead. They sang the praise of their chiefs or kings and sang the worship of their deity. The Vedic Hymns are nothing but chants addressed to the various gods such as Indra, Agni, Rudra, Varuna of our Indo-Aryans ancestors and latterly to one God only of whom the former came to be regarded as agents or manifestations. Now what I want to impress upon my readers is that these occasional songs whether solo or



The Lotus

By—T. C. Gogami

chorus were at first nothing but the naive untutored and spontaneous outbursts of emotion which gradually crystallized into definite tunes. In course of time these definite tunes came to be compared and analysed until they resolved themselves into a much fewer number of Ragas and Raginis roughly though unhappily called Melodies. Ragas and Raginis or Ragas in brief are the generalised essence of innumerable tunes and hence each Raga is a potential reservoir of as many analogous tunes as one can draw out.

Marga music of which the origin may be traced to the genius of Druhin, a musical prodigy for that remote antiquity, was based on the conception that the Ragas were the real ultimate units of music, the immutable and everlasting seeds of the later rich tune-harvest that the world has since been reaping. It marked an epoch of distinct advance upon the popular tune-music of old (the unconscious application of the Raga-principle not yet formulated) subsequently called "Deshiya" when the time for such a differentiation arrived.

The Ragas though abstracted from concrete popular tunes are not mere abstractions. They were real musical types. The classification of the Ragas is mark by type than by character—the central types or those having the most marked individuality being known as Ragas. Round each type or Raga are arranged a cluster of other melodies (I use the term for want of a better) or Raginis. These Raginis formerly 36 in number were classed in 6 groups, each group having a central type or Raga. The distance at which each of the 6 Raginis consorted to a Raga stood from the Raga itself was determined by its degree of resemblance with the Raga, resemblance being measured not so much by physical musical constituents as the sentiment evoked.

There is a conflict of authorities in the Sastras as to the names of the central types and members included in a typical group. I do not propose to discuss the relative superiority of any of the schools of classification but this diversity of opinion is eloquent of the great difficulty which a classifier of psychological entities must experience and points unmistakably to the view that the flesh and blood if not the soul of a Raga is its sentiment—its skeleton being the notes. But I must pass on.

The days of six Ragas and thirty-six Raginis as the sum total of Indian music are long over. In each work later than the original "Samhitas" we find a growing list of Raginis until they swelled up to three figures. But curiously enough the number of the central types or Ragas remained fixed and up till now when the number of Raginis is well-nigh on the verge of four figures, no audacious musician has ventured to increase the number of Ragas. What reason better than orthodoxy stands in the way of such a venture I have not yet been able to discover. There is no harm in making the classification less awkward and confusing. Instances can be cited of two Raginis affiliated to two separate Ragas, though standing farthest away from the central types, resemble each other more than their types. Moreover it is arbitrary to suppose as some do that we have exhausted the whole potentiality of Raginis. The orthodox belief that no fresh discovery is possible is challenged by the fact that Raginis lend themselves to unification. Of course the union must be such as to partake more of the nature of chemical fusion than physical mixture. "Iman Kalyan" and "Miaki idallar" as compounded by Amir Khusru and Tansen are examples of such a fusion—whereas "Sindhu Bhairabi" and

'Behag Khambaj" which music-mongers of 'the present age have manufactured are but illustrations of physical mixture. The latter can never enrich Raginis or add to their number.

Our musical perception, so far as sentiment is concerned, is susceptible to infinite shades and ramifications. So its counterpart, the Ragas and Raginis or Ragas in brief, must also be, if not innumerable, numerous. I do not agree with those who hold that every possible emotion can be twisted out of each and every Raga merely by the art of setting. Take a selected combination of notes warranted by the characteristic structure of a Raga, put it in a particular rhythm or measure, play it in a particular scale or pitch, and the musical sentiment would be radically different from that evoked by another such combination of the same Raga—is a theory *prima facie* absurd. If the entire possible expansion of a Raga is productive of one and one emotion (Rasa) only, homogeneous all through as the Sastras imply by assigning one 'Rupa' (form) to it only, and if the parts of it do not clash as we practically experience however much the measure and pitch may be diversified in the various stages of 'Alap' (dexterous performance by an expert) it becomes really a bit difficult to see how any piecemeal representation however artistic of a Raga can sentimentally differ from another such representation. Perhaps the root of this error lies in confounding pure music with music wedded to words.

The next paragraph will further attempt to explain my position.

I have already said that men in early times sang compositions or songs full of meaning only. They sang and danced at times to the accompaniment of instruments.

Of course the etymology of the word "Sangit" suggests all the three factors of song, dance and instrumental music and the definition of "Sangit" given in the Sastras corroborates this. But I have nothing to do with that at present. No one would now-a-days believe that a musician must be well up in all the three abovenamed branches to be a musician. What I want to bring home to my readers is this. Instrumental music originally intended to accompany vocal music got over its slavish subservience one day through the caprice of a performer and people found to their surprise that the two need not be inseparably bound up. This assumption of independence by instrumental music was not at all resented to as it was far from being displeasing. On the other hand its peculiarities were analogically transferred to vocal music, and this extension proved so salutary in its effect that the fabric of pure 'Marga' music was at once begun to be woven out of the raw tunes embodied in songs. The fabric was infinitely more elastic and fraught with suggestions than the fibres. Then and then only the idea struck in many a cultured brain that words with meaning were like floating incumbrances on the tide of pure music and that they could either help or retard its flow. Like 'pure number' and pure reason, 'pure music' had its own subtle contents to modify it even by the sentiments of poetry was to rob it of its intrinsic delicate flavour. But this flavour appealed only to the initiated. The common people not having the advantage of a cultivated ear could not appreciate or enjoy it unless made palatable with heavily-perfumed sentiments concretely embodied in poetic words. Even at the present day the imposition of different kinds of expressive and suggestive words full of emotional significance upon the same basic Raga hardly fails to produce in the hands of

the uninitiated different Rasas—and they err honestly by ascribing it to setting.

Classical Indian music is more or less antithetical to Western music. The spirit of the one is monophonic, polyphonic of the other. But it will be distorting truth to say that harmony is altogether foreign to the former. It makes use of harmony in a way consistent with its nature and spirit. The auxiliary strings of a string-instrument like Vina are tuned harmonically and not identically with the main string. But it is not permissible to tune an auxiliary string in the octave of another auxiliary string. All the auxiliary strings must be tuned in the octave of the main string, and then they can be touched synchronously. 'Mutatis Mutandis,' chorus may be sung in different pitches of the same standard but not in different keys of it. The reason is that the Diatonic scale has no place in our musical acoustics. The chromatic scale which is hardly used in practical music in Europe is the only scale we use. The reason of this also is plain. Our music is like embroidery work on a texture. It moves on a steady and continuous background. It never loses sight of the standard. Hence as the "ga" and "dha" of the diatonic scale are discordant with the "Sa"—we can not for the sake of harmony tune them in the distonic scale; which we say the least of it is artificial. Still more it is impossible, therefore, to play the octave of "Sa," and "Ma" or "Sa" and "Pa" for the matter of that side by side. The relation between "Sa" and "Ro" of the chromatic scale, so far as interval or vibration is concerned, cannot correspond with that between "Ma" and "Pa" or "Pa" and "Dha." In the diatonic scale they may perhaps to a certain extent correspond but when in a harmonic concert the parallel standards themselves would be disharmonious from the point

of view of Indian music where the question of agreement between the successive keys of the standards does not arise. The introduction of accidental harmony therefore, into our oriental music would mean the denationalisation, nay, total destruction of the latter.

Music is as much a science as a practical art. It can never be wholly recorded in books. They can only be referred to as sign-posts or light-houses. They can show you the way but not guide you through it. For want of a better vehicle therefore the "Marga" or classical music of India has been handed down to us by tradition. That the rich inheritance has not degenerated or been to a great extent transformed in the process of transmission we cannot vouchsafe. Deviation and discrepancy from the pristine original is not unnatural. Improvement in many respects also is quite possible. But we must be content with what we have. It will be idle curiosity and waste of time to speculate on the past and expatiate on its glories. In the rummaging spirit of the archaeologist you can hunt up ancient treatises but to what purpose? To dig up the fossilized bones of the "Mastodon" is not to clothe it in flesh and blood or even cover it with living skin. You cannot decipher the obliterated characters mostly hieroglyphics of ancient music however much you may strain your eyes.

The spirit of renaissance is sweeping over India of Musical enthusiasts are cropping up in every direction. As one section of them is busy in the dark collars and shadowy lumber-rooms of the past another section is eager to construct a luminous edifice of immediate future. But unfortunately none of the two sections seem to pay any heed to the halls of the present they are treading. No doubt our music is now in a decadent state and nothing can be more desirable than to effect its

resurrection. But we cannot with impunity ignore the assets we have got. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. We must be thoroughly conversant with the present before we can hope to make any solid advancement, prospective or retrospective. Your labours would not be amply rewarded if after patent research or arduous experiment for several years you get hold of a Ragini believed to be brand new or long extinct and then somebody steps in to inform you it has been all along in existence though not in the name you have stamped it with. Ignorance may often pass as an excuse but is hardly a consolation. Stand firm on the ground on which you are standing and then jump ahead.

The modern champions of progress seem to be badly equipped also. The harmonium—an apology for musical instrument—is their shovel and strick. They must throw it away and take up something better if they are to explore anything new in the territory of classical Indian music. How can they expect with the help of twelve Srutis only to do just as much as their predecessors with twenty-two Srutis? How can they even dream to cheat the ear with isolated discrete notes accustomed to the sweetness of 'Gamak'—the sonorous wavy motion with which one note glides imperceptibly into and blends with another? That would be working a miracle indeed. They must also give up once for all their ideas of representing high-class Indian music by means of notation. They can as well try to pick up running balls of quick-silver with their fingers.

Our classical music defies representation. It can only be recorded whether in memory or in scientific contrivances. The wailing outpour of the Vina under expert manipulation, the feeling—saturated shower of a master's

voice—cannot be caught in the hardened meshes of graphs and symbols. The service of the gramophone and the wireless can be requisitioned to record and perpetuate them.

One more suggestion and I have done. To revivify or rejuvenate classical music stimulus is necessary. This stimulus must come in the form of patronage, money and honour both. If the profession of the musician is looked down upon—if the musician has got to live on the poor pittance of casual charity—he cannot pitch himself up to the height of creative ecstasy.

The artist is a creator. His mission is fulfilled by lifelong consecration only and not amateur efforts. In this view of the case I would suggest the following hints to all music loving individuals and corporations, i.e., all who are interested in classical Indian music.

(a) There should be recognized seats of musical learning throughout the length and breadth of India, i.e., Universities of Music.

(b) Music should be taught as a compulsory subject in academic centres—the Universities in particular.

(c) Eminent professors with adequate remuneration for their services, should be deputed as itinerant missionaries to demonstrate the art of classical Indian Music.

(d) Occasional soirees under expert musicians should be held in public places—free to the public.

(f) Prizes and rewards should be provided for competing musical students.

(f) Musical Journals should be published and edited by musical boards.

(g) Research Institutes of Music should be established and maintained.

I conclude by stating with conviction that these or similar methods must be adopted in order to create and disseminate the taste for

high class Indian music so neglected now-a-days. It will foster knowledge, propagate enthusiasm and dispel the illusory fascination for those imported tinsels with which even our educated community are adorning the golden but dust-covered image of our indigenous classical music.

"The Calcutta Review."

The English Character and the English Language

By Vernon Rendal.

Generalisations are made from time to time on the English character, and they can be neither proved nor disproved. Emerson's 'English Traits' is perhaps as good a survey as any, though in some details it is now out of date. Admiration and dislike outside England lead to exaggerated praise and blame, and a critic who is acute in some ways will suddenly fall into amazing errors of detail which make one distrust the whole of his analysis. History can be so far coloured one way or another that it affords little help for conclusions; and, as Dr. Johnson remarked, all the colouring, all the philosophy of history is conjecture. What the English, as a whole, thought in any crisis is difficult to discover, for their rulers and representatives may be indifferent to, or ignorant of, the ideas and conclusions of the people. The popular Press is increasingly occupied, not in presenting what the

Englishman does and thinks, but in declaring what he is wanted to do and think. Thus, during the war, songs were declared to be favorites with our soldiers which on their own evidence they did not sing. The earlier arrangements for dealing with air raids in London were some way behind the good sense of the people in general. It seems to have been supposed that, if warnings of the coming danger were given to all, panic would become universal. The Home Secretary of the time might have thought better of the courage of the English people.

There is, however, a body of evidence of the English character produced by a long, slow, silent referendum of the widest possible description, and that is the English language. The people, as a whole, decide that; and no particular interest, either of big money or scholarly expertness, can force their inclinations. The people may

drop words the educated think convenient: they may take on words the uneducated find difficult; they may seem wise in some ways and foolish in others; but all the time decisions as to the life and meaning of words—sometimes oddly perverted from their original form and sense—are being slowly made, and the result is English Words fixed in English usage offer undeniable evidence of English habits and manners. In some instances foreign words and phrases have been taken into our most acquisitive tongue but when that is so, it is clear that, if not native in origin, they have the seal of English approbation on them. Every language is what the people who speak it want. English is what the English want, whether it is a latin joke not generally understood like 'tandem,' or a long-forgotten piece of astrology like influence.' A comparison with other languages sometimes yields an insight into native aptitudes, attractions, and repulsions.

Reserve is one of the clearest features of the English character. 'In England,' says Fielding, 'the growth of acquaintance is as slow as that of the back.' Dr. Johnson condemned twice in nearly the same words the English habit of cautious unsociability:

'Sir,' said he, two men of any other nation who are shewn into a room together, at a house where they are both visitors, will immediately find some conversation. But two Englishmen will probably go each to a different window, and remain in obstinate silence. Sir, we as yet do not understand the common rights of humanity.'

Characteristic of this lack of understanding is the fact that there is no single word in English to represent the word 'approachment,' so that the French word itself is widely used, unless the American 'gettin' together' is adop-

ted. The Americans make friends much quicker than the English.

The English object to displaying their emotions. 'Shblood,' says Hamlet to Guildenstern, 'do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?' Dr. Johnson, a typical Englishman of the sturdy sort, objected to actors, because they moved him more than he liked with their mimic passions, and found it one of the advantages of meeting a king that 'a man can not be in a passion.' The English language bears out this habit of reserve. Nearly all the tender diminutives which were once in use have disappeared. 'Sweeting' a pretty Shakespearian word, is quite gone and does not even survive, so far as I know, in modern poetry. Other diminutives, such as 'lambkin' and 'fingerkin' have no currency to-day, and the solitary 'darling' is in consequence overworked. An artist like Tennyson had in his 'Maud' to descend to such a phrase as 'my ownest own,' which has rather a vulgar sound. The English hate fuss of any kind, even a display of genuine emotion; so they have degraded the tears of Mary of Magdala, and made them into the word 'maudlin.' 'Officious' is now a word of depreciation and means of overdoing one's duties. In Shakespear's day it meant both due attention and too much. But the horde of inspectors which Stevenson foresaw in 'The Day after To-morrow' is now upon us, and 'officious' is never likely to be a good word again. The English also suspect eloquence: so 'voluble,' rolling on, means too fluent, and the words 'flowery' and 'florid,' though derived from one of Nature's chief beauties have a bad sense of useless profusion in speaking and writing. 'No flowers, by request' was the traditional and characteristic motto of the Dictionary of National Biography. The Englishman hates fine writing, because he

suspects in it something that has to be draped. Lord Balfour was quite in accord with national views when he put a policy on half a sheet of notepaper. The people hate trouble, and have lost the power to appreciate the periods and long, involved sentences of a Gladstone. This is partly due to the advance and influence of Press headings in the newspapers which have to be in large type, and must be short, because the space for them is limited. I noticed during the war in an English book a sentence running over three pages with numerous semicolons. It was, as I guessed, not written by an Englishman, but by the son of an eloquent French preacher, Loyson.

The English have supplied the material for more than one Revolution, but they do not like revolutionary talk, or the idea of mob-rule. Thus, 'demagogue,' which merely means a leader of the people, is now generally taken to imply 'an unprincipled or factious popular leader,' as the Oxford Dictionary puts it. Part of this prejudice may be due to the great comedian Aristophanes, a Conservative in politics who made an unforgettable picture of Demos, fickle, lazy, greedy, and easily persuaded by large promises. The English like their liberty, and hate being imposed on. This is strikingly illustrated by the word 'danger' which is derived from the Latin "dominium." The derivation does not sound likely, and may be explained by a passage from Shakespeare. Portia says to Antonio concerning Shylock :

"You stand within his danger, do you not?"

Here 'his danger' means 'his power to harm. Absolute power, "dominium," leads to gross cruelty, abuse of human life and rights, as the war showed. The under-dog always runs risks of being maltreated by his

master, and he has fixed his resentment against his superiors in the language. 'Surely' should be 'sirly' the mood of the 'Sieur,' who does not trouble to speak courteously to his dependent. The knight of former days professed all the fine lore of chivalry, but our language protests that he did not practise it persistently. To-day to treat "cavalierly" is to treat disdainfully. Popular criticism of the noble is also preserved in the phrase "drunk as a lord." "Lord are lordliest in their wine," says Milton,

Seventy per cent. of our population, it has been calculated, now live in towns, and the town-man with his advantages in the way of wealth and civilisation has always looked down on the countryman. So our language denounces as "vile" the villain, man of the village, calls the man of the heath a "heathen," an unbeliever, and ascribes a rude ferocity to the man of the woods, the "savage," Latin "silvatiens." An unbeliever in earlier days was liable to burnt or excommunicated, deprived of the comforts of life. He has given the language the words "runragate" and "renegade," a "denier" of the faith. "Miscreant," which is similar in origin, drew from Gibbon the following note in his History :

'Mecreant,' a word invented by the French crusaders, and confined in that language to its primitive sense. It should seem, that the zeal of our ancestors boiled higher, and that they branded every unbeliever as a rascal. A similar prejudice still lurks in the minds of many who think themselves Christians."

Nelson said, "The want of fortune is a crime which I can never get over," and Sydney Smith "It is always considered as a piece of impertinence in England, if a man of less than two or three thousand a year has any opinions at all upon important subjects.

Later, Samuel Butler and after him Bernard Shaw have dwelt on the crime of having no money. The English have been called a "nation of shop-keepers," and think a good deal of this world's goods, or being a "warm" man, the word implying the comfort that goes with plenty of money. This feeling is preserved in the word "beggar" applied not only to the mendicant, but also to anyone we wish to abuse as not behaving properly. On the other hand, the language knows the unhappiness attached to the collection and retention of money as the sole end of life. He who sacrifices everything to this endless pursuit is called a "miser," a miserable, unhappy man.

Mr. Hugh Last in his paper in "The Legacy of Rome" says that the "home" was a Roman invention. However that may be, the word "home" is one of the greatest in English, and has no French equivalent. It is associated with something which Balzac declared to be the one English thing he envied—"comfort". This word is by derivation a "strengthening all round," and was so used in Elizabethan days. The strong sense of material well-being in the country has devoted the noun "comfort" specially to things like an easy chair and the fireside, though the corresponding verb generally indicates encouragement or condolence. This double sense is also extant in the verb and noun "cheer." Found as the English are of "home," the word still applied by Australians to the mother-country, they are great travellers and the language indicates that prettier features and more attractive arrangements may be sometimes found outside the home. "Homely" is a euphemism for ugly or plain Comus suggests that beauty deserves the gaieties of Court-life :

"It is for homely features to keep home.
They had their name thence."

Cynical, we have seen, is the use of the word "maudlin." Equally indifferent to the claims of religion is the word "happy," which implies that felicity's the result of "hap" or chance. The Greeks had two words, one like our own implying good luck, the other the favour of Heaven. Pessimism rather than optimism is embedded in our language, but one great optimist, who flourished apparently about the middle of the fifteenth century, made "successors," which is merely what is going to happen next as in "successive", into good fortune or victory. Shakespeare's line in "Julius Caesar" :

"Mistrust of good success hath done this deed "

Shows that the word in his time could still have neutral sense. Part of the English pessimism may be due to the uncertainty of the weather. This is recorded in the use of the word "welkin" for sky. True it is that Shakespeare has written of a blue eye as a "welkin eye", but he was not a philologist. The "welkin" is a sky of clouds, cognate with the German "Wolke."

"Conscious," as Emerson says, "that no race of better men exists," the English are not agreeable in their relations with foreigners, though time has perhaps improved this defect. "The English self sufficiency and bluntness," says the same critic, "have made the English traveller a proverb for uncomfortable and offensive manners." So it is that, like the ancient Greeks who regarded other nations as "barbarians," we have made the word "outlandish," foreign, a synonym for grotesque strangeness. The word "Welsh," like the German "walsch," is simply foreign and displaced in common speech the national term our neighbours of the Principality apply to themselves.

But, if the English are sometimes disagreeable, they have an admirable humour of their own. They are full of the understatement which is a main source of irony, and is found in the Cockney no less than in Plato and Sophocles. "Not 'arf" is the perpetual remark about something extreme, like his enjoyment on a bank holiday, or the crush on the Underground during the busy hours. The war brought out the national humour in the use of the verb "strafen," to punish. "Gott strafe England" was, like Cato's "Delenda est Carthago," in the mouth of every German. The English took up the word as a joke, and "strafed" their friends or their pet animals, as if the word were wholly humorous. "Frightfulness" was similarly adopted as a contemptuous rendering of the word "Schrecklichkeit", the policy of deliberate outrage designed to tame the spirit of neutrals or enemies. The special war words have, however, by this time nearly gone out of the language. They were vivid for a time: then the nation had the sense to drop them, as it did the words of the Boer War, when hills became "kopjes," and people were threatened comically with the "Sjambok." Dr. Bradley put "strafe" into the great Dictionary, where it deserves its place as an historic record of English humour in the most trying circumstances, but it is already obsolete.

"Humour" and "humorous" have no equivalent in French just as "spirit" and "spirited" in English have not the French sense of gaiety and wit. Our "spirit" has been corrupted into "spirit," trickily and often malicious little power joined by Shakespeare with goblins. Imogen complains that she is

"sprited with a fool frightened and angered worse."

Mr. Svartengren a Swedish scholar has

examined English popular phrases of the type "as right as rain" at great length and concludes from them that the average Englishman has, or had, a very wide and present fear of the Devil and other mysterious and malicious powers. To-day the common people, and many of the educated, recognise all sorts of omens and portents. The phrase "What possessed you to do this?" is not commonly heard; but the evil spirit, if he does not "possess" folks, still besieges them as the word "obsession" shows.

M. Andre Maurois in the wittiest of war books, "The Silence of Colonel Bramble" has charmingly exposed the most prominent characteristic of the English. What they enjoy above all things is sport of some sort and this predilection is fixed in the word "pastime," originally any means of passing the time, but now a game. A game of some sort is the national idea of amusement though that word originally meant something to make a 'man muse,' i. e. think. The English are not fond of meditation. Dombey, and typical merchant in Dickens's story, was told by his parasite, the Major, not to think, because he was "above it." The word "pastime" is a strange contrast to "school," derived from the Greek word meaning leisure, as the Greeks employed their leisure in education or disputation of an improving sort. "Fair play" is a typical expression for generous treatment of any sort of opponent, in serious matters as well as in sport. It is universally regarded as wrong to "kick a man when he is down" and the instinct for admiring anyone who faces great odds or is in a tight place, is shown in the sympathy for criminals escaping from justice, or anyone concerned in a forlorn hope. The Englishman is expected to "die game," that is, to maintain his spirit or endurance to the end. This invincible stoutness was

shown above all in the war, which had also its ill effects on the national character. "Robe" is connected with "robbery," and means a thing stolen. This long-forgotten derivation might have been recalled during the stress of the tremendous combat which made fighters take an easy view of "meum" and "tuum."

When anyone in public life has taken a mean or unfair advantage, infringing the national code of behaviour belonging to a sportsman and a gentleman, his action is said to be "not cricket." He has not played the game by the rules which are universally recognised, if not always written down—e.g., that, though you can deceive the umpire without being found out it is not good form to do so. Anything contrary to the spirit of the game is not done, though not condemned in the rules. Baumann in his "Londinismen," a collection of London idioms for Germans, explains much correctly, but he has gone wrong over "not cricket." He supposes it to mean "No light affair." Cricket is a very serious affair in England; the qualification to play it for a country is a strict one of birth or residence which is not required for a member of the English Parliament. Games are much more to the great mass of the nation than politics, and to "game" now always means, gambling, a very popular pursuit to-day.

The English are a practical people; their proverbs such as "Honesty is the best policy" are full of prudential morality; and they see little use in learning not of a vocational sort. The depreciation expressed in the word "wiseacre," not now much used, has been repeated in the slang "high-brow," a recent introduction from America which enjoys a great popularity in this country to-day. A similar reproach is attached to the word "academic," as if the teachers of our highest education had

narrow views which unfitted their pupils for the world in general. It is not my purpose to discuss this attitude, but merely to record it as generally established.

A thing which perpetually interests the Englishman is his food, especially his dinner. There are few things, as Johnson said, of which a man 'thinks with more earnestness.' Dinner always includes animal flesh if it can be afforded, and the word "meat," which once meant food, as in "sweet meat," is now confined to such flesh. The English are great meat-eaters, and Hæckel once went so far as to declare that the English character was due to beefsteak. Perhaps it has led to some of the English stolidity. 'I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit' says Sir Andrew Aguecheek in "Twelfth Night". The Englishman is a solid drinker too, and a "drink" in the popular significance means something stronger than water. He is wedded to his beer, or in a more opulent station to his wine and whisky. He does not recognise the American term "soft drinks." He will not in a hurry exchange "Nunc est bibendum" for 'O tons Bandusiae!' as Colonel Lockwood put it in the House of Commons when the question of alcohol was raised. It would be pleasant to take, as a proof of the Englishman's whole-hearted way of drinking, Johnson's first definition of "sip"—"to take, at one apposition of the cup, no more than the mouth will contain." But there is no other authority for this definition, which perhaps was influenced by the quotation immediately following it:

"Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip with nymphs their elemental tea."

If Johnson had "sipped" tea in the modern sense of the word, he could hardly have got through so many cups of it.

"The Cornhill Magazine"

The Evils Of Tobacco

BY

DR. MAUD ALLEN.

This is the Children's Age. It has been said that the child is father of the man. How true this is ! What we want the nation to be to-morrow, we must teach the child to-day. No education is of any value unless it includes the care of the body. Three month ago a Christian young man died in my hospital of tuberculosis. He had secured the gold medal for scholarship for two years in succession ; but what good did it do him ? Less education and more physical strength would have been better for him. Only a month later I heard of another Christian young man, a B. A., who also has tuberculosis. This and other preventable diseases are all too prevalent among the young people of the land. But we are glad that India has fallen into line and taken up the question of the child and its rights to be well-born and well brought up. To this end has been inaugurated "Baby Week."

The day has come when we as missionaries must look more carefully to the health of our school-children. Christians should be known by their fine physique and strong constitutions. It may be true that fewer small children belonging to the Christian community die because their mothers are not quite so ignorant, and usually clothe their children better, and feed them more carefully ; but as they grow older and reach the age of adolescence, you will find them hollow-chested with no muscle. This

is partly because the Indian Christian who can read thinks it beneath him to work. But I must get down to the special subject assigned me, "The Cigarette," one of the many things which undermine the health of young boys.

First let us consider from a medical stand-point the effect of tobacco on the human body. You will understand, of course, that the statements made are not my opinion, but those of well-known scientific and medical men who have made a careful study of the subject.

Tobacco is called a "narcotic" a substance which numbs pain, and in larger doses produces stupor. The organs do their work more slowly. Alcohol, tobacco, opium, morphine, cocain, etc., are all narcotics. Tobacco contains from two to eight per cent of nicotine. If we look up nicotine in a standard work on drugs, we will find it classed with other drugs which act on nerve cells ; in fact it is one of the most powerful nerve poisons known. These drugs set up depression, and ultimately paralysis of these same cells takes place. Among other nerves affected are those which control the heart and lungs. Instead of long, deep breaths we have a shallow breathing. In the case of the heart we have a lessening of the control of the heart action resulting in an increased number of beats and sometimes palpitation and pain.

Tobacco produces dyspepsia, diseases of the liver, anaemia, weak eyes, blindness,

throat trouble, mental weariness as well as slowness of thought.

Dr. Leaver, Physical Director of Yale University, found the lungs of the average non-smoker could hold five cubic inches more air than the lungs of the smoker. Also that the average height of the average non-smoker was about one third of an inch more than that of the smoker, although the non-smoker was younger and should have been shorter.

The Inter-Departmental Commission (England) on Physical Deterioration came to the conclusion that "Tobacco, as far as children are concerned, is an unmitigated evil." Doctors, school-masters and all who have to do with boys assert most strongly that tobacco interferes with the physical and mental development of the growing body and expanding mind.

If you watch you will notice that cigarette-smoking is one of the chief causes of insanity. Out of 70,000 insane in the United States of America, it is said that 15,000 were made so by tobacco.

The cigarette is credited with killing 20,000 people in the United States every year.

The nicotine removed from a cigarette and made into a solution, if injected into a frog, will cause almost instant death ; if injected into a cat it will cause convulsions and death in fifteen minutes. A pipeful of tobacco if boiled up in a cupful of water and poured into a quart jar of water containing fish will kill them all in twenty-five minutes.

Many interesting investigations have been carried out concerning scholarship. Professor McKeever investigated the records of 2,336 boys who smoked cigarettes and found only six who were first class in their

studies, ten who were average, and all the rest were poor.

Dr. Leaver investigated the scholarship of the men of Yale, who smoked, as compared with those who did not, and found that out of every one hundred in the highest rank only five were smokers, so this means that ninety five per cent of the honours men were taken from the forty per cent. of the non-smokers. There is no doubt that it greatly interferes with mental activity and scholarship. This fact is substantiated by statements taken from the Universities of Michigan, North Western Yale, etc. During half a century no young man addicted to the use of tobacco has been graduated at the head of his class in Harvard.

All of the largest railway companies, business firms, insurance companies, banking institutions in the United States practically debar the cigarette men, many large stores will not employ a cigarette smoker. The United States Naval School does not accept young men who use tobacco. In Detroit, Michigan, sixty-nine merchants have agreed not to employ a cigarette smoker. Montgomery Ward, Marshall Field, Morgan and "Right Tire Co." all prohibit cigarette-smoking among their employees ; and Mr. Ford, the famous motor car manufacturer, also is opposed to cigarette smoking. There must be some reason for this. Surely men of such prominence in the business world are not such cranks as to forbid cigarette-smoking without some reason. They say it makes the men careless, dull, irresponsible and often dishonest. Not a very high recommendation.

And what do the Judges of Juvenile Courts say. The Hon. Ben Lindsay says, "I have had to deal with thousands of boys disgraced themselves and their parents

and I do not know of any one habit that is more responsible for the trouble of these boys than the vile cigarette habit." "Cigarettes are ruining our children, endangering their lives, dwarfing their intellects and making them criminals. Ninety-five per cent. of the boys brought before me are cigarette-smokers."

Other prominent men also have spoken in no light manner against the cigarette.

Dr. Jordan, President of Stanford University, says, "Boys who smoke cigarettes are like wormy apples, they drop long before their time."

Hoarace Greely :—"Show me a drunkard who does not use tobacco and I will show you a white black-bird."

Edison :—"I would prefer to see a boy with a revolver rather than with a cigarette."

Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court:—"No cigarette-smoker can climb to the top of the ladder."

Harriman, Great Railway Magnate :—"I would rather have an insane man at the throttle of an engine than a cigarette smoker."

I feel as though I were a lawyer. I have gathered together and presented to you the evidence against the cigarette. We have had before us some celebrated witness; doctors, business men, judges, college presidents, etc.

Now you are to be the judges. What do you think? Is the cigarette something we wish to give to the Indian people? Will it be good for them physically mentally and morally? I suppose there is no one community which smokes more than the city—and—town Christian. In fact a youngman who does not smoke is, considered "strange." Whose fault is it?

There is one more side and that is the economic one. Can a man on the ordinary Indian income, say from fifteen to thirty rupees a month, smoke without robbing his children of the food they need and making them weaklings who may have tuberculosis when they get older. Certainly not. Can those who have more afford to be a stumbling block to those who have less and to whom we should be examples? -

"Indian Temperance News"





The action and reaction of wages and standard of living

By

Chowdhury Javandlal Dutt, M.A., LL.B.

The true relation between Wages and Standard of Living had been ignored by the earlier Economists, due to the trifling importance they attached to Consumption. They almost identified the Standard of Living with a rigid subsistence of existence and considering it as such failed to give it its due importance in life. It is only with the rise of practical Economists and social workers like Rowntree and Booth, that the question of consumption as a determinant of wages has been brought before the van of economic science.

Before proceeding with the treatment of the subject, I must define Wages and Standard of Living. The

word 'Wages' has been variously defined, but for the sake of preciseness I will restrict the word to denote the price of labour—not every kind of labour, but that labour which is hired and employed by an entrepreneur in the organization of an industry. The term 'Standard of Living' has been interpreted by Professor H. R. Seager as "the mode of activity and scale of comfort which a person has come to regard as indispensable to his happiness, and to secure and retain which he is willing to make any reasonable sacrifice". It thus means a certain amount of commodities and services which a person is accustomed to enjoy. These commodities and services consist

of fooding, clothing, shelter and certain other things which an individual regards necessary for his efficiency. The means which will be required to gain for him command over these commodities and services will therefore depend upon the particular elements composing his conception towards life. "Standard of Living" should not be confused with the synonym "Standard of Life" which connotes a higher conception towards life. Of two persons having the same monthly expenditure, the one spending the major portion of his income on books, religious and intellectual entertainments has a standard decidedly higher than that of another who wastes his money on gaudy dresses, gambling etc. Standard of Living varies in different ages, countries and classes. A dark and stingy room which was regarded sufficient by a workman in the nineteenth century has been replaced by a better ventilated one in the twentieth. An English labourer considers one or two chairs in his

house as necessary for his living, while an Indian would prefer a chattak of tobacco. A mistry drawing rupees four a day in a big town considers a cycle as of absolute necessity while a poor labourer earning only a rupee regards a jooti (shoe) for himself as of greater importance.

Various theories regarding the determination of wages have been upheld by economists from time to time, but the one holding supremacy over all at the present time is the **Marginal Productivity Theory**. According to it, every workman tends to be remunerated at a rate proportional to the net addition to the National Dividend by the labour of that man. Labour is demanded because certain commodities, which that labour can produce, are scarce in the market. An employer, impelled by normal economic motives, will go on adding to his stock of labour, until the cost of engaging an additional workman will equal the addition made to the dividend of his industry. An example will make it clear :—

One workman adds Rs. 160 to the product, wages equal Rs. 160

„	Rs. 140	„	„	Rs. 140
„	Rs. 120	„	„	Rs. 120
„	Rs. 100	„	„	Rs. 100

Now the employer will engage the last man, if Rs. 100 (his addition) are at least equal to what he has to pay him in return for labour. This brings us to the supply side of labour.

The minimum which must be offered to labour to ensure its regular supply in an industry, must be sufficient to keep it in efficiency or to enable it to command those commodities in quantities to which it is accustomed. If wages offered fall below a certain minimum, there might be no supply at all. All of it may be transferred to more paying industries. The higher the wages the greater the inducement to take up that particular kind of work, and the greater therefore is likely to be the supply. Thus the supply of labour is restricted by the Standard of Living.

If through any cause whatever, the demand for a commodity rises, and supply is not sufficient to meet demand, the commodity will fetch a higher price in the market. Entrepreneurs in order to avail themselves of the rise, will try to extend the industry. Thus the demand for labour will be stimulated. The entrepreneurs will of course combine the factors of production (land, labour, capital organization and enterprise) in such a way as to produce the greatest net profit for themselves. The advantages of employing an additional unit of

capital will be weighed against those of employing an additional unit of labour. If more capital is used with the same amount of labour as before the marginal productivity of labour rises. Thus the increased demand for the commodity leads to enhanced demand for labour, giving consequently a push to wages to rise.

The higher wages gained by the labour of that industry may be spent either recklessly or judiciously. If they are spent upon articles which impair health e.g. liquor or upon gambling or gaudy dresses etc, efficiency of labour decreases, and employers can not afford to pay them the same wage-rate as before, provided other things remain the same. During the last fifteen years, the wages of workers in the shoemaking industry in India have enormously risen, but their efficiency has not proportionately risen. There are honourable exceptions of course. The reason is, that more has been spent upon drink, less number of days has been worked in the week, toothbrushes have been imported from America, and gaudy dresses from Japan, and the higher wages have not redounded to the glory and efficiency of shoemakers. Thus instead of spending money upon the purchase and consumption of milk, ghee, warm clothing and education of children, the shoemakers have increased unproductive expenditure, and this certainly is not commendable.

The case of country labourers is nothing less remarkable than that of shoemakers. I have seen wonderfully strong men having been attracted by higher wages from villages into towns. The high wages then earned, have been spent on purchasing luxurious soap, oil, boots, and on the consumption of spicy articles of food, on gambling on theatres and cinemas and on the free indulgence of their base passions. They have impaired their health and exhausted themselves; they can no longer work as strenuously as before, they are in the clutches of the medical man. Due to illness, they have been unable to send anything to their families in villages. Their children are starving. Thus the consequences of an injudicious living go on cumulatively.

But if the higher wages are spent properly, on commodities leading to enhanced efficiency—good and whole—some food, comfortable clothing, a decent house, education of children, the standard of living rises and with it the standard of life. They become more efficient workers, and their marginal productivity rises. Employers find it to their advantage to pay them more. This increased wage, if usefully spent further reacts upon the quality of life and the roundabout reaction continues.

In practical life, it is very difficult to guarantee a judicious expenditure of increased wages. Imprudent

workers squander it on harmful things. But if the increase in wages is given by the employer in some suitable form so as to avoid possibility of wasteful and ruinous expenditure, great improvements can be expected. Mr. Lever writing as long ago as 1901 holds "that most of the extra money received by the men is either wasted personally or in luxuries which do not materially improve the living conditions, so that the wife and family often fail to benefit therefrom... One of the methods...is to be found in building cottages to be let at low rentals...contributions may be made towards the building of clubs, recreation halls, institutions, summer holidays, winter entertainments, sick and burial societies." Professor A. O. Pigou writing in his *Wealth and Welfare* says "that there can be little doubt that under a policy of this sort wisely carried out, a given sum of money will react more forcibly on the quality of workpeople than it would do if simply handed over to them in the form of coin".

Thus, the wife and children really profit by the increase in wages. They live in more sanitary dwellings, are better dressed and fed, and their attitude towards life undergoes a change. They develop strong habits of responsibility, punctuality and truthfulness. They can be entrusted with difficult tasks requiring exercise of discretion. When at school, they

are often monitors in their classes, and when in the department of a factory, at the head of a number of junior workers. A case not much allied to the point is that of Government servants. When selecting an officer for a responsible post, the Government is often anxious to get a man, whose father or other near relative has rendered meritorious services to it. The reason is, that such a person is likely to be more responsible than another with no ancestral record at his back, for surroundings of life react upon its quality. Persons who had a high standard of

living command high wages, can provide better facilities for the education and bringing up of their children, who in turn grow up into efficient and responsible workmen,

Thus wages react upon the standard of living; and this if composed of elements enhancing efficiency, in its turn increases wages; but if composed of elements decreasing efficiency, goes to lower them. Wages, thus affected determine the standard of living for the workers. Thus the action and reaction of Wages and Standard of Living continues in a circle.



Waterloo as described by warrior, Statesman and Historian.

BY G. L. DE, B. A.

CHAPTER II.

LIGNY,

The plan of the battle field presented a lengthened triangle, whose apex was at Charleroy, and whose sides fell one at Quatre-Bras, the other at Ligny. Napoleon and Ney, the one opposed to the Prussians, the other to the English, were each on a side of the triangle and so to speak, in each other's rear, with an interval of about three leagues. It would, therefore, have been easy for Ney, who had not yet a numerous enemy to encounter, to detach 12 or 15,000 of the 45,000 men under his command. Then wheeling round he could take Ligny in the rear, and thus surround the greater part of the Prussian army. Had this manoeuvre been executed in time, neither Marengo, Austerlitz or Friedland would have produced greater results than the impending battle. Napoleon was desir-

ous that before hostilities should commence on the plain of Ligny, that the engagement at Quatre-Bras should begin, in order that Ney might have time to fall back on the Prussians. At two o'clock of the 16th June, he sent him word that the Prussian army before Ligny was about to be attacked, and ordered him to bear down all opposition at Quatre-Bras, and then wheeling round, attack the Prussians in the rear. A detachment of 12 or 15,000 men, that could be easily spared, considering the small number of the enemy at Quatre-Bras, would produce an immense effect. Thiers XX p. 48 50 cf. Jomini, Vol. IV. p. 359.

Therefore, Napoleon having despatched that order impatiently waited with his army 64,000 men, to commence the action with the Prussians

at Ligny, numbering 88,000 men under Blücher, till he heard Ney's guns in his rear which would explain that Ney has reached his destined point. Having waited until half past two, expecting the much wished for signal not without anger and astonishment, he gave the signal for attack. Ligny was taken by the impetuous assault of the French grenadiers, and three times the Prussians, with invincible resolution, returned to the charge, and with desperate charge and with desperate valour regained the post at the point of the bayonet. Intermingled with the incessant discharge of musketry, came forth alternately the warcries of the opposite sides. And at very instant when the fire slackened, the loud shouts of "En avant, Vive l'Empereur" or "Vorwärts, hurrahs" were heard above the roar of the artillery, which thundered from the opposite heights. Whilst the batteries along the heights, continuing their terrific roar, plunged destruction into the masses seen descending on either side to join in the desperate struggle in the valley, out of which there now arose, from the old castle of Ligny, volumes of dark, thick smoke, succeeded by brilliant flames, imparting additional sublimity to the scene. Siborne Vol. 1. p. 193.

Then commenced a serious combat, which an eye-witness has described as exhibiting all the ferocity of civil strife, for the known hatred of the Prussians

had excited a species of fury amongst the French soldiers, who gave no quarter, not did they receive any. The French army by prodigies of energy and self devotion succeeded in establishing themselves in the interior of Ligny. But here, as at Saint-Amand, the French were obliged to pause. Having conquered the villages which separated them from the Prussians, they could not advance, because of the reserves drawn up in semi-circular lines on the slope, topped by the mill of Bry. Thiers. XX p. 52.

St. Amand was taken and retaken more than once. The Prussians having got into great disorder, and being closely pressed by the French, were compelled to abandon the village, in order to collect their scattered remnants, and to re form. General Girard, who though reduced to 10,000 combatants had so gallantly maintained the village against 25,000 Prussians, fell mortally wounded on this occasion. Blücher now decided on a renewed attack upon St. Amand. When all was ready for the attack, Blücher, who felt how much depended on its result, galloped up to the leading battalions, and thus earnestly and impassionately ordered the advance:—"Now, lads, behave well! don't suffer the 'grande nation' again to rule over you! Forward! In God's name forward!" Instantly his devoted followers rent the air with their re-echoing shouts of "Vorwärts!"

Nothing could surpass the undaunted resolution and intrepid mien, which Pirch's battalions displayed, as they advanced against, and entered, St. Amand, at a charging pace. They completely swept the enemy before them. Siborne Vol. 1., pp. 196-8. Jominy Vol. IV. p. 361

This position justified the skilful manoeuvre devised by Napoleon; for an attack directed from Saint-Amand to Ligny, in the rear of the Prussians, could alone put an end to their resistance. It ought even to do still more, for by placing them between two fires, half their army would have been destroyed. Napoleon impatient for the execution of the movement, sent orders to Ney, whose cannons were just beginning to make themselves heard, and who in all probability could not be so much occupied by the English, that it would be impossible for him to detach ten or twelve thousand men to attack Blücher's rear. This order, dated—quarter past three, drawn up by Marshal Soult, and entrusted to M. de Forbin-Janson, ran thus:—"Monsieur le Marechal." "The combat which I announced to you, is raging here. The Emperor desires me tell you, that you must immediately manoeuvre, so as to envelope the enemy's right, and attack their rear with impetuosity. The Prussian army is lost if you act with vigour. The fate of France is in your

hands." Siborne Vol XX p. 52/53. Jominy Vol. IV. p. 360

The fight throughout the whole village of Ligny was now at the hottest. The place was literally crammed with the combatants, and its streets and inclosures were choked up with the wounded, the dying, and the dead. Every house that had escaped being set on fire, was the scene of a desperate struggle. The troops fought no longer in combined order, but in numerous and irregular groups, separated by houses either in flames, or held as little forts, sometimes by the one, and sometimes by the other party. And in various instances, when their ammunition failed, or when they found themselves suddenly assailed from different sides, the bayonet and even the butt, supplied them with the ready means for prosecuting the dreadful carnage with unmitigated fury. The entire village was concealed in smoke, but the incessant rattle of the musketry, the crashing of burning timbers, the smashing of doors and gateways, the yells and imprecations of the combatants, which were heard through that misty veil, gave ample indication to the troops posted in reserve upon the heights, of the fierce and savage nature of the struggle beneath. In the meantime, the relieving batteries on the Prussian side, which had arrived quite fresh from the rear, came into full play, as did also a

reinforcement, on the French side, from the artillery of the imperial guard. The earth now trembled under the tremendous cannonade, and as the flames, issuing from the numerous burning houses, intermingled with dense volumes of smoke, shot directly upwards through the light-grey mass which rendered the village indistinguishable, and seemed continually to thicken, the scene resembled for a time some violent convulsion of nature, rather than a human conflict—as if the valley had been rent asunder, and Ligny had become the focus of a burning crater. (Siborne. Vol. 1., p. 203—5)

The battle on both sides at St. Amand also continued to rage with unabated violence, and with such indefatigable ardour did the Prussians continue the struggle, that when the fire of their infantry-skirmishers was observed to slacken, from the men having expended their ammunition, the soldiers of the 11th hussars rushed into the midst of them with such cartridges as they had of their own, an act of devotion to which many of them fell a sacrifice. Four times also had St. Amand yielded to their impetuous assaults, and four times the loud hurrah of the Prussians told that they had regained the post. At last it remained in the hands of the French. Blucher's anxiety to retain this post as well as Ligny till the arrival of Wellington was extreme. Sending his last reserve he

addressed his heroic troops thus; "Forward, my lads we must do something before the English join us" Alison XXII p. 231. Sib. Vol. 1. -p. 208-9, p. 211.

In fact, the exhaustion of the Prussian troops was becoming more manifest every moment. Several officers and men, overcome by long continued exertions, were seen to fall solely from excessive fatigue. No kind of warfare can be conceived more harassing to the combatants, than was the protracted contest in the villages, which skirted the front of the Prussian position. It partook also of a savage and relentless character. The animosity and exasperation of both parties were uncontrollable. Innumerable individual combats took place. Every house, every court, every wall, was the scene of the desperate conflict. Streets were alternately won and lost. An ungovernable fury seized upon the combatants on both sides, as they rushed wildly forward to relieve their comrades, exhausted by their exertions in the deadly strife-a-strife, in which every individual appeared to seek out an opponent, from whose death he might derive some alleviation to the thirst of hatred and revenge, by which he was so powerfully excited. Hence no quarter was asked or granted by either party. Siborne Vol. 1. pp. 222—3.

At this critical juncture Count Erlon, who was placed in the rear.

found himself ordered two contradictory movements. The emperor had commanded him to march on the mill of Bry. After he had taken that direction, Ney insisted on his coming to his assistance. He was impatiently expected at Ligny when he turned to go back, and thus deprived the gallant defenders of the villages of the support necessary to complete their victory, Guizot Vol. VIII 205. of. Siborne Vol. 1. p. 216—7.

The movement of the Prussian rear not being executed, the emperor ordered a fresh manoeuvre, at once worthy of his genius and superior strategy, to put a speedy termination of this tremendous conflict. (Guizot Vol. VIII p. 206). It was to force vigorously the Prussian line in the rear, by crossing a stream before it with his imperial guards, and thus to cut Blucher's army from that of Bulow. Immediately the formidable infantry and cavalry of the Guard were ordered forward for the decisive charge, and directed upon the Prussian line immediately to the right of Ligny, so as to turn that important post.

The commencement of the march of the imperial guard and Milhaud's cuirassier-corps towards Ligny, had been conducted with so much skill, and the manoeuvring of these troops at one point in their line of march, to shelter themselves from the fire of the Prussian batteries, to which they had become suddenly exposed, bore so

much the appearance of a retrograde movement, accompanied as it was by the withdrawal of a portion of the guns of Gerard corps, that the Prussians were completely deceived by it. Intelligence was hastily conveyed to Blucher that the enemy was retreating. (Siborne Vol. 1., p. 213). Guizot. Vol. VIII. p. 206.

Blucher seeing the departure of the Guard from the environs of St. Amand, and thinking this movement the commencement of a retreat, attacked himself what remained on St. Amand, in the hope of pursuing the French. Being soon undeceived, he headed a charge with the few cavalry he could collect. Milhaud's terrible cuirassiers advanced at the gallop, shaking their sabres in the air; the artillery of the Guard under Drouot moved up, pouring forth with extraordinary rapidity its dreadful fire, and in the rear of all, the dense columns of the Old Guard were seen moving forward, with a swift pace and unbroken array. The Prussians notwithstanding, their dreadfully exhausted and enfeebled state, and their knowledge that a body of fresh troops was advancing against them, a body, too, which they knew was almost invariably employed, whenever some great and decisive blow was to be struck, they evinced not the slightest symptom of irresolution, but, on the contrary, were animated by the most inflexible

courage. (Siborne Vol. 1., p. 225). (Jomini. Vol. IV. p. 262-3).

A terrible charge of the far-famed band of mailed cuirassiers of the Guard utterly overthrew everything before it. The Prussian infantry, compelled to evacuate Ligny, effected its retreat in squares, in perfect order. Though surrounded by the enemy, they bravely repelled all further attacks, made in the repeated but vain attempts to scatter it in confusion. The veteran Blucher himself, saw that the fate of the day depended solely on the chance of the cavalry at hand succeeding, while there was yet light, in hurling back the French columns into the valley, which they had so suddenly and so resolutely crossed. He therefore rallied his routed horsemen, and placing himself at their head, charged, in his old hussar style, with the full determination of restoring, if possible, that equal footing with the enemy, which had hitherto been so gallantly maintained. The French firmly stood their ground, and the charge proved ineffectual. As Blucher and his followers retired to rally, they were rapidly pursued by the French cuirassiers. At this moment, the Prince's fine grey charger—a present from the Prince Regent of England—was mortally wounded by a shot, in its left side, near the saddle-girth. On experiencing a check to his speed, Blucher spurred, when the animal, still obedient to the impulse of its gallant master, made a

few convulsive plunges forward. But on feeling that his steed was rapidly losing strength, and preceiving at the same time the near approach of the cuirassiers, he cried out to his aide-de-camp:—"Nostitz, now I am lost." At that moment, the horse fell from exhaustion, rolling upon its right side, and half-burying its rider under its weight. Count Nostitz immediately sprang from his saddle, and holding his bridle with his left hand, for his horse had not been dangerously wounded, he drew his sword, firmly resolved to shed, if necessary, the last drop of his blood, in defending the precious life of his revered general. Scarcely had he done so, when he saw the cuirassiers rushing forward at the charge. To attract as little as possible their attention, he remained motionless. (Siborne. Vol. 1., pp. 225-9).

The French squadrons, returning at full speed upon the Prussians, galloped over him, amidst the clouds of smoke, as he lay amongst the bodies of men and horses which strewn the ground. Twice they passed and repassed the enemy's general, still entangled under his horse, without knowing him. But the faithful Nostitz stood by his side, and succeeded in the end in saving him. Five or six powerful men now raised the heavy dead charger, while others extricated the fallen hero, senseless and also immovable. In this

state they placed him on the non-commissioned officer's horse. Just as they moved off, the enemy was again passing forward with renewed speed, and Nostitz had barely time to lead the Marshal, whose senses were gradually returning, to the nearest infantry, which gladly received the party, and, retiring in perfect order, bade defiance to the attacks of its pursuers. Regaining his senses the heroic Blucher said to his aide-de-camp : —

“Why have you saved my life, to bring me into this strait ?”

(Alison. Vol. XII., p. 231). (Siborne. Vol. 1., p. 230). (Lamartine. p. 32).

Ligny, in flames, was at length carried by the French, the fury of the combatants having transformed it into one vast heap of ashes and dead bodies. Blucher himself, on retiring from it, acknowledged that ‘in all his long wars, he had never seen victory contested and won with such desperate courage.

Wellington had promised to send Blucher a reinforcement of 20,000 men by 4'o clock on the 16th. But this aid did not arrive. Wellington retired with superior forces before Ney at Quatre 'Bras, Historians History of the World Vol. 15. p. 329.) (Lamartine. p. 11).

It was now past eight o'clock, and

the shades of evening began to envelope the hideous scene, and on the fight and left victory had declared in favour of the French. However, the Prussian army which had retreated before the victorious imperial guards did not appear, to be harassed in the rear ; d'Erlon so often summoned and so long expected did not appear, and no greater result could be hoped for than that just obtained. The Prussian army retreating on every side, left the French in possession of the field of battle, that is of the high road from Namur to Brussels, the line of communication between the English and Prussians, and left besides on the field, 18,000 dead or wounded. The victors took a few prisoners and some pieces of cannon. These, it is true were not all the losses the Prussians suffered. Many terrified by the fearful struggle had fled in confusion. Twelve thousand had thus deserted their standards, and this day reduced the Prussian army from 1,20,000 to 90,000 men. But what was this in comparison to thirty or forty thousand prisoners that might have been made, had d'Erlon appeared by which the ruin of the Prussian army would have been completed, and the English troops left unaided to sustain the French attack. (Thiers Vol. XX. p. 59)



Universities & Military Training

BY THE HON. SIR DEVAPRASAD SARVADHIKARY.

The movement about military education in, and in connection with, our schools and colleges is one of recent growth. It needs careful and assiduous nursing by the people and their representatives as well as by the Government, if they are earnest about genuine national advancement. The true objective of all education is or ought to be to furnish the surest means of getting the best out of those to be educated for themselves, as well as for their country and the State. In the new ordering of things, in which it is, or ought to be, frankly admitted and recognised that India is to govern itself for itself, the question of national defence must occupy a predominant place, for people who cannot, and will not defend themselves against internal disorder and outside aggression must always continue to be dependent upon others, who will not only defend them but necessarily also rule.

There is, and has been no lack of martial materials in India even during the darkest times in its history and whoever had the upper hand for the time being, managed with the help of local ingredients. Prithviraja's kinsmen invited and assisted his enemies and Clive's allies were Madras Sepoys and Bengali Counsellors; and so on, right through the progress of bringing India under British Rule. Whether in Muhomedan or in British times, therefore, it was never or rarely a case of real conquest of India by outside people but of overthrow of one section of the Indian people by partnerships in which Indians were more or less predominant, on the military, financial, advisory, and sometimes in the commercial side.

The Idea of British Indian partnership did not find a notable place in official British Indian history till of late and it was really Mr. Montagu, in inaugurating the recent

Reforms, that in a bold and statesman-like way recognised and referred to this underlying partnership, without which a handful of white traders and soldiers of fortune could never have built up and solidified this wonderful fabric of the British Indian Empire.

Mercenaries, however powerful and resourceful, have never answered long in any Polity and the people have and had to organise and husband their own military resources, if they did not want to be long subservient and be ultimately swamped. In fact in "Swaraj," ideals of which are in our mind's eye, the Christian, the Moslem, the Hindu, the Buddhist and the Jain have all their proper places: for India does not belong to any one community and due co-ordination of claims, requirements and resources of all these must prevail in all directions. Indianisation in any field will not and cannot deny the claims of any component part of the great Indian unity. In no department of nation-building activities will more statesmanlike handling be needed than in the department of nation-defence and all must whole-heartedly co-operate. Reforms or whatever name you may choose to give the inevitable onward national march of events, cannot thrive or even exist, unless the people are trained in and trusted about their own defence.

Our schools and colleges have been the greatest of democratic institutions, where under proper conditions all claims have been recognised and fostered. In whatever domains we may have prospered in the past, it has been through agencies and organisations responsible for the training of the young mind. If in these institutions we began with Arts and Philosophy at the dawn of the British Indian educational system and with all else that are apt now to be blighted in the onrush of materialistic growth, we have not long been be-

hindhand in making up the way in other directions. The claims of Arts and Philosophy in our educational curricula have in recent times been steadily encroached upon by the claims of positive science, by Medicine and Surgery on modern lines and by Mechanical and Civil Engineering, in all of which the Indian who used to distinguish himself in Philosophy and Literature under the old (regime) has begun equally to distinguish himself. Take a city in India and you will find that the Indian distinguishes himself in Law, in Medicine, in Surgery, in Engineering, in Journalism, in Teaching, and in all walks of public life, where the European was to the fore before. The same is the case in Trade and Commerce in places like Bombay and Karachi and if it is not so in places like Calcutta and Madras it is due to lack of organisation and possibly to mutual misunderstanding, which we must do all we can, soon to remove.

Military education, even among the recognised martial races of India has been non-existent altogether and the splendid fighting materials that have been so helpful to the British in consolidating their rule in India have done what they have in spite of ardent and almost deliberate lack of organisation. Well ordered instruction except in a technical routine sense, after entry into the ranks, has been unknown in the Indian Army and officers with the Viceroy's Commissions who have given so thoroughly excellent an account of themselves in all fields have mostly risen from the ranks, and had educated themselves. When the question of giving them King's Commissions came to the fore it was urged and had reluctantly to be recognised, that their educational qualifications in all cases did not quite fit them for this promotion and unless better equipped they would not be able to take their place by the side of the Regular British officer

or hold their own however high their intrinsic military qualifications might be.

In the course of my experience as a member of the now abolished Central Advisory Educational Board, this question came to the fore acutely. Often representatives of the martial races in some of the provinces that I visited complained that the education provided for their children was often such as was not only not helpful to military career, but was quite the contrary. They urged that this was one of the reasons why even those who received the Viceroy's Commission were necessarily and with their handicap unfitted for the King's Commission. I had occasion of drawing the attention of the Indian Legislative Assembly as well as of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief to this. The Advisory Board had promised itself useful propaganda work for the martial races if it lived; but the Inchcape Axe laid it low, though it cost the State nothing but considerable travelling allowances. The earliest possible opportunity should be taken for reviving this Board. The Inchcape Committee recommended many a retrenchment which are about to be more than nullified by the Leo Commission and a crore and a half is to be added in time to our establishment charges. From every important educational point of view, and not the least of them—military education, this Board should be immediately revived.

The proposed University Bureau which has its work cut out, will not be able to do this and much other important residuary work there is, which the Central Government must continue to do through this Board. From this point of view, though education is a transferred Provincial subject, the nursing of military education and education preparing for military career must be the prime concern of

the Central Government, for a long time to come and it will have to be well seconded by the Provincial Governments, for it is in our schools and colleges that we must promote the spirit on the part of those that come within the sphere of influence of these institutions.

Confining ourselves now to the latter aspect of the case, the work would fall under several natural divisions. Drills, games and sports have for some time been going on in our educational institutions in a more or less lifeless fashion and all this has to be stiffened up, together with the Boy Scout movement. All this will create the necessary atmosphere and afford in time requisite facilities and encouragement, without which martial spirit has nowhere been efficiently worked up on any large and lasting basis. The Boy Scout movement is not a military movement and its friends are anxious that the two should not be mixed up. If the spirit of discipline and working together and working for the side however, be secured by the Scout movement, in the school, the Cadet Corps movement may well supplement it. Later on, in the colleges boys who had these early advantages would automatically strengthen the O. T. O. (Officers Training Corps) if it is organised and conducted on right lines, and thenceforward the future of the Territorial Forces as the second line of defence and of Indianisation of the Regular Army may have normal course of smoothness and efficiency, if the authorities are helpful.

It would be well to pause for a minute and recall to mind what led to the desire to promote martial spirit in non-martial races and in the non-martial sections of even declared martial races, that go to schools and colleges, which is reflected in what to-day is the University Corps movement. Immediately after the European War of 1914 broke out, "

few Bengali medical men—the most prominent of whom, Lt Col. Suresh Prasad Sarvadhikary, C. I. E., M. D. is no longer with us—realising the inadequate medical arrangements in Mesopotamia, immediately offered their services in the Eastern seat of War. Their offer was slightly received at the beginning but dogged insistence on the part of Col. Sarvadhikary the story of which, will or ought to live in history, won in the end. The River Ambulance Corps represented by the Ambulance Steamer **Bengali** was organised. It was sent out in spite of protest on our part against the manner of sending out such a fragile bark towed in open sea, and sank off Madras as was to be expected. Bengal zeal was not damped—the same dogged insistence that had overcome the Commander-in-Chief's initial opposition had become still more dogged. The first Land Ambulance was organised and saved the situation in Mesopotamia. Government called for a second force which was immediately got together. It was not, however, a great compliment to the organizers. This actually used as Government organisation had in meantime been completed. In these organisations men like Lord Carmichael, Lord Sinha, Maharajadhiraj Bahadur of Burdwan, Sir B. C. Mitter, Sir P. C. Mitter, Mr. N. N. Sarkar and Mr. B. L. Mitter gave great help. Here also Government handled the situation with the usual luck of imagination and pre-vision and great was the disappointment at the non-utilisation of the second Ambulance after deliberately requisitioning it. Public insistence on need of providing for adequate military career in Bengal had in the meantime grown and the second Ambulance Corps in making became the nucleus of the Bengali Double Company, which in the natural course of events led to the Bengali Regiment movement. This was unfortunately badly handled

both in the matter of recruiting and administration. The result, therefore, was not satisfactory ; but the net result of the zealous and insistent work of the devoted band of workers in Bengal, who honoured me by calling upon me to be their President, was the Calcutta University Corps. Of few things shall I be more proud in life than my first **Khaki** Convocation as Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University. Within seven days of arms being served out to them the lads furnished guard of honour and presented arms to their Chancellor in faultless style and Lord Chelmsford, himself a military man of experience would hardly believe that they had arms and bayonets served out to them for the first time for no more than a week. Yet that was strictly and literally so. For here also lack of imagination and pre-vision prevailed and we had no arms given out till it could be helped. We had no Officers, no Medical Inspector, no headquarters, no uniforms to speak of and no money. High class Brahmins, and Kayasthas, and some of them sons of rich influential fathers, did **trench duty** in camp, and slept on bare ground in flooded camps. Yet they scored seven bulls' eye, on an average, out of ten at the shooting range. The Governor who hardly liked to believe the paper score, examined the target for himself on my invitation and asked me how within such a short time so wonderful results could be achieved. My answer was that clean life and limbs, the will to do and devotion and intelligence which they brought to bear on their work would attain still greater wonders. They showed how, well handled and well-nursed, they could do good ; and if the same spirit and same efficiency do not now prevail the matter needs anxious and sympathetic looking into. The University Corps is a part of the Territorials now and it is to be hoped that the Territorials Committee now

sitting will be able to visualise the inwardness of things and be able to put matters right, may make them better.

Lord Lytton's Committee about Indian students in England, of which I had the honour of being a member in 1921, earnestly took up the question of military training of our boys in England. Strong representations were made against their unwarrantable exclusion from the college O. T. C. though strange to say, no objection was taken in the Cadet Corps of the schools. Lads who had volunteered their services in France and Flanders, worked in the trenches side by side with the British Regulars and Territorials were excluded from the college O. T. C. on their return to England and representations to the War Office failed. Never were Mr. Montague, then Secretary of State for India, and Lord Lytton Under Secretary, more annoyed and disappointed: but nothing availed. This among other things prompted our insistence in the Lytton Committee to make Indian education as far as possible self-contained in India and to make military training a strong and essential feature of such education.

The work of the Calcutta University Corps in those days was highly spoken of by the successive Commanders-in-Chief and even the Esher Committee. The movement grew and spread and Madras, Bombay, Lahore, Aligarh, Benares, Patna, Dacca and other centres all came to have their own Corps or platoons in time. And then came the Territorials, of which the University Corps are a part. Space will not permit detailed examination of the work of the regiments and grievances of these units. Nor is it necessary at this stage for the Indian Territorials Committee under the capable and sympathetic guidance of general Shea inspired by Lord Rawlinson will, I am sure, go into all these. The public will

have to take them up later on, for the public have an important duty in the matter. It is idle to blame the Government and the military authorities for all short comings, of which there are undoubtedly many. The Government, the universities themselves, the college and the public have their clear cut duties in the matter, which are nowhere sufficiently and satisfactorily discharged and all have to come together and achieve together, if achievement is to be full. The Universities are beginning to be alive to their grave responsibility in the matter, which is an earnest of advance.

This was prominently brought forward in the recent Universities Conference at Simla and matters were fully and frankly discussed in the presence of and assisted by Col. Collins and Col. Freeland representing the military authorities. It was my privilege to discuss matters fully in detail with these officers and others and a better regime may well be looked forward to if University representatives will get their universities and colleges do their work and if the public will whole heartedly support and co-operate. As in all nurserying stages supplementary resources will be needed and the Universities, the colleges and the public must not stint if they really and earnestly desire to see the movement grow from more to more, as an essential and inevitable factor in the success of the national movement. It should be much more the outcome of their exertions than of the Government, for the military authorities are frankly of opinion that the military value of the movement is, for the present, practically nil. Though well handled and nursed it has great potentialities, we must realize that it is not to be toyed with, but correct and unfailing discipline and rigid and sustained looking after must be the watchword.

The question has grown in proportion in

view of the insistent demands for Indianisation of the Army and if direct Commissions to our graduates are ever to be a reality without contributing to inefficiency and therefore danger, the University Corps must do their work well and betimes. The officering of the Territorials and later on of the Regulars will be very intimately connected with the real efficiency of the University Corps.

As a result of the deliberations of the Universities Conference at Simla in May last the following matters stand out clearly, which ought to engage the early attention of the authorities.

1. A certain amount of organisation, and persuasion is necessary for proper recruiting.

2. The spirit of discipline has to be judiciously maintained in the matter of training and administration.

3. Great care should be taken about officering, location of head-quarters, dress, accoutrements and nomenclature.

4. Training should be intensive as far as possible and interference should be allowed as little as possible with studies and examination.

5. Those desiring to continue and willing to submit to discipline ought to have their connection continued with the Corps even after leaving the University. From this point of view, as well as the general point of view, it should be considered early whether the 20,000 limit of the Territorials force should not be suitably raised, early. In time there will be no difficulty in getting our fifteen universities to contribute much more than 20,000.

6. Supplementary funds should be available for camps, sports, and recreations.

7. Other things being nearly equal members and ex-members of the Corps should have preference in the matter of appointments and in general advancement in life.

8. Academic inducements should be held

out for joining up and recognised and approved military training should be accepted as equivalent to some subjects in the curriculum. Attendance at parade should count as academic attendance, under suitable terms and conditions.

9. Greater generosity should be shown in the matter of granting Commissions to men trained in the Corps, who have every way proved efficient.

Immediately connected with the matter of officering is the training now provided in the Prince of Wales' Military College at Dehra Dun, upon the success of which Lord Rawlinson and his willing assistants have set their heart. The College at present admits 60 to 70 boys from all parts of India, not above thirteen years in age and the training is completed at the end of the eighteenth year when the final selection for Sandhurst is made. The present number permissible for selections for Sandhurst is ten and the number may ere long be expected to and should increase. Men trained at Dehra Dun, men trained in the various University Corps, or men privately trained and with the requisite qualifications, are at liberty to compete for these selections. Other things being equal the Dehra Dun men with their unbroken intensive training for five years that prepares them for the hard and strenuous life before them are likely to do better in the competition and the University Corps training has therefore to be proportionately stiffened for the benefit of those who cannot and do not go to Dehra Dun. As the Election for Sandhurst is made when the candidates are eighteen those who pass their Matriculation at the age of 16, will not have more than 2 years of imperfect training before they suffer themselves for competition for Sandhurst. This will place them at a disadvantage compared with the Dehra Dun men

and Dehra Dun is bound to rise in popularity and must proportionately expand and multiply if facilities for Indianisation of the Army are to be genuinely given on an adequate scale. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief is doing all he can to strengthen and expand the scope of Dehra Dun, for raising its numbers and facilities and at the same time for raising its standard and efficiency. All who have the privilege of visiting the institution realize its great possibilities and are greatly thankful to Lord Rawlinson for what is being done and has been promised. Those that cannot and will not choose a military career will also have training here that will fit them for other walks of life, such as law, medicine, engineering, civics, and public services in a greater degree than they could have in ordinary schools and colleges. The training is equal to that of a first class public school any where and no mean wenklings of undergraduates are being manufactured there. Individual attention, sports, games, well-regulated food and recreations and sustained intellectual engagements are making men of the lads who have the good fortune of being admitted there. They have healthy occupations and recreations from dawn to eve, in charming and detached surroundings. In consequence they are every one of them made a "brick." An important science

side is soon to be developed and it can be quite a success, in the scientific atmosphere of Dehra Dun, with its Forest Institute, its Survey Department and its X-Ray Laboratory, where capable men are engaged in various scientific pursuits. The question has been raised, and the University should answer it sympathetically whether those who choose to proceed to University studies and who do not and cannot adopt a military career, cannot have their Dehra Dun Diploma recognised as equivalent to intermediate certificates of our Universities. The matter was discussed at length at the Universities Conference and a general. If the military and University authorities agree, suitable change of curriculum ought not to be difficult. Such change will not be as easy of achievement in the Arts side as in the Science. And better grounded Indian Cadets for Sandhurst, who have many handicaps, will be a great help to our military movement.

Lads who thus go to the Universities will be a great help in stiffening the University Corps in the matter of officering and otherwise and this will be a great help to the Universities themselves. From this point of view alone, their case is worth more than sympathetic consideration at the hands of the Universities, early. "The Indian Review."



How's that Umpire ?

BY S. T. BHARATHA NESAN.

Bande Mataram ! For the redress of the Punjab grievances, the Khalifat and **SwaRaj**, the cricket of non-violent non-co-operation is being played between India, our sweet motherland and Britain the home of our rulers. The rest of the whole world is playing the part of an umpire from whom both the batsmen and the fielding team wait for a verdict. India has scored several centuries in the game without suffering defeat. Many have been 'bowled out' and many catches have been caught in His Majesty's Prison. Famous batsmen such as Deshbandhu Das, Moulana Azad, Lalaji and Pandit Nehru after putting up a hard fight have been bowled out. What is strange is that both men and women take part in the game without any distinction of caste, or colour. Hindu or Muslim, priest or pariah, black or white united

in the game with the same uniform of white Khadi and a Gandhi cap. Another interesting feature of the game is that westerners like Andrews Polak, Pearson, Horniman and Stokes play for India, and have devoted their whole life time for the noble cause of our motherland. As the Ali Brothers -- the servants of Kaaba and Watan -- Dr. Kitchlew and many other Khilafat players after scoring many a run and having given the fielders catches at Karachi, retire the Singing Bird of India who has left Poetry in quest of **SwaRaj** enters the field. On all sides applauses of Sarojini Devi ki-jai tuned to the sweet music of the charka are heard. India, confident of victory, put up a good game even when the home team had an able bowler as Mr. Lloyd George, fielders like Lord Montagu and an expert wicketkeep as His Excel-

lency the Viceroy, Lord Reading. But Mr. Lloyd George finding Montagu not putting up a good game makes him retire from the field and Winterton and Peel step in. Yet by irony of fate Lloyd George did not play the game as well as he ought to have done and thus losing the faith of his people and on his retirement Bonar Law enters. But he while fielding is scorched by the heat of the Indian sun, and thereupon Baldwin enters owing to former's resignation on account of his ill-health. Mahatmaji was playing from the start of the game and signs were not wanting that he would return "carrying the bat". From all sides the spectators lost in his worship shout Mahatma Gandhi-Ki-jai, SwaRaj ki-jai, Alla-oh-Akbai, some moved by his followship sing Bande Mataram and SwaRaj songs at the point of the spindle, others ruled by his kingship cry "Long live Gandhi—Glory to the land of his birth". The score on the board began to rise from forty to sixty one century to two, two to six. His boundary hits and sixers were received with ovations, proving disastrous to the opponent's eleven. Sir George Lloyd of Bombay sent the second ball of the over to the wicked keeper's glove who "puzzled and perplexed" on his "shaking the manes" stumped Mahatmaji, the Captain of the India Team on the 12th of March through section 124 A for 6 years. The English Press and Platform jubilantly cries out "Well how-

led", but India of the sages of the ages true to the glorious spirit of Ahimsa and non-violence, without any retaliation and force of arms cries out to the whole world "How's that, Out or not out?" and pauses for an answer. One out for a grand total of 6 years.

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage".

and thus the fielders find him a more formidable opponent out of the game. Thus our humble thanks are due to John Bull of Albion fame, for proving to the world in plain words that Gandhi in jail is most powerful than Gandhi out of jail. It is his inspiration that tended to make the players active. The game is still being played by brave and willing hands for his spirit breaks one of the stone walled-temple palace at Yeroveda and is an impetus of inspiration for such players in the field as Kasturabai, the greatest of India's daughters, Raja Gopal-achariar, Seth Jainaulal, Devadas and above all for Acharya Ray, the greatest of Indian scientists, besides Dr. Bose who has proclaimed the doctrine that science can wait, SwaRaj cannot, and has thus sacrificing all his wealth plunged himself in the All India Khadi Campaign. Besides this great apostle of Khaddar, there is our beloved Gurudev, Rabindranath who thinks that Poetry could wait, but that the East and West must meet through Intellectual Sama Raja at Vishwava

bharti, and to crown all for the Rt. Hon. Srinivasa Sastri, the greatest opponent of moderation among the Liberals under Dr. Besant, second class citizenship in the British Empire and has come to the conclusion that SwaRaj is the sovereign need of the hour. Finally for Aurobindo the Yogi who

is playing the game for our Motherlands spiritualised political salvation in the depth of the Eternal Silence for the vindication of Indian honour and prestige, and for the erasure of the blots that have stained the pages of Bharata Mata's history during this materialistic age of Kali Yuga.

THE HOME ENTERTAINMENT.

In the interval the home team entertained Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and the Maharajah of Alwar, but their fate at the imperial Conference for the maintenance of Indian honour and of India's place not in King George's Stable but in his household' may be likened to the one received by Jack and Jill in the old English Nursery Rhyme. All cards were on the table yet General Smuts could not accede to the legitimate rights of India as regards Imperial citizenship and to the dismay of all asserted that his African diamond were for Africans alone. Alas! Diamond could cut only diamond, for Mother India in spite of her Indian clubs was pledged to the gospel of non-violence. At last Fitzgerald played his 'heart' card in asserting the principle that SwaRaj for India was the only cure and sympathized with Indians in their protest of inferior race treatment. Much 'spade' work had to be done for India had not the trump card of SwaRaj as the other nations. Lord Peel dwelt at length

in the glorious heritage of the Indian race and gave his warm support for the removal of this brand of inferiority. The Colonial Secretary, the Duke Devonshire, Mackenzie the King Premier of Canada, Massey of New Zealand-Warren of New Foundland, and the Premier of Australia Mr. Bruce appreciated the value of India's partnership in the British Commonwealth of Nations. In spite of their support for the solution of the Indian Imperial issue they did not give us a good game. Thus the first innings was brought to a close, with the Imperial Conference which did not in any way serve to curb down the religion of the White Race Supremacy.

We have the pleasant task of congratulating the teams of Gurkha-Bagh, Nagpur and Borsdad which deserve applause from the whole world for the splendid fight they put up in the game. The bureaucracy had to yield when the Sikhs triumphed in their victory for their religious prestige.

From Naghpur was echoed the message "The flag calls you" and every brave son of India responded to the call. There was a great response by the Indians, when the Government questioned, like Richard Couer De Lion of Old, "who has dared to place this paltry rag beside the banner of England and from Sunderalaji of Jabulpur to Seth Jamlal, all courted prison for the sake of upholding the cause of India's banner—the Tricolour and Charka. The teams of Borsdad also deserve our thanks and we extend our whole hearted sympathy to the brave Panjabis that we are fighting for the honour of the Nabha. Players may be stumped out, they may be bowled out, they may give catches in His Majesty's prison but the game will be played and won by many innings, and the cricket banner of Indian Freedom—once unfurled will be carried by the brave players of Bharata-varsha. Even though it may fall into the dust it will be lifted up high so that she may be hailed once more as the Queen of the World. We will have in our hands the banner of this game which we shall drop not but hold it till there is last breath in us, and as we pass away we shall hand it to the players who come after us who shall pass it to their children's children till at last the game is won and the victory flag of the sacret game between England and India flies for the glory of our Motherland which would enable

us to be free to think, speak and act. At this moment only when India has attained the cherished goal of SwaRaj will the other teams of the world stand up and say, "This was a sporting team" nay say about India, "This is a nation", Let us then give Three Hearty Cheers to the English eleven.

Hip Hip Hurrah ! Hip Hip Hurrah !
Hip Hip Hurrah !

HURRAH NOT OUT ?

The epoch making event is the release of Mahatmaji. The verdict has already been given "Not Out" when we questioned "How's that, Umpire?" The bureaucracy had to be sportsman-like in the game, and thus with the reason of ill-health, Government has after about two years of the sentence unconditionally remitted the unexpired portion. This is the glorious triumph of the Indian team, It was the knife of Colonel Maddock that saved the life of our Hero. To ensure complete recovery a long rest covering at least six months at the sea side is necessary. Although the release is due to medical reason—higher causes have influenced it and the labourites deserve the Umpire's and our congratulations, for they have done "the wise, just and generous thing". The whole world is jubilant to day, and it is an open secret that Mahatmaji was considered

to be the fittest recipient of the Nobel Prize for Peace not for his doctrines of Satyagraha, Ahimsa and Non-Violence but for the fact that he had enabled India to regain its lost soul ; and for picturing to the whole world the real Jesus of Nazareth. Last year, it couldn't be given to him, and no others received it. This year the Council of State has recommended the Aga Khan and rumours are to the effect that the Assembly is deciding for him. But alas, the heart of this thin slender man is not bent for these rewards. In his letter to Mr, Mohamed Yakub, true to the doctrine of "To work you have the right but not to the fruits", he has plainly said, that this acceptance of doctrines by the world is a sufficient reward, in itself and he desires no further. To him his working for India's cause itself is enough. Such is the Man, who is the leader of our team.

THE NEXT CHAPTER OF THE STRUGGLE.

The English conservative eleven that had been captained by Mr. Stanley Baldwin had to quit owing to the storm of opposition. Protection or Free Trade was the dice, Yet though he had his day yet the Liberals under Mr. Asquith and the Labourites under Mackdonald had, "no confidence in him". Neither Mr. Asquith nor Mr. Ramsay Mackdonald were able to put up a team from their

own parties, but the latter labouring with liberal help had his victory which made Mr, Baldwin without any conservative delay leave No. 10 Downing Street with his cricket materials. The present eleven is under the captainship of the premier who is able to withstand foreign hooting in the game as he is also Foreign Secretary. With great doubts Thomas is watched in the game by the Colonies and the Indian eleven is quite new to the bowler Lord Oliver, for had Colonel Wedgewood been appointed we would have a good time, as he is a sympathetic bowler with India's aspirations and hope, but he is now far away in a corner in the Duchy of Lancaster fielding. Even Ben spoor is only Parliamentary Secretary, and George Laighury is not in the eleven. The other bowler is Prof. Richards, a lady too—Miss Margaret Blondfield is in their eleven, while the other players are Lord Halldana Sydney Webb and Arthur Henderson beside Lord Chemsford whose measure of Reforms is either to be mended or ended by the SwaRajists under Das of our eleven. A wonderful feature has been developed, for there are two teams playing one within the Councils and the other without. Nehru is playing the Viceroy in the Assembly at Delhi backed by Independants, and has given many Government defeats, while Das with Sen Gupta is playing Lord Lytton in Bengal, Dr. Moonju has no confidence in Sir Franch Sly's

Ministers in C. P., Stayamoorthy is in Madras, and Lesley of Bombay though Sympathetic has to play the SwaRajist. From without, there is our great leader who is now at Sassoon Hospital at Poona, the Ali Brothers, Lalaji, Rajagopalachariar, and Sarojini Devi who is recruiting an Indian eleven in Africa for the Kenyan Match. Sankerlal—Banker and Ray are doing their best for Khadi, and signs are not wanting that we would win the battle of Swa-Raj.

PERSONEL OF THE INDIAN TEAM.

1. *Mahatma Gandhi*.—The Apostle of Satyagraha saved India at the critical moment for his Khadi colours has brought him many a success in N. C. O. Has taught his oppononts of what value he is to his own team. An attractor of the crowds of the world during the game. India never had a greater batsman than he.

2. *Moul na Mohamed Ali*. The symbol of Hindu-Muslim unity. Another strong hope of India has a strong defence all round the wickets. Does best as a batsman, his drives are so powerful that his scoring is all by boundaries,

3. *Moulana Shaukat Ali*.—Jato from Prison. Partner bowler of his brother in the Khilafat. A deadly left-hand bowler—breaking sharply on the leg. Fond of offering catches

in H. M' Prison through his speeches and is lucky in getting them missed.

4. *Lala Rajpat Rai*.—The Lion of the Punjab, A "Stone Waller",—an out and out sportsman, a good bat and right hand medium bowler fieldidg his best.

5. *Sarojini Devi*.—The Nightingale—a good block and steady bat scoring centuries with a good defence. Cheers her side through her musical words.

6. *Rajagopalachariar*.—The reviver of best hopes and support of the 'no change' eleven. As he howls wicket after wicket goes.

7. *C. F. Andrews*,—of England fame, puts all his energy in every stroke directing affairs of Indians overseas.

8. *C. R. Das*.—The man for the wickets. Never misses a ball and often stumps saying "How's that" in the council grounds.

9. *Saami Shrdananda*.—Staunchest of Hindu players having his strokes for the depressed classes, Shuddhi and Sangathan Movements. Secures many wickets.

10. *Aazrat Mohani*.—Now a guest in the H. M. Prisons. Bats left hand for Independance—a good fielder and long stop.

11. *Pandit Nehru*.—Another hope of India in the game at the Assembly grounds. Has a fast delivery and almost sure catch.

RESRVES (1)Srinivas Sastri
(2)Surenranath Banerjee
(3)Bopin Chandra Pal

if they rally to the Congress.

Thus with the above players in our team what fear have we? Our duty is to triumph in the game and come victorious with our Khadi colours of the Tri Colour. At the Charka is tuned the message "India expects every Indian to do his duty" in this glorious task for the redress of the Punjab, the Khilafat and the attainment of SwaRaj. We have on the other hand going to play a different game in the councils, for the SwaRajists have formed a coalition with Independents under

Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya and Mr. Jinnah and the Liberals dubbed as the Nationalists. Thus our cricket is the double game of three. Government has encountered several defeats for example in the recall of Mr. Horniman and other encountered proposals, all of which would be crowned by the refusal of supplies in Budget at the Assembly similar to that done by the Central Provinces out of the councils. The English team showed how they were a sporting team to the world by the soothing of brave innocent non-violent Akalis at Jaito. May we say Bharata Mata Ki-Jai for our triumph in Non-violence!

THE INDIAN ELEVEN.

No Changers.

1. M. K. Gandhi (Captain)
2. Mahamed Ali
3. Shaukat Ali
4. Lala Rajpat Rai
5. Sarojini Devi
6. C. Rajagopalachariar
7. Dr. Kitchlew
8. Dr. Ansari
9. Swami Shraddhananda
10. Acharya Rai
11. Banker

Swarajist.

C. R. Dass
Pandit Nehru
Rangaswami
Satyamoorthy
Dr. Moonji
Independent
Pandit Malaviya
M. A. Jinnah
Liberal
Srinivasa Sastri



A Private View

By
ARUN SEN.

The private view is a social epoch.

For did not Miss X capture a live knight ? Was not the engagement of Miss Y to a millionaire arranged here ? Have not appointments, promotions even dismissals been ordained here ?

Naturally only the elite were asked people whose function it is to adorn the various walks of life to which a kindly fate has called them. As however I had not yet succeeded in making a fortune, nor had my struggles been rewarded by a blind government with a title, the desired card had not arrived.

Accordingly I decided to force fate. I dressed myself in latest and best, parted my luxuriant locks in the approved manner borrowed a Rolls Royce from a plutocratic friend with a chauffeur in gorgeous livery which it was a delight to behold. In this dashing equipage I glided into the exhibition grounds—and rushed up the steps. The great hour had not yet arrived, the

thrilling moment, When the Jute King comes with burnished gold in his pockets to assuage the pangs of aesthetic hunger. The Reception Committee who guard the citadel against proletarian onslaughts had already assembled, their fingers nervous and grins crystalised, and a sleek but discriminating urbanity of manner. In deference to the Rolls they might as well rehearse a welcome, they thought. The silvery flash of the metal in my car (for I was already beginning to feel as if I were the real owner thereof) had apparently paralysed the evil test which my critiques and my rancour in the Daily Press had left. "You are the last to arrive"—said one. "There is little time to lose" exclaimed another. "And the arrangements are not quite ready" (quite oblivious of the essential ticket). Leave all that to me" said I (with the best assurance that I could muster)" and I shall undertake to please our guest. At the mention of the great name grins smirks postures all requisitioned and even glances of undying fidelity.

I felt sure the function would be a success. I hustled about gave brusque and rapid directions, saw to it that the lemonade was duly iced and tested the crispness of the pastry. I greeted the guests who began to gather in numbers—fat and sleek and Bond Street clad, assorted with patches from Paquin adapted to the sari moved among them and in and out like a Chinese regisseur. With discrimination and tact I bundled them in groups according to their diverse strata—the nobility, the knighthood and the higher plutocracy I gathered together, those on the threshold had perforce to array themselves into a distinct and less imposing totem (including the owner of the Rolls, lent to me as aforesaid). The rest did not matter and I drove them to obscure corners. There they all stood, awaiting the sumptuous moment, pawing the air, necks poised, nostrils quivering and refusing lemonade, like a race horse on the eve of the King's Cup.

The great Master waddled up to me looking pathetic and careworn with dread thoughts of impending doom if the great one did not purchase or at the worst accept (by tacit agreement) at least 50 per cent. of his productions. I reassured him—"Marvellous, marvellous. There is little in your paintings to which even the most captious can object (They consisted of about a dozen faint strokes of the pencil concealed with the brush. And besides they are absolutely unfettered. You have at least burst the chains of slavery—there is not a line taken from the past, East or West." He displayed the native intense delight of a child (and forgot the Daily Press).

Another Master walked up—"Great, stupendous", said I (the first one had vanished). "What a carnival of colour you treat us to like gorgeous clusters of flowers."—(They

were mere patches of pigments, the intention underlying which could tax a profounder brain than mine.

It is not for me to portray the horrors on the walls ; by their side the whitewash looked so restful and so beautiful. The customary tracings from Ajanda were tortured into line with the present. To my astonishment I realised that the aesthete was inconveniently breaking out in me which I suppressed however though not without difficulty. At this juncture, the Great One arrived there was a rush of several pairs of feet up the stairs, to prepare all and sundry. In a moment the assemblage converted itself into not the least interesting painting there—the ethos of the perpetual grin, smirk and fidelity etc.

I took him around pointing out the most horribly bizarre as the chefs d'oeuvre. I descanted on the growing importance of the school, the link between the East and West the happy blend of the spiritual and the temporal how the soul of India, Asia, the East lay in this school, how it must for ever and ever be guided by the pragmatic West (whose representative etc. etc.—I talked like a text book of the university.) "I am so intensely charmed" the words fell from the Great one—"and do you know, I have a confession to make. My taste entirely coincides with yours. Point out those I ought to choose to my Secretary." "I have a favour to seek" said I audaciously. "It would be sheer unkindness to deprive us of aesthetic landmarks in the History of Art. Will you not present these to our school, so that in days to come they may direct the struggles of a future generation of artists."

"A very good idea," said he, looking inexplicably relieved, "so be it". Thereafter

the various totems all flocked round me beseeching me to select paintings for them. The measure or the absurdity of their demands was that of the wildness of my choice.

A well known hostess—somewhat syelte and passes out with a kindness still lingering in her eye, unextinguished by social banalities came to me with—"I want something sentimental and sad, but not too sad". I liked her and forgave her presence there for that latent touch of the heart,

The galaxy of stars was now paling from the horizon, and I too was longing for a hasty exit, when a French lady, still with the shingled grace of a Parisian studio about her poured out the floods of her wrath against me—

"When will you tire of your monstrous game of imposing on these innocent tribes and deliberately to misguide them. I am sick of this banal school, whose sole aim is to be ugly in a particular way. But your masquerade—that truly disgusts." "Ah, Maid moiselle," said I, "I know what you were going to say:—

Aussique diable venaitil faire

Dans cette galere.

Allow me to offer libations to the mad candours of your city. Sparkling Moselle awaits us in my flat." I wasted no time. I escorted her out, leaving Tradition, Art, Spirituality and all the consequential banalities to the tribes and totems. "Forward"



Agriculture in India

By

Dr. D. Clouston, O.I.E., M.A., D.Sc.

Agricultural Adviser to the Government of India.

Writing about 800 years ago on the subject of the importance of agriculture to country, Markham said :—

“A husbandman is the master of the earth, turning barrenness into fruitfulness, whereby all common-wealths are maintained and upheld. His labour giveth liberty to all vocations, arts, and trades to follow their several functions with peace and industry. What can we say in this world is profitable where husbandry is wanting, it being the great nerve and sinew which holdeth together all the joints of a monarchy ?”

Writing in the same strain a century or so later, Young said that—

“Agriculture is, beyond all doubt, the foundation of every other art, business and profession, and it has, therefore, been the ideal policy of every wise and prudent people to encourage it to the utmost.”

The salient facts regarding the state of agriculture in India at the present time are, (1) that it is our premier industry and provides employment and a means of livelihood for three out of every four of the people of this country, (2) that it is in a backward state and has not as a vocation attracted many men of brains, enterprise and capital, (3) that progress in the development of agriculture must be based on knowledge gained by research and experiment, (4) that the amount spent up to date on research and

experiment is quite insignificant compared with the enormous importance of the interests involved, and (5) that the money value of the results obtained from such researches and experiments as have already been carried out by our Agricultural Departments have opened up a vista of great possibilities for future developments. These, in brief, are the established facts as far as the condition of the industry is concerned. It was Justin McCarthy, I think, who said that the first business of statesmanship is to recognise established facts and to set upon their evidence. How far, it may be asked, are our statesmen taking action on the evidence available regarding the needs of agriculture ?

Government has within the last two decades done much for the advancement of scientific agriculture in India. It has established agricultural colleges and research institutes and much valuable research work has been done. Knowledge had to be acquired before progress was possible, and to gain this knowledge its experts have had to “sort out a tangle of facts, reduce them to order, and to draw correct conclusions therefrom.” Thousands of varieties of crops have been sorted out from the heterogeneous mixtures grown by the cultivators. Each type has been isolated and tested and the most productive and disease-resistant kinds propagated for distribution to cultivators.

Entirely new kinds have been evolved by the crossing parents of different varieties. The area now sown in India every year with seed of these improved strains is somewhere between twenty and thirty lakhs of acres and is increasing every year. The cost to Government of effecting an improvement of this kind is very small when compared with the money value of the improvement to the people. The Botanical Section of the Imperial Department of Agriculture has, for example, cost Government only a little over half a lac of rupees a year ; while the introduction of the wheats evolved by that Section is adding anything from 150 to 200 lakhs of rupees per annum to the value of India's wheat crop ; and wheat is only one of several crops dealt into this section. The improvement of the fine herd of cattle on the Pusa Farm by selective breeding has doubled the milk yield of the cows of that herd. The thousands of improved agricultural machines introduced by the efforts of Departments of Agriculture in the Province have enabled the cultivator to reduce his labour bill and to raise his standard of farming all round. I am quoting these as examples of what can and is being done to develop Indian agriculture. There is little doubt but that the agricultural improvements already effected by the Imperial and Provincial Departments are adding annually many crores of rupees to the farming profits of the people.

The beneficent work being done by Departments of Agriculture in India is, I believe, appreciated by Government ; it is appreciated, too, by the patient plodding but inarticulate tiller of the soil who is reaping the fruits of the improvements introduced. It is not, however, fully appreciated by the bulk of our politicians and the result

is that under the Reformed Government, the development of agriculture on scientific line is not receiving the attention it deserves. The valuable work being done is at times damned with faint praise in our Legislative Councils, and I regret to say, necessary expenditure is too often cut down in the interests of economy so called. This, we believe, is but a passing phase ; it is a phase through which every advanced country has had to pass and history is thus repeating itself in India to-day. It is a phase through which England was passing at the time when Dean Swift said that "He who maketh two blades of grass or two ears of corn grow where but one grew before, does his country a greater service than the whole pack of politicians put together". It is a phase through which England, the United States of America, Germany, Denmark, France and other advanced countries have long since passed through. In all these countries great attention has been paid to the development of agriculture on scientific lines.

In the United States of America a very large sum is being spent every year by the Federal Department of Agriculture on research and education. The Department has its own bureaus, research laboratories and experimental stations ; and is co-operating, too, with the various States of the Union in investigational, propaganda and educational work. In other advanced countries the same procedure is being followed ; the Central Government regards the development of its agriculture as a national duty and is spending large sums on its research and educational institutions in the interest of the people as a whole. Agriculture is regarded as the pivot industry, with the development of which the success of other industries is closely bound up. Its developments

benefits all classes ; for the farm supplies food for the workers and much of the raw material required for other industries. In directly, improvements in cultural methods are also the means of supplying labour for these industries. As a result of the introduction of agricultural machinery on a large scale, it is reckoned that agriculture in America has, within the last 20 years, been able to release to other industries and commerce 4 million men, and this without causing any reduction in the acreage output.

In Germany also, agriculture has been developed by State effort. Henry H. Wolf, who was himself a farmer in Germany for several years, tells us that in the middle of the last century Germany was impoverished and its people were backward till Government evolved its national agricultural policy. The State took the lead ; it supplied the initiative and driving power. Its research institutions brought in a new era for German agriculture ; processes and results were carefully analysed and discoveries of great value to the farmer made and German agriculture flourished in consequence. In the great war we saw the result of this policy. German farmers had accumulated much wealth ; their granaries were full, and when the coast of Germany was blockaded her power of resistance proved a most unwelcome surprise to the Allies.

Science began to be applied systematically to the development of the agricultural resources of England about the middle of the 19th century, and with very beneficial results. By better breeding and feeding her herds of cattle, sheep and horses were improved out of all resemblance to their progenitors ; Great Britain became the world's stud farm. Labour-saving machinery and better methods of cultivation were introduced and

improved strains of seed raised. More attention was given to the improvement of the soil by drainage and manuring, to the protection of crops from cattle, and to the better housing of livestock. As a result of these and other improvements, the acreage yield of the staple crops and the value of cattle and sheep have been greatly increased.

In Denmark, Belgium, Switzerland and France scientific enquiry in the different branches of agriculture has been promoted by the state with the same good results. Their statesmen and the public generally have come to realise the paramount importance of providing for the endowment of scientific work connected with the development of agriculture on a scale commensurate with its great importance. They now fully realise that the countries which have made the greatest progress and are obtaining from their soil the highest returns are those which have increased their research institutions.

No country in the world stands more in need of the driving and organising power of the state in the development of its agriculture, than India. In no country are the people as a whole so dependent on agriculture, perhaps, and in no country does the development of agriculture on scientific lines offer greater possibilities. In India it is admittedly our premier industry ; it furnishes practically all the material for the food and clothing of the people in urban as well as in rural areas, and it provides the raw materials for our factories. The annual value of the agricultural produce of British India is somewhere in the neighbourhood of 2,000 crores of rupees.

In India agriculture is still in a backward state ; her Department of Agriculture is of comparatively recent origin, and the am-

ount spent up to date on agricultural research and experiment is quite insignificant compared with the enormous importance of the interests involved. Till farming is made more profitable by the introduction of improved processes based on scientific discoveries, it will be very difficult to find money for the education and uplift of the masses. Eminent business men have time and again pointed out the paramount importance of fostering agricultural research in India and of bringing the fruits thereof to the notice of the cultivator. Being business men they fully realised that the real secret of agricultural progress in other lands was to be found in the application of science to the study of the manifold problems of husbandry. They realised, too, that farming is a business and to run it successfully, brains, enterprise and capital are needed. Farming as a vocation has not in this country attracted many men of brains and enterprise, and the number of land-holders who take an interest in the scientific development of agriculture is still lamentably small. If that state of affairs were to continue, there would be little or no hope of the industry being developed by the people engaged in it. The spread of general education should in course of time help to break down this apathy; the vocational training given at our agricultural colleges is already helping to do so.

Agriculture as an industry in this country lacks capital no doubt. There are many cultivators, who, owing to the smallness of their holdings, the vagaries of their rainfall, the usury of the moneylender or other causes are not always in a position to meet the initial cost of adopting agricultural improvements. There are, on the other hand, hundreds of thousands of comparatively wealthy land owners and tenant farmers who are only

waiting to be shown how to do so. Some of this class have already incorporated into their farm practice improved methods of cultivation introduced by the Imperial or Provincial Departments of agriculture and are reaping the fruits of these improvements. A few of them are now taking the lead in agricultural advancement and their farms are object lessons in improved cultivation. They are, moreover, handing on their poor brethren the improved strains of seed and cattle evolved on Government farms and agricultural improvements are thus gradually filtering down to the masses in rural areas. If, however, agricultural practice is to be raised to a high standard within a reasonable period of time, Government will have to provide, to a greater extent than in the past, the initiative and driving power required by investigating the causes which retard progress and by demonstrating ways and means of overcoming them. The Central Government will have to play a leading part, for Provincial Governments cannot afford to maintain institutions of the highest possible standard for research and education.

Future historians will, on looking back to the period in Indian history which we are passing through at the present time, have much reason to criticise the attitude of some of our politicians towards the economic development of agriculture. I can imagine these historians lamenting the fact that when Government was attempting to foster the development of this great industry, some of the political leaders of the people through apathy or lack of sincerity lost sight of the things which matter and failed to do their duty. I can imagine these same historians praising, in no uncertain terms, the few good men and true who, in our Legislative Assembly and

Provincial Councils, have played an important part in drawing the attention of our legislatures to the importance of developing this industry. Of such men we already have a few who have brought to politics considerable resources of thought and experience, who take long views, who look beneath the surface and above the mere catch words of political parties, and who understand what economic advancement means and by what

methods it can be brought about. They realise that with the prosperity of our agriculturists more than with anything else, is bound up the prosperity of India and her future progress, that progress is the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and that to the agricultural expert who is manuring, watering and digging the soil round that tree they owe a debt of gratitude for the progress he has thus made possible. "The Indian Review".



To "S" (A Basant Gift)

By A. Wanderer.

No worthy gift, thou Queen of May
Which I might on this happy day.
Send Thee. I hold around me spread
The richest flowers : pale saffron, red,
White, blushing pink, cerrulean blue,
Green, amberlight, faint opal hue.
The musky Rose, or Lily fair
The Ohampak buds o'snowy glare.
And all the rest which Spring adorn
Are not a match to thee. Their morn
Is brief. For short they blush and bloom
Then shed their dews and bright illumine.
But thou art ever fair. Hence Sweet
A wreath of joyful thoughts to greet.
Thee on this day I send, all wove
In golden links of guileless love.
Accept. "With joy and tranquil light",
"Of peace and bliss thy life be bright."



How the Pay was earned ?

By

A. RENEGADE, B. A.,

In the old archives of an oldest police station manned by an old station house officer, several occurrence reports, though authorised to be destroyed, were found with some unofficial notebooks marked extra confidential and not to be opened before 1924. The books and the reports were eaten away by worms and moths in vital places, such as the names of the stations, the rank and names of officers, and the like, that would be of material use for inquisitive readers in unravelling the mysteries of the guardains of law and order of those interesting days of old. Yet, the note books were plain in some

parts, obscure in others, but otherwise intelligible to the one accustomed to the mysteries of police life.

It was the fifth of November of a certain year—bringing back to memory by a strange coincidence the Guy Fawkes' Day just before the days of the Police Inquisition—the Commission when the old head constable, the station house officer, with his big body, bigger moustaches, and blood shot eyes appeared trembling before the "Divisional Inspector." It was morning, and the five other station house officers of his division were standing Hanuman like before Ram as in the classic picture of the famous Ravi Varma Raja.

The chief of Police was having a gay time with them issuing instructions and distributing the well earned pay ; the biggest and the proudest of the station house officers assembled was forbidden the smiles of the chief, and the share of the month's toils as well. The hennign government had indeed passed his pay also, but the chief would not allow him to touch it ; nor was that all ; the chief forgot his presence, refused to look at him and even provokingly referred of the renegade who disgraced the police force, and who was bold enough to approach for his pay having slept the entire month with his women in his station limits. To talk is to be disobedient, and to argue before a superior is to be impertinent, and the old man ate his moustaches, doubled up his beard in concealed rage, look down, lifted up to retort, but, none looked at him encouragingly, nor cared to notice his existence in that august gathering. All others were jubilant, and their hilarity was a thousandfold galling to our hero. The gathering dispersed, and all the five 'Heads' went back to their respective places to begin the new month with better plans, and still better schemings each trying to surpass their exploits of their previous month to take back the coming month's pay with better grace, and with greter credit from their all protecting chief, not omitting to think within their heart of hearts that there would be some that would not merit

the pay so that they may shine by contrast.

But, the old man remained with the chief just as others left the place with joy. Once only he thought of resignation, but his period of service—approved, wanted yet some 2 years—and that was not an auspicious moment to get leave. The chief disdained to look at him, even when he was alone, so angry was he at the waste of the taxpayer's money. The old man began to murmur something when the chief stopped him with a grunt similar to that of a caged lion. The 'head' threw down his head shivering—the head to whom the 15 or 20 villages in his jurisdiction would tremble, to whom the proudest mirasdar would stand submissive at his mere sight, to whom whole villages would sweep, clean, and water the streets, and construct welcome arches, and to whom mere nod would fetch the hidden treasures of the veriest miser. This was humiliation indeed for the old 'head', but none of the members of his jurisdiction was present when the chief poured out his wrath.

"I shall bring some interesting cases this month"—implored the old man.

"But, what were you doing the whole month ? idling away eh ?" angrily responded the chief.

"Revered Sir," submissively continued the chief, 'no case occurred, and in spite of all efforts I could not get even a single case. All my people

have gone tame, and even my rowdies fear to come out to exhibit their pranks on the innocent and docile people, so cowardly they became. I request you to go to my jurisdiction, and see for yourself if I had not bent down the stoutest of hearts, or the noblest of souls."

"Then", said the chief, "Do you suggest the abolition of your station simply because no case occurred in your limits? Money should be spent, and the government would never be satisfied with the opinion of an idler, and a drone like you,"

"But, Sir, what are your chief grievances against me, that I should be merited with this sharp and unprecedented rebuke?" queried the head.

"You know them, and yet you pretend you do not know and mind your pay would never be considered well earned, your salary for the month as well as that of your subordinates will be withheld, unless you bring some cases within twice forty-eight hours."

That was a mandate not to be trifled with, the head knew full well. There was no use arguing, and arguing would bring black marks, he knew very well by experience; and he was content not to have his pay, and refrained from arguing lest he be merited with punishment for disobeying orders also.

The old 'head' went back to his station, sat on the only chair intended for

him, and looked vacantly at the wall. His six constables assembled on the verandah, peeped through the window into the station house, and found out that the chief was very angry, and that something was amiss. But, they could not wait indefinitely; their pay ought to be got and the avaricious creditors should be satisfied. The bolder, and the pet of the head slowly crept in, and queried the cause of his silence with extra submissiveness.

"I have not got the pay of the force," said the head slowly and sadly.

"The worst of the lot waiting outside whispered to his neighbour. "Please, do not believe the old man he ought to have spent all the money on some women, and would have he cheek to say that the Inspector kept back the amount for his coming never-ending marriages and ceremonies. And, why should he assume this sullen posture? He thinks that no one would approach the inspector to congratulate him on the marriage, or enquire about the ceremony. I bet that he had his pay, and he would not care the miserable wretches like us. Should the government also be blind to our lot--and what could they do with such ferocious old men whom they could neither throw away, nor keep."

The 'head' said that the chief refused the pay of the station on well reasoned grounds. The constables were idling away their time, and none

of them were able to bring out any case for the past one month. The truth dawned on the intermediary, and the message was duly conveyed to all. But, the dissentient had to confess that his head was an adept in coining novel excuses. The head in his humiliation, noticed the sullen attitude of the men; he dispersed them to assemble at the station house by 6 P. M. in the night, and refrained from indulging in vain talk.

The beat lantern with the usual supply of cocoanut oil and the tin can, the receptacle of the free customary beat toddy were in the hands of the beat constables. The old station was in the parting of 2 public highways, and all the six were deputed two on each side to haul up such of those as they could conveniently lay their hands on.

The right hand of the S. H. O. went north of the road for over 4 miles and searched in vain for prey, and though it was past midnight, he found none on the road. The 'head' would not allow such an excuse to pass by without giving severe strictures on his incompetency, and incapacity. Vainly he tried to catch one, but his walk was swifter than our indomitable, and indefatigable beatman, and the man's gait clearly showed he was in a hurry to go somewhere. Wearily, he wended his way to the adjoining choultry, and his equally unfortunate 'Jodi' also came to halt there with no better result.

In the choultry, a man was found

snoring loudly. A small bundle containing meals for the morrow was kept huddled by him. The tranquility of the chatram was disturbed by the stentorian voice of our heroes, and the sleeping man rose and sat up half dazed. The minious of law and order asked him as to where he was going and as to why he was sleeping in such a suspicious way in the choultry. The stranger protested that he was going to a village ten miles off for condolence. Surely, such a lame excuse would never be accepted without verification, and he was hurried back to the station by the two indomitable constables against the alternative implorings of the wretch that he was unable to walk, and that he would pick up his meal bundle which he let down on the alarm, if his going to the station were to be insisted upon. The constables simply assured him that he would be sumptuously fed, and that others more interested would take care of the departed soul.

More fortunate were the two that went the other direction. They found two persons, hunters by profession, father and son, slightly coloured by the warm drink of the night with which the obliging tavern keeper by the roadway accommodated them, discussing over the drink, and planning ways and means to avenge the father-in-law who so ignominiously beat the hunter's son for a slight fault of his and that in the presence of his wife. The father was

arguing that his son was a coward, and that he ought not to have returned from his father-in-law's house with such ignominy, without teaching him a sound lesson by severe thrashing. He even went to the length of saying that life was not worth living, and that it was very unusual for a son-in-law to get himself punished in the presence of his wife without protest. The loud talk on a highway was enough excuse for this set of beatmen to call them to the police station to have the argument threshed out, by their justice loving 'Head.' Indeed, the protestations of the hunters that they would settle their own quarrel amicably, that they would supply them with good honey for the pain they took in offering to render justice, and that they would even give a live five rupee note for the interest they took on the matter failed to move the constables to show their sympathies on the wretched souls. And how could they wink at even offences committed within their immediate presence, It was ascertained from a desultory talk with the elder that he had a conviction for three months for being bold enough to proudly walk out twelve years ago with three measures of paddy his then master supplied him as wages for honest work done in heat and wind in the fields, whilst the youngster hale and hearty with love for work was found to have the highest possible notions about honesty common to the hardworking peasant

folk. The elder passionately appealed to all concerned not to do farm work under avaricious rich mirasdars, and had already warned his own son to pursue a different kind of job.

The 'Head' with his two other comrades had certainly not been idle in spite of the strictures of his chief, and were seen busily enquiring after their old station known deprecator who had tasted jail life, once for failure to give security, and escaped several times offering sureties defying even the old time 'head' who outwardly expressed displeasure but inwardly sympathised with the coming out of this defier of law and order, for according to him even such a reprobate as he would be of some use as even the smallest fry had its own duty to perform in this wonder working world.

This K. D. was a passionate lover of his own liberty, and was known to have valiantly fought several times like the village Hampden that he was jealous of everybody's invaluable sight of freedom of movement, whenever according to his logic, he found the guardians of law and order trespassing into the regions of the weak, and the timid, his services will always be available. The public applauded his courage in secret, and the police force knew that he was a man to be reckoned with. The slightest vacillation of any man to sympathise with this wretch of humanity, would result in that man also being classed in the category of the

undesirables, and the displeasure of a policeman as all very well knew was their own death trap. So, even the sympathising man had to join the police in condemning, and the guardians of law found no difficulty in trapping him whenever opportunity occurred.

The kidnapping of this historical person was certainly no easy joke, and in spite of the personal superintendence of the 'head' the assistants blundered once by walking near his dwelling house in right military fashion, and the head by threats of dire consequences exhorted them implicitly to carry out orders without comments verbal, or actional. The small hut was scaled over in a moment, and the kidnapping of the K. D. from his sleep to the Police station without even awakening his slumbering mate was so charmingly carried out that even the S. H. O. had to acknowledge that such a piece of work could never be undertaken even by the experts in housebreaking.

The work of the night was over, and the innocent head was sitting in the Police Station without exhibiting even the slightest emotion at the adventures of the previous night. The constable rendered the accounts and the stories of ordinary beats unvarnished by romantic incidents, and they were duly recorded in the fatal daily book. The proceeds of the previous night were never visible that day either in the look up or in any of the Government records. But, four men were

found at large loitering round the police station vainly waiting for the mysterious hand to clear up the arguments raised the previous night. The men were so enamoured like the moth before the lamp of even handed justice that they could neither walk out home, nor keep quite, but hovered round the station house awaiting the pleasures of its head.

The S. H. O. had already issued the necessary orders, and in obedience to the same the proceeds of the previous night were tied up by all the six, and dragged out duly to the adjoining village by dead of night. There was a cross road, and near the junction on either side were houses, chiefly inhabited by honest, godfearing, and law abiding citizens. One house only belonged to the respectable class of the dancing girls, and the house itself was under their care from time immemorial, so much so that the inhabitants of the house were considered to be the oldest residents of the locality. The most beautiful in that house was a girl of sweet seventeen, and patronised by the richest dandy, the trustee of the local Siva temple. The S. H. O. had certainly cast more than one passing glance at the beauty, and anyway, his attentions, out of fear for him, were not then given as much consideration as they deserved. This night was, however, the day of a great crisis in the village, the like of which was unheard of within living memory. Stones began

to fall pell mell in the street distant noises of heads being broken, and property demanded were heard, while roofs of several houses were beaten by unknown people. There was a regular hue and cry, and the tired labourers, and the lazy drones were up in arms, and were seen in the street busily enquiring each other the cause of the turmoil. A few strangers apparently new to the little community were seen edging to the side of the veranda of the dancing girl. A brisk chase according to the villagers was given, and the dumbfounded illustrious four who stood rooted to the spot watching the amazing spectacle were seized and tied up amidst their ceaseless pleading that they came with half a dozen policemen, who left them there promising to return. Further contentions ended only in moans. The distant cry of the time honoured beat song was heard, and the police constable who came along shortly afterwards assisted the villagers in hooking the dangerous culprits who so adroitly planned the dacoity. The village headman was soon requisitioned and he came promptly to the spot. He drew up a long report of the incidents, the smart capture of the criminals redhanded, and even pointedly made mention of the fact that the scene of capture was within a few yards of a famous dancing girl. The protestations of the criminals, and the appeals made by them to the wily beat constable were of no avail. The constable

stuck to the view that the fellows were great dacoits, a view in which the villagers profoundly agreed. The talaria armed with the reports and the belaboured thieves, marched triumphantly to the police station with the least possible delay, and on being told that the S. H. O. was still slumbering in his house repaired thither and got on their heads rankest abuse for disturbing the fine morning with such a barefacedly false report. The S. H. O. however, had the patience amidst his assumed uncontrollable anger to pour fervently at the report to find that everything was in order, and that his endeavour were not in vain.

Rumour spread like wild fire, and the police station was the place of pilgrimage to all people high and low. Several attempted to identify the accused as the persons responsible for thefts in their own houses, and very many went away disappointed that their property were not among those that were brought to light. The exploits of the S. H. O. and the villagers were the common talk in the whole division, and every honest citizen was amazed at the dexterity with which the dacoits were captured, and the entire property siezed at such an incredibly short time. The villagers were admired and the S. H. O. was applauded.

The subsequent history of the case was allowed to be devoured by the time honoured white ants. But, tradition

had it that the pay of the S. H. O. and that of his subordinates were promptly paid by the division inspector who profusely apologised for his rude behaviour to the old man only a few days previously.

The case was of course, duly thrashed out before the civilian Judge, and the obnoxious accused figured more odious when they cast reckless aspersions on the police that they concocted the dacoity by catching them unawares, and throwing them at the mercy of the villagers at dead of night near the cross road. Their contention could not be proved even by superhuman efforts, and the relations of the accused who came to render help stood aghast at the capabilities of these seemingly innocent people. The defence only hardened the warmhearted civilian. In vain, the accused protested their innocence, but the unseen hand of Providence hurled each of them to His Majesty's shelter for a

period of seven years, the allotted span of life for such class of people.

The S. H. O. had the satisfaction to note that the Judge had remarked on the abilities of that enterprising old man who had exhibited such keen acumen in bringing the case to such a successful conclusion. The S. H. O. had his grade raised for good work, and was held up as a model for idlers, and lingers on to follow.

Evil gossip never stopped there, and the dancing girl who lent some of her jewels for the case was said to be the right unseen hand of the old man, and rumour had it that she was the protecting angel to many an intricate case for the old man and his successors in office.

But, to our venerable and old S. H. O. it was the triumphant incident of the pay well earned, and to the chronicler the carrying out of the behests of the mismatched worm eaten extra confidential note books.



Miraculous Cure

(U. R. A.)

It was in the middle of a hot Indian Summer,—when men show a great love for water—that a man entered into one of the much frequented coffee-hotels of M—. His one hand was pressed against his stomach, which was an exaggeration of what Shakespeare calls, “a fair round belly”; and the other hand pressed against his cheek, groaning, shamping, and showing every symptom of violent pain. He took a seat on a bench, called for a cup of coffee, made several useless efforts to swallow it—every drop that entered his mouth being signalled by a loud groan. Several people collected round him, and enquired the cause of his illness; he replied that he was suffering from a violent fit of tooth ache, for the last twenty-four hours, which resisted every remedy—and—he was hungry too, his stomach being nearly a vacuum. Various things were proscribed for him; one man, who was more sportive than the rest said, that the best remedy for tooth ache was to take a hammer and hit some blows on the head or the lower jaw of the patient, as the offending tooth was found respectively on the upper or the

lower jaw until the pain was diminished. Another informed him that a new Japanese Dentist, who was in the city, extracted painlessly all the natural teeth—which are a source of infinite pain, and replaced them with a splendid set of artificial teeth, which the germs cannot attack (nor the teeth can attack the food). This and other similar suggestions were coolly received by the victim, who answered every one of his tormentors with loud groans.

At length a man, who was sitting aloof in an empty bench, stepped forward and said, “Gentlemen, I possess a remedy which I am certain will cure this gentleman in five minutes.”

So saying, he drew out from under his armpit a box filled with small bits of roots of a red colour. “Here Sir, chew this with your offending tooth.” The patient did as he was directed, and to the astonishment of everyone present, he immediately experienced a diminution of pain, the remedy operating as if by enchantment, and in less than the stipulated time he was perfectly relieved, and drank not one cup of coffee, but eight cups, together

with a large quantity of edibles—which would have been too much even for a man of good appetite.

After his stomach was full to bursting, he fell prostrate at the feet of his deliverer, balanced himself on his bulging belly and licked his feet.

"Sir," said he, "you have wrought a miracle,—yes a miracle, and I shall be very grateful to you, if you will inform me where your remedy can be purchased."

"Nowhere" replied the other man, "I will tell you the story how I procured it :—

While I was returning from a long journey to a distant town, my way ran through a dense forest. I missed my way, when passing through it, and to crown this trouble a violent fit of toothache seized hold of me, and so intense was the pain that I had to crawl every inch of my way. Then I descried a Rishi coming towards me; clothed only in a tiger's skin. What astonished me was the speed at which he travelled—which I guessed to be about sixty miles per hour. Soon the sight that met my optics nearly staggered me to my feet, for the Rishi was walking on air. When he saw me crawling on the ground he stopped and asked what the matter was. No sooner I told him of my trouble, than he disappeared and returned after a few seconds with his hands full of these roots.

He told me that it is a sure remedy of toothache and that the gods and Rishis never use any other remedy nor do they go to the dentists. After thanking him graciously, I asked him where he was going. The Rishi replied that he has been appointed by Lord Shiva as his private Secretary and he was going to Mount Kailasa to take over the new office. Then after showing me my way, he disappeared at his tremendous speed. Since then on several occasions I have put these roots to the test and found them quite good."

"Well, surely you would not refuse to let me have a few pieces of the root," asked the patient.

"Impossible."

"Well, I only ask for ten pieces, and I will give you two rupees apiece."

"Well, I consent but, mind, you are the only person to whom I grant such a favour."

Everyone present now wished to have some portion of the divine root; all were subject to the toothache, and the traveller was obliged to part with nearly all the chips of roots to fill his box, pockets, and every empty space on his person with rupees. The proprietor of the hotel, the head of a family of ten members, unwilling to let such an opportunity to escape him, was fortunate enough to purchase twenty pieces, calculating, no doubt, that each

member of his family required at least, two roots to last a life time.

When occasion arose for putting the virtue of the divine root to the test, however, it was soon found that it had none of the effects on the good people of the city, which it had on the traveller, the Gods, and the man who visited the hotel. Was the Bishi angry for selling his divine root, and so cursed it, depriving it of its divine qualities? Or has it lost its virtues due to keeping? So the happy few who were fortunate enough to get the root of rarity insisted, for, as usual, the men who are greatly hoaxed are the last persons to own up that they had been fooled and cheated. On this day there are some people who have kept these pieces safely locked up in their safes, thinking no

doubt that some day the divine virtue of the roots may return; and some others have "bequeathed it as a rich legacy unto thier issue." While the traveller and his patient who were none other than two sharpers of repute, made good their escape with sufficient money to last them a year.

If any of you, dear readers, are fortunate enough to visit M—, you will find a hotel there, over the entrance of which you will find a glass case, with some pieces of roots in it, on which is inscribed;

"Beware Of Cheaters."

Some time ago I asked him about the traveller, when he said '.....' Well, he said something about him which would be too shocking to reproduce here.



Mahatma Gandhi and Birth Control in India.

By Basanta Koomar Roy.

It is not necessary to agree with everything that Mahatma Gandhi says or does in order to appreciate the child-like simplicity of his nature, and the saintliness of his character. He is undoubtedly one of the greatest souls that walks on earth today. *Muni-nanchan mativrama* (Even saints are apt to make mistakes) is an old Sanskrit proverb. Mahatma Gandhi's recent attack on conscious birth control in India is an illustration of this proverb.

But his attack has opened a discussion in the Indian press that was well worthwhile. The lucid and trenchant refutations of this in some of the Indian dailies, weeklies and monthlies most unequivocally prove how slowly but surely the scientific and ethical idea of birth control is permeating the thought currents of awakened India.

Many years ago Mahatma Gandhi wrote a book entitled "A Guide to Health." In this book the Mahatma of to-day makes a few statements and confessions that have a bearing on birth control. Instead of quoting from such

eminent authorities on birth control as Margaret Sanger of America and Dr. Charles V. Drysdale of England, let me quote from this book a few salient and timely passages which defeat Mahatma Gandhi's own arguments in his own words :

"The race of true Brahmacharies is by no means extinct ; but if they were to be had merely for the asking, of what value would Brahmacharya be ? Thousands of hardy laborers have to go and dig deep into the bowels of earth in search of diamonds, and at length they get perhaps merely a handful of them out of heaps and heaps of rock. How much greater, then, should be the labour involved in the discovery of the infinitely more precious diamond of a Brahmacharin ?.....

"Alas, how rare are those men and women who yield to the sexual craving merely for the sake of an offspring ! The vast majority who may be numbered in thousands, turn to sexual enjoyment merely to satisfy their carnal passion, with the result that children are born to them quite against their will. In the madness of sexual passion

we give no thought to the consequence of our acts. In this respect, men are even more to blame than women. The man is blinded so much by his lust that he never cares to remember that his wife is weak and incapable of rearing a child..... We do not shrink from imposing the heavy burden of maternity on our women, and we are not concerned even to find that our children are weak, impotent and imbecile. Every time we get children, we bless providence, and so seek to hide from ourselves the wickedness of our acts. Should we not rather deem it a sign of God's anger to have children who are weak, sensual, crippled and impotent? Is it a matter for joy that mere boys and girls should have children? Is it not rather a curse of God?.... Do we think that the world is going to be saved by the countless swarms of such impotent children endlessly multiplying in India or elsewhere in the world.....

"I have myself been guilty of lapses even after having fully understood the value of Brahmacharya, and have, of course, paid dearly for it... I was married early in life, and had become the father of children as a mere youth. When, at length, I awoke to the reality of my situation, I found myself sunk in the lowest depths of degradation."

Mahatma Gandhi here admits that he himself had to struggle for years to conquer himself, even after he knew of

the blessings of continence. How much more difficult it must be for a healthy man or woman of flesh and blood who does not at all believe either in the ethics or in the beneficence of "self-control" to be an absolute Brahmacharin?

As there are heaps and heaps of rocks in the bowels of the earth, and but a few diamonds, similarly there are millions upon millions, of men and women in India with normal human passions and emotions, and but a few diamond men and women of absolute continence, on the verge of Nirvana. Mahatmajī knows that all men in India are not like him, and that all women are not like his saintly wife Kasturibai. He no doubt discovered this himself in his experiments with non-violence in things political. He has no doubt also discovered that simply crying in the wilderness of fanatical idealism will lead India nowhere but to disaster after disaster of the most harassing character. We have to take facts as they are. We have to deal with human nature as it is.

Apart from its religious aspect birth control is an economic issue of paramount importance. Whatever the causes may be—internal, external or both—India is in the grip of dire poverty. We know of her enormous birth rate, of her staggering death rate, of her gruesome infant mortality, of the pathetic death of countless mothers in

childbirth, and of the miserable state of health of her masses and middle classes.

Is India to continue piling up poverty upon poverty, disease upon disease, degradation upon degradation and death upon death by reckless births of unwelcome children, waiting, waiting for Mahatma Gandhi's milleni-

um to come? Or is she to give birth to fewer and better children so that the present generation may grow into a nation of virile men and women quite capable of shaping the destiny of our beloved motherland? Let young India, which is now laying the foundation of a great free nation seriously ponder over the problem of birth control in Hindusthan.



Things That Amuse.



RADIO LIGHTHOUSES

Navigation in fog and darkness near dangerous coasts, will be robbed of most of its terrors by a new use of wireless with which Senatore Marconi has been experimenting.

The new device will supplement the present lighthouse signals, and may even supersede them. It consists of a great, slowly revolving aerial, which will send out signals to enable the ships receiving them to work out their exact position.

Weather makes no difference to the working of the device, and the receiving sets are simple affairs, which can be carried by the smallest fishing boats. Tests were recently carried out by Senatore Marconi's yacht, which sailed right round the Kent coast and up the Thames estuary while keeping in touch with an experimental revolving aerial on the South Foreland lighthouse. The results of the experiments are said to have been highly satisfactory.

APPLICATIONS OF AIR.

Taking to heart the proverb about the "early bird," an ex-R. A. F. man recently answered an advertisement by flying to the advertiser's home.

A Wiltshire gentleman had advertised for an experienced chauffeur, and the airman, seeing the advertisement and thinking the berth would suit him, flew from Scarborough to secure it. He landed in a field beside the

advertiser's home, and then walked over to the house and offered his services. He got the job.

This enterprising young man, who is the first seeker after work to use an aeroplane to get in before all competitors, bought a flying machine when he left the R. V. F. It was his intention to give flying exhibitions and lessons, but the scheme did not prove a financial success. He has now sold his plane, but not before, as described above, it helped him to a suitable job.

GRADING OUR ROADS.

A great census of Britain's roads, undertaken by the Ministry of Transport, and on which 5,000 men have been busy for a fortnight, has just been completed. Notebooks in hand, the watchers were stationed at various points on the main roads all over the country, noting the traffic, everything that passed, with the exception of pedestrians and perambulators, being included in the lists. Herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, mail-carts, and wheelbarrows were all counted as traffic.

Our high ways are divided in two classes, Grade I and Grade II. To the upkeep of the first the Ministry of Transport makes a grant of fifty per cent. and to that of the second twenty-five per cent. Roads are graded, not according to their condition, but according to their popularity, and, as a result of the census just made, some Class I roads

may be relegated to Class II. On the other hand, roads at present in Class II may be graded as Class I. It is estimated that two years will be required before all the figures can be properly tabulated.

King Tut's Beauty Secrets.

Beauty secrets have been found in some strange circumstances and in strange places, but no cosmetic can have a more romantic history than one which may in a few months time be placed at the disposal of the young ladies of to-day.

It was recently stated by Mr. Haward Carter that among the objects found in the tomb of Tutankhamen was cosmetic vase. The cosmetic it contained was still plastic and fragrant, and it was hoped that it could be reproduced.

Mr. Carter expressed his confidence that this 3,000 year-old : beauty secret would be useful to the ladies of the present generation.

Among other discoveries made in the Valley of the Kings recently are some lamps made of the translucent alabaster. So that the very latest in modern lighting luxury—the alabaster electric lamp—was in a measure anticipated by the Egyptians over a thousand years B. C.

The Covered Wagon.

The latest thing in omnibuses is shortly to be put on the London streets by the London General Omnibus Company.

It will consist of an ordinary type of bus plus a roofed-in top. Seating accommodation has been provided for twenty-eight passengers on the top and twenty-four inside.

Ten widows are fitted, which can be opened or closed. The lighting is given from six electric lamps, and grab-handles are attached to the backs of each seat. Smoking is permissible.

The experiment is being made with two

definite objects : first, to test the possibilities of such vehicle : and, second, to satisfy the general public's demand for cover in wet weather.

The Master's Finger.

The bane of every art expert's life is the picture-faker. Some of these ingenious gentlemen are extremely clever and have produced not only passable "Old Masters" but wonderful imitations of the work of living artists.

This is a most unsatisfactory state of affairs. But the French Ministry of Fine Arts, refusing to despair, appointed a Commission with instructions to evolve a system which would ensure that the buyers of a painting got what he paid for. This Commission has now made its report.

According to the Commission, only one thing is necessary to put the picture-faker out of business for good—at least, so far as modern picture are concerned. The artist must in future put his finger-prints on his pictures.

Finger-prints, of course have been used by detectives for some time, but the idea of employing them in the world of art is a new one. It will make little difference to the picture-faker, however. He has always the "Old Masters" to fall back on, and if he still wants to imitate the moderns his work can be palmed off as an example of their early manner, painted before the finger-print rule.

That's all !

Quite new to the business of playing Lady Bountiful, young Miss Spender was taking the place of the regular district visitor, who was away in the North. One of her first calls was upon an elderly dame who occupied a lonely cottage, and Miss Spender carefully inquired what she, as district visitor, had to do.

"Well ma'am," came the reply, "fust you axes arter my rheumatiz."

"Yes?" queried the visitor.

"Then you reads me a few lines o' poetry and the like."

Again came the query.

"Then you just gives me half-a-crown and say 'Good-bye.'"

Silence is Golden.

It has been said that silence is golden, and this little tale bears out the statement.

A certain lady entered an omnibus and whom the conductor came along to collect the fares she offered him twelve farthings for a threepenny stage. The conductor looked rather astonished and for a moment hesitated.

Immediately a fussy individual seated opposite, who had been watching the proceedings, cried out:

"Legal tender, conductor. You are bound to take it."

The conductor took it, and presently came to take his interrupter's fare. The latter proffered sixpence for a threepenny fare.

"Legal tender, sir," smiled the conductor, handing him the twelve farthings as change. "You rebound to take it".

A Rectangular Puzzle.

Father O'Flynn's gardener entered the village store, where Michael Cassidy sold anything from butter to braces.

"Well, Pat," cried Michael, who knew the gardener well, "and phwat may ye be within?"

"Ut's his riverance, Mike," answered Patrick. "He wants a square of glass, fourteen by twelve inches."

For some time the village storekeeper hovered about amongst a miscellaneous assortment of glass, and then he leaned across the counter, shaking his head.

"Story, Pat," said he, "nothin' here fourteen by twelve, but I've a foine bit twelve by fourteen, if it's av any use to ye."

The gardener scratched his head and thought a little. Then, making up his mind on the abstruse problem which had just presented itself, remarked.

"Well, hand it over, Mike; perhaps his riverance won't be noticin' the difference."

Where Ignorance was Bliss.

An Italian organ-grinder had been playing his selection of masterpieces before the house of a very irascible old man, who furiously and with wild gesticulations ordered him to clear off.

The organ-grinder, however, continued to grind away and, having reached the end of his programme, commenced afresh. In the end the old man had him arrested for disturbance.

In the police-court the Magistrate asked the Italian why he had not left when requested to do so.

"No-a understan' mooch Inglese," came the organ-grinder's reply.

"But," protested the magistrate, "you must have understood what this man meant when he kept stamping his feet and waving his arms?"

The organ-grinder gave a charming Southern smile.

"No, not know," replied the Italian. "Thinka he coma dance to my musica."

Vexing the Veteran.

The old war veteran stood with his back to the blazing fire, felling his brother soldiers of a little incident that had taken place during his fortnight's sojourn in Sen-bright-on-Sen.

"Yes," he said, "I'd found quite a decent place, you know. Everything scrupulously clean and all that, but the bed was most uncomfortable." So I decided to speak about it and to the proprietress I remarked.

"I couldn't sleep last night, madame. My

room was quite O. K., but the bed was more uncomfortable than some of the fields I slept in during my campaigns. The bed is beastly unsteady ; in fact, it has only three legs."

"The proprietress turned red with anger."

"Well, you old groucher," said she, glancing at my artificial leg, 'that's two more'n you've got, anyway !'

Romance--and the man.

A young married couple, who had been spending their honeymoon on the Continent, decided to live, for a time, in Venice.

Accordingly, they acquired a modest little villa, the garden of which ran down to the water ; and it was the custom of the young man and his wife to sit there in the moonlight, listening to the songs of the Italian waterman in their gondolas.

"Isn't it romantic," breathed the young wife ecstatically to her husband one evening, "to sit here and listen to those gendoliers singing their songs bathed in the silver light of the moon ?"

"Yes, dear," agreed her husband, with a deepdrawn sigh ; "but sometimes I'm inclined to wish they'd bathed in something besides moonlight. It might be less romantic, but it would be far more hygienic.

Beyond All Question.

In a large restaurant in the City the management have made it a rule that the waitresses shall not wear jewellery whilst they are in uniform. One of the older waitresses had to be repeatedly reprimanded for wearing small diamond studded earrings.

Finally she was sent to interview the manager himself. But with the bravado of an old hand she stuck to her guns, or rather earrings.

"I must wear them," she said. "They help me to see."

"Have you a doctor's certificate to this

effect ? asked the manager, convulsed with laughter.

"I can get one." declared the woman confidently.

True to her word, she appeared on the following day with the written certificate from her doctor, which she presented to the manager. He picked it up and read :

"This is to certify that Miss Bronx asserts that she receives benefit to her eyesight from wearing earrings.

"Signed, Ikhan Kiddom, M. D."

The Economist.

Age had made a great difference to Bardell Baxter, and that man of millions decided that something would have to be done about it. Already he had undergone an operation at the hands of the city's re-juvenation expert but did not feel a great deal younger. He thought he would call again.

"Can you make me twenty-five again ?" he enquired.

"Yes," answered the great surgeon, "but it will cost you no less than one thousand pounds."

"Can you make me eighteen ?" asked Baxter, hope shining in his eyes.

"I could, but it would mean two thousand pounds," said the doctor,

"Right, I'll have the operation for two thousand pounds," said Bardell Baxter, and completed the arrangements.

Six months later the wizard called on Baxter and demanded his money.

"Nothing doing," answered that astute young man, "I'm under age, and if you say I'm not, I'll sue you for fraud."

Human Nature.

His poor mother, never having seen the sea her eldest son decided to take her down in a charabanc one Sunday afternoon.

Eventually the happy day dawned, and together they set out for the seaside. They arrived just about lunch time, and, having treated his mother to a splendid meal at the best hotel in the place, the son escorted her down to the pier.

They stood on the end, whilst the young man delightedly displayed the briny ocean.

Great breakers crashed on the beach, gulls flew hither and thither, whilst the sun glistened down on the white sails of sailing-boats, making them appear immaculate. A splendid wind, bearing the very breath of the sea itself, came blowing up from the south.

"There, mother," cried her son exuberantly, "there, that's the sea, the open sea. Now, tell me, what do you think of it?"

"Humph!" muttered the old lady, "I always thought it was bigger!"

He had to pay.

I heard an amusing story told recently by Sir Arthur Watson, C. B. E., late General Manager of the L. M. S. Railway Company.

It concerned a certain railway director who one day sternly rebuked a ticket collector who allowed him to pass through the barrier without showing his pass.

"No matter if you do know who I am" he said in reply to the man's excuse, "I am only entitled to ride free over this line when I have my pass with me. You don't know now whether I have got it or not."

The collector, nettled into action, demanded to see the pass.

"That's right," exclaimed the director. "Always do your duty, my man. Here it—why—where—well, I declare, I must have left it at the office."

"Then you'll have to pay your fare," said the collector grimly.

And he did?

Making matters Worse.

A delightful little story was related recently by Mr. Basil Dean.

It concerned the wife of a friend of his who was entertaining a visitor, an actress, well past her prime.

Presently the small daughter of the hostess strolled into the room, walked up to the visitor and, gazing intently at her, said: "Oh, my! But aren't you homely!"

Her mother was horrified, and sought to undo the mischief as well as she could.

"Why, Laura," she said, "what do you mean?"

Frightened, Laura stammered: "I only m-m-meant it for a joke."

It would have been as fortunate an escape as could be hoped for, but the mother pushed disastrously onward.

"Well it would have been a much better joke if you had said: 'How pretty you are!'"

The peril of Popularity.

"Popularity has its drawbacks," remarked Mary Pickford recently. "Many a popular actress is a butt for the envious, as was the case with Gladys."

"Gladys was the prettiest girl in the village. She was also modest, generous, and and lovable. Yet the other village girls shunned her."

"Why is Gladys disliked so?" asked a new commer to the place of a lady friend.

"Why, haven't you heard?" was the reply. "Gladys got more votes at the bazar than anyone else, for being the most popular girl in the village."

Very pointed.

The French Foreign Minister, M. Briand tells an excellent story of how a friend with a somewhat vitrolic wit scored over a political opponent.

The opponent was criticising in the Chamber of Deputies, a Bill brought in by Briand's friend.

"When," he declared "I first read the text of the ridiculous and impossible measure I thought I was becoming mad."

"Becoming!" interjected the wit. "Be, indeed! How fond the honourable member is of adding unnecessary words."

Doing His Bit.

As most people are aware actors and actresses are very superstitious folk, a fact which lends point to a story told to me recently by Miss Gwen Efrangcon-Davies.

"At the final dress rehearsal of a certain play in which I was taking part," she said, "I noticed a male member of the company tearing tiny stripes of canvas from the scenery and stuffing them into his pocket. Being curious, I went up to him and asked him if it wasn't rather a destructive form of amusement."

"Destructive! Not a bit of it!" he replied. "Why, I'm doing every one in the company a good turn, for there is no surer way of making a piece of success than tearing bits of the scenery away before the first production."

"I may add," concluded Miss Efrangcon-Davies, "that the play actually was a tremendous success, although I scarcely attribute this result to the scenery incident."

Just Too Sweet.

The American film star, Miss Pearl White, is responsible for an amusing story concerning a young country woman of hers over here who visits, and who, being a northern girl, revered the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

In this process of "doing" London she naturally visited Westminster Abbey. Her guide pointed out a fine piece of architecture

and added casually that an even finer example was to be seen at Lincoln Cathedral.

"Oh, indeed!" said the girl, with a sudden show of interest. "Is there, then, a Lincoln Cathedral in England?"

"Certainly there is," was the reply.

"Say, now!" she exclaimed. "Wasn't it just too sweet of them to think of naming it after our Abe?"

Appropriate.

That world-famous writer, Mr. H. G. Wells, is extremely fond of telling this little story, possibly because it savours of his profession—writing.

At a certain fancy-dress ball all the costumes were intended to represent names of famous books.

The majority of book titles were promptly recognized, but everyone was puzzled by the costume of one charming young lady. It was designed to look like a patent cigarette lighter. All sorts of titles were suggested, but to each one the girl shook her head.

Finally, someone ventured to ask her outright the title of the book represented by her dress.

"Why?" she laughed. "Don't you see? It's 'The Light That Failed.'"

Sons of the Sea-Kings

An adventurous voyage is to be undertaken next year by a young Norwegian Captain Folgero, who is to sail with three companions from Bergen to America, in a vessel made on the model of the famous Gokstad Viking ship, which is preserved in a museum in Oslo.

According to a Norwegian story, the first white man to cross the Atlantic and land on American soil was the Viking, Leif Ericson. Some five hundred years before Columbus reached the West Indies, this hardy Norseman was driven by storms on to an unknown shore,

which, Norwegian historians claim, was probably Massachusetts.

Captain Folgero's voyage is to be undertaken with the object of silencing those critics of the Ericson claim who declare that no Viking ship could ever have crossed the Atlantic. The modern sons of the old seakings will sail to Dover in the first instance, and then via Cape Finisterre and Madeira to Cape Hatteras. They then intend to visit New York, Boston, and Chicago, and to wind up by taking their little vessel through the Panama Canal to the Pacific side of North America.

It is a daring project, but perhaps a trifle inconsiderate. Imagine the feelings of the twentieth century sailor-man who, knowing nothing of Captain Folgero or his plans, suddenly sees a Viking ship to port or starboard!

'Riches from the sky

Mining operations now in progress at Coon Butte, Arizona, have as their object the recovery of what is probably the biggest meteor that ever fell from the skies. This meteor is believed to be buried under Coon Butte, and an enormous mass of meteoric iron has been located.

Samples of the meteor have already been examined and have yielded some small diamonds, and, in addition, one ounce of platinum to every five tons. This is about three times as much platinum as is usually recovered from the ores containing the metal.

It is estimated that the buried meteor is about the size of a minor planet, and weighs about 1,000,000,000 tons. On this basis, assuming that the yield of platinum is maintained, the meteor contains around £5,000,000,000 worth of this precious metal. Even if platinum becomes as cheap as gold,

the meteor would still yield over £800,000,000 to the syndicate undertaking the mining operations.

Platinum, by the way, has been found in Cornwall, and a well-known geologist, Mr. E. H. Davison, recently suggested that the Lizard area should be prospected for the metal. He stated that, while there was no certainly that platinum would be found in workable quantities, the rocks were of the right type to yield it.

Obeying Orders

A young artist was given permission by the kindly captain of a large ship to get on a staging slung over the side, for the purpose of obtaining a view of another vessel which he wanted to paint.

It was not long after that the captain, who desired to go ashore for an hour or two, got into the ship's boat and shouted up to the deck:

"Let go the painter, there!" The painter being a rope by which the boat is made fast to the ship.

The order not being carried out as quickly as he desired, the captain once more raised his voice, and commanded the painter to be released.

Instantly a voice replied in tones of mild astonishment:

"He's gone, sir; bruches, paint, and all the lot!"

A Crushing Retort

He was a very indifferent golfer, and the caddie, who played a game above the average, was getting decidedly tired of following him round.

Having finished the hardest hole on the course, after some dozen clubs had been used and discarded, and then used again, the golfer

turned to the caddie, and with a smile of satisfaction adorning his features, asked :

"I say, a boy, did I take fifteen or sixteen strokes to finish off that hole ?"

"I don't know, sir," came the caddie's terse reply.

"What !" exclaimed the other. "Call yourself a caddie, and you can't count my strokes ?"

"It's not a caddie you want, sir," came the cool reply. "It's an adding machine."

Both Were Mistaken.

There had been silence in the smoking-room for a long time, and the man next to the window had been gazing at the horny-handed sons of toil who passed in an endless stream on their way to work in the fields.

Suddenly he looked up and remarked :

"This getting back no Nature may be all right in theory, but not otherwise. Look how hard these poor wretches have to work !" He pointed with a finger. "Anyway, I'd never join the bunch."

"That reminds me of a man in my town," said the smoker sitting near him. "He went back to nature—brought a farm, etc. Some weeks later a friend met him in town and said :

"Hallow ! What are you doing here ? I thought you'd gone to be a farmer ?"

"Well," replied the Nature-scocker sadly, "you made the same mistake as I did."

Mercy For The Married.

She had been stopped in a police trap whilst driving her little two-seater at approximately forty-one miles an hour.

Long and earnestly had her counsel pleaded in his fair claint's cause in the police-court proceedings that followed, but it was of no avail. His fine words and smiles seemed to make no impression on the magistrate at all.

"Have you anything to say" asked the latter, fixing his eye on the fair one, "before I pass sentence on you ?"

"Well, you see, sir," answered the other brightly, "it happened like this. I had just bought a new hat, and was trying to get home before the fashion changed—"

"That will do," interrupted the magistrate. "The case is dismissed for your husband's sake,"

Once Bitten

A proud mother took her little son aged six to the photographer's, much to the little chap's disgust.

Scarcely had they arrived in the photographer's studio then the little boy commenced to cry in loud and vibrant tones.

His mother tried to comfort the child. The Photographer too, performed various antics which he considered would brighten up the child's unhappy countenance ; but all their efforts were in vain.

"But, Bobby," said his mother, in exasperation, "there is no need for all this fuss. The man is not going to hurt you."

"Just smile and keep still for a minute and it'll be all over," said the photographer, beaming on the unhappy child.

"Yes, I know," came the sobbing reply "That's what they told me at the dentist's."

The Last Laugh.

An Irishman fresh from his native country was being shown round the barracks by a soldier friend.

In the course of their inspection they happened to pass a man who wore a number of brass stars upon his shoulder. These aroused the Irishman's curiosity.

"Who's that ?" he asked.

"Oh, he's the battalion astronomer," explained the soldier glibly, who was a bandsman himself, "a most useful man. He guides

us home by the stars when we've lost our way at night."

"Sure, how interesting?" exclaimed the Irishman. Then the glance fell on the sleeve of his escort, and, noting the bandsman's badge—the representation of an ancient stringed instrument—he remarked slyly; "I suppose that thing on your arm means that you're the regimental liar?"

A servant's slip.

A well-known author on leaving his house one morning forgot a letter that he had intended to post. During the afternoon, whilst chit-chatting with a friend, the subject of letter-writing cropped up, thus recalling the unposted letter to the author's mind. As it was of considerable importance, he hurried home immediately.

The letter was nowhere to be found.

"Have you seen a letter of mine lying about anywhere, Thomas?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is it?"

"Posted, sir," answered the servant.

"Posted! Why, I had not addressed the confounded thing!" exclaimed the author, in astonishment.

"I know that, sir," came the astounding reply; "but I thought it must be in answer to one of those anonymous letters you've been getting lately."

Overdosed.

Troubled with a patient who suffered from neurasthenia, a certain doctor decided to try to cure him by the methods made famous by Professor Coue.

"Repeat each morning, noon, and night," said he to the nervous one, "the sentence, 'the British sun is beating down and bettering me.'"

A week later he called to see how the patient progressed.

"Doctor," said the latter, "I'm very much better."

"Good!" replied the doctor. "Carry on with the treatment, and don't forget the 'sun is beating down on you.'"

In a week's time the doctor paid another visit to his patient, and was horrified to see the blinds down.

"What's happened?" he enquired of the maid.

"Poor Mr. Baxter is dead, sir," answered the maid sorrowfully.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the doctor. "What was the cause?"

"Sunstroke, sir," replied the maid.

Ducks and Drakes.

The hungry traveller pulled up outside a wayside hostel, and, making his way inside inquired the price of a meal and a night's rest. The landlord handed over a list of the house charges, at the same time remarking:

"The ducks and 'taters is pretty good, zur, at sixpence."

"Right!" exclaimed the traveller; "that'll do me, then!" He ascended to the bathroom and prepared himself for the evening meal.

Presently a maid came and told him that everything was ready; and the hungry man, with a happy smile on his face, entered the dining-room. But, once across the threshold, his face fell. There was nothing on the table except a bowl of buttermilk and another of potatoes.

"Here, landlord!" he shouted. "Where's the duck?"

The landlord came in from the kitchen.

"Duck!" he said. "Why, man, don't ye understand? Ye duck the 'taters in the

buttermilk. That's what duck and 'aters is I s'pose ye're a stranger to these 'ere parts ?"

A Business Man.

The famous Jew's comedian, Mr. Julian Rose, relates an amusing story concerning a certain city man who was telling a friend that he was on the look-out for a 'pom' to give his wife as a present, and mentioned that he did not mind going to £35 for a good one.

A Jew standing by overheard, so going up to the prospective buyer he remarked that he had a really good pom for sale, but its price was £40.

The city man demurred somewhat, but eventually, seeing no way to getting it cheaper, said.

"Oh, very well then. Here's my card. Bring the pom to my office to-morrow morning, and if it is a really good one I will give you £40 for it."

An hour later the Jew met a friend of his. "Abe—a matter of business," he said. "Tell me ; what exactly is a pom ?"

Old Masters.

I heard an amusing story fired off at a social gathering by Lady Oxford not long ago.

It concerned the wife of a friend of hers who had engaged a new maid.

All young girls nowadays are supposed to know a lot ; but this one, apparently, was one of the other few-and-far-between type.

Shortly after taking up her duties, she was found by the mistress of the house dusting the pictures in the gallery.

"Now, Jane," said the lady, "I want you to exercise particular care in dusting these pictures for I set very special store by them. They are all old masters."

"Lor' ma'am," returned Jane, "you don't

say so ! I never thought you'd been married all them times."

Commandments

A child's logic is frequently sound, and yet it may be all wrong from a moral point of view. An amusing case in point was cited recently by the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy—perhaps better known to ex-service men by his war time name of "Woodbine Willie."

A little boy had taken a penny belonging to his sister, and his mother took him to task about it.

"Tommy," she said, "don't you know that in stealing your sister's penny you have broken a Commandment ?"

Tommy thought hard for some seconds, then answered in all seriousness :

"Oh, well, mother, isn't it better to break one Commandment and have the penny, than to break another and only covet it ?"

Tempting

Although himself the owner of 60,000 acres, the shooting and fishing rights over which are, as is only natural, strictly preserved, the Duke of Roxburgh's delights in telling the story of how he was one sorely tempted to shut his eyes to a little poaching.

While on a walking tour in a remote part of the Highlands, he came to a lonely inn.

Being ravenously hungry, he entered, and asked the landlady for some poached eggs, as being the most likely dish to be provided at so short notice.

The landlady, however, shook her head.

"Sorry, sir" she said, "we haven't any poached eggs. But—" and here her eyes twinkled—"I dinna doot I can give you something far better, and that's a fine dish of poached salmon."

"Answers"



The Young Tutor

BY

NANDO K. PRABHAKAR.

Victashwar was universally admitted to be the best fellow in his class. He excited no envy—no, not a breath; and when he stood up in his modest way and read a paper, there was no coughing and no exchanging of contemptuous looks. He was as handsome as a girl; handsome, not effeminate. If you had seen the strong decided outlines of his face, the masculine but not too great prominence of his nose, and above all the large, calm, collected eye that looked as if it could think, you would have felt yourself in the presence of a man.

Victashwar was a popular fellow, but he had not at all the character which undergraduates would infer

from the expression. In nine cases out of ten a popular man at college is a man made up of negative qualities. He must be no scholar—for then he is a 'mug'; not economical—for then he cannot keep in 'Tush'; not sensitive,—for he must quiz with all and stand it; not conscientious,—for then he must discountenance the "annointed"; not careful of his habits or the choice of his company—for then he must avoid half his class and keep only terms of courtesy with the rest. Victashwar was very, popular a live scholar and a prominent member of the "best set". His character was very nearly overcrowded with virtues and there was hardly any mark for

hatred ; one of those rare-characters whose virtues are so transparent that they cast no shadow on those behind. And he bore his superiority so unassumingly that while everybody remembered it he forgot that he was inferior. Conversation to him was like unscaling a fountain, perfectly natural and spontaneous and thoughts sprung up in his well ordered mind with a sweet harmony and exquisite proportion. His mind had that power of delicate and subtle association which is the great secret of conversational superiority ; and his general knowledge gave this natural talent play.

Victashwar was never extravagant in expenditure, but everybody knew by tokens of that "refined disinterestedness" in the trifles of everyday intercourse amongst young men, that he got a liberal allowance. Insignificant as it is this adds far more to the pleasantness of a companion, and the general comfort and happiness of a society, than important virtues.

He hailed from a part of the country with which none of us was so well acquainted and so nobody knew anything about his circumstances. Suddenly he left us ; and as this was generally understood to be the reverse of a fortune, an uncommon sympathy was felt for him and everybody was grieved to hear that one so high-toned and

sensitive should have been obliged to suffer the mortifications of living in an inferior capacity.

II

The Sun was setting gloriously, as Victashwar stopped at the gate of Mr. Purshitam Lal, the gentleman to whom his letter was directed. It was just after a shower and the wet leaves were shaking off their drops, and the mingled fragrance which green foliage send up after rain, seemed as if it would intoxicate the senses. It was spring—beautiful spring, with its delicious breath and gladness for every living thing. This time of the year is overwhelmingly conducive to love. In fact it is the time of love and lovers. Victashwar thought he had never seen such a beautiful evening. He walked slowly on with his eyes fixed upon a deeply crimson cloud that hung just above the horizon, forgetting entirely the unpleasant feelings with which he had all day anticipated the sad business of cooling heels in the antechamber of a bigman. "Beautiful" he exclaimed, as he stopped to watch the clouds.

You may well say that, young man" said a voice from behind a dripping tree, and Mr. Purshotom Lal stepped forward. "You are Mr. Victashwar from the Government College !" and Victashwar handed over to him the open letter from his professor, after a

few cursory remarks they proceeded towards the Bungalow.

"Parsenta!" called out Mr. Purshatam Lal when they had comfortably seated themselves. "My daughter is young sir, but I trust you'll find her a docile pupil. Parsently Parsenta entered by the hind door and stood like a statue near to where her father was lounging in his easy chair.

"Yes father dear," said she in a sweet shrill voice. Mr. Purshatam Lal turned his head a little, for he had not noticed her, her arrival was so pussy-footed. "This is Mr. Victashwar, the gentleman who is to be your tutor—Mr. Victashwar, your pupil—parsenta," Victashwar bowed. Parsenta turned her face a little. Mr. Purshotom Lal who noticed this mildly rebuked her for her want of sociability. "Excuse me" said he to Victashwar. "This natural shyness would wear off with acquaintance.

III

Parsenta was just now passing from the girl to the woman and enough of either to have crazed anybody. Her person was small and her face? I can not describe it, with all the effects of drapery in accentuating the necromancy of feminine graces she looked like a queenly apparition, I would not for the world say that when Victashwar was introduced to Parsenta he fell in love with her. But when he had talked to his pupil in his deepest tone

they were as well acquainted as if they had been playmates from their very infancy.

IV

Mr. Purshotom Lal was a well-bred man of no particular character, one of whom you could say anything without fear of contradiction.

After having travelled through all Europe with his wife Pushpa and his only daughter Parsenta, Mr. Purshotom Lal found it convenient to live in an English style, so far so that his wife and daughter even were Indian only in name. Having found it difficult to find a suitable match for his young daughter he wrote to a professor at Government College, a friend of his, to help him to find a suitable young man, whom he could employ as tutor for his daughter with the ultimate aim of him accepting as his son-in-law.

He was struck at the first interview with Victashwar's superiority and gentlemanly address and being a man of literary habits he found his company very delightful.

V

The next day pupil and tutor were soon deep in poetry and psychology. Psychology—dangerous psychology with all the chapters on "simple affections" and "immediate emotions" and the appeals to the pupils own heart for the truth of the principles!—take

a youngman's word for it, there are no two things to be avoided for your sweet girls than Poetry and Psychology. Psychology !—what is that feverish theme which can not be called psychology !—Is it love !—There is a whole chapter on it. Is it affection ? There are chapters written in very poetry if Brown's is the text book.

There is a feeling of confidence in one who has opened fountains of thought for us ; and gratitude the very element of love, springs up in the heart for one who has refined and elevated our intellectual virtue. The position of tutor and pupil is one which shows each one to the best advantage, and the mutual impression is one of mind ; manner and person considerably help it. And then the minute circumstances—the common seat, united attention, the Exchange of near looks—the dark hair falling by accident over the page on which four finger is resting ; the difficulties, excitements and triumphs ! By Jove ! If I had a daughter would I trust any man in such a Position—to teach her feverish Poetry and unlock the secrets of her heart with a key of Philosophy ? No.—

VI

And time slipped on imperceptably. And then one fine morning, Victashwar woke and found deeply, madly, irrevocably in love. He calmed down as the hours of study drew nearer, but a profound, and intricate melancholy had seized him.

"And so you won't tell me, what has come over you and why you look so grave and sensible as a dictionary," remonstrated Parsenta, after vain efforts to help him shake off his thoughtful mood.

Victashwar tried to laugh but he did not succeed. He hit his leap and was silent, "what ails you sir"—

'Parsenta !—' he was going to explain,

"Parsenta !" "I did not at all know if Parsenta was a fever or a headache."

"No, Parsenta—" he stammered.

'I see you don't like my doctoring. I give it over. And now will be sensible — It is a fine day, sir."

"Quite—, but parsenta I am terribly upset, indeed fearfully confused to enjoy this fine weather, and fragrant air. I've been thinking and thinking very hard—of—y—o—u—!"

"And why does your wisdom bother yourself about me ! You are really incomprehensible to day," she said with an expression of serious uneasiness in her eyes.

"I beg your pardon, but allow me to proceed when you look too ill to listen, I shame to say it, but I l—o—v—e—you. I must say what I must, if I would l—i—v—e—."

He paused and collected himself with a strong effort.

He felt his hand pressed almost imperceptibly.

"Sweet—sweet girl," murmured Victashwar as he drew her to his bosom and stamped the first kiss of love on her lips burning——.

FACTS



Turning Day Into Night.

It might be supposed that a forest fire would turn night into day by its huge illumination, but such a fire produces so much smoke that the opposite is the effect over very large areas.

A recent big forest fire near Lake Huron was estimated to cost shipping companies £ 10,000 by reason of their vessels losing so much time in the dense blackness.

At Portland, Oregon, some years ago, all lights had to be on day and night for a week although it was midsummer, as the sun was completely blotted out with acrid and dense smoke.

Even navigation thousands of miles out at sea has been seriously interfered with by the black masses of smoke that have been blown from a fire ranging over many square miles of forest on the mainland.

Silkworm Secrets.

The secrets of rearing silkworms have been handed down among Chinese farmers from father to son for hundreds of generations. The Chinese farmers buy silkworm eggs in the spring. These are very minute and are sold on sheets of stiff paper each containing 200,000 to 240,000 eggs.

The egg sheets are placed in a clean basket in a small rearing room, and charcoal fires in earthenware braziers are used to keep the

temperature at 80 degrees day and night for nine days.

Then the eggs turn green. A day or two after this the worms hatch. For the first two or three days the young worms must be fed every two hours day and night.

Fresh, soft mulberry leaves are shredded very fine and sprinkled over the newly hatched worms ; their jaws are too weak to chew much of the leaf, but they can suck out the juices.

The worms reach their full growth in eighteen days (says a writer in. 'The Scientific American'). Some idea of their ravenous appetite can be gained from the fact that a group of 200,000 the number hatched from one egg sheet about one foot square, eat a ton and a half of mulberry leaves in a little over a fortnight. On the eighteenth day the farmers transfer the worms to a bamboo rack, and almost immediately they begin to spin their cocoons.

Seaweed for Speed.

Motor cars are running in many parts of the world without real petrol in their tanks. They rely for their power on vegetable alcohol, prepared by modern chemists from fruits, roots, seeds, and even flowers.

In France, alcohol is extracted from sugar beet, and ten gallons of spirit have been extracted from a ton of this vegetable.

Potatoes have been used for the same purpose in Germany.

From fifteen to sixty gallons of alcohol can be obtained from a ton of acorns, horse chestnuts, or figs. In Australia over twenty million acres are infested by a certain kind of picky pear, but recently this pest has become a source of profit, for it is said that fourteen gallons of spirit are yielded from a ton of the prickly stems.

Although alcohol is also extracted from artichokes, maize and rice are the richest sources of supply. You can get about a dessertspoonful of spirit from every ounce of rice.

Seaweed is probably the strangest source from which alcohol for power purposes is obtained. Tons are gathered every year, and after treatment by industrial chemists yield a very high proportion of useful spirit.

The time by Telephone

If you want to know the time, ring up your local telephone exchange. You will be charged one penny for the information. Also, should you happen to be a heavy sleeper, your telephone exchange will arrange for "alarm calls," as they are termed, to awaken you at any hour you name.

Derby Day is a busy one for the telephone girls. From the minute the race has started until long after its finish, the indicator lights are flashing from anxious punters and holders of sweepstake tickets who desire to know the winner.

Election nights are even worse. At short intervals subscribers ring up to learn how their party is progressing.

Though conversations with telephone girls are not permitted by the authorities, some subscribers attempt them and a few of the

frank requests are tinged with romance. It was more than a tinge that prompted a middle-aged business man to lift his receiver at lunch-time every day for a week to propose to the girl who answered him. After many curt refusals she met him and now—well, another line's engaged!

Gas Lighting Grumbles.

When gas lighting was installed at Fireberg, in Saxony, a century ago, many German papers opposed the innovation with astonishing arguments.

It was said that the lighting up of the night's darkness was a profane interference with the Divine order. Danger to health and morals was predicted, lovers would stay out too long, colds would be caught, horses would shy, burglars would be assisted. The injustice was pointed out of making peaceful all-night sleepers pay for lighting they did not require.

Poems You Should Know.

"The Ancient Mariner."

You might roll Shackleton, Scott, and Amundsen into one, and then fail to produce a combination of experience that would even begin to rival Coleridge's picture of the South Polar regions in his great poem, "The Ancient Mariner." Yet Coleridge had never been there and was writing purely from his imagination.

The following extract from the poem is interesting at the present time, for the **Discovery**. Captain Scott's Antarctic exploration ship, now known as the Royal Research Ship, recently sailed on a voyage of research in South Polar regions.

And now the Storm blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,

made, but greater speed will not be possible until a more intense light is available.

Rare "Robinson Crusoe."

When a copy of the rare first edition of "Robinson Crusoe" comes into the market, dealers and collectors from all parts bid for it. This great book was not written for boys, as many suppose, but is one of the most realistic novels ever penned by a master of realism.

Although it is now generally known as Robinson Crusoe," its original title-page is a very lengthy one, and reads as follows :—

"The Life and Strange Surprising adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York. Mariner: Who lived Eight and Twenty Years all alone in an uninhabited Island on the Coast of America. near the Mouth of the Great River Oroonoke? Having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the Men perished but himself. With an account how he was at last as strangely delivered by Pyrates. Written by Himself. London: Printed by W. Taylor at the Ship in Pater-Noster Row. MDCCXIX."

An illustration shows Crusoe dressed in goat skins, with sword at his waist and a gun over each shoulders.

Plough as Wedding guest.

The recent appearance of tractors has created excitement in isolated villages of Turkestan, Central Asia.

The mullahs, or priests, are strongly opposed to the invention, which they call "shaitan omach," or "the devil's plough," and they utter dark prophecies of crop failures and other disasters that will follow its use; but the Turkestan peasants take kindly to the tractor after they realize its superiority over their primitive wooden, ox-drawn ploughs.

One case is reported in which a Turkestan

peasant insisted that the tractor should be present at his marriage, as a sort of honoured guest.

Links that save lives.

One of the most dangerous tasks that a railway worker has to perform is the coupling and uncoupling of moving trucks. There have been numerous cases where men have been crushed between the buffers while attempting to couple iron links.

A new device that obviates the need for men to stand between advancing truck has been introduced on East Coast trains. It is known as the Buckey automatic coupler, and acts on the "soldier's grip" principle. A steel hook projects from between the buffers of one truck, and is locked to a receiving device on the next by the mere pressure of their impact.—

The new coupler has a technical advantage as well, for by its means a train of coaches or trucks is converted into a flexible length of steel, which, in the event of a collision, would not be so liable to leave the rails as a train with ordinary link couplings.

Motor-Bus on Rails.

Because people in the villages between York and Clifton are not provided with a convenient station, the railway authorities have inaugurated a rail motor-Bus service.

Between these two towns a suitably-mounted bus chassis picks up and sets down passengers at convenient points along the line, such as level-crossing gates or where a field path crosses the line. The vehicle contains twenty-six seats and weighs seven tons.

To avoid unnecessary turning at terminus the rail Bus may be driven from either end. It runs on the permanent way to a schedule that does not interfere with the progress of ordinary traffic.



Fancy.

Ry—H. Mac on bar.





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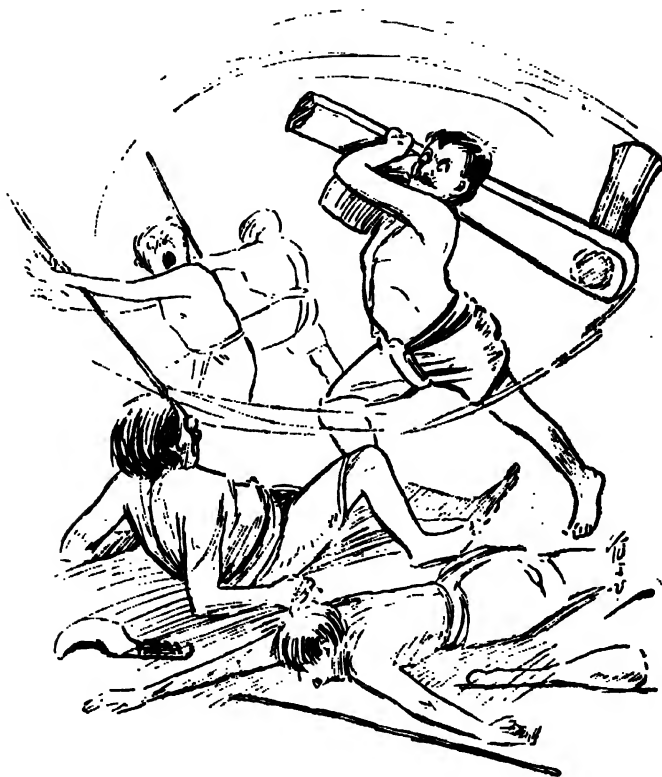
Past and present



Weapon for self defence in days gone by.



Weapon for self defence now-a-day.



Strength then.



And strength now.



Morals a century ago.



And present-day morals.

Ant Legions Fight Savage Battle In A Zoo

They staged a battle over in the London Zoo recently. The keepers turned a thousand or more animals loose, urged them to attack each other, and before the meleé was over, several hundred had been killed and many others badly wounded. The London Newspapers carried running accounts of the fight; excited spectators came to view it.

Why was such a thing allowed? Well, you see, all the "animals" were ants. That made it pretty safe for the human onlookers. But if you think that the battle was any less ferocious or deadly than a combat between tribes of wildcats or herds of elephants, you are mistaken. The ant, when properly aroused, can give any animal lessons in ruthlessness.

The most remarkable thing, however, was the way in which the opposing armies planned their campaigns and conducted their attacks. It was proof of that illuminating remark made by the great English naturalist, Sir John Lubbock, when he said, "Of all animals, the ant is nearest to man in all his actions." The remarkable intelligence of the ant, which makes

him one of the most versatile creatures alive, has long aroused wonder; and here is a demonstration that he can use his brains in the heat of battle as well as in the calmer days of peace.

It all started on a bright Monday morning, when one of the keepers at the Zoo placed a little wooden chip, not on an ant's shoulder, but over the moat that separated two ant colonies -- an old one that had been there for three years, and a new one just arrived. The chip served as a bridge, and for the first time made possible communication between the two nests.

A member of the old colony got curious. He sneaked across the bridge and penetrated into the new nest of ants. He never came back.

That meant war, the old ants decided. But they did not lose their heads and dash pell-mell across the bridge, only to be swallowed up in a possible ambush. Instead, they chose 10 of their best warriors and sent them out as scouts. These daring ants crawled across the chip of wood, with the muddy water of the moat menacing them from below, and crept cautiously into the enemy's territory.

They found nothing. All the new ants were hidden away in their nest, unaware of the catastrophe impending. The wise scouts went back home.

An excited council of war must have followed, for in a few minutes there issued from the old nest an imposing array of warriors, marching in ranks as orderly and well defined as the Macedonian phalanx. A few scattered ants running alongside threw the white sand up into little mounds that could serve as fortifications in case "earthworks" were needed for defence. Then the whole band, now greatly augmented, swarmed across the bridge.

A lone ant of the new colony was out taking the air when he saw the hostile band come pouring toward him. He was brave, but he also was wise. Therefore he hurried back to the nest to warn the others. In a few seconds all his comrades were streaming out to the attack.

The carnage that followed was terrific. It sounds almost unbelievable, but the fight lasted for four days and nights.

On one occasion an armistice was arranged but it lasted only a few hours. Evidently the terms were broken by one side or the other, for the battle was resumed, and more wounded lay quivering on the white sand or floating helplessly in the water beneath the bridge, while dead bodies lay strewn around everywhere.

With their big mandibles, the warriors slashed at one another in individual combat. They tossed the weaker ones into the moat; or, failing this, cut off their opponents' limbs and left them helpless.

By Thursday afternoon the invaders from the old colony had been driven back across their bridge and practically annihilated. Their fortifications were useless, for the rout was complete. The new ants took some of their captives for slaves, killed the rest, and then went back home. The workers cleared the dead from the field, and all was peace.

The intelligence and power of organization shown by the ant in time of war is no less marked in time of peace. This amazing little animal not only is an efficient warrior; he is also an architect, a mathematician, a perfect nursemaid, a professional strong man, a farmer, a doctor, and an undertaker of distinction. He displays teamwork and a force of will, equaled only by his fondness for gay life (including, alas! intoxication) and sports. Doctor Herman Eidman, famous entomologist, of Munich, Germany, assures us, too, that the ant can talk!

Consider, first his skill as an architect. In East Africa may be found tall, slim towers of earth built up by the white ant, or termite. Some of these towers are 20 feet high. Imagine a creature only a quarter of



"The Toilet"

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Messrs. C. K. Stebbins & Co. Ltd.]

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AFTER THE BATTLE

This remarkable photograph shows the mangled remains of warriors slaughtered in the terrific and ruthless battle between two tribes of ants recently in the London Zoo. Several hundred were killed and many others badly wounded

an inch long constructing a piece of architecture 20 feet in height! It is as if the ancient Egyptians had built 12 pyramids, one on top of the other. And the Egyptians at least had primitive tools, while the ant works with nothing except the limbs that nature gave him.

In the mountains of Pennsylvania are found some of the largest "ant cities" in the world. Most of them are built under ground, and the biggest one covers 30 acres. Think of 30 acres of ants! Think of the bewildering complexity of the subterranean nassagoways and you will wonder

how an ant ever finds his way back to his starting-place. Yet he does, by some mysterious sense of direction.

The ant is the most efficient builder in the world, for he carries all his "tools" and material with him. For instance, he can make a sort of mill-board for his home by chowing up certain vegetable matter and causing it to stick together by means of a glue secreted in his glands

Perhaps the most striking demonstration of the ant's intelligence is afforded by the manner in which he builds a shelter among the branches of a tree by "sewing" leaves together.

The fullgrown ant can spin no "thread," but the larva can, for it has to make a cocoon. So the adults fetch up their larva, which have been spin-



THE STRENGTH OF AN ANT

In a laboratory test a little field ant held in its jaws a weight 3000 times heavier than itself. To equal that exploit a man would have to dangle from his jaws eight freight cars loaded with iron.

ning their silk cocoons. A number of worker ants pull the edge of two leaves together. An adult holds a

larva in its mouth, pokes the latter's head down on the leaves, and the little larva begins to emit silk at a good rate. The ant holding it draws it back and forth across the two leaves, and since the silk sticks and hardens almost immediately, a large number of such contacts have the value of stitches, and the "sewing" process soon is finished.

The ant was the originator of the co-operative institution. He knows more about teamwork than any 40 football coaches combined.

Just for callous curiosity, take a spade some day, find an ant hill, and cut it clean in two. Then notice what happens. For a few minutes the little animals will run around in desperation, but soon, as if some mysterious voice were commanding them, they will stop their aimless scutterings and get down to work, each doing the task nearest at hand. One will pick up the pupae, which cannot stand the light of day, and carry them into the deeper caverns; another will seize a grain of sand and start to repair the nearest breach; still another will carry away any debris that has fallen in the tunnels.

And the most peculiar thing about it all is that apparently no one ant directs the work. There is no leader, no boss. Yet they work like a machine.

This spirit of co-operation extends even to the fallen brothers, as exemplified in a rather laughable experiment once made by Sir John Lubbock. Sir John took a few unfortunates, made them drunk on hard liquor, and put on a highway where sober ants

were hurrying back and forth. The sober ones were quite excited at this disgraceful spectacle, and probably somewhat scandalized, but they picked up the drunken ants and took care of them, nevertheless. To be truthful, one thing must be noted: Some of the drunken ants were strangers, and these the sober rescuers ducked in a pool of water near by. Their friends they took home to safety. One must discriminate, of course.

Did you ever think of the ant as a mathematician? Not that he delves into the intricacies of higher calculus; but he does seem to be able to count, and that is more than a lot of animals can do. For instance, Ormond Francis Williams, an ant expert of Bridgeport Conn., tells how on a walk in the woods one day, he kicked over a stone with his foot and uncovered numerous cocoons in which the pupae were developing. He picked up a couple with a small twig to investigate them. Meanwhile the excited ants below began to carry their treasures off to the nest. They took away all the pupae that remained on a ground. Then they came back and looked around. They could see nothing more to get, but still they hunted. The ants evidently had counted the pupae and knew there were just two missing, for when the latter were put on the ground again they were seized and carried off.

The ant is the perfect nursemaid. As soon as the queen has laid her eggs,

workers come scurrying to the spot. Each one seizes an egg in his mouth—holding it very gently—and carries it to a specially prepared chamber, warm and moist.

Once there, they classify the eggs according to sizes, and when the larvæ emerge, they are placed in a circle with their heads pointing away from the centre, so that the nurses can hurry around the outside and give them nourishment.

There is a species of ant in the tropical countries that takes its young outside on nice warm days, and parades them up and down, just like the nursemaid-baby-parambulator combination so common in the human race. The ant nursemaids are even more insistent on cleanliness than are the human species. They keep in the nest a sort of moist sponge made out of various soft materials, and whenever a young ant gets its mandibles all dirty or splashes mud on its antennæ, the nurses hurry it to the sponge and wipe its face.

If we could find some way to make an ant unbosom himself and, speaking right out from the heart, tell us which of his various marvelous accomplishments makes him proudest, he would probably say, "My strength!" and then laugh at us condescendingly. For the ant is such a wonderful all-round athlete for his size and weight that he makes the most powerful man on earth appear a weakling.

Here is one of his lesser feats as described by the naturalist, A. D. Du Bois : An ant was observed carrying a pebble from the bottom to the top of a mound. The ant and pebble were weighed, and the height of the mound was measured. For a man to do an equivalent piece of work in proportion to his size, he would have to carry a trunk weighing half a ton up 15 flights of stairs.

If that seems marvelous, consider this : A little field ant, in a carefully arranged laboratory test, held in his jaws a weight 300 times heavier than itself, without difficulty. For you or me to equal that, we would have to be able to stand calmly on the edge of some convenient precipice while eight freight cars loaded with iron dangled from a chain passed over our lower jaw.

A well-known entomologist has asserted that if any man weighing 150 pounds had the same strength in proportion to his weight as the ant has he easily could hoist two of the largest modern locomotives on his back and walk away with them, without even staggering.

There is a species of ant in Africa called the "bulldog", which Professor Wroughton tells us, can travel along in great leaps a foot long. If modern man wishes to emulate this achievement, he will have to increase the present broad jump record from slightly over 25 feet to 144 feet.

The ant is a farmer. It may sound unbelievable, but he has his own gardens that he cultivates, and in which he raises special foods found nowhere else ; and he has "stables" wherein he keeps "cows," which he "milks."

Consider, for instance, the ants called the "leaf-cutters." They slash off leaves from trees with their sharp mandibles, carry the leaves down into the nest, and there chew them up into a fine paste that they spread on the floor. Meanwhile other ants have been hunting mushroom slips, which they now carry in and plant in the prepared "soil." The result is a fungous growth that seems to be one of the favourite ant foods.

The ant's "cow" is the aphid, the green-fly of our gardens. The ant seizes these little creatures, takes them to the nest, and there shelters them and feeds them. In return for this, the aphids give off a honey-dew "milk" when stroked by the ant's antennae, and this honey dew is the ultimate in hoverages for the ant.

Did you ever think of the ant as a surgeon ? He is, though his operations are rather heroic. Among the Brazilian leaf-cutters the following technique is employed : When a patient is brought in suffering from a bad wound the ant surgeons catch a few huge soldiers who won't be missed, and, holding the edges of the wound close together, induce a soldier to close its jaws in them. The unfortunate soldier

then is decapitated. A number of these "stitches" are put in, according to the length of the wound and they remain firmly locked and the wound is healed fully. One well may question whether the disease is worth the cure.

Finally, we may note that the ant has that trait so extremely rare among animals—he buries his dead in a cemetery, and with a regular funeral procession. Members of the colony lift the dead body with their mandibles,

and, others following in solemn line, they go outside the nest to the little plot of ground where they bury their corpses.

There is much more that this marvelous little creature, such a wonder-worker for his size, can do. In the roles in which we have considered him we have seen him versatile beyond all belief. As to what other wonders he would make known to us if only he could talk, we can but guess,

Science monthly.



Science Siftings



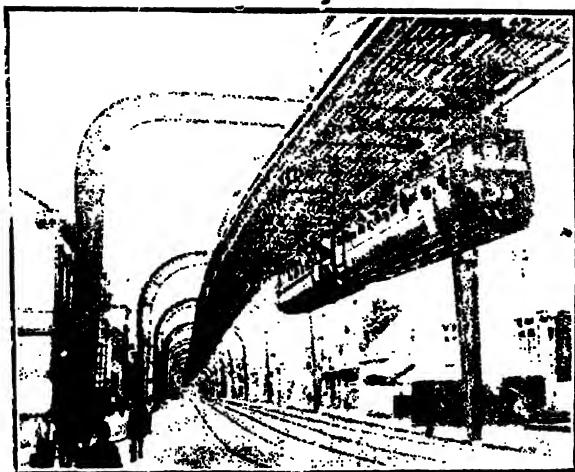
AN INGENIOUS WINDMILL

A few boxes, a broken table, and an old bicycle wheel were used by George Foster of Brewster, Mass., to build the unique windmill above. Cape Cod winds are all the incentive needed for this faithful servant, which pumps water, saws wood, turns the washing machine, and does a score of other household tasks.

MOTOR HOME FROM SCRAPS

From cast-off parts found in alleys and junk piles, A. L. Campbell, a salvage engineer of Chicago, and his 16 years-old son, put this house on wheels together in their back yard. It has running water, four berths, a dining-table, ice-box, bath-room equipment, and electric lights.





A MONORAIL "L"

At the right is a remarkable monorailway just completed between Vohwinkel and Elberfeld, Germany. The rails from which the cars hang are suspended from steel arches.



HIGH SEAT FOR THE BABY WILL FIT ANY CHAIR

A new high-chair attachment provides a seat for the small child any time, where ever an ordinary chair is available. It has rubber-covered steel hooks that fit over the back of a chair and are adjustable to various makes of chairs. Made of canvas, the attachment folds into a small package easy to carry when touring or traveling.



A BICYCLE LAWN-MOWER.

Half a discarded bicycle was put to good use when it was attached to the lawnmower, as shown, by Victor and Richard Dorn, of Red Bank, N. J.

A FIVE POUND MOVIE CAMERA

Inventors are busy these days perfecting motion-picture camera for amateurs. A new one, weighing only five pounds, is held at waist level and when the operator presses a button, 20 feet of film is exposed.



New movie camera has simple mechanism

After the pictures have been taken, by a special process the negative is changed to a positive and used for projection.



CHICAGO BANK EMPLOYEES HOLD FORT AGAINST BANDITS

To fight bandits, a state savings-bank in Chicago has installed a miniature fort. A seven-foot semicylindrical steel plate set upon a rear balcony and camouflaged to look like a pillar serves as a turret. Through a small slot in this, an employee keeps a high powered rifle constantly trained on the bank floor below. The plate is armor for the watchman.

The photograph shows a junior employee standing guard. Besides this precaution, the bank has established a regulation rifle range in the basement, where all of the employees, including women, are taught to shoot. The bank has six rifles, a number of pistols, and electric buttons concealed in various places that will bring outside aid if the arsenal inside is not sufficient.

Popular Science monthly.

A hundred years hence: A Forecast.

By Mr. A. S. Wadia, M.A.

"Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever
reaping something new :
That which they have done but earnest of
the things that they shall do :
For I dipt into the future, far as human
eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the
wonder that would be."

—Tennyson.

Most of us can any day cast our eyes backward and picture to ourselves what the world was like a hundred years ago, but how few care to dip into the future and see for themselves the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be a hundred years hence. And this latter survey is perhaps more profitable and makes certainly more fascinating study than the other, for the past is dead and gone and, what is worse, is beyond recall, while the future with its vast and wonderful possibilities for ever scintillates before us and draws us on with bright hopes and bright dreams.

A hundred years ago the age of steam had just commenced and we now know how it has bound this globe of ours many times over with its steel rails and pressed half of humanity in its iron service. Likewise a century hence the world will be dotted all

over with pin-heads of air-masts and aerodromes and the air itself will vibrate night and day with the throb of thousands upon thousands of aeroplanes. Their criss cross flights would dim the sunlight over towns during the day and at night the heavenly constellation itself would pale before the brighter constellation of thousands of moving red, white and blue points of their lights. But on the gala-night the procession of illumined air-ships and aeroplanes will feel the heavens with such a fantasy of fairy lights as to make the brightest vision from the Arabian Nights appear beside it but a gaudy dream. Railways and steamers in those days will be picturesque relics just as mailcoaches and sailing-ships are in ours, and like the latter will be relegated to a backward position and used only for mere subsidiary and local transportations. The trade-routes and carrying-services of the world will lie wholly in the air.

There will be one great change. The hills and mountains that are now lying waste and uninhabited will then come into their own and their tops, especially in the Tropics, will be converted into residential quarters for the more prosperous classes of the townspeople, who will fly to their business in the morning and back to their hill-homes in the evening. When the air comes finally to establish its

free empire on the face of the Globe, the present national frontiers will be old historic ruins and the tariff walls now running continuous with them will be found only in the economic histories of several nations. The human spirit thus liberated from the age-long incubus of national hatreds and economic selfishness will breathe a little more freely and be in a position to think on the vital things of life and society in terms of humanity as a whole and not of individual nations as now. With the disappearance of national hatreds and economic selfishness, the present League of Nations will as a matter of course evolve into a League of Humanity in which Tennyson's dream of "the Great Parliament of Man and the Federation of the World" will have been at last fulfilled. But the fulfilment will be the longest delayed by two evil forces, which are at present only at the beginning of their baleful career. These evil forces of colour-prejudice and class-selfishness will have developed as the century advances into a world-menace, but like all other evil forces, they will have thoroughly worked themselves-out by the end of it, though the last will be the most persistent and longest in dying. Its death, however, will be brought about by the combined effect of a rapid advancement in the great mechanical and scientific impulses of the age and the revival of the ancient ideals of Simplicity and Art.

The Machine helped by scientific research will have by then so far perfected itself that not only it will have increased our present productive capacity a hundredfold but, what is more, it will have taken upon itself all the most tedious and dehumanising elements in the manufacturing Processes of our time and so become in reality what it was always intended to be, the general drudge and common slave of mankind. And it is these tedious

and dehumanising elements lying concealed in the manufacturing processes of our time that have been the real cause of all our past labour troubles and the potent source of all our present class ill-will. As in all ways of life, where we gain on one side we are bound to lose on the other, so with the gradual removal of these debasing elements and the steady expansion of our manufacturing capacity there will necessarily arise conditions which will lead to a vast increase of the world's population and create a growing passion for enervating pleasures and more luxurious modes of life. In other words, life being made the more easy by the perfected machine and more hurried by the subjugated air, it will naturally become more complex and vastly difficult. To counter-balance these tendencies the newly-launched idea of birth-control will be then legally recognised and widely practised and the ancient ideals of simplicity and art will once more take hold of the human mind with the consequence that the then growing cult of pleasure and luxury will be, to borrow a term of the psycho-analyst, sublimated into nobler channels.

From the time of Lao-tze and Pythagoras down to Tolstoi and Gandhi of our own days, every great world-teacher and founder of religion has taught in one form or another the great creed of Simplicity. And Simplicity, truly so-called, does not fight shy of complexity any more than Spirituality, truly so-called, does not fight shy of complexity any more than Spirituality, truly so-called, fights shy of matter. On the contrary, it lives in and through complexity. In other words, the true creed of Simplicity does not ignore or avoid complexity but boldly meets it and tries to overcome it by organising out of its intricate maze of manifestations a

broader and a more comprehensive and so a simpler mode of thought, word, and action. In this great mission of hers, Simplicity will have been largely helped by the psychologist and the physiologist. "The past century" says H. G. Wells, "has been the supreme century of material achievement: the present and the twenty-first will be the great fruiting and harvesting time of psychological and physiological sciences."

But no creed of simplicity, helped as it may be by the researches of psychologists and physiologist, will ever by itself meet the rich and varied wants of the complex human mind. Besides there is always the danger of simplicity degenerating into mere insipidity as the great Khaddar movement of Gandhi is fast doing in India. To save her from such a degeneration, as also to supply the complex needs of the human mind, Simplicity will have to call to her aid Art. And no stauncher ally could Simplicity find to further her own ends than Art—that great revealer and preserver of all that is highest, noblest, and simplest in the heart and impulse of man.

And Art in the 21st century will be no rare luxury as it now is, nor will it be the possession of the cultured few or the pastime of the common many, but it will be a common necessity, open to all and sought by all. Art will have then once more thrown off its present rich garment and stepped down from its present high pedestal, and assuming the simple garb of all and being produced in the sight of all, will have entered the common life of all and become the valued possession of all, as it was in the best days of Greek and Gothic art. In those great days of its existence, Art was the handmaid and exponent of Religion, and so will it be in the century to come, when

Religion will have again simplified itself into a few basic beliefs of common unity and universal validity. Nor will Religion then be at loggerheads with Science as she now is, but both will employ their best energies in the quest of the Absolute, the one in revealing, the other in realising the Mystical Heart of Things. And Science will have taken vast strides by then and harnessed most of the free energy of the world that is now going waste, such as atmospheric electricity, tidal power, solar and atomic energy. As coal has now mostly replaced wood and as oil is fast replacing coal, so electricity derived from natural forces, harnessed and conserved, will in those days wholly replace wood, coal and oil.

One great effect of such a replacement would be that we shall have purer atmosphere to breathe and cleaner cities to live in. The cities will not only be more clean than but less noisy. As we have at present legislation against smoke nuisance, we shall then have against all avoidable noise, and rubber will be most extensively used on the road and railways to do away with the bare possibility of noise and thus make an immense saving in the present criminal waste of human nerve-power. Science will have by then discovered not only the cures but the preventives of "the thousand shocks that flesh is heir to." But with this wide expansion of scientific power, men will have also invented vast forces of destruction, of which we are given only a glimpse now and again. The other day Edison declared that it was quite possible to discover a gas in the laboratory which would lay waste London in less than four hours. By then, however, the League of Humanity will have so far established its rule and authority over all the peoples of the world that any such recrudescence of ancient

bellicose tendencies among any group of people would be dealt with by the International Court of Justice, just as any recrudescence of feudalistic warfare and tribal disputes would be dealt with in our present national courts of judicature as common felony and their perpetrators punished as ordinary criminals. The present national armies and navies will be then converted into an armed police force of the world which will keep watch and ward over the land and seas of the world in internationalised airships and aeroplanes, the movements of which will be wholly directed by the wireless. In fact, the world communication will be mainly carried on by the wireless ray, which will bring the image of persons half the world across and make them talk to us as if in our very presence, and Psychological Research will have by then so far advanced that communication with the dead will not be as at present the pursuit of the curious and the credulous but a matter of scientific certainty and human necessity.

Another great change will be that our present prisons and penitentiaries will be converted into social reformatories and mental institutes where the criminal will no longer be looked upon as a wilful decadent of society deserving social ostracism and condign punishment, but will be treated as a mentally defective and morally deficient delinquent who, by certain restrictions put on his movements and being provided with regular work, food and exercise, was to be

gradually won back from his wild, irresponsible ways to a life of decency and discipline and if possible, of good citizenship. Crime being invariably due to the perversion of natural aptitudes and misdirection of natural gifts, the primary duty of these institutes will be to find out the natural bent of the criminal and then consign him such work as would put to the best use the qualities with which he is endowed by nature.

The criminal's harmful proclivities being thus turned to work suited to the natural bent of his mind and useful to society at large, the working man's energy being directed into channels less exacting and more interesting processes of production, the capitalist being won back by the creed of Simplicity and Art from his present ineffectual extravagance and class selfishness, the nations of the world having outgrown national creeds and colour-prejudices, most of the free energies of nature being harnessed and the world knit closer by a network of air services and radio communications, the cures and preventives being found for the ills of the flesh, the despair and gloom of the grave being lightened by definite knowledge and direct contact, and with Science and Religion marching hand in hand, Humanity will lead a cleaner and healthier, a less selfish and factious and more helpful and harmonious life A Hundred Years Hence.

The Hindustan Review.

Education of the Mind and Body

What New York Is Doing For Its Children.

By Dr. Sundari Mohan Das, M. B.

The history of a nation is made in the nursery. Those who rule to day were the children of yesterday. All men and women—kings and queens, saints and heroes—began as helpless-babies. The destiny of the world, of the ruler and the ruled, is all in the hands of the children. All these thoughts must have crowded the mind of Mrs. Putnam of the Boston Social Service League when she asked me, a few years ago, to be one of their members, and later on, invited me to their periodical dinners obliterating time and space in her exuberance of enthusiasm for the welfare of the children on this side of the globe.

The most hard-hearted ruffians melt at the sight of a lovely child. Why? Because they see Divinity in that small bit of humanity. For centuries the sovereigns of Austria looked upon the wild ferocious Hungarians with suspicion and forbade them to possess arms lest they should rise in resurrection. When the Empress Maria Theresa was attacked by, enemies on all sides, and her throne was in danger, she took the bold step of appealing to the Hungarian nobles. Putting her little son on her shoulder, she appeared before them dressed in mourning and wearing the crown of St. Stephen, the first Christian King of Hungary. At the sight of the Madonna the hearts of the Hungarians melted. Flashing their swords aloft, they declared that they and their sons would die for her.

Such is the influence of a tiny helpless child in the lap of a loving mother. A child is regarded by our women as a Gopal an

incarnation of the boy-god Sri Krishna. The fourth or the last but one stage of a devotee is that of a mother. God must be loved as a child is loved by a mother, such is the injunction of the Hindu Scriptures.

Fathers and mothers of the old type, would address their son as **Pranadhikesu**—dearer than life. If they had only known how to protect the life of that "dearer-than-life," they would have left no stone unturned to do so. But ignorance is the root of all evils. Had they known that the loss of the three lakhs of Gopals in Bengal per annum might have been prevented if they tried, would they not have tried their best to do so?

The Americans, who are nothing if not practical, tried to remove that ignorance with regard to the education of the mind and body of the children who would grow into citizens. Bad education killed many and crippled many more, making them useless citizens. They realised the fact that many of these children, who in their after-life turn out to be so many burdens on the State, might be made useful citizens by the introduction of proper methods of education. They realised that if they wished the United States to continue a strong and mighty Republic they must have healthy-minded and wholesome-bodied children. New York, Boston, Chicago, and many other large cities tried to see that the minds and bodies of their little ones were properly cared for. The parents in many cases were too poor or too ignorant to take such care of their children, but the State responded nobly to the crying need of the children.

New York City, with its ever-changing and ever-growing population of immigrant children, has particularly tackled this problem. It has a system of public schools which accomplished wonders with the children it has to deal with. Many of the children are taken from dirty, crowded, poverty-stricken tenements. They enter the school with minds ignorant and habits accustomed to the squalor and filth of the tenements. In a few years they leave the school, how different! They have been trained not only in the three R's but in personal cleanliness and sanitary living. They are proud of their knowledge, proud of their *Alma Mater* and, above all, proud of their country of adoption.

Besides "school lessons," carpentry, or cooking and sewing, boys and girls have calisthenic and gymnastic exercises. School doctors and nurses examine them to see that their eyes, ears, noses, throats and teeth are healthy. To understand the children better, the teachers try to work with the fathers and mothers. In order to understand the teachers and the taught better, parents have formed associations to talk with the teachers, doctors and nurses.

"Little mothers" learn their business more readily than the grown-up mothers. The older sisters in the families have formed an association called "the Little Mothers' League." They often take entire care of the babies. The school houses are used as meeting places where interesting "talks" are given one afternoon a week to the "little mothers" by doctors and nurses. They are told about the best foods for the babies, and are shown how to prepare them and to keep the bottles clean. The importance of cleanliness, bathing, fresh air, proper dress and prevention of diseases is specially emphasized.

The city hospital and the city schools have physicians and nurses who call at the homes of the children and give instructions. "Why did you give the baby corn-beef?" asked a nurse of a mother who had allowed her tiny baby lying in a basket sucking a piece of corn-beef. "Well, what would you have me give him?" retorted the mother crossly, "he don't like pork." The nurse gently unclasped the baby hands from the indigestible morsel and convinced the mother that neither beef nor pork was the proper food for a baby.

It is not the healthy children only who receive attention. Cripples and invalids and those children of the poor whose lives a little fresh air may save are taken from their unhealthy surroundings and put in "better atmosphere." "Sea-Breeze Tuberculosis Hospitals" and "Homes for Sick Babies" have been founded. Sea-Breeze Homes are built upon islands and admit little ones seized with bone tuberculosis, etc., the result of ill and improper food and of indiscriminate contact with infected subjects.

All the consumptive children of the slums can not be taken in the Sea-Breeze Homes. For them roof camps have been established where the children can spend the days in the open air. They arrive at the camp each morning and are at once given a cup of fresh milk with a raw egg beaten into it. Then the children have their school lessons. At noon a plain wholesome dinner is served, and in the afternoon another glass of milk with a raw egg is given. Promptly at five o'clock the camp closes but the unhealthful conditions of the home are not allowed to spoil the good effects of the open air. Nurses and physicians visit the tenements and see that the most well lighted and ventilated room is given to the patient. They see that the linen and eating utensils of the patient

are washed separately and give tickets for two quarts of fresh milk and three raw eggs a day. The day camp is one of the many wise agencies provided by New York City in the struggle against the great white plague.

The Americans not only help the sick ones back to health but have set themselves to the task of keeping the healthy children robust and happy providing them with wholesome employments of their brains and bodies. They have founded open air playgrounds, roof-gardens, recreation piers, bathing pools, garden plots and athletic grounds and have secured jolly, wholesome young women and men to teach the children how to play. All the more recent public schools in New York are built with roof play grounds enclosed with wire-netting and floored with tile. Here the children learn baseball and basket-ball and even tennis. In the evening there are gymnasium classes and dancing classes. Many of the model tenements are built with roof gardens, and many of the Day Nurseries of New York City have summer roof-gardens, where the little ones left in the care of the nurses can play in the open air until the best of medicines begins and brings the pink glow of health to their pale cheeks. On the roof-gardens the children find swings and hammocks and "shoot the chuter" and flowering plants for whose growth and care older ones are sometimes made responsible."

If it is not possible for the Calcutta Corporation to start roof-gardens and floating hospitals at present, they may try to imitate and Yankee brethren in introducing some of the specialities of the New York schools in their Primary Schools. Students in charge of teachers (male and female), and Lady Health Visitors may be taken by batches every Sunday on river trips. That will not cost more than Rs. 5,000 per annum. Some model houses might be erected in each district with roof hospitals (sheds) for cases of tuberculosis of mild types.

Greater attempt should be made to open up congested areas and start Children's Park and Ladies' Park. Dr. Crane, our Health Officer, very aptly says with regard to tuberculosis deaths in 1923, "girls were suffocat-

ed behind the Purdah". Between the ages of 15 and 20, 5 girls died of tuberculosis for every boy; between 20 and 30, 4 women for every man and between 30 and 40 2 women for every man. Eloquent tales of criminal negligence towards our motherhood! Ward XX heads the list of tuberculosis mortality with 5.4 per thousand in 1922 4 per thousand in 1923. Health Associations, specially that of Ward XX, should try their level best to suppress this scourge. As regards the predisposing causes, the Health Officer puts insanitary housing conditions and ignorance and poverty as the foremost.

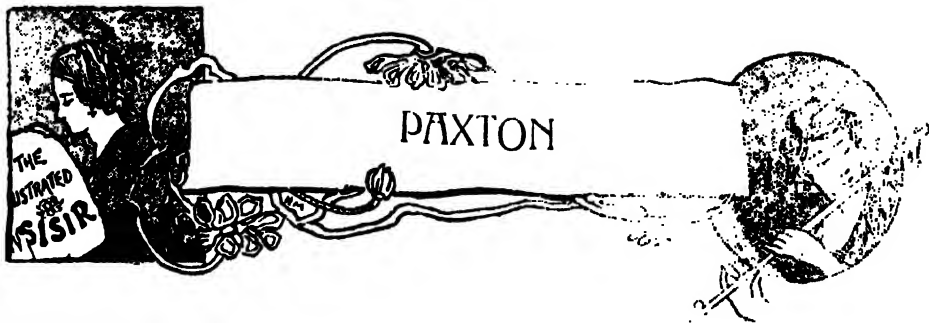
The tragical end of an ex-employee of the Corporation will, I hope, convince my brother Councillors of the urgency of steps to be taken for the proper housing of the poor. He was a "Bill Markar" of the Collection Department, with a family of 8 to 10. On the death of his wife and all the children with the exception of a widowed daughter, the poor man lost his mental balance. He resigned his post ten years ago. Since then living in dungeons without the means of keeping the family pot aboiling, he contracted infection from a tuberculous patient. About a fortnight ago I found his address from the Ward IV Health Association register and called there along with the Health Worker Buried amidst dirty rags in an ill-lighted, ill-ventilated hut, fed on the little that his widowed daughter could obtain by begging, the half-starved emaciated man could not contain himself when he was made to realise that I, a Councillor and a doctor, thought it worth while to visit him. The Ward IV Health Association provided him with medicines, milk, spittoon and disinfectants, but none could save him whom Pluto had marked for his own. He has a little grandson, who had every chance of infection. I asked his mother to get him admitted in one of our free primary schools, but how can we save him from his possible fate unless there are public institutions for giving free air and free food? Who can say how many such children are waiting to be gripped by the hands of grim Death?

"The Calcutta Municipal Gazette".



Maiden of the Deep

B:—Satish Ch. Sinha.



By Dr. Naresh Chandra Sen Gupta, M. A., D. L.

Staunton considered this to be a barbarous custom. But thinking over the matter he found it better on the whole not to disoblige Rose and Tiny. He would fall into line with the general scheme of things here and suffer the trial of a month's probation. During this time Tiny would at any rate be helpful as a house-keeper.

"I am awfully sorry I did not understand dear," he told Tiny. "Do please live with me if you wish."

Tiny blushed and said she would love to. She looked very attractive as she smiled and said this. Staunton unbended so far as to embrace her and give her a kiss on her lips.

"What have you done?" said the girl, smiling. But perhaps you don't know. You don't kiss a woman on her lips till you have made up your mind to love her."

"I did not know. But any way I don't mind."

'But I was told you were in love with Rose.'

"Who told you that?" he thought.

"Why Rose said you were. She thinks awfully well of you and I think she would have loved but she loves Bullock too well to leave him."

"But could she leave him if she liked?" asked the amazed Staunton.

"Why of course. Husband and wife live together only as long as they love one another. When they disgrace they part company."

"And no one minds it?"

"How could one mind? You can't force love. Suppose you can't love me, could I hold you?"

Staunton was a strong conservative. All this jarred on his moral sense. He remembered how quietly Bullock had taken the information that Staunton had made love to Rose.

"And I suppose," he said "Married

women make love with other men just as they choose."

"Why no," answered the girl in surprise, "why should they? They love their husbands; that's why they live together. If a woman loved another she would separate and go to live with the man she loved."

"I don't envy the lot of husbands here," said Staunton, "nor of children. You don't seem to have such a thing as a home with men and women changing partners like their dresses."

"I don't think," said Tiny. "We have very stable homes. It is seldom that husbands or wives separate. They make it a point of honour to excel in love."

"Excel in love! What do you mean?"

"Why, every couple thinks it a great thing to be considered greater lovers than other couples. And every couple strives to beat others in their reputation for love."

"So that is what keeps people together. I think I understand."

"No it is not exactly that either. Except very wicked men, nobody really thinks of loving anybody else except his or her partner. It is such an abnormal thing isn't it?"

Staunton became very grave. After a brief silence he answered. "But suppose a man starts by loving another's wife and then he has to take another partner."

Tiny raised her heavy eyes to

Staunton's face. "In that case," she answered gravely, "he does not take a wife. He is not bound to and must not, in honour, take a wife he does not love. My brother for instance has grown an old bachelor, waiting for the love of another man's wife. He has tried several times to forget his love and take another partner. But he has always broken off at the end of a month."

"You must have many such bachelors and spinsters."

"Not so many. People don't usually get to love other people's husbands and wives. Those who are confirmed in such love are abnormals who are treated in the mental hospital. Very often such treatment cures them."

"But you see such cases must happen even among normal men and women. For instance, you and I live together during probation. I begin to love you. You can't love me. We separate. You take another husband. I must go on loving you and perhaps love you all the more, because you spurn me."

"Such cases are very rare" said Tiny. "I love you very hard, in ninety nine cases out of a hundred I must win your love. In our psychology class we are taught how to win over love, you know, she said coquettishly."

"So the woman is the woman all the world over. In ancient times they

sought love philtres and charms. You take scientific instruction in love culture—to entrap men.”

“So do our men. Psychology is a subject every boy or girl learns. How else could you get on with other people?”

It was an amusingly novel idea to Staunton that one had to study Psychology to love or to get on with others. He looked incredulously at Tiny.

“You see,” Tiny explained, “the main thing in trying to get on with another person is to understand him, to get at what is exactly going on in his mind and to get a grasp of his real point of view. Psychology teaches you to do so by a series of simple experiments and then there is no mistake or misunderstanding. That is how quarrels and misunderstandings have become almost completely eliminated in society during the last half-a-century. It is only sixty years ago that psychology was made compulsory in our schools and the result have been marvellous.”

“You must have made great progress in psychology if you are able to do so much with the science. Have you read much Tiny?” asked Staunton.

“Not very much” answered she modestly, “I have only finished the usual College Course and have begun studying in the Library. I am now working at the History of Man.”

“I am so glad,” said Staunton.

“I think I could help you in that study. I have made a special study of Anthropology and History.”

“Have you?” exclaimed Tiny delighted, “don’t you find it absorbingly interesting. It amuses you so to learn how stupid man was in the past. In the Iliad and the Ramayana I read that great wars, involving whole nations were fought for a woman. You can hardly understand how that happened.”

“Well yes,” stammered Staunton, “it was somewhat primitive. But it is not difficult to understand. It only grew out of the jealousy man naturally feels if another carries away the woman he loves.”

“But in the Iliad the woman went away because she loved Paris.”

“But she was Menelaus’s wife.”

“What of that? The real thing is that men had a strange feeling not only then but for long afterwards that women were a sort of property. I have read that at a much more advanced stage of society men fought ruinous fights over women, not only with arms but what they called Courts of law. The husband sued to recover a wife who had run away with another and was allowed heavy damages. Isn’t it amusing?”

“Well, I suppose it was all right. That’s what we do in our country even now.”

“Do you? it is so interesting. Why do you do it? I don’t suppose

that the man does it for the love of his wife. For, very often, he also asks for a divorce of his wife."

Staunton paused to think. This was a way of looking at the questions which had never struck him. "Well, I must say that it is not so much for love as for outraged honour that he seeks a remedy."

"But how does the question of honour arise. Suppose your wife does not love you but loves another. It is no dishonour to you. It may hurt you because your love is not returned. But it is no disgrace."

"Is it not? Any way we look upon it as an injury done to the husband's honours and the wife's honour too."

"Ah yes, the wife's honour it may affect. But that's her look out. If she has been dishonoured she might feel angry. But very often I understand she does not mind it at all. I suppose the husband's anger is only explained by his sense of proprietorship of the wife."

"But, my dear, look at it the other way. Suppose you love me and are wedded to me. Then some woman comes and takes me away. Wouldn't you feel aggrieved?"

"Grieved yes. But not dishonoured. I should never think of fighting the other woman. She has as good a right to be loved by my husband as myself. If she is more successful in winning his love, it

would be my misfortune. But they have full liberty to love one another. You love Rose. If Rose loves you and wants you, she would come to you. Neither Bullock nor I could prevent you."

"All that I can say is that our points of view are different" said Staunton, to put a stop to the discussion. He did not now like the way in which Tiny was referring to his love for Rose. Was it a sense of guilty? Or, perhaps the budding of a new love.

But Tiny, with all her burning enthusiasm of all new scholars in their subjects, was not in a mood to stop talking about it.

"Yes that's it. It is the difference in the view point. That is the thing we always have to remember in studying other societies and archaic institutions. There is such a great risk of forgetting the difference in the point of view and misunderstanding. I have found that a proper understanding of the point of view explains the entire structure of a society. But it is so difficult, sometimes to understand the point of view."

Staunton was amazed at the scholarship and the wisdom of the girl. He gave up thinking that he could teach her anthropology.

"How old are you Tiny?" he asked.

"Twenty two," she answered, "why do you ask?"

"Because you are wise and learned

far beyond your years. You are wonderful."

"Oh no," answered Tiny blushing, "I was just an ordinary student at school and have just begun learning things."

"Then your schools are wonderful," said he, "and your girls are wonderful. By the way, what do you do? I suppose you too have to work for your living."

"Yes, of course. I am a cook at the pasty Kitchen."

"A cook?" exclaimed Staunton. "What a waste of your talents!"

"Why, cooking is very good work. I like it. But I suppose, now that I am under probation with you, they will let me work in the garden with you."

"I hope they will" said Staunton. "I could then do all your work in addition to mine and give you time to study."

"But then I should have to go without food," she said laughing. "You can't have more than one ticket a day however much you work."

"How silly", said Staunton, "I must say Tiny, your society shows very little regard for talent. It is a cruel waste of energy to make a woman work on a garden who could give you ten times more precious things if she were otherwise engaged."

"But you must work for at least two hours a day for your health if for nothing else. You can't keep fit

unless you do some useful manual work every day just as you can't do so without some play and some food. Won't you come out now and play with me. I should love to."

Staunton rose joyfully. He was beginning to like the girl enormously. He felt he would like very much to play with her; he had no time to ask himself what game he would play.

"What would you like?" asked Tiny as they were going.

"I hardly know, I played tennis and golf at home. I don't know if you play those games here."

"I have read about golf. I don't recollect having heard about tennis. we have lots of games in the Gymnasiums. There is some thing which is like your golf but a great deal more complicated. I should like to play alone with you. If you prefer more company we shall go to the Gymnasium."

"By no means, you are enough company for me," said Staunton.

The girl's face brightened up. She took Staunton by the arm and began to run as she said, "Then let us go to the sea. We shall play lots of games in the water."

So off they went. For over an hour they spent a rollicking time in the water, laughing and shouting uproariously, chasing each other, diving and racing.

When they returned arm in arm to their home, Staunton felt a singular,

elasticity of spirits, a freedom he had never felt before and happy as he had never been. He did not even notice that Tiny had not taken the trouble to put on even her scanty garment which she carried in her hand rolled up in a little parcel.

Once he had got himself thoroughly acclimatised to his new conditions. Staunton lived a life of Elysian joy. He felt a freshness of soul which he had never known before. He felt himself so free to do what he liked and think what he liked. There was nothing in the Paxton society to cramp his mind or constrain him to think, feel or act in any particular fashion. The first shock of this freedom had hurt him. He had felt amazed and scandalised by the very wide departures which Paxtonian society made from the conventions and cherished beliefs of his own society. But, by and by, as the surprise wore down and he felt quite at home in his new surroundings, his spirits sensibly expanded within him. He felt like one awakened from a night mare.

In this new joy of the life he lived Tiny contributed not a little. She was like a sunbeam that lit his soul with smile and shed a glorious lustre over all his world. Playing on land or in the water she was gleeful and joyous as a child of nature—she was a part of the landscape and made up more than half its beauty and charm. In the Gymnasium, playing her games she

was the very spirit of youth and vigour and an everlasting delight. In the Library she sat by Staunton and lighted his way through mazes of wisdom and filled him overmore with the joy of knowing. Working beside him in the garden—for she had changed from the kitchen work,—she made the short hour flit by in a dream of delight. In the house, which she managed as few even of Paxtonians could do, she bathed every little thing and great with fountains of happiness.

She had won the heart of Staunton from Rose, not by any slow and tiresome process but, as it were, taken in by storm. It was her psychology perhaps, thought Staunton, but it did not look like a reasoned thought out process. She had made no effort, but only been just herself and Staunton felt he could not help loving her.

Rose had kept herself off for some days to give Tiny her full opportunity. But before the month had nearly passed she came beaming and glowing with joy. As usual, she kissed Staunton on both cheeks, but with more than her usual warmth. She held Tiny tightly in her arms and pressed her hard to her bosom, as she said, laughing, "you wicked thief, you have stolen my lover from me."

They were sitting in the garden in one of those wonderful couches made of rushes and covered all over with a thick velvety moss. They had

risen to receive her. Tiny set down Rose beside Staunton and ran into the house.

With Rose sitting beside him and shooting him with those mischievous smiling glances' Staunton was not so sure that Tiny had won him completely from Rose. He loved Tiny, he thought, but how could he help being fascinated by this glorious woman. Tiny was sprightly joyous, vivacious. Even her wisdom flowed in a ripple of living joy. But Rose was delicious in her calm dignity and self-possession. She had spirit too, but it was the spirit of a deep stream. The two women seemed the compliment of each other.

"How my dear," said Rose when Tiny was gone, "do you feel homesick?"

Staunton was annoyed to feel that really he was not. He did not like the idea. He was ashamed to own that he had ceased to care much for dear Old England. But he did care now that he came to think of it, or at any rate he convinced himself that he did.

"Well, not so much as before but I would love to be there."

"Without Tiny?" and then she added with a coquettish smile "without me?"

"Well or, not exactly. The fact is that I take it for granted that you two will be with me whatever happens. Wouldn't you?"

"I can't answer for Tiny. She is most stupidly in love. But how could you think of my going with you to your dirty country where they breathe soot and eat carcasses."

"Eat carcasses!" Now that he thought of it, Staunton admitted to himself that most of the delicious viands set out on an English table were carcasses after all. But he was not to be beaten.

"Carcasses!" he said. "I wish you had tasted them. I don't suppose you would then think much of your own food."

"But you seem to think a great deal of them now! Don't you? Tiny says you are quite a respectable diner."

"What could one do?" said Staunton laughing, "One can't go hungry. But I would prefer a plate of roast beef to your most delicate dishes any day."

"Would you?" said Rose, "Make haste then. You must not lose a moment. There is a lot of roast beef going to be thrown away."

"How? I suppose none of you are for animal food."

"We don't, but there was a fire in a haystack in the good land farm. A foolish cow had been there to steal a bite. She was some how caught in the fire and burnt. Now is your chance! Go and take it. The conservancy cart is already there, and your beef will be taken away and thrown into the sea in no time."

Made in sober seriousness, the proposal would probably have appealed to Staunton. For though the Paxtonian dishes had numerous good points and had been conceived with great consideration of the demands of both health and taste, the carnivorous animal in him did feel an occasional hankering for the dishes he had been used to. But Rose had been smiling so wickedly all the time and was so obviously trying to make fun of him that Staunton decided to take the suggestion with philosophic calm.

"There wouldn't be any harm if I went" he said. "It is a pity that so much good food is being wasted, specially considering the fatness of your cows. But as a citizen of Paxton, I know how to make a sacrifice."

Rose pushed him with both hands and said, "No, no, don't make such a great sacrifice for goodness' sake. Do go. But stay. I shall go too and make some money out of it. I suppose I could sell lots of tickets if I make a show of your eating that hideous thing. That's an idea."

"A brilliant one" retorted Staunton "I could give you two shows everyday and a matinee in addition on Saturdays, all the year round if you could manage to burn enough haystacks. Only it is not worth while. What would you possibly do with your money in Paxton. The ridiculous ticket currency you have is not even good enough to wear as trinkets."

"Why, what could you not do ? You could make a splendid donation to the community."

"I know, that's your only idea of enjoying yourselves—Doing something for the community."

"Isn't that a great thing !"

"It may be the greatest thing on earth—like doing for your country but it is not fun."

"But don't you have all the fun that you can enjoy in the Gymnasium, in the Theatre, in the public dances, and in your games and what not."

"Yes, but you take the edge off the enjoyment. You provide it all so readily. No one has to strive for it or pay for it."

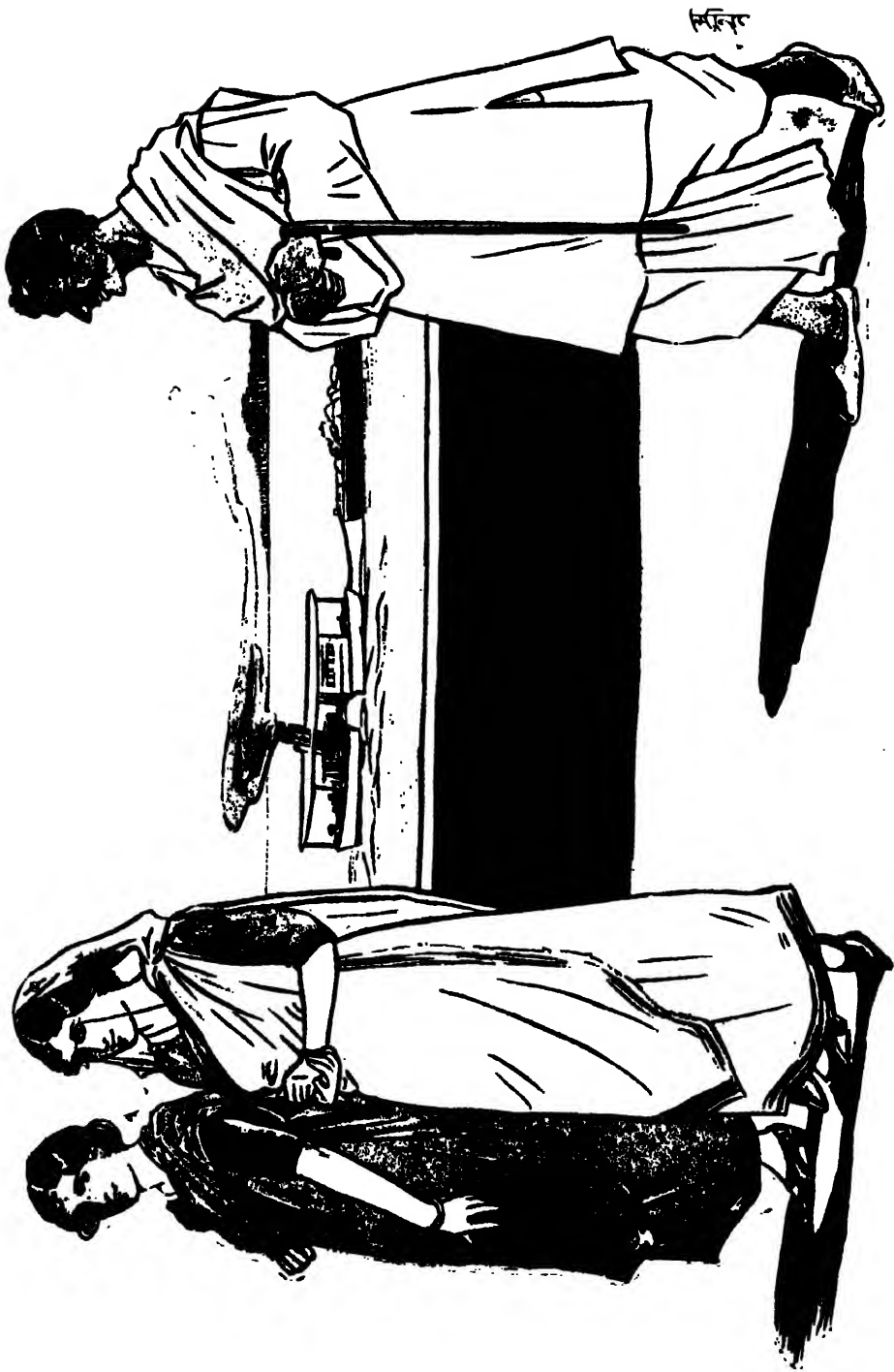
"But you can and do pay for it. The community can only provide for all this only because all of us are paying for it by our labour."

"Yes, I understand it all. You can't feel the difference unfortunately. The joy of earning money you can spare and spending it in enjoying yourself is lost to you. I don't envy you this."

Tiny now came out with a tray on which were set some cakes and a hot drink like tea. She placed the tray before Rose and Staunton. Rose caught hold of her and placed her on Staunton's lap.

"Have her," said Rose—"she is the most delicate animal in Paxton. Her flesh must be delicious food for you."

"It is" answered Staunton, as he



—Cargoboot following the Steamer—

By—Jagdish Kumar Sen.



patted Tiny's cheek. "And after all you yourself are not averse to such food. Human flesh is as acceptable to you as to the worst cannibals. But you have followed us in devising a special way of taking it. You suck it out in kisses."

They passed a delicious hour in drinking the Paxtonian tea and playing about. Running and jumping about like a school boy with Rose and Tiny playing with him, Staunton felt that his joy was perfect. The shades of evening were falling when Rose tore herself from the company. It was a great wrench to Staunton and he showed his feeling too well by the lingering kiss which he gave to Rose on parting.

After Rose had left, Staunton spread himself on the sofa in delicious exhaustion. Tiny sat by him and played with the fingers of his right hand. But she was sad and did not speak nor looked at Staunton's face. Staunton had been thinking of Rose and did not notice her sadness for some time. When he did, her look pierced his heart with anguish. He guessed what it was about.

"My Tiny little, what's the matter? Why are you so sad?"

Tiny's breast swelled and for a time it seemed that she could hardly

repress a sob. At last she said, "You love Rose still."

"And you are jealous," Staunton answered naughtily. "That's the woman, the eternal feminine."

"No I am not jealous," protested Tiny, "I am only sorry. We have not more than a week of probation before us—and—and I love you so much darling!"

Tears that had been gathering in her large and heavy eyes now began to roll down her cheeks in a torrent.

Staunton felt himself guilty of a monstrous crime. He pressed Tiny to his breast to which Tiny clung with all her might as she sobbed, "Darling, darling, I have been so happy with you."

"So have I been with you dearest," answered Staunton in a voice choked with feeling. "Come darling," he added as he raised her tearful face to his, "I love you and not Rose--nothing shall part us." With this he pressed a long burning kiss on her lips. Tiny lost herself in a delicious sense of complete self-surrender.

That evening they drank out of the same flask and shared the same bed. Tiny was happy like a little child and Staunton had no shadow on his soul.

(To be continued).

Indian medicine and surgery

By

MOHAMOHOPADHYAYA KAVIRAJ GANANATH SEN SARASWATI,

M. A., L. M. S. OF CALCUTTA.

To anyone who has a genuine love for India, "Ancient India" is an expression fraught with a world of suggestions, which bring before the mind's eye the glory of India's past achievements in the field of Science, Art and Literature. Although obscured with an endless mass of ruins the foundations of India's ancient glory still remain unshaken by the storms and vicissitudes that swept over the length and breadth of India during the last two thousand years. To people whose civilisation is of recent origin or whose sight is dazzled with one-sided education the period seems too long to contemplate and the glory of India too highly painted to be true. But to the ardent scholar of Indian History and Literature, the last two thousand years is one long period of ravage and neglect of India's own treasury, which has robbed India not only of its freedom but also of its true position, in the literary arena of the world. He believes in the glory and grandeur of the past as he realizes it at every step of his progress.

PROPER STUDY REQUIRED

The true history of ancient India ends where the modern school-history of India begins. Fortunately the vast Sanskrit literature, which yet survives is capable not only of telling the tale of India's achievements through the store of knowledge embodied in it, but is also capable of establishing the position of India in many subjects of Science,

Art and Philosophy if only they are properly studied. Ayurveda or Indian Medicine and Surgery is an instance in point, which exists not only in its vast literature but also in practice and is still capable of holding its own in the field of Medicine against its foreign rivals. Through want of State-aid and lack of practice, Ayurvedic Surgery though surviving in literature—highly interesting and instructive, is nearly lost in practice but is yet capable of resurrection. We believe true Swaraj cannot be achieved unless India can boast of having worshipped with true devotion its ancient Science and Literature by a keen intensive study of ancient lore on one side and of the modern sciences on the other.

The four Historical Periods.

In order to have a glimpse of Ayurveda, it is necessary first, to make a brief survey of the History of its origin, development and decay and secondly, to understand the broad principles on which the system is based.

The History of Ayurveda can be divided into four periods (1) The Vedic or Pre-historic period, (2) the period of the Sage authors and original researches (3) the period of Siddha or Chemist physicians and (4) the period of decay and compilations. After surveying these periods briefly we shall proceed to consider the progress and development that Ayurveda achieved during these ages, and the causes which led to the decay of Ayurveda. Finally, we shall deal with

the present position of Ayurveda and the ways and means by which we can recover our past glory.

1. "The Vedic or pre-historic period"—

The origin of Ayurveda or "The Science and Art of Life,"—as the word implies, is to be found in the Vedas—"The oldest literature of the world" as Western savants have called them. Even to this day, numerous references to Ayurvedic theories, drugs and methods of treatment are found scattered in the Vedic literature which can be studied with profit.

The legends connected with the origin and progress of Ayurveda are interesting (Vide Charka and Sushruta Samhita. Chapter II.) They can be briefly stated as follows: "Brahma," the Creator of the Universe, evolved the science of Ayurveda by meditation. He taught "Prajapati Daksha" and the latter imparted it to the twin-gods "Aswins," who became the divine physicians. From them the science descended to "Indra," the King of the gods" who developed the Science and Art of life to a considerable extent. All this occurred in the abode of gods. On earth, the ancient Rishis (Sages) found the people dying and suffering in large numbers and held a great conference on the Himalayan plateau. They deputed Bharadwaja to learn Ayurveda from Indra. According to another account and probably at another period, the sage-king Dhanwantari of Benares, who also learnt Ayurveda from Indra, opened classes in Ayurveda, chiefly dealing with Surgery and Midwifery, in Benares. Thus the two great pupils of Indra the sage Bharadwaja and the sage-king Dhanwantari of Benares disseminated the knowledge of Medicine and Surgery on earth. From the former of these sages the Bharadwaja or "Atreya School" or the school of Physicians came into being. From the latter King Dhanwantari (who is

said to have been the incarnation of the physician-god of that name)—originated the "Dhanwantari School," the school of Surgeons.

Second Period.

II. "The period of Sage authors and original Research."

Of the two schools, the exponents of the former—the School of Physicians—were the six disciples of Bharadwaja or of his pupil Atreya (Bharadwaja himself was Atreya according to Bhavamisra). These were by—Agnivesha, Bhela, Jatukarna, Parashara, Hareeta and Ksharapani—each of whom wrote a large comprehensive work on Ayurveda called after his name. The exponents of the other School or the School of Surgeons were the disciples of Dhanwantari who resigned as the ascetic King of Benares. There were, among others, Sushruta, Bhoja, Aupadhenava, Arabhra Pauskhalavata, Gopura-Rakshita etc., each of whom again wrote a comprehensive work on the Practice of Surgery and Midwifery. Some of these works are still available in a revised form and references from these and many other ancient works occur extensively in later compilations. These then are the authors who did original work in the field of Medicine and Surgery and founded the two great Schools of Indian Medicine and Surgery.

As early as this or from the very beginning according to the ancient authors, Ayurvedic practice became divided into right specialised subjects.

- (1) SHALYA, or Surgery and Midwifery. (together)
- (2) SHALKYA or Surgery of the Eye, Ear, Nose Throat etc.
- (3) KAYACHIKITSA or Practice of Medicine—both preventive and curative.

- (4) BHUTA-VIDYA or Treatment of mental diseases (including so-called obsessions.)
- (5) KUMARA-BHIRTYA or Hygiene and Treatment of children.
- (6) AGADA TANTRA or the Symptology and Treatment of poisons including Snake bite, Rabies etc.
- (7) RASHAYANA or The Science and Art of rejuvenation and attainment of longevity.
- (8) VAJEEKARANA or Sexual Hygiene and Treatment of diseases.

From the records existing at the present day, it is clear that numerous original works by the sages on each of these specialised subjects existed about 700 years ago. They have been quoted from extensively by old commentators and some of them still exist either in manuscript or in revised and printed form. Some are being unearthed even now (e.g. Bhela Samhita which existed in the Tanjore Library and was published by the Calcutta University). A classified list of over fifty of these authoritative works is given in my Bengali work—*Ayurveda Samhita* (Part I). As a general All-India search for these manuscripts has not been made yet it cannot be said that they are all lost. One point is particularly noteworthy in this connection. Numerous discussions including sceptic questions on the properties of drugs and lines of treatment are yet to be found in some of the existing works like *Charaka Samhita* showing that the sages of old did not sacrifice reason at the altar of tradition and inherited knowledge. How I wish that spirit were again revived!

Third Period.

III. "The period of the Siddhas or Chemist Physicians." (or the period of chemical research.)

After the period of specialization mentioned above and most probably during the early Buddhistic period of Indian History came another School known as the School of the "Siddhas" or Chemist-physicians. They discovered and used numerous mineral preparations such as the various compounds of Iron, Mercury, Zinc, Tin etc., their chief sheet anchor being Mercury. These minerals also had been very sparingly used before and were left almost unexplored till this time in Medicine. The names of the exponents of this School are legion and are to be found in the vast number of works written by them. A large number of these works both in Sanskrit and Tamil are still available in printed form but quite as many or more of their works yet remain in manuscript. In the Upper or Northern half of India as well as in Bengal their works and methods were widely incorporated in and are yet inseparably connected with the Ayurvedic literature and practice of the present day. In South India, the Siddha System developed as quite a separate School known as the "Siddha" School. They claim their origin from ancient Tamil culture and stand to this day as a rival system of Hindu Medicine. In Bengal, the ancient system which treated diseases more with vegetables than mineral, got mixed up with the Siddha system and evolved the present system of Kaviraji practice which combines the best of both systems and has grown famous all over India.

Fourth Period.

IV. "The period of decay and compilations."

After the advent and rise of the School of Chemist Physicians and during the period of the invasions of India by the Scythians, Greeks and Mahomedans successively, few

original works were or could be written. Dissection of the human body which had been in vogue from very early times and is still advocated by Sushruta was stopped by an edict of Ashoka. Talented authors of Ayurveda like Vaghata, Sharngadhar etc. came in during this period which covered about 600 to 1,600 A.D. Of these the earliest author Baghbata devoted himself solely to the collection of the fast decaying old works of ancient authority and incorporated into his own compilations the substances of all ancient Samhitas that he could find out in his time about (800 A.D). By these compilations known as "Ashtanga Samgraha" (the collection of the eight special subjects) and Ashtanga Hridaya (the same abridged, he did the greatest Service to Ayurveda Sharngadhar, a late author of Northern India followed the footsteps of Baghbata and wrote a similar but smaller work on the same principles.

In Bengal and Kanauj, Chakrapani and Bhavanisra were the last great champions of this period. Their valuable works are known respectively as Chakradatta (a treatise on treatment) and Bhava-prakasha (an Encyclopaedic work of Ayurveda comparable to Baghbata's works), the author of the last book trying to incorporate in his work newly imported disease like syphilis and new drugs like opium and rhubarb, etc.

The Period of Progress And Development.

The progress and development of Ayurveda during the last two thousand and five hundred years is an interesting study. It was during the early part of this period that Ayurvedic Medicine rose to the climax of its progress and through translations of Charaka and Sushruta and other works made its way into Egypt and Arabia. AlBeruni, Dr.

Wise and various authors testify to this fact. Let us briefly consider the progress in the different subjects seriatim :

(A) Anatomy.

In the palmy days of Ayurveda the necessity of dissecting the human body was clearly understood says Sushruta :—

"Therefore one must prepare a corpse and see by careful dissection every part of the body so as to get a clear and definite knowledge of the body which must be devoid of doubts." (Sushruta, Sharira, Ch. VI.). Charaka also thinks : "One who understands the human body thoroughly in all aspects may be considered to have mastered Ayurveda" (Charaka, Vimana, Ch. VI).

Even recently a work on Anatomy called "Sharira Padhini" written about 1000 A.D. has been unearthed by Dr. P. Cordier (Vide Dr. Cordier's *Recentes Decouvertes P. 30*) and quoted from extensively by Dr. Hoernle in his valuable work—"Studies in the Medicine of Ancient India." Another work on Anatomy called "Sharira Shastra" is also mentioned in Aufrecht's Catalogue.

Various relics of ancient anatomy still survive in the works of Sushruta and Baghbata and their commentaries which serve as important landmarks to tell the tale of loss and mutilation and supply material for rebuilding ancient anatomy.

To me, they were a source of inspiration and store to draw upon when I wrote my Sanskrit work "Pratyaksha Shairam"—on Anatomy.

(B) PHYSIOLOGY.

The elements of Physiology, as for instance the salient facts of Digestion, General Metabolism, Secretions and Excretions etc., appear to have been fairly comprehended by Ayurvedic Writers. Circulation of blood also appears to

have been well understood in the ages of Sushruta and Charaka.

"From that great centre the heart" says Charaka, "emanate the vessels carrying blood into all parts of the body, the element which nourishes the tissues and sustains the life of all animals. It is the element which after circulating in the body of the foetus return to the mother's heart" (Charaka Sutra, Ch. 30). The fact that the blood derived its colouring matter from the spleen is also distinctly mentioned by Sushruta and other authors.

The most important theory of ancient Physiology however is the "Trilhatu" or "Tridosha" Theory, which has been wrongly translated by some of the Humoural Theory, confounding it with the Humoural Theory of the Greeks. On the foundation of this theory the whole structure of Ayurvedic Physiology, Materia Medica, Medicine and Surgery may be said to stand. A brief exposition of this theory has been given by me in the Journal of Ayurveda (July 25). Considered in the light of modern Sciences and explained in the strength of existing texts as I have done in my Sanskrit work. "Siddhanta Nidanam", there is nothing in it incompatible with modern Physiology. To every practitioner of Ayurveda, the theory even when ill-understood has a very important practical aspect as it has a wide application through the sound working formulae derived from this theory. The very success of the treatment of diseases based on this theory should prove the soundness on the theory to the critical mind.

(C) Chemistry.

The advances in applied Chemistry made by the exponents of Rasa-Shastra, the school of Chemist Physicians, appear to be considerable. Dr. P. C. Roy has dealt with this subject somewhat extensively in his work. "History of Hindu Chemistry." The various

compounds of mercury and their therapeutic uses were discovered by these chemist physicians. The other common metals and various chemicals were also known and used extensively. Various processes of their reduction into Oxides, Sulphides etc. recommended by the "Chemist-physicians" are still in vogue amongst Ayurvedic physicians who use these preparations widely and effectively in Medicine.

(D) Botany.

In Botany, particularly the practical side of it, some records are available in the writings of Raghava-Bhatta, Sharngadhar and others (vide my work—'Upavasa-Vinode on this subject). Other records occur in Puranas like Agnipurana etc. In Manu-Samhita and other works, plants have been called "Sthavara Jeeva" or stationary animals conscious of pleasure and pain. This feature of plant life has been now proved by actual experiments by the illustrious scientist Sir J. C. Bose, F. R. S, a regular symptomatology and treatment of plant-diseases was also known as "Vriksha-Ayurveda" and some part of it still survives in the writings referred to above.

(E) Materia Medica.

In books known on Dravyaguna, the properties of drugs and food-stuffs are found described by a terminology the meaning of which properly understood does not fail in most instances to give a correct insight into their Pharmacology and Therapeutics, mainly from the Tridoshic point of view. Unfortunately however this terminology has yet remained a sealed book to those who have judged it from inaccurate translations. The flora of Ayurveda and its mineral treasury are exceedingly rich in efficient drugs and workers like major Chopra are wanted to prove this.

(F) Pharmacy.

The art by which the properties of a drug or drugs are imbued in spirits (as in Asavas and Aristas), in Ghees, Oils, Syrups etc., was well-known. Of mercury, and other minerals such as Iron, Zinc, Tin, Mica etc., preparations easily assimilable by the human system are still made and used by the Ayurvedic physicians. For instance, mercury when combined with sulphur as in the Black-sulphide or Red-Sulphide (Makaradhwaja) seldom produces mercurialism. The well-known preparation "Makaradhwaja" has been used by eminent and veteran physicians like Sir Pardey Lukis with good results. Many other Sulphides are also used with important results.

(G) Medicine (Curative).

In the practice of Medicine, proper diagnosis was always insisted upon before treatment. The diagnostic methods employed by the ancients were the same as the methods employed in the West even half-a-century ago. All the five senses (except the tongue according to Charaka) were employed for diagnostic purposes. Various forms of specula and other appliances were also used to aid the senses but great stress was laid on the art of using the unaided senses to the best advantage. The pulse was a special study—though at a much later period. Many works were written on these subjects and very great importance was attached to the speed, Rhythm, volume and compressibility of the pulse for determining the state of the three cardinal principles of Ayurveda (Vayu, Pitta and Kapha) and the partial state "Samata" (anti-intoxication) which according to the Ayurvedist manifests itself as much in the pulse as in the symptoms. Even now, every Ayurvedic physician worthy of the title is expected to understand this subject thoroughly. The examination of the urine, particularly the determination of its

physical characters and specific gravity, was done by simple methods and was considered necessary in most cases. The infectious nature—even the bacterial origin of certain diseases appear to have been understood. Such diseases as "the various fevers, Leprosy and Skin diseases. Tuberculosis, Conjunctivities, and various other diseases that come in epidemic form like Cholera, Plague etc." have been mentioned as infectious in a separate group. It is remarkable that although no mention of the microscope or similar magnifying instruments is to be found, some organisms (Krimis "invisible to the naked eye" and "causing diseases" are found described by the ancients.

The principles of treatment recommended in Ayurvedic works however are based mainly on the "Tridosha Theory," which is the foundation of proper diagnosis and proper treatment depending as it does on a clear undertaking of the pathology based on the theory—the organic changes being taken into account and explained by this theory. The physician is enjoined to determine "the cause and the seat of the disease, the tissue-changes and the meaning of the symptoms, the age and habit and the temperament of the patient and the season of the year he begins the treatment." (Charaka).

(H) Hygiene and preventive Medicine.

(i) In General Hygiene or Swastha Vritta" strict rules of living in reference to diet, calls of nature, sleep etc., and general modes of living according to the different periods of the day and night, methods for guarding and determining the purity of food and water, aids as to the purification and preservation of food and water as well as the principles of climatology have been described in standard works of Ayurveda. During the reigns of Hindu and Buddhist kings, specialist

physicians were put in charge of royal kitchens in order to watch and examine the food of kings ; all marching armies had also a corps of physicians with them to examine and rectify, if necessary, the food and water available on the way for the use of the army. Various methods for the purification of contaminated air and water are recommended in this connection, some of which as found in Sushruta and other ancient works, are still in vogue amongst the populace in different parts of India.

(II) Special Hygiene known as Rasayan and Vajikarana.

These as we have already seen, are the last two sections of Ayurvedic Medicine, which considers the prevention of disease as the first and foremost object of Ayurveda and recommends extensive rules of living for this purpose, the main object in view being to raise the standard of immunity by a strict observance of these rules. They also include in the studies of a physician the principles of Sexual Science and methods for the rejuvenation of the old. The Ayurvedists believed and still believe that a very great part of human happiness—both of the individual and of the nation—and the propagation of a healthy race depend solely on the study and application of Sexual Science, and that no sense of delicacy should forbid the study of this important subject for the good of humanity.

(1) Surgery

It is generally not known to the lay people that Surgery was first evolved in India. Major operations like amputations of limbs, Laparotomy, Lithotomy, Enterectomy, etc. as also various minor operations like Rhinoplasty treatment of fractures and

dislocations &c were well-known. The instrumentology described in ancient works is remarkable. A long list of cutting instruments "Shastras" and non cutting instruments "Yantras" which were classified according to their shape and purpose occurs in Sushruta, Ashtanga Hridaya and other works. A comparative study of this subject with modern surgery forces upon us the conclusion that a very large number of the modern surgical instruments, some of which are accurately described by Sushruta and Bagbhata e.g. Allingham's speculum, Lion-forceps, Sounds, Catheters, Curettes, Probangs &c.)—were known and used widely by the ancient surgeons of India. Numerous forms of bandaging—almost all forms known at the present day (and some yet unknown)—are also found described in the old texts. The following short descriptions and illustrations of the instruments will I hope be read with some interest.

Instruments.

I. The 'Yantras' or non-cutting Instruments

The "Yantras" are of six kinds :

I The "Svastika Yantra."

II The Sandamsha Yantra."

III The "Tala Yantra."

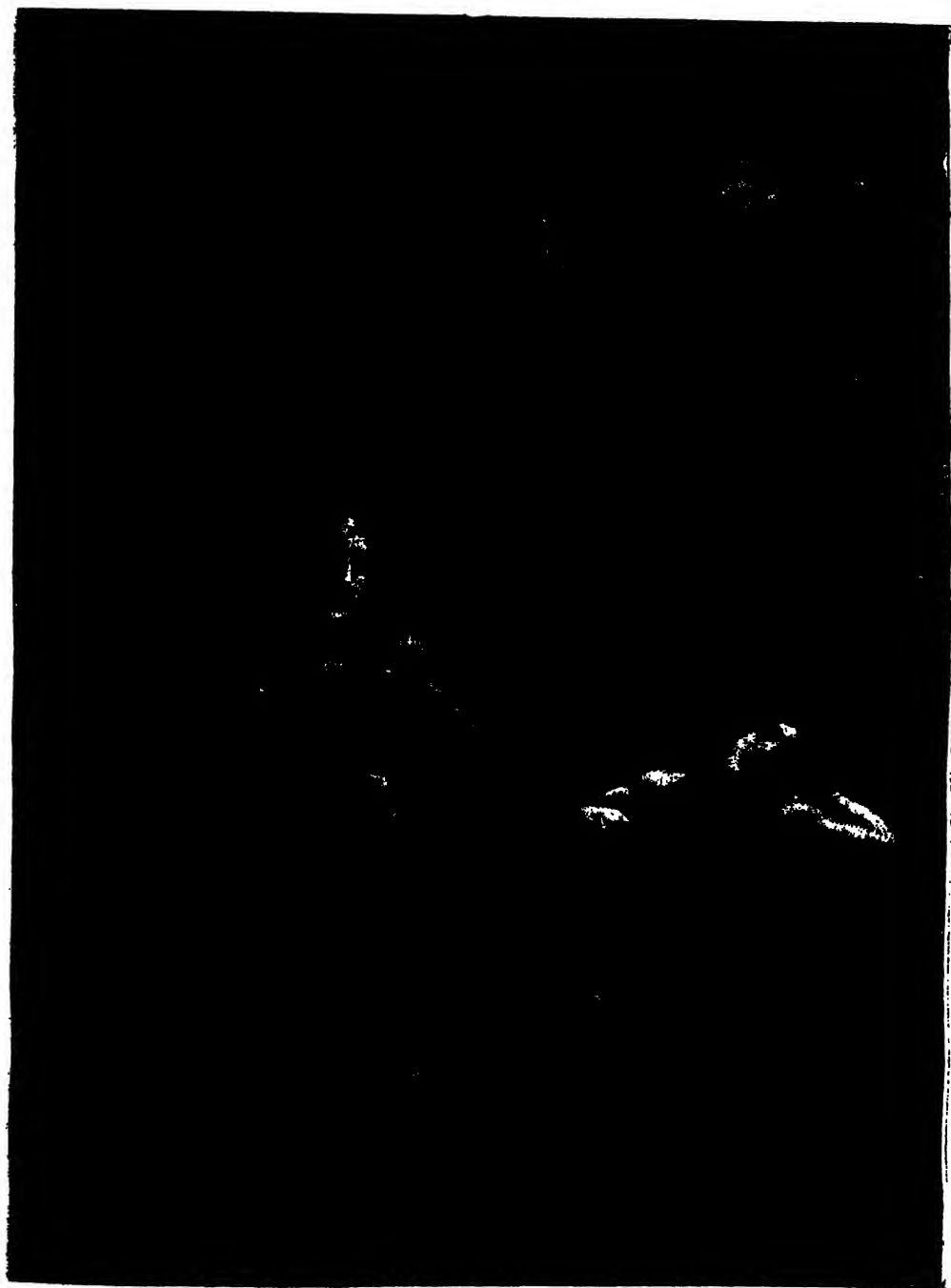
IV The "Nath Yantra."

V The "Shalaka Yantra."

VI The "Upa Yantras" (Appliances).

The following is a brief description of the Svastika Yantras as found in "Sushruta."

"These should be about 13½ inches in length with blades held together by stout pins of the thickness of the "Masura" pulse (about 1-16" to 1-8") and with the holding



Nala-Damayanti

ends bent up to give proper grasp, after the fashion of an "Ankusha"

"Their jaws are usually fashioned after the jaws of the lion, the tiger, the hyena, the jackal, the eagle, the heron, etc. They are used for the removal of "Shalyas" e. g. arrows or spear-ends stuck in bones or of broken and decayed bones themselves." (Sushruta, Sutrasthanam, Ch. VII).

Most, though not all, of the birds and animals mentioned by the two authorities—Sushruta and Bagbhata—are known to us. The following is a rough classification suggested by the descriptions given by these authors.

"Group A. The Simha-mukha class." The word Simha-mukha implies "lion mouthed." Observe the close similarity, if not identity, of the instrument with the modern "Lion-forceps" (Lion-mouthed forceps) ! Could not that name even be a relic of the old ?

Other instruments coming under this group are the "Vyaghra-mukha" (tiger-mouthed), Tarakshu-mukha (Hyena mouthed), etc.

Group B. "The Riksha-mukha" class. This group is headed by the type called Riksha-mukha or 'Bear-mouthed.' The mouth of the bear is long and slender ; the instruments of this class would closely resemble the various types of sequestrum forceps.

Group C. "The Kanka-mukha Class." The Kanka-bird is well known as "Kank" in some parts of Bengal. Its beak is long, slightly curved and flattened at the end like a spoon. It has been said that "of all instruments, the Kankamukha is the most convenient for holding and turning at will any foreign body in a deep wound. It is therefore the hardest of its kind." (Shushruta, "Sutrasthanam," ch. vii).

Group D. The "Shyena-mukha" or hawk billed class. All these have been recommended for tooth extraction. Modern types of "tooth-forceps" closely resemble this class.

Group E. The Krouncha mukha" or heron-billed class. These have been recommended for the extraction of foreign bodies from the nasal and aural canals.

Bagbhata describes some of these instruments as fastened at the base with a "Ruchaka" (rows of teeth literally).

"Class II. The Sandamsa Yantras"

The word "Sandamsa" originally meant the pincers or maxillary palpi of crabs, lobsters etc. The "Sandamsa Yantras" are made after the fashion of these pincers. The great point of difference between the "Sandamsa and Swastika" Yantras is that in the former the blades are in simple apposition and not "crossed" as in the latter.

Sushruta says--"The Sandamsas" are of two kinds, "sanigraha" (with clasps), or "Anigraha" (without clasps). They are used for holding soft tissues or small foreign bodies imbedded in soft tissues."

The "Sanigraha" may be described as "a fine small instrument with fine teeth and with a catch in the centre, used in finer eye operations." The latter is called "Muchundi" and Sushruta, describes its use in pterygium and cataract operations. The descriptions of these two instruments closely agree with "Knapp's Entropium forceps" and Fixation forceps respectively !

Class III. "The Tala Yantras" or Scoops. The word "Tala" means a bit, a lake. The names of the wellknown Indian lakes--Nainital, Bhimtal etc, have a similar origin.

The mouths of "Tala yantras" have also been compared to the palate of fish. These have been recommended to be used for the extraction of foreign bodies from the aural, nasal and other canals and were usually about nine inches long (vide Sushruta, "Sutrasthana," ch. vii)

Two kinds of these instruments have been described—the single scoop and the double scoop.

Class IV. The Narhi Yantras or Tubular Instruments.—Numerous Narhi Yantras or tubular instruments have been described by Sushruta and Bagbhata and they comprise a group which includes the various kinds of tubular Specula, Catheters, Syringes, etc.

Other narhi-yantras coming under this group are the Ball-syringe, the Cannula, and Aural Specula, etc. They are described in detail by "Bagbhata."

The following Ball-Syringe used in the time of Charaka and Sushruta, and made from the bladder of cat's is still in vogue in Cochin and Travancore. It is called a vasti (from bladder) and is used for the purpose of giving Enemata.

Straight or bent rod-like instruments like the probe, director, etc., together with all their modifications come under this group. Says Sushruta—

"The 'Shalaka Yantras' are very varied and used for numerous purposes. Their length and shape vary according to the use for which they are required. In some the mouth is blunt like that of the earthworm ("probe"); in others the mouth is flat and divided like the tail-end of an arrow (Froenum probe); in others the mouth is bent like the hood of a snake (e.g., Retractor and Vectis) in others the mouth resembles a

fishing hook (e.g., "Tenaculum"). All these kinds of instruments, generally two of each kind, are used for probing, holding, drawing or extracting. A couple of such instruments with the tips thick and bent are also used for extraction of foreign bodies from the aural or nasal canal. Half-a-dozen straight ones with their tips covered with cotton (i.e., swabs) should be kept ready for whipping. Three others with scoop-like mouths are used for applying medicines and caustics (spoons). Three with blunt olivary ends and three others with bent mouths are used for cauterisation (old-fashioned cauteriks). One instrument with the mouth made into a sharp scoop is used for the removal of nasal polypi (sharp scoop). One with fine olivary ends is used for applying collyrium to the eyes. Another kind with one end made like the bud of the "malati" flower (i.e., long olivary) is used for clearing urethral obstruction (Urethral Sound)—Ibid.

These rod-shaped instruments are too well-known to need illustrations.

"Class VI. The Upayantras or Appliances include splints (known as 'Kushas') bandages, gauze, sewing materials etc. The ancient splints which were made of bark, bamboo etc., were particularly cheap and easily obtainable.

II. The Shastras or cutting Instruments.

These as described by Sushruta and Bagbhata fall into several groups, of which knives, scissors and other sharp cutting instruments like sharp curettes and needles are typical. Innumerable forms of these can be easily identified with modern Scalpels, Bistouries, eye-knives and needles. The accurate description of these is enough to astound the imagination of the modern surgeon.—The following illustrations give an idea of ancient cutting instruments

Obstetrics.

The different malpositions of the foetus and the method of version now used have been described together with operations, like version, Forceps extraction, Embryotomy and Caesarian section etc. A scrupulous cleanliness of the lying-in-rooms, and attendants have also been enjoined, which are at the present day nearly forgotten. Various instruments are described.

The Causes which led to the

decay

"Ever since the invasion of the Greeks (327 B.C.)" to quote from the Introduction to my work on Hindu Anatomy, "India had so many vicissitudes of fortune that one who arrays the facts of history before the mind's eye can hardly wonder how so much of the past glory was lost. The real wonder is now so much has yet survived. After the great invasion of Alexander came the devastating hordes of Scythians, and after them the locust armies of the Huns some of whom continued bloody warfare and pillage for hundreds of years. History bristles with the accounts of the horrors perpetrated by these barbarians. No doubt, much of the treasures of Indian literature was lost during these dark ages of pillage and incendiarism. Even during the great revival which began with the reign of Yasodharmadeva Vikramaditya, Surnamed Shakari or the mighty destroyer of the Scythians and Hunas (5th Century A. D.), only a part of the lost glory could be recouped by the intellectual luminaries of the period. But the worst came when since the advent of India's archenemy Mahmud of Ghazni (11th Century A. D.) the upper half of India was overrun and cruelly sacked, times without number, by the savage Saracenes of old. Towns and

villages were burnt and looted and kingdoms crumbled to pieces. Eventually, even the Deccan and Bengal did not wholly escape their depredation. Very few of the limited number of written manuscripts, already thinned in bulk by the previous invaders' atrocities, could have survived such tremendous shocks. A feeble revival came again during the comparatively peaceful reigns of Akbar, Jahangir and Shahjahan, all of whom were lovers of literature. But with Aurungzeb followed another reign of terror and Hindu-hatred and after him a period of rapine and anarchy which made the cultivation of Science practically impossible. Even after the fall of Aurungzeb and his dynasty, the depredations of the Marhattas and civil wars and the internecine quarrels among the Hindus and Mahomedans generally were not conducive to a revival of Ayurveda. During the last hundred and fifty years of British rule too, no state aid was given to the Indian systems of medicine and the advent of Western education and neglect of of Eastern studies could not but have a chilling effect on Ayurvedic education. It would therefore be far from reasonable to say under such circumstances that Hindu medicine is not progressive and that it has no life and spirit of progress in it.

The present condition of Ayurveda and the need for reform.

"Whatever may have been the past glory of Ayurveda," as I have said in my Hindu University speech, "it would be self-deception on our part to think that we still sit on a high pedestal. The fact is unfortunately just the other way. The number of Ayurvedic physicians in India is legion but soundly educated exponents of the ancient system are not unmerous. Besides this, there is yet

a good deal of conservatism which is contrary to the liberal spirit of Ayurveda and which must be overcome. Much of the old valuable literature has been lost and what exists is not often studied in scientific spirit. If the sound principles and methods of treating diseases with the time-honoured recipes of reliable efficacy were not there, the Ayurvedic system of medicine would have been dead by this time in the struggle for existence. So, let us not be slow in recognising the crying need for reform. Let us clearly understand that our Anatomy and Physiology might have been comprehensive at one time, but as we have them at present, they need to be thoroughly sifted and supplemented. Our Chemistry and Botany and Materia Medica might have been once ahead of the West, but now we must recast and remodel them according to the present high scientific standards. We may have once made great progress in Surgery but we must confess that we now lag sadly behind. And again our old methods of study might have been of a high order but we must not be timorous to admit that the present methods by which so-called Kavirajes are manufactured out of idle pupils or compounders in many cases are fit to be mercilessly condemned. And even in the great departments of Medicine and Pharmacy which are our great pride and mainstay, we must work hard to demonstrate and utilise the principles of Medicine that from the bed-rock of our treatment. In other words, we must establish them on the sound footing of actual observation and experiments according to the methods of the West. We must make good the losses we have already sustained."

It may be worth while in this connexion to consider the present state of Ayurvedic literature. To say that it is perfect would be far from truth, for we have lost a good deal

even of essentials. To say that a revival of Ayurveda, as it has been practised during the last three or four centuries, is enough for our purpose, would be to indulge in blind folly. To be a national system, Ayurveda should be restored to its original versatility in all its eight divisions. It should not be Ayurvedic medicine alone but Ayurvedic medicine and Surgery and Midwifery—in fact all that Ayurveda once stood for. Ayurveda should be made a power, a fully dependable entity—not a side-issue of modern Medicine. The present day Ayurvedic literature, or rather the remains of the old glorious literature should be restored, re-edited and rejuvenated. For some time yet, it may be necessary (just as it was necessary during the last 50 years) to employ the lover of Western Anatomy and Surgery to lift the dead-weight of some forgotten and decaying portions of Ayurveda. But a time will come at no distant date when Ayurveda will draw itself up and be looked upon earnestly by its Western rivals as the source of inspiration. Ayurveda, indeed, has much to give if only it does not shirk its solemn duty of repairing and rebuilding its vast workshop. Those who have not made a comparative study and do not understand the true magnitude and solidarity of Ayurveda are not ashamed of making over cases of Surgery and Midwifery to rivals trained in a foreign system that condemns Ayurveda as un-scientific. For fear of touching the integrity of Ayurveda, which is only a shadowy something to them, they want to confine Ayurveda within the charmed grooves of its present degeneration. They shut their eyes both to their past achievements and to their future fate. Ayurveda should not live only as the final resort of chronic and invalidated patients. It should be a full-grown up-to-date Science and a complete Art which will attract

the best talents of India, nay, of the world. The integrity of Ayurveda must be preserved but it must be remembered that Ayurveda is not a weak or fragile, that any attempt to supplement or polish it will make it fall to pieces.

Fortunately a great awakening has now come and an incessant demand for the regeneration and development of Ayurveda is being heard in almost all the provinces of India. The All-India Ayurvedic Conference has been for the last fifteen years, working unceasingly to attain the goal by creating an "esprit de corps" amongst the Ayurvedic physicians as well as by training public opinion in its favour. Governments of various provinces have also responded to the country's demand, though only with a reluctant voice, thanks to the adverse propaganda of the heaven born Indian Medical Service. Madras has at last got a Government School of Indian Medicine. The U. P. Government has appointed an Ayurvedic and Unani Committee and is going I hope, to help the cause of Ayurvedic either by starting a Government Ayurvedic College or by subsidising the College of Ayurveda in the Hindu University, Benares, which by the way with its new palatial building and a hospital of 100 beds is nearly complete. The Rishikula Ayurvedic College of Hardwar with its magnificent building and grounds has already received the patronage of the U. P. Government. The Ayurvedic College of Gurukul, Kangri, the D. A. V. College, Lahore, and the Ayurvedic and Unani Tibbe College of Delhi are also thriving institutions in the Punjab. In Bengal, the Government half-heartedly appointed an Ayurvedic Committee about four years ago and its report is already before the authorities. So far the Govern-

ment has not raised a figure to help Ayurveda in Bengal though Bengal has been practically the home of Ayurveda for the last thousand years. The Corporation of Calcutta has been advancing the cause of Ayurveda for the last seven years ever since the days of Mr. Payne the late sympathetic Chairman and his worthy Colleagues who came forward with a substantial grant (Rs. 3,500—per year) to the Ashtanga Ayurveda Vidyalaya. Even the last Corporation made the gift of a large plot of land to the above institution on which a palatial building for the College and Hospital is now nearing completion. Under the patronage of the present Corporation not only this but two other newly-started institutions as well are receiving substantial grants, and the Ayurveda Sabha, Calcutta, has also been able to open and successfully work four Ayurvedic Charitable Dispensaries in this great city.

Yet much remains to be done. Considering the vast population of Bengal, particularly of Calcutta we require at least two or three large Ayurvedic Colleges and Hospitals if we are to give proper Ayurvedic relief to the suffering humanity that has been entrusted to our love by Providence and that clamour for efficient Ayurvedic treatment.

The number of Ayurvedic charities in Madras, U. P. and other provinces is fast growing into legion. As yet, Bengal is rather backward in this respect. May we not except that our leaders will come forward with a full sense of responsibility to resuscitate Ayurveda and restore it to its pristine glory. We are afraid the potentiality of Ayurveda is not understood by many as yet. Shall we allow them to sleep over this national work.

"Forward."



The Full Moon Day Of Vaisakh

By Prof. J. N. Samaddar.

To afford relief to the suffering humanity, the Bodhiattya pondered long as to the propitious time when he was to be conceived, the continent where he was to be born, the country which he was to glorify and the family which he was to sanctify and then decided that the Fullmoon day of Vaisakh was the propitious time when he was to be born in the continent of Jambudwipa, in the country of Magadha and in the womb of Maya, the queen of King Siddhodhana, the head of the Sakyas. The queen herself is forewarned of the glorious event, for she dreamt that a white elephant was entering into the right side of her womb. The soothsayers were called for to interpret the dream and the King and the Queen were told that

there would be born a son with the thirty-two marks of a truly great man. If he would care to stay at home he would be Maharaj-Chakravarti (King of Kings) of the world, but if he would renounce the world, he would be the Buddha.

Soon after, when queen Maya was on her way, to her father's home, in the Lumbini garden, the divine child issued from her right side as she had dreamt and immediately after, he took seven steps towards each of the cardinal points. To the east Siddhartha observed, "I will reach the highest "Nirvana," to the south, he said, "I will be the first of all creatures"; while to the west, "This will be my

last birth", and to the north he said, I will cross the ocean of existence."

King Suddhodana could not forget the words of soothsayers and provided for all sorts of enjoyments for the Prince from time to time, as he grew up. New delights were provided for every hour, but still there were "shadows" and the king did not really know what to do, till one of his ministers observed.

"Love.

Will cure these thin distempers, weave the spell.

"Of woman's wiles about his idle breast.

Find him soft wives and pretty play follows :—

The thoughts ye cannot stay with brazen chains.

A girl's hair lightly binds."

This was thought to be the best advice, all the young girls of the kingdom were marshalled before him and a maiden of exquisite beauty was selected whom he married. He began to lead a joyful life and a son was born to him. The King surrounded him with numerous female musicians and dancing girls in the vain hope of attracting him to worldly things, but to no purpose. For one night awakening he beheld all these in his sleeping room in "all the repellant abandon of satiated sleep and his heart filled with loathing ;" he summoned his attendant Chandaka who brought him his favourite horse, and taking a last look

at his wife and son, left the palace and went out of the strongly guarded city. Mara, the god of Uurighteousness tried his best to prevent him by offering him the sovereignty of the world but to no purpose.

Siddhartha after years of exertion and toil, resolved to practise the most profound meditation and to perform the most rigid penance. He carried these to such an excess that he was rebutted to what was more than a skeleton. When these failed to procure him due enlightenment, he accepted rice-milk offered by Sujata, the favourite daughter of the Commissioner-in-Chief of Urubilla and seated himself under the the Bodhi tree, determined to attain enlightenment, Mara apprehensive that Siddhartha was not only to attain this, but open the way for others, tried all means to dissuade him. While his daughters began to entice the prince by all their wiles and guiles, Mara himself drew a sword and his spirits hurled mountains and flames at the seated Siddhartha who was in deep meditation. But with majestic calmness were all these viewed. The supreme moment came.

"In the East flamed the first fires of beauteous day, poured forth.

Through floating folds of night's black drapery.

Far and near in homes of men there spread an unknown peace.

Kings at fierce war called truces, the sick man leaped.

Laughing from beds of pain the dying smiled.

For "There hath happened some mighty thing".

From Urubilla, which from this time came to be known as Mahabodhi or Buddha-Gaya, Buddha went to Sarnath, the famous Mrigadava, near Benaras, and thenceforth continued his preachings throughout his life. He returned home, converted his own kith and kin, including his stepmother and wife, while even his little child received ordination. Much of his time he spent at Rajagriha, where happened that Kissa-Gautami incident of the lady who had lost her only son and having approached the Buddha, was advised to bring a handful of mustard seed from a house where no body had died and which, of course, she could not find.

At eighty years of age. Buddha accompanied by his cousin and favourite disciple Ananda passed by Pataliputra, then a small village and reached Kusinagara where he passed away. Lying between two thin 'sal' trees, mourned by his attendants, the Great one departed. The body according to a Tibetan account was wrapped in five hundred layers of cotton cloth and then put into an iron case filled with oil and covered with a double cover of iron. According to another, the body was divided into eight parts

and distributed to the assembled eight clans. "This strong desire for portions of the corporeal remains of the Buddha", as Mr. Hergreaves in his little excellent book. *The Buddha Story in Stone* has aptly observed, "can be better realised when it is remembered that the Buddhist Sanctuary per excellence was the "stupa, a monument enshrining relics".

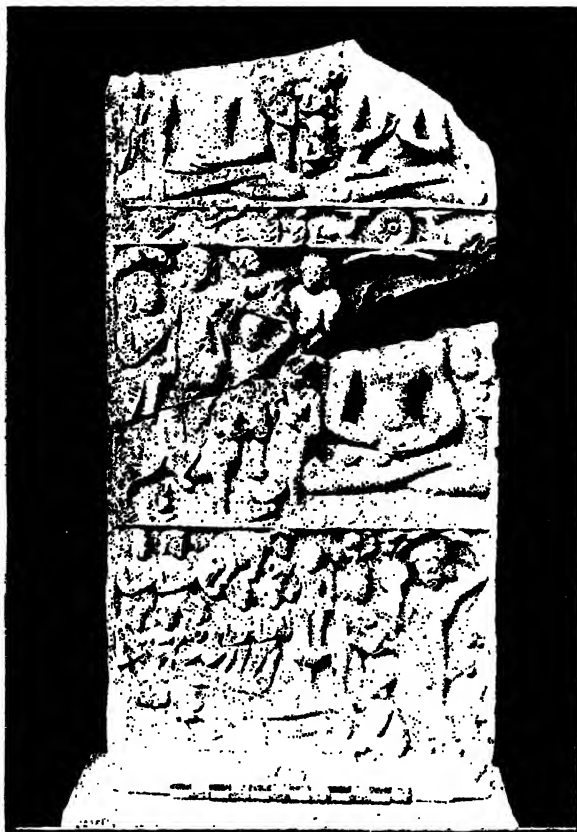
Such in short, was the life story of the great man who gave up comfort wealth and family in search of an answer to the riddle of the Universe. More than a third of mankind owe their moral and religious ideas to this illustrious prince whose personality though imperfectly revealed in the existing sources of information, cannot but appear as high, gentle holy and beneficent. Born on this very day, two thousand and five hundred years ago, Buddha preached the eight fold paths of Right Faith, Right resolve, Right Speech, Right Action, Right Living, Right Effort, Right thought and Right Self-Concentration.

"The dead that are to live, the live who die,

Uprise, and here, and hope ; Buddha is come."

And to-day is that thrice-auspicious day !

"Forward."



• Stele representing events from the Buddha's life.

(Collected from Sa. nath Museum).

* The following description is being quoted from "Guide to the Buddhist ruins of Sarnath—

"The top panel which represented the demise or Parinirvana of the Master is broken off and has not yet been recovered. The lowest panel represents the birth of Buddha in the Lumbini Garden near Kapilavastu and the dream of Mayadevi the mother of the Buddha at the moment of his conception. The queen is reclining on her right side in the left portion of the lower panel, while above her we observe the Bodhi-Sattva descending in the form of a white elephant from the Tushita heaven, where he resided previous to his birth.

In the other representation Buddha's mother Mayadevi stands in the centre of the composition under a Sala tree, a branch of which she catches with her right hand. To the proper left of Mayadevi is her sister Prajapati and to her right must have been carved a figure of the God Indra receiving the new born infant. Behind Prajapati was the infant Buddha receiving a bath, water being poured over his head by two Naga or serpent kings.

The next panel exhibits the great renunciation i.e. the flight of Gautama Buddha from his home and his meditation. In the former case we see the prince Gautama riding out on his favourite horse Kanthaka preceded by the groom Chhandaka who holds in his hand the royal robes, etc, which the Blessed One has made over to him. Behind this scene again is depicted the prince in the act of cutting off his hair which is immediately received by a fairy in a bowl and carried off to the heaven.

The third panel from the bottom shows the Buddha preaching his first Sermon.

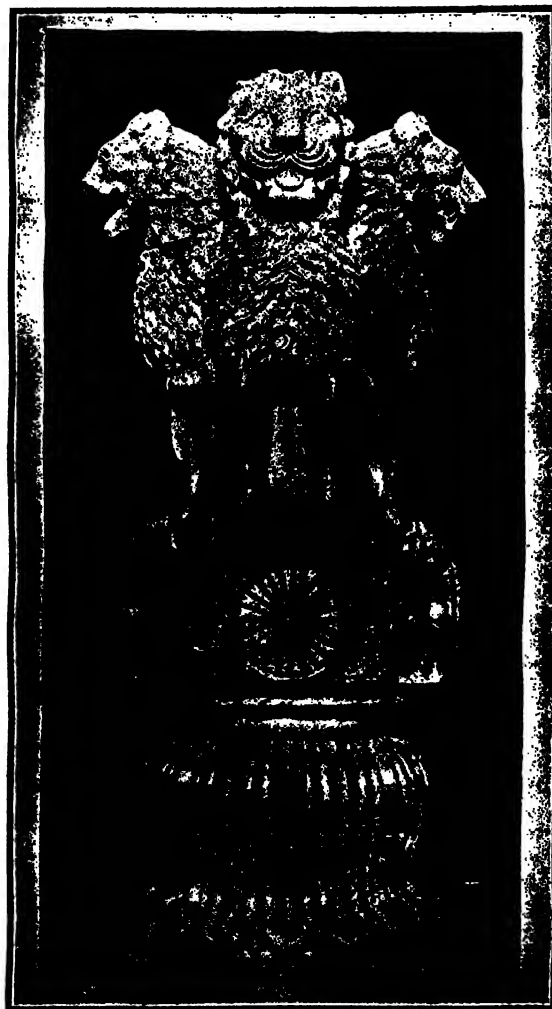


Buddha preaching his first Sermon at Sarnath.

(From Sarnath Museum.)

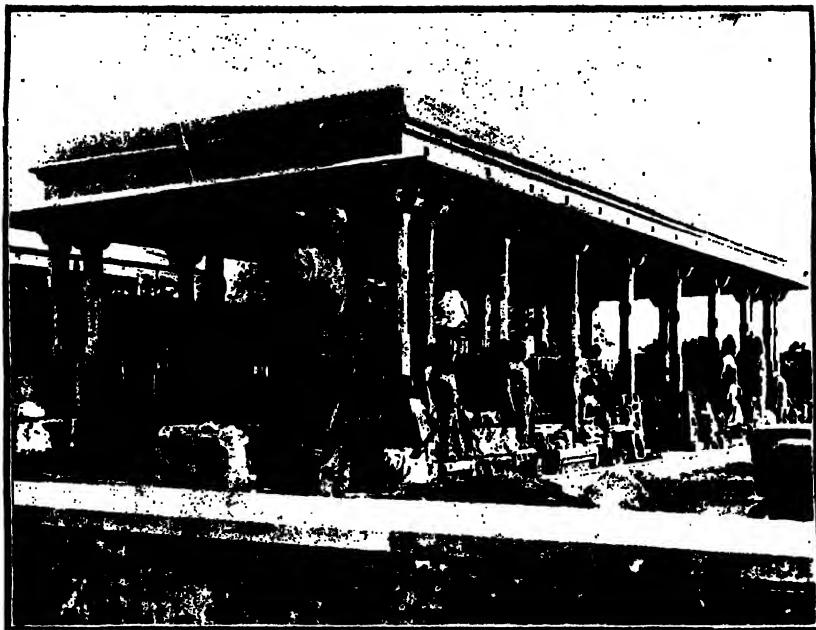


Bodhisattva Manjusri.



Lion: Capital.

(From Sarnath Museum.)



The Sarnath Museum

Tansan and Vikram Adit

(Translated from the Bengali of the late Mr. D. L. Roy)

By Atul Chandra Ghosh.

Oho ! King Vikram Adit had, you know.
Nine courtiers, called his "gems"
Whose learning's fame with envy filled
All monarchs, his contempt's.

Now, The master singer, Tansan great,
Whose name you've heard may hap,
Once came to Vikram's Court, to add
A feather to his cap !

I-I mean, Tansan, surely would have come
To Vikram's Court, to sing ;—
Unluckily he wasn't yet born,
When Vikram ruled as king !

Rickety—Chickety—Chickety—Chickety !
Rickety—Chickety—chum !

However, Tansan came to Calcutta
By rail, in comfort fair ;
And passing o'er the Hooghly Bridge,
Reached Vikram's palace stair.

I-I mean, Tansan, surely, would have reached
The palace by this rout !—
But railways had not yet been made
Nor bridges built to suit !

And, I must confess, with head hung down,
All this could scarce have been !—
For Vikram's capital was far
Away, at Ujjayin !

Rickety—Chickety—Chickety—Chickety,
Rickety—Chickety—Chum,

However, Tansan came to King Vikram,
To show his skill in song ;
And win a seat in that King's Court,
His famous "gems" among.

And, To that end, he did bring with him
 His piano and his things—
 His instruments of music all
 His bows and fiddle strings !

I-I mean, Tansan with him would have brought
 A piano certainly ;—
 But pianos weren't invented yet,—
 It now occurs to me !

Rickety—Chickety—Chickety—Chickety,
 Rickety—Chickety—Chum,

However, Tansan sang such *Mallar* airs,
 The clouds came down amain,
 In such tremendous heavy showers,
 The king was drenched in rain !

And, He tritled such burning *Dipak* airs,
 The fire from nowhere came,
 Played round about poor Tansan's self,
 And set him all aflame !

I-I mean, Vikram surely had been drenched,
 How he is wat'rproof on ;
 And Tansan had been surely burnt,
 Had he not elsewhere gone.

Rickety—Chickety—Chickety—Chickety
 Rickety—Chickety—Chum !

Ah well ! From that day forth, great Tansan's fame
 As a musician spread ;
 And to this day, his *Shradh*'s performed,
 By masters-singers led !

I-I mean, They perform his *music's* *Shradh*,
 Not his, you all must know ;—
 For Tansan's *shradh* took place, I'm sure,
 Some centuries ago !

But no ! No *shradh* could have been solemnised
 In hour of the man ;—
 For he was not a Hindu, mind,
 But was a Mussulman !

Rickety—chickety—chickety—chickety,
 Rickety—chickety—chum !



The First decisive Battle Of India.

The Battles of Tarain—1191-92 A. D.

By G. L. De, B. A.

CHAPTER I.

The First Battle of Tarain 1191 A. D.

From time immemorial the field or fields of Kurukshetra, Tarain, Thanesswar, or Panipat, contiguous or adjoining to one another, had been the terrible scenes, where the destiny of India had been decided more than once. The battle of Tarain fought in 1193 A. D. was the first decisive battle of India. There sunk the last of the Hindu monarchs of Delhi, Prithwi Raj or Rai Pithora, the flower of Rajput chivalry, and the bulwork of the East against the Islamite invasion. At this period, there was little trace left of the early Muhamedan invasion. The

ravages committed by Mahmud had been repaired ; population was renewed, and prosperity revived. The country again flourished in all its glory and abundance ; but unfortunately the Hindu Princes relapsed again, as they had been from time immemorial, in fighting with one another.

Hindusthan was divided at this juncture into two irreconcilable parties. The one comprising Gujrat and Kanauj ; the other Delhi, the Chouhan of Ajmere and the Rana of Ohitore. Hindusthan proper was at that period. divided between the two

Rajput kingdoms of Kanauj and Delhi. On the threshold of the great revolution, produced by the effect of the tremendous conflict at Tarain 1191 A.D., the Hindu Princes in the North were hopelessly divided. Instead of combining against the common foe, they were engaged in mutual hostilities, or alienated from each other by family jealousies, while the Muhamedan was thundering at their door.

Sahabuddin or Muhammad Ghory was the first of the Muhamedan rulers, who formed the idea of a permanent conquest of India. He began his conquest by following a very simple method, which was employed with success by all subsequent conquerors including the English. It consisted of intervening in the quarrels of the Indian Princes, and of profiting by their rivalry, first to enfeeble them, and afterwards to take possession of their kingdoms. But for these fatal dissensions, India might have spurned the hateful yoke of the Muhamedans. These feuds contributed greatly to Ghory's success in his design on India. These internal differences did not however prevent, every determined resistance to the Mahomedan invasion, though it considerably marred the effect, which might have resulted from a more united plan of defence. Under such disadvantages, the Rajputs though terribly outnumbered, kept the enemy at bay, with the courage of the lion, and met their fate with more than

Spartan fortitude. Even the Moslem writers acknowledged, that Sahabuddin was often ignominiously defeated, before he finally succeeded in making a conquest of Northern India.

Pujan the prince of Amber, and the buckler to his lord Prithwi Raj, signalized himself twice in fighting against the Mahomedans. He defeated Sahahabuddin in Khyber-pass, and pursued him towards Ghazni. He was also repulsed by Joy Chand of Kanouj. In 1176 A. D. the Ghory led an army towards Multan and invaded Oocha. Failed in his attempt to reduce the place by force, he took recourse to treachery, in which he was a complete adept. He sent a private message to the Raja's wife, promising to marry her, if she would deliver her husband. The base woman replied, that she was rather too old to think of matrimony. She had a beautiful young daughter; if he would promise to marry her, and leave her in free possession of her wealth, she would in a few days remove the Raja. Mahomed Ghory accepted the proposal. The Rani in a few days found means, to assassinate her husband and open the gates to the enemy. The treacherous woman was now paid in her own coin by the archtraitor. Mahomed Ghory scrupled not a whit, to depart from his engagements. Instead of trusting her with the country, he sent her a captive to Ghazni. He married her daughter

only. The mother and the daughter soon afterwards died of sorrow and disappointments, the victims of treachery and grief.

In 1173 A. D. Mahomed Ghory had again to march against Multan, and thence he advanced with a large army against Gujrat. The valiant Rajput Chief signally defeated Mahomed Ghory and his army with great slaughter, and pursued them up to Ghazni inflicting heavy loss on them. In 1180 A. D. Mahomed marched against Lahore, where the last of the Ghaznavite king KhasruMalik had removed, after the capture of Ghazni in 1171 A. D. by the Ghory. It was the first establishment of the Mahomedan dynasty in Lahore. In Lahore the king of Ghazni had been reduced by the Rajputs. Taking advantage of his straitened circumstances, Mahomed Ghory invaded Lahore in 1180 A. D. From 1180 to 1186 A. D., Mahomed Ghory invaded Lahore thrice. He failed twice in the attempt, in the third attempt he was only successful, by stratagem to occupy Lahore. KhasruMalik was taken prisoner, and subsequently put to death. The empire then passed from the house of Ghazni to that of Ghor. Mahamed Ghor formed an alliance with the Raja of Jammu, intrusting to his care the town and fort Sialkot.

Hindusthan proper was at that period divided, between the two Rajput kingdoms of Delhi and Kanouj.

Delhi was the stronger of the two. Mahomed Ghory achieved his object, by placing the rival kings against each other. Accordingly in 1191 A. D. Mahomed Ghory marched again to India to attack Prithwi Raj Proceeding towards Ajmir, he took the town of Batinda and left a garrison there. Prithwi Raj in alliance with other Indian princes, of whom Samar Sing was the most famous, marched against the invaders for the relief of Batinda. The contending armies met on the field of Tarain or Tarawari between Thanesswar and Karnal on the bank of Swarshwatti. The destiny of India had been decided here in more than one decisive battles.

Mahomed Ghory tried the old tactics of piercing the Hindu centre, by the repeated charges of his heavy mailed cavalry. Prithwi Raj on the other hand, endeavoured to outflank him, and close upon his both sides, while he was busy in attacking the Hindu centre. The superior tactics of the Rajputs were completely successful. Mahomed Ghory soon learnt to his dismay, that both his wings had given way, and soon found himself surrounded along with such firm adherents, as had followed his example in refusing to quit the field. In this desperate situation he defended himself with reckless courage. He charged into the thickest of the enemy. He had reached the viceroy of Delhi Govind Rao, the brother-in-law

of Ray Pithora, and wounded him in the mouth with his lance. The valiant Rajput in return, launched his unerring javelin at the Sultan, and fiercely struck him in the upper part of the arm, inflicting a very severe wound. The Sultan reeled back, and would have fallen from his horse from loss of blood, had not one of his intrepid followers leapt up behind him and supported him, until he had escorted him from that terrific conflict, and carried him to a place of safety.

There is another Mahomedan version of the fate of Mahomed Ghory, which almost accords with the Hindu account in the Raisso. When Mahomed Ghory was severely wounded by his heroic antagonist Govinda Rao, he fell down from his horse on the field; he was left on the field among the slain till night. In the dark, party of his own body guard returned to search for his body and carried him off to his camp. The Hindu Analyst writes, that this could not have been done, without ransom and the leave of the heroic and magnanimous Prithwi-Raj. Mahomed Ghory was taken prisoner, and was set at liberty after paying heavy ransom to his generous antagonist.

When the Mahomedans lost sight of their Sultan, a panic fell upon them. They fled and halted not, until they were safe from the pursuit of the victors. The rout however was complete. The Mahomedans were pursued

for forty miles. Mahomed Ghory, after collecting the wreck of his army at Lahore, precipitately returned to the other side of the Indus. The Punjab was left to be occupied by the Hindus. Visiting his brother at Ghor for a few months, he returned to Ghazni. He spent the ensuing year in pleasure and festivity, to drown his misfortunes and disgrace.

The fame of the victorious Chouhan emperor was at its zenith. The glorious victory of Tarain made him supreme in Hindusthan. This merited high eminence of the heroic Pithora, rankled deep into the envious heart of Joy Chand. He and his allies the princes of Gujrat and Dhar and others took no part in the campaign. They rather remained indifferent spectators of a contest, destined to overthrow them all. This fatal dissension and the terrible loss of the flowers of the contending armies, were fatal to the destiny of India. Mahomed Ghory took the utmost advantage of it.

To the dire misfortune of India, while the traitor Joy Chand began to intreat against his Delhi rival, and invited Mahomed Ghory to renew the war and capture Delhi; Prithwi Raj sunk into princely inactivity, most unworthy of him. The seductive charms of Sanjuta lulled him into a neglect of every princely duty. The Chouhan was enslaved by the beauty of the Rathorin. His army and his dominion were alike forgotten, as he basked

in the smiles of his bride. While his formidable antagonist, after his disastrous rout at Tarain, in the midst of pleasure and festivity, recruited a mighty and huge army of 120,000 chosen horse and horsemen, armed cap-a-pie in silver and gold, to avenge his defeat. Numerous infantry also followed this huge cavalry. In spite of appearances, his disgrace still rankled in his bosom. He never slumbered in ease or walked but in sorrow and anxiety. With this huge army, whose helmets were ornamented with jewels, and their armours were inlaid with silver and gold, he began his march towards India, to retrieve the dreadful disaster he had experienced before. His intention was to surprise his great rival, immersed then in sensuality and in-action.

Just at that time the Rajputs after a protracted siege of thirteen months, succeeded in capturing Tarhind or Bithunda. Mahomed Ghory first marched to Lahore. From that place, he sent an ambassador to Prithwi Raj, with the declaration of war, should the Indians refuse to embrace the Islamite faith. Thus taken by surprise, the Chouhan emperor forthwith wrote for succours, to his brother-in-law Samar

Sing of Chitore and his allies to avert this terrible crisis.

Samar Sing's arrival at Delhi was hailed with sounds of joy as a day of deliverance. Prithwi Raj and his Court advanced seven miles to meet him and his sister Pritha wife of Samar Singh. At the first interview, Samar Sing remonstrated with his imperial brother-in-law, for his disgraceful inactivity. Then he devoted his head and heart for the mighty defence of India. In the feats of arms, horsemanship, council, opinion, and as a general in the planning of campaigns, he had no equal in the camp. He was the Ulysses of the host. Brave, cool, and skilful in the fight. Prudent, wise, and eloquent in council; pious and decorous on all occasions; beloved by his own chiefs, and revered by his allies, his tent was the principle resort of the leaders of the battle, who were delighted by his eloquence or instructed by his knowledge. The wise prince of Chitore was the general organ. The Rajput princes hurried to wield their bucklers in defence of their emperor against the Musalman army. The immensity of danger at last roused the fair.

CHAPTER II.

The second battle of Tarain 1192, A. D.

The Mussalman war cry resounded through the Punjab, but the Chouhan was a captive at the feet of his queen. The enemy thundered at the gates of Delhi, and then the bridegroom and the bride awoke from their dreams of pleasure. The princess armed her lord for the battle. The immensity of danger did rouse the fair Sanjuta from her trances of pleasure, and exchanging the softer for the sterner passions, in accents not less strong, because mingled with deep affection, she conjured him, while arming him for the battle, to die for his name and fame. She vowed that she would follow him and join him in the mansions of the Sun. In the last great battle which subjugated India, the fair Sanjuta armed her lord for the encounter. In vain she sought the rings of his corslet; her eyes were fixed in the face of the Chouhan, as she left him to head Delhi's heroes. She vowed that hence forward water only should sustain her, that I shall see him again in the region of Surya, but never more in Yoginipur. (Delhi)

Jealousy and revenge rendered the princes of Putun, Kanouj, Phar, Jammu, and other minor Courts indifferent spectators of a contest destined to over throw them all. Prithwi Raj had not time enough to collect a large

regular force to oppose the Islamite. The flowers of his army had perished largely in the jarring feuds, and in the tremendous wars against the Moslems. A mob of militia and the contingents from the numerous confederate princes, flocked under his standard, with the remnants of the heroes of Delhi, Ajmir, and Mewar, made up the Indian army.

The two contending armies again met on the field of Tarain in 1192 A. D., with the river Sarwaswati between them, and encamped in sight of each other. To the challenge of Mahomed Ghory, Prithwi Raj sent from this place the following reply. "If the Mahomedans want war, war they shall have; if not they may retire in safety". Mahomed Ghory returned a diplomatic answer to it, "I have marched into India at the command of my brother, whose general only I am. I cannot retreat therefore without orders; but I shall be glad to obtain a truce, till he is informed of the situation of affairs, and till I have received his answer". This letter produced the intended effect. The Rajput chiefs thought, that Mahomed Ghory was intimidated, and was not ready for immediate action. The leaders of the Hindu forces from this reply, accounted the army of Islam as of little consequence, and without any concern, fell into

the slumber of remissness. The wily Sultan, while thus duping the Indians with such false words and assurances, meditated to surprise them by an immediate attack. It was uncertain, that it was concerted, that the troops of Jammu and Kanouj were to attack Govind Rao, while the Sultan himself with his own forces would encounter Ray Pithora. In order to deceive more the credulous Indians, the cunning Sultan directed a party of soldiers to remain in the camp at night time, and to keep fires burning all the night, so that the enemy might suppose it to be their camping ground. The Sultan then marched off in another direction with the main body of his army. The Indians saw the fires, and felt assured of their adversaries being there encamped. The Sultan marched all night, and crossing the river got into the rear of Pithora before dawn.

Notwithstanding the confusion, which naturally ensued on this occasion, the brave Rajputs in the front drew out their cavalry, and manfully checked the approach of the Mahomedans. This gave time to the army in the rear, to form themselves and to advance, which they did with great resolution and order. Thus combined in four lines, they fought in the best manner. Sahabuddin thus having failed in his original design to surprise the Indians, took recourse to a dangerous stratagem. He now gave orders for a retreat, and continued to retire keeping

up a running flight till sunset. The Hindu army followed the enemy, in headlong pursuit out of order and rank, while Sahabuddin was careful to preserve order in his retreat. Thus when in this disorderly pursuit, the Rajputs became sufficiently exhausted, Mahomed Ghory suddenly wheeled round, and made a desperate charge, at the head of twelve thousand fresh and chosen cavalry, armed cap-a-pie in full steel armour. A vigorous charge by twelve thousand Mussalman horsemen, repeated the lesson given by Alexander ages before, and demonstrated the inability of a mob of Indian militia, to stand the onset of trained cavalry. The effect was terrible; it carried death and destruction throughout the Hindu ranks.

At this awful juncture, the heroism of the veteran Rajputs shone resplendent. No Rajput asked for quarter; and none was granted by the savage enemy. The valiant Rajputs rushed forward singly, and perished contending with the multitude. The carnage was terrific. The heroes of Delhi, Ajmir, and Mewar sank one by one in the last sublime outburst of heroism, to the stolid wonderment of an unrelenting and cruel enemy. On that fatal day's desperate fighting the heroic Samar Sing was slain, together with his son the brave Calian, and thirteen thousand of his best household troops and the most renowned chieftains. The dauntless viceroy of Delhi

Govind Rao fell by the sword of the accursed Nur Sing Deo of Jammu. The brave Prithwi Raj, after performing prodigies of valour, in contending with the multitudinous enemy, was captured not before he was covered with several wounds. He was put to death, in cold blood by his merciless opponent. His brave defenders dying or dead lay weltering on that fatal field.

Thus in the last great battle of India, the grand victim was the last of the Indians, the heroic Ray Pithora, the flower of Indian chivalry. The prediction of the last Hindu empress of Delhi was awfully fulfilled. The heroic Sanjuta, faithful to her noble vows, mounted the funeral pyre and joined her great lord, in the mansions of the Sun. The beloved Pritha of Samar Sing, on hearing the fatal issue, her husband and brother slain, and the heroes of Delhi and Chitore asleep on the banks of the Swaraswatty, in the wave of the steel, joined her lord through the flames.

Inhabitants of Ajmir and Delhi who opposed Mahomed Ghory was barbarously executed, the rest was reserved for slavery. In the assault of Delhi, Rainsi the worthy son of Prithwi Raj nobly fell fighting for the lost empire. Rainsi was the last of the Chouhans.

In the next year in 1194 A. D. Joy Chand paid dearly for his treachery. After the fall of the last Indian emperor Rai Pithora, the bulwork

of India, the faithless Mahomed Ghory attacked his former ally Joy Chand. Kanouj put forth all her strength but in vain. The gorgeous and over grown Kanouj, and the holy citadel of Hinduism Benares, ceased to be Hindu city. Joy Chand was duly punished for his treachery, by the loss of his Kingdom and life, in the battle of Etawa. His head was carried on the point of a spear to the conqueror, and his body was thrown to the dust in contempt. Thus the traitor to his nation met his deserved fate. After this none was left to contend with Sahabuddin for the possession of the imperial seat of the Chouhans.

"The fanatical marauders overwhelmed the luxurious cities of Ajmir, Lahore, Delhi, and Kanouj, shouting for God and the Prophet, but caring for nothing save women and plunder. It was a war of iron and rapine against gold and beauty. The brown and hardy hosts of Central Asia, scaled the walls scimitar in hand, or hurst open the gates, in overwhelming numbers. The fair complexioned Rajputs fought with chivalry and desperation. Even women sold their jewels or spun their cotton, in order to support the noble defenders; but all was of no avail. A rush of mailed warriors, a clashing of swords and spears, piles of dead and dying round the gate ways, and the cities were left at the mercy of soldiers, who know not how to pity or how to spare. The Rajput women,

to the number of thousands, performed the dreadful Johur. Huge piles of timber were constructed and set on fire. The hapless women moved to the spot in slow procession, and threw themselves upon the devouring flames, rather than be profaned by the aliens. The victors carried off youngmen and maidens of other caste, and even the priests and dancing girls of the temples, to sell as slaves in the bazars of Cabul and Ghazni. Thus passed away old Delhi. It lies buried beneath the mounds and heaps, which still bears the name of Indraprastha. Kanouj shared the same fate. Thus the old Lunar and Solar empires passed away from India.

"Scenes of devastation, plunder and massacre commenced, which lasted through ages, during which nearly all that was sacred in religion or celebrated in art, was destroyed by these ruthless and barbarous invaders. The noble Rajput, with a spirit of constancy and enduring courage, seized every opportunity to turn upon his oppressor. By his perseverance and valour, he wore out entire dynasties of foes, alternately yielding to his fate ; or restricting the circle of conquest. Every road in Rajasthan was moistened, with torrents of blood of the spoiled and the spoiler. But all was of no avail, fresh supplies were ever pouring in, and dynasty succeeded dynasty, heir to the same remorseless feeling, which sanctified murder, legalized spoliation, and

deified destruction. In these desperate conflicts, entire tribes were swept away, whose names are the only memento of their former existence and celebrity.

"What nation on earth would have maintained the semblance of civilization, the spirit of the customs of their forefathers, during so many centuries of overwhelming depression, but one of such singular character as the Rajput ? Though ardent and reckless, he can, when required, subside into forbearance and apparent apathy, and reserve himself for the opportunity of revenge. Rajasthan exhibits the sole example in the history of mankind, of a people withstanding every outrage that barbarity can inflict, or human nature sustains from a foe, whose religion commands annihilation, and bent to the earth, yet rising buoyant from the pressure, and making calamity a whetstone to courage.

Such was the horrid and frightful record of the first establishment of the Mahomedan power in India. Long before that period, the armies of Islam had carried the crescent from the Hindukush westward, through Asia, Africa, and Southern Europe, to distant Spain and France, before they obtained a foothold in the Punjab. For these monstrous barbarities, the Rajput one and all were filled with hatred against the Turks. When Alexander invaded India, rival princes submitted and prayed for his support. He was no enemy

to their religion, and neither women nor Brahmins had anything to fear.

The noble and glorious spirit of patriotism, enabled the Indians centuries afterwards, to avenge successfully on their terrible persecutors. The popular notion, that India fell an easy prey to the Mussalmans, is opposed to the historical facts. At no time was Islam triumphant through out the whole of India. Hindu dynasties always ruled over large areas. The Hindu chivalry of Rajputna at last

closed in upon Delhi from the South. The religious confederation of the Sikhs, grew into a formidable military power on the North-west. The Maharathas had combined the fighting power of the low castes, with the statesmanship of the Brahmins, finally subjected the Muhammadan kingdoms throughout all India to tribute. As far as can now be estimated, the advance of the English power alone, saved the Moghul Empire from passing to the Hindus.

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FACTS



Watercress Time.

Watercress time is always with us. A very strong argument in favour of the plant. But there are others at least as strong.

For instance, watercress is full of vitamins. It needs no cooking. Moreover, it is cheap. Whether the ancient Greeks were right or not in regarding it as a stimulant for the mind, it has certainly been proved to promote the health of the body. It is particularly useful in cases of scurvy.

London does not yet fully appreciate the value of watercress, but Londoners consume between twenty and thirty thousand bunches of it daily, and most of the big cities—specially Liverpool—take their share, supplies coming chiefly from Essex, Kent, Hertfordshire, and Bedfordshire.

It is important to know where your watercress comes from; don't buy from casual sellers. There are other plants that have much the same appearance, and, even if it be genuine watercress that you are offered, it may be an inferior kind.

Not every kind of water is suitable for its cultivation, and the beds have to be very carefully tended. At least once a year they are drained and the weeds cut away.

When cut, watercress is sent to the packing-sheds, where it is graded according to quality and then tied up in bundles, which are packed in baskets kept in cool, running water.

Watercress is also grown largely in Western Asia and North Africa. The French love it. They eat about five times as much as we do!

Soup Plate "Music."

"Woodie soup" is the largest number to which Londoners are to dance. It has just been brought over from New York by the "Romancers' Band"

Each of the nine musicians has a soup plate and a spoon, and the tune starts by the banging of the spoon on the plate. As the plates have a varying amount of soup in them, you thus get a different note from each.

That is what Vincent A. Breglio calls a "Hokum" number. Another of his "Hokum" numbers is one in which the drummer insists on making a speech, though his speech, however good it may be, does not interfere with the dancing.

The new band specializes a good deal in the clarinet, but the members also play the

accepted instruments. They make music by singing into glasses, and they play the kazoo—a variation of the comb-and-tissue-paper of our youthful days.

Monomark Letters.

A wireless test of the monomark system was made recently by the inventor, Mr. William Morris, in a lecture from the London station of the British Broadcasting Company.

In the course of his speech he gave his private monomark, and invited listeners to check its effectiveness by posting to him letters addressed "BM/WM, London, W.C.I." Numbers of these Mr. Morris found on his desk on arrival at his office the next day.

Mr. Morris said that a high official at Scotland Yard had assured him that the introduction of the monomark system would substantially reduce both losses and theft. According to a member of Lloyd's, insurance rates against such risks would be lower in respect of monomarked articles.

Wembleys on Wheels.

The "Buy British Goods" campaign should get a big fillip as a result of a new scheme sponsored by our railway companies. They have decided to run special exhibition trains—really miniature Wembleys on wheels—to demonstrate the qualities of British goods at various centres. These trains will pay visits from one day to six days in length, to 300 cities and towns in England, Scotland and Wales.

Stocked with all manner of commodities, the trains will, year in and year out, run over our railway systems, making halts in the sidings. From these sidings expert salesmen will demonstrate every article that is carried. Foods of various kinds, fancy goods, electrical and gas appliances, wireless, clothing and boots will be among the exhibits.

These travelling display trains will open for tradesmen only in the forenoon, but from noon until nine o'clock in the evening the general public can inspect the displays. There will be no charge made for admission to the sidings, and no articles will be sold from the demonstration cars.

By means of this scheme our railways will bring the newest wares before the notice of thousands of retailers, and introduce them to vast numbers of the general public.

Dodging the Census.

It is no joke being a census official in Kenya Colony, where, according to recent reports, the natives have objected the enumeration of the population because they think that it is unlucky to count themselves or their wives.

In other countries the counting of heads has sometimes presented difficulties. The first Chinese census showed a total population of 28,000,000. It was taken to serve as a basis for the imposition of a poll-tax. Some years later another census was taken, the object this time being to organize the provision of relief in a period of famine. The population had grown to 105,000,000.

Probably the most remarkable census ever taken was that the results of which are contained in Domesday Book. It gives a complete and living picture of the England of that day, and has been described by one authority as unique. The information it contained however, was not always given willingly.

Infinite trouble is taken in the preparation of the Indian census, but one story, told by a British administrator, shows that there also the way of the census-maker is hard. On one occasion he had to point out to a native enumerator some discrepancy in his figures.

"But surely," protested the enumerator, "your honour can supply noughts at discretion?"

Whistling Champions.

Twelve thousand school boys and girls competed in a whistling contest held in Jersey City to find the best sixteen whistlers, from whom the city's most accomplished whistle will be selected.

Not a single girl entrant won a first place. Most than 50 per cent. of the 500 girls entered in the contest were disqualified because of giggling.

The age limit for the contestants was fifteen years. The entrants ranged from four years up, but the youngest winner was Walter Norton, aged nine. Walter's staying powers seemed inexhaustible.

Italian boys whistled operatic selections, Irish boys jig and reel tunes; there was Spanish music, music of the Scandinavian countries. Russian music, and in the Negro section plantation songs and Southern melodies.

There was no lack of "novelties," Creaking gates, police whistles, railway trains, motor horns, howling dogs, and spiking pigs were all reproduced.

Where Fish Sing.

The town of Pascagoula (Missouri) is the proud possessor of fish that sing. The Pascagoula River rises in the hills, and pursues its uneventful course until about half way down its entire length. Then the fish begin to get musical.

Almost any evening one can sit on the banks and here the under-water concert. Mostly the fish confine themselves to one note. They begin pianissimo, gradually swell to a double forte crescendo, and then, when their breath begins to fail, let it die away again,

Sometimes they vary it by sliding it up the scale a few tones.

Drawin and other naturalists have commented on this phenomenon. The technical name of the singing fish is Ophidium, and the music is made by small movable bones in connection with the swimming bladder.

It was only recently that the strange music heard on the river was known to come from fish. Prior to this residents had thought the river was haunted and a communication was even sent to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle asking him to investigate it as a supposed psychic phenomenon.

Mining for Wood.

Mining is generally associated with minerals and the getting of these substances out of the earth, but there are some places where mining for timber is an important and lucrative industry.

In a wide swamp near Chicago quantities of white oak logs are being recovered, the remains of a great forest that was submerged seven or eight thousand years ago. Although the outer layers of wood have decayed, some chemical agent in the soil has made the remainder hard and durable and given it a delicate colour, for which it is much prized.

Gold prospectors on the Charlotte Plains in Australia recently discovered in the bed of a river long since dried up a valuable deposit of timber known as the she oak. Many of the logs unearthed had the appearance of having been cut and trimmed by human agency. This wood is also noted for its toughness and is employed in the manufacture of ornaments and toilet articles.

In the peat bogs in Ireland deposits of bog-oak are frequently encountered. This substance is jet black and exceptionally hard,

and provides a profitable industry for the inhabitants, who fashion it into ornaments, pipes, crosses, and so on.

Certain New Zealanders obtain a livelihood by digging for kauri-gum, an amber-coloured, resinous substance derived from the kauri-pine, and used in the preparation of special varnish. The fossilized vegetable resin known as amber is also dug out of the earth, and in some parts of Germany and in Jutland there are pits made specially for finding the substance.

In British Columbia there is a peculiar mine from which a kind of soap is obtained. The origin of the substance is a mystery, but it consists of borax and some fatty ingredient blended by Nature into the semblance and consistency of soap.

A Whitehall Failure.

The news that electric signals and coloured lamps are to be tried in regulating Piccadilly traffic reminds the searcher after unconsidered odds and ends of an earlier experiment in street control.

Many years ago semaphore signals were set up at the bottom of Whitehall, worked by police, alternately to block and release the cross-currents of traffic at that busy junction.

Fireproof Timber.

Discussing City fire risks, an insurance inspector gave his vote for wood against steel and concrete—that is, if the right sort of wood is used.

Oak, he said, when charred on the surface, ceased to be dangerous, but the safest of all timbers was Lombardy poplar (Miss Haver-gal's "Abeles"), which refused to burn at all.

The most fireproof building he knew was one timbered entirely with this wood, but

the cost for general use is prohibitive and the supply inadequate.

Bip Van Admiral.

The old Lords of Admiralty, who held their first meetings in what is now the old Admiralty, just 200 years ago, would be a good deal surprised could they revisit the place.

In their day science had made few contributions to Admiralty: the wind gauge which functions still in the old board room was the most important thing. Even a century ago the Admiralty had no electric telegraph (one First Lord denounced all telegrams as a "great nuisance" to my Lords). There were only clumsy semaphores for the transmission of orders from Whitehall to the ports, and the semaphores were useless at night or in mist.

Cash for Corks.

A remarkable trade exists in London for the purchase of old champagne bottle corks. It is run by agents and wholesale wine merchants to boom their particular brands of champagne.

Thousands of old corks change hands every week. Waiters are encouraged by the agents to keep the corks they draw from bottles, for which they are paid prices ranging from two pence to six pence each. The canvassers and travellers for the agents buy old corks themselves in some cases, but more often an agent maintains a clearing-house, the address of which is known to every waiter in London. The waiter makes a weekly pilgrimage with bulky bundles of second-hand corks, exchanging them for cash.

The cork banker in charge of the clearing-house is prepared to pay for the corks brought to him, and receives a commission

from the champagne firms sufficient to bring him in a comfortable income.

The price for a cork varies with the brand of the wine and its popularity. When sales of any particular brand show signs of falling off the price of its corks rises, so that waiters may be urged to boom it. A new firm, too, will offer higher price than their competitors for the same reason.

The Beginning of Words.

Women often talk these days of fashionable "silhouette" figure. How many of them. I wonder (writes Sir Kenneth Mackenzie in the 'Daily Mail'), know that the word is derived from the name of a former French minister Etienne de Silhouette? This worthy's excessive economy was such that his name became a synonym for everything cheap and consequently so spare and scanty that it was merely a shadow without any substance.

But this is only one of the surprising tricks that we have played with names. Mr. Thomas Bowdler, when his expurgated edition of Shakespeare appeared in 1818, never imagined that the word "bowdlerized" would be applied to every book or play that has been pruned for the young and innocent.

"Boycotting" comes from poor Captain Boycott, who was so hated during the Fenian riots that he could neither buy nor sell anything he needed or had. To "burke," meaning to shelve or frustrate somebody or something, dates back to the execution of the multi-murderer, William Burke, and his accomplice Hare, who smothered so many victims. And "lynch law" is derived from Charles Lynch, a Virginian patriot in the Revolutionary war who died in 1796 and was noted for summary justice.

We all know what a "bradbury" is, though Treasury notes no longer bear the signature of Sir John Bradbury. The name has stuck to them, and probably always will.

In these horseless days the "brougham" is occasionally seen, but young folk may not know that it is to Lord Henry Brougham, at one time Lord Chancellor, who died in 1868, that we owe the introduction of that once very fashionable carriage. The hansom was the invention of a Mr. S. T. Hansom.

"Peeler," from Sir Robert Peel, who organized the police, is quite familiar, but few women who call a hat "chic" are aware that it is of M. Chic, a celebrated French designer, that the adjective is due.

We owe the "Gladstone" bag, of course, to the great statesman—though it is doubtful whether he designed it as he must have done the wonderful collars for which he was famous. And in science the names of some of the early investigators, such as Ohm, Volta, Ampere, and Faraday, are in common use.

Courts of Dusty feet.

In various parts of the country Courts of Piepowder are annually proclaimed about this time of the year in accordance with ancient custom, though in very few of them is any actual business done.

The curious-looking name is our English rendering of the old Norman-French "Pied Poudreux"—that is, dusty foot—and the Courts were established originally at fairs and wakes for the purpose of meting out rough and ready justice to the vagabonds and rogues who frequented them.

Bristol's famous Piepowder Court is held in connection with a still older one called the Tolzey Court, which takes its name from "tol" and old spelling of the word "toll."

Flats at £ 1,000 a week.

Flat Dwellers in London who are grumbling at the high rents they have to pay may derive some consolation from the fact that rents are far higher in New York.

According to a recently issued report a suite in one of the sumptuous "apartment houses" in the fashionable 'up town' district costs, to rent, from £ 6,000 to £ 11,000 a year according to the accomodation.

These rents, moreover, are for just ordinary suits. For what are known as the "suits do luxe," or the "millionaries" suits," of which every big apartment house boasts at least two or three, £ 800 to £ 1,000 a week is charged.

Fancy dress "Pot Hunters".

With the advent of the long winter evenings, and the consequent increase in the number of fancy dress balls and carnivals, the pot-hunters begin to get busy.

They are to be found wherever prizes for best costumes are awarded, and mostly they are of the female sex, though male pot hunters are not unknown.

Their favourite hunting grounds are the smaller dance-halls in the outer London suburbs, and their sole equipment consisting of an elaborate fancy dress of nevel design.

The one costume serves for an entire season. In it they appear at a different hall each night, and usually succeed in bagging at least one prize.

When London Starved.

Annually during the early part of October their takes place at the Mansion House

a curious civic ceremony which recalls the ancient privileges of London's Lord Mayors.

It consists of the presentation by the Master of the Fruiterer's Company of sundry baskets of choice English-grown fruit.

At one time the Lord Mayor claimed the right to receive a portion of every load of fruit which entered the City, and the presentation is an acknowledgment of this ancient claim.

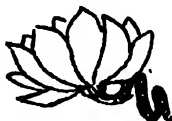
There is also a tradition to the effect that the ceremony commemorates the part which the City fruiterers took in provisioning London during a famine in days long gone by.

A Strenuous Life.

A Life insurance office's inspector, just retired after forty years' service, has drawn up some figures illustrative of the arduousness of his occupation.

He has in the course of his work walked 50,000 miles, and has got into and out of 90,000 omnibuses. He has been 'turned back' very many thousands of times, but has secured over 150,000 interviews, and has done business with 2,300 clients, insuring their lives for £ 1,300,000.

Having once made up his mind to insure a neighbour, he called daily on his way to the station. Ultimately he got a proposal and a cheque. But habit compelled him on the following day to that of the receipt of the cheque to press his neighbour's bell-push !





The Four Intelligent Princes.

By Navin Chandra Mittal, B. Sc., Jammu.

Once upon a time there lived a Raja who was very powerful and ruled over a vast kingdom. Petty Rajas were very much afraid of him. He gathered much wealth. At his death-bed he was very sorry to leave it behind. With a heavy heart he left this world for ever.

The Raja had four sons. They were young, handsome and of strong physique. They looked so very alike that one could easily mistake one for another. After the death of their father, the question arose as to who should be enthroned. All the four princes considered themselves equally qualified for the throne. They would never agree to the decision of the ministers of the state. At last they came to the conclusion that there case

might be decided by another Raja, who was very intimate with their father.

They left for the Raja's capital. On their way, they met a country woman, the wife of an oil-vendor, who passed by that side. They easily guessed by her movements that she was pregnant and had quarrelled with somebody. After a short time, her husband came there and enquired of them if they had seen a woman. They replied in the affirmative, and added that she seemed to be pregnant and to have quarrelled with somebody and pointed out the direction in which she had gone. The poor oil-vendor, after a short search came back to them and accused them of stealing her. They smiled at this absurd statement, and told him that he was absolutely mistaken. Thereupon, he

wanted to sue them in the Raja's Court and enquired where they were going to. They told him that they were going to the Raja. He accompanied them.

Next they came across a camel which took its way to the north. They could not see much of it because it ran away. They found that it had eaten away the leaves of the trees all of which stood on one side of the road. By taking this into consideration they came to the inference that it was blind of one eye. While they were talking of it, the camel-man came there, and enquired if they had seen his camel. They replied in the affirmative and also said by way of identification that it was blind of one eye. They asked him to trace its foot-prints in the northern direction, and make a thorough search for it. The camel-man did as he was advised. But he was quite disappointed when he could not find it out. He came back to them, and told them that he was fully convinced that they had stolen it. After briefly enquiring of their destination, he also accompanied them.

Next they met an old woman with a spinning wheel. She requested the four princes to let her know how Ravana, the king of Ceylon, was burnt. They asked her whether she should like to know it verbally or have an exhibition of it. She liked the latter proposal. One of them applied a lighted match to her hut, and while it was burning he threw her spinning-wheel

into it. Thus she was deprived of her house and her spinning-wheel within a short time. She told them that they had made her homeless and had robbed her of her best recreation—the spinning-wheel. She wanted them to fully compensate the loss. They told her that it was with her permission that they demonstrated how Ravana was burnt. She also wanted to sue them in the Raja's Court, and therefore accompanied them.

One of the princes wanted to smoke, and so he went to the house of an oil-vendor near by. He asked the mistress of the house for a little fire, who told him that he could get it himself from the hearth where there was plenty of it. He took a few glowing charcoal-pieces. While he was coming back, his foot accidentally struck against a small pot containing a little oil. The pot was upset. He begged her pardon. She told him that he should not mind it, and by doing so he expelled all her misery, trouble and disease. On this, he was struck with wonder. He, in fun struck violently a big pot of oil. The oil fell on the ground. Both the master and mistress of the house came down upon him and wanted him to explain his conduct. He told them simply that he believed that by doing so the Raja's troubles etc. would all be removed. They could not tolerate this great loss, and followed the princes.

They reached their destination

after a long and tiresome journey. The princes first requested the Raja to decide the case of all the four persons who met them on the road. The Raja called them individually and heard the case of each very attentively. The four princes gave the same arguments in support of their case as they did previously to the persons concerned. The Raja found their arguments lucid and that they were speaking truth. He announced his judgment that all the four princes were innocent and were not in the least guilty of the charge brought against them. He formed a very high opinion about them.

Next the Raja took up the case of the four young princes. He asked them to explain their case, which they obediently did. Next he gave each of them a room to reside in. He sent his maid-servant to them to enquire what they should like to eat during dinner time. She went first to the youngest prince. He told her in reply that had he been at home, he would have ordered rice. Then she went to the second prince who told her that had he been at home, he would have gone in for a dish of *kheer* (rice boiled in milk). Similarly, the third liked to have fruit. The fourth, the eldest, to her great surprise, told her that had he been at home, he would have asked his wife to dress herself most fashionably and tastefully and

would have enjoyed her pleasant company.

The maid-servant came back and informed her master of the wishes of the princes. The orders were issued and all they demanded was made ready. To satisfy the desire of the eldest prince, the Raja chose the beautiful and clever daughter. He asked her to kindly dress herself according to his taste and have a chat with him.

The two princes who tasted the rice and *kheer* told the waitress that the paddy had been trodden by an ass and therefore refused to take them. The third prince on tasting an apple told her (the waitress) that it omitted a disagreeable odour and went out without taking it. The fourth prince went to the Raja's pretty daughter. He hardly saw a portion of her *sari* when he exclaimed that she is low-born and a mere foundling and went away straight to his chamber.

The princess went to her mother to know the truth. She found out from her that the prince was right. The Rani explained to her the whole case. Being satisfied with the explanation, she went to her father, who told her that the three princes were quite right in their statement. She told her father what the eldest prince had said about her and he was correct in his statement. She asked the Raja to enthrone the eldest prince, because he was the

cleverest and wisest of them all. He found out the truth by simply looking at a part of her dress ! while the rest found it out after actually tasting their food. The Raja agreed to comply with her request. Next morning he announced his judgment in favour of the eldest prince. He also told the princes that they should live peacefully and should never quarrel with one another because union is strength. He also convinced the younger brothers of their eldest brother's superiority of

intellect and the right of ruling the kingdom. They took his advice unreservedly.

They went back to their State. The eldest prince was installed in the throne with great pomp and show. He always loved his subjects as his dear sons and brothers. He tried to provide them with all comforts. He opened several schools. During his time there was a remarkable improvement in all the departments of the State.



America As Others See Her.*

Two things will stand out more conspicuously than anything else in any history of this memorable conference. They are the Chinese Wall of Extra-territoriality on the one side and the American Wall of Discrimination on the other.

Let the first dispose of the Chinese Wall, for it does not properly belong to the subject of my address tonight and my allusion to it is only incidental and by way of introduction.

China you know is a country famous for its walls put up as a protection against invading barbarians. But the wall against which we were invariably brought up in our discussions bearing on China, no matter what the line of approach, is a peculiar one. The wall we have come up against in our discussions on China is the great rising tide of national consciousness which is now manifesting itself in various startling ways and forms. The recent riots at Shanghai and other important centers throughout the country constitute the most spectacular way in which this rising national spirit of Young China has found its expression.

I spoke on this topic in Tokyo shortly before my departure for this conference, and some of my English and American friends who only read the headlines in the local papers—many seem to read nothing else—severely scolded me for befriending the rioters. So to avoid all possible misunderstandings, I went to say that I never approve

violence—violence is repugnant to me under any circumstances. The point I want to make is that the new spirit of China which in a moment of great provocation unfortunately broke out in acts of violence is essentially healthy and full of hope for a better and stronger China.

We have been up against the same spirit at this conference. There is room for doubt as to the wisdom of the particular methods of procedure our Chinese friends seem to have in mind for regaining their judicial and tariff autonomy but nobody will fail to appreciate and admire the extraordinary ability and persistency and the remarkable capacity for team work with which they have prosecuted the task so dear to their hearts. Young China is certainly in earnest in claiming her birthright, and I have no doubt whatever that she will get it.

Now for the other Wall we have been up against at this conference,—the American Wall of Discrimination. I shall not here refer to the American immigration act of last year; that subject has been already handled in an admirable manner by that able speaker, Mr. Tsurumi. The particular wall I have in mind tonight concerns the way America treats her resident aliens. Of course you can shut your door as tight as you please—only if you hang it with too much vigor, you are in danger of disturbing the serenity of your slow-going neighbour. But once you take people into your home, the world expects

* This address was delivered by Mr. Motosada Zumoto at a public meeting in Bishop Hall, Honolulu, July 11, 1925.

you to treat them with ordinary decency and hospitality. That is only what an elementary sense of the duty one owes to oneself should demand.

What, then, was the surprise of those present at the round table dealing with this subject the other day to find that it was only in the United States that a high wall of discrimination is set up in most spheres of life against a certain class of aliens not only legally admitted but in many instances actually invited to come in. We have found that they are subjected to humiliating and exasperating discriminations in regard to such elementary rights as naturalization, ownership of land, and freedom of residence and travel.

When the treatment of resident aliens in the different countries of the Pacific was tabulated on the black board, the contrast between the spirit and nature of American legislation on this matter and that of the other lands was so clear and conspicuous that for that moment I was pleased I was not born an American.

Not only as a friend of America but as a friend of harmony and good fellowship in the Pacific, I earnestly beseech you, my American friends, to bestow your calm and careful consideration on this matter. The Orient does not press for an immediate redress. You can take time, and I know that even bustling America needs time to matters of this kind. But at the same time please remember that the slow and patient East is stirring and its voice will become more and more insistent on winning back the seat of equality in the family circles of peoples to which its civilization and its moral worth entitles it.

I am not unaware of the fact that this ominous wall of race discrimination in America

does not represent the better side of American character and life. I know that America is not altogether a land of materialistic egoism. I know that there are thousands upon thousands of men and women whose daily life reflects the influence of idealisms and spiritual aspiration of the loftiest type. What I particularly admire in the character of the best type of Americans is your fearless moral courage and your great and warm heart, so responsive to the call of misery and suffering. The noble quality of your heart expressed itself in that grand effort to help us at the time of our catastrophic earthquake nearly two years ago, which will ever remain one of the brightest chapters in human history and which will certainly never cease to be remembered with deep gratitude by the Japanese nation.

Coming so soon after this unforgettable demonstration of American sympathy and good will, the unfortunate legislative incident of last year made us regret it all the more keenly. But at the same time the manly and fearless way in which the better sections of your nation came out against the Congressional method of action gave us hope and consolation in moments of the most painful shock we experienced in years.

But the trouble with America, if I may be permitted to say so, is that generally the talking and discussing of matters of high spiritual and cultural significance is done by one section of the community and the practical work of shaping governmental action is left to another section. This national division of labor may or may not promote efficiency, but it is certainly a convenient arrangement; it undoubtedly saves the noble minded section a lot of trouble of an unwelcome nature. But its operation is very unfortunate to those who have to suffer from it.

This division of labor is most unfortunate because the section of the American people who have in their hands the shaping of their national policies seem to be passing through an interesting stage of mental growth common to those who find themselves all of a sudden in a position of uncommon prominence and unexpected power. I need not explain it in detail, because that great Editor Mr. White described it in his simple and picturesque way only a few days ago. In this instance the division of labor is certainly convenient to me.

The result is the inordinate delight the practical section of the American people take in the display of military prowess.

On Independence Day, it made me sad to see that sacred occasion when America is supposed to celebrate the triumph of her noble message of freedom to all humanity defied by a vulgar show of preparedness to kill and maim.

I am glad to say, however, that the day had a redeeming feature in the inspiring address given by our respected chairman. What Dr. Wilbur said on that occasion will never fade away from my memory. He told us that nations no less than individuals are great by their service to others, an ideal quite in keeping with the sacred memories of men like Washington and Lincoln, the great beacon lights of human struggle for freedom.

Why this eagerness for military displays when all the world knows that America is quite safe from attack from any direction? America's geographical position as well as her unequalled richness in material and human power, makes her by far the strongest military power in the world. Her position in this respect is unchallengeable, and it is unchallenged. We Asiatics are slow in our ways, but after all we are not such fools as not to appreciate these patent facts in their proper political bearings. In fact we are sometimes tempted to doubt whether all these displays of military temper and occasional gestures of defiance are not in reality meant for quarters outside of the Pacific basin. In any

case, such displays and gestures are unworthy of a great nation, greater than any other nation in the world, and greater than any nation has been ever been in history.

I have ventured to refer to this unfortunate phase of American reaction to the position of supremacy which the march of events has thrust upon her. I am assured by Mr. White and other thinking Americans that this is only a temporary phase of their national development, and my knowledge of human nature, limited as it is, tells me that they are right. Otherwise I would not have alluded to the matter at all.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, the more I study that international situation in the Pacific the clearer becomes my vision that America is, in an excellence, **The Problem** before the people of this great ocean. On any of the problems in which these Pacific nations are vitally interested whether, economical or financial political or spiritual, the discussions at our round tables have shown that sooner or later we inevitably strike the ground rock of American viewpoints and American policies. Our further progress in our efforts for satisfactory solutions of these problems, therefore, depends altogether upon America.

America is in this sense the final arbiter of human destiny so far as the Pacific is concerned. The East is waking up and the day will come when the united sentiments of 900 millions of its inhabitants will claim for a voice in the council of nations. But that day is still far off in the future. At present Asia is a house divided against itself, too weak and utterly unprepared to take up the great responsibilities that are waiting for her.

So my prayer is that America, the better section and the practical working section, will rise to the unique position that Providence has placed her in, and do her part in a calm, quiet and courageous way which will beautifully become her as a great nation sure of its position and its power.

The Race

By Anand Ram.

With cheerful face he sallied forth,
That noon to the Racing field ;
One hand clutched a bundle of notes,
The other a walking stick did wield.
The loved one in the sweet old home
Gazed long at the retiring form.
Then closed the door and thought no more
Of her mind's internal storm.

Wine and money kept revel there,
Upon that noisy Gambling field ;
Man and morals parted there ;
And cursed shame of betting revealed.

Fast ran the steeds, but faster still,
The rising stakes dashed low
The hopes of many a wayward will ;
In one cruel death-like blow.

When evening came he staggered home,
Our morning friend of cheerful glee ;
What sorrow in that face care-worn !
What Anguish in that rigidity !

He thought of his once happy home,
Now through his gambling vice brought low,
And through his lips escaped a groan ;
And fast the warm fresh tears did flow.

He thought of her who all alone
Awaited with beating heart his return,
A pang of agony rushed his frame,
And made his beating temples burn.

He reeled, he staggered, he fell low
Upon his doorway with a shriek ;
She rushed and at a glance she saw
What from morn her mind did speak.

Waterloo as described by warrior, Statesman & Historian

BY G. L. DE, B. A.

CHAPTER III.

QUATRE BRAS.

While this desperate conflict was raging on the left of the allied position, an encounter, on a less extensive scale, but equally desperate and more successful to the Allies, took place between Wellington and Ney at Quatre Bras. During the long military career, Marshal Ney held the character of being brave even to extreme rashness. On the 15th. June, 1815, in presence of the perilous position of the army and France, he showed hesitation and fear. Believing that he was threatened by superior forces, he did not dare to advance as far as Quatre-Bras. Leaving a division at Frasnes, at about a league from the post he was to occupy, he returned to Charleroi for new orders. The French forces were thus scattered, and the emperor ordered a concentration in the plain of Fleurus, on the morning of the 16th., Marshal Ney's corps was still

ordered to occupy Quatre-Bras. Guizot. Vol. VIII. p. 202-203.

The greatest of all misfortunes for an illustrious warrior, is to find himself in a critical juncture, inferior to the resolution demanded by necessity. Ney had this misfortune on the day of Quatre-Bras, whatever personal heroism he may have displayed. Up to the morning of the 16th, there were at Quatre-Bras only 1,000 men under Prince Saxweimar. This army had set out spontaneously on the evening of the 15th., without waiting for the Duke's order, and advanced to Quatre-Bras. So that on arriving at Quatre-Bras on the afternoon of the 16th, the Prince of Orange found that, thanks to the prudence of a subordinate, the most urgent measure had been already proscribed and partly executed. The Duke of Wellington had just arrived at Quatre-Bras after the Prince of Orange. It would take

about 2 P. M., for the next English division to arrive there. The other English divisions could only arrive successively at 3, 4, and 5 o'clock. Never-the-less the Prince of Orange had promised the Duke of Wellington, to make every effort for the defence of Quatre-Bras; and even to sacrifice both himself and his soldiers for the attainment of so important an object. Confiding in this valorous lieutenant, the Duke of Wellington, took his way along the high road from Brussels to Namur, in order to consult with Marshal Blucher. He found him ranging his army in order of battle before Sombreffe, and determined to fight with or without support. The Duke of Wellington would have been better pleased, had he found him less inclined for action, but promised to give him effectual assistance, towards the close of the day by occupying Quatre-Bras, and endeavouring to take up his position on the right of the Prussian army. These arrangements being made, the Duke of Wellington returned by the Brussels' road, to hasten the march of his own troops.

Vide—Thiers. Vol—XX, p. 43; Guizot. VIII p. 204.

Marshal Ney was in a state of anxiety, fancying that he had before him, not the Prince of Saxeweimar's 4000 men, but the entire, or at least, the larger portion of the English army. He was confirmed in this

opinion upon seeing a reconnaissance made by officers of high rank, a preliminary, he believed to a great battle. He passed the entire morning vacillating between a desire to fight, and the dread of committing an imprudence. It was under the influence of these different impressions, that he sent a lancer officer to inform Napoleon, that he feared the forces opposed to him, were far superior in number to his. Napoleon quickly replied, that the troops assembled at Quatre-Bras could not be very numerous, that at most, there could only be those that had hurried from Brussels, Blucher's head-quarters being at Namur, he could not have sent any force to Quatre-Bras, and that consequently Ney ought to lead his army, and scatter the slender resistance he might meet. Had Napoleon been at the enemy's head-quarters, he could not have formed a more correct judgment, or given more equitable direction. Thiers XX p. 60. O. F. Guizot VIII p. 204.

Had Marshal Ney done so, he would two days later have saved France an army and an Empire. While Ney was thus vacillating to advance on Quatre-Bras, Wellington despatched general upon general, and courier upon courier, to accelerate the march of the troops he had summoned during the night. "They must not," he repeated to all, "wait for one another, but march by regiments, by divisions,

by troops even, battalion by battalion, company by company, the first ready, the nearest, and the bravest. They must not walk but run as to fire." Distinguishing with his telescope the French masses, which seemed to hesitate and increase in number at the foot of the position, he said, "if he attacks we are lost, our force is insufficient against such masses. But no matter we must stand or fall here to the last man! This is the knot of the war and the key of the position." He counted the minutes, and trembling lest the French masses, spread out before his eyes, should make that movement in advance, which would be their victory and his defeat. Ney continued motionless. Two long hours thus slipped away. Lamartine p. 28-29.

Time was every moment telling against Ney, because the English army were hastening there every hour in large numbers. Soon after the Prince of Orange arrived, this increased the army to about 10,000 men. Ney had about 4,500 infantry, and 4,500 cavalry at that time. Had Ney attacked them with vigour, he would certainly have destroyed the advanced English army, and would have made himself master of Quatre-Bras.

But he thought that the entire English army was before him there. He therefore determined to wait till the arrival of the Foy and Jerome Divisions. General Reille though had come him-

self, his troops not having received orders until late, had not yet formed into line. Ney thus delaying did not reach his position till 2 o'clock, with three incomplete divisions of Reille's corps, Pirch's division of light cavalry and a brigade of Kellerman's Cuirassiers, and for the first hour engaged the enemy in skirmishes. But things had here very much changed since morning. Now the thundering of the cannons at Saint Amand and Ligny was heard. It was nearly 3 o'clock, and Ney determined to commence the attack, hoping that the report of the cannons would hasten the advancing troops.

Vide—Thiers—Vol. XX. pp. 46, 61. 62; Alison—Vol. XII. p. 232; Jomini—Vol. IV. p. 363; La Martine—pp. 28. 29.

Up to this time Wellington had about 20,600 and Ney about 19,000. Besides these there was a reserve of 19,000 men under Count—d—Erlon. It is well for the British Corps, that the French Marshal did not concentrate his whole army together, and commence his attack with his united force. If so, they must inevitably have been crushed. The allies were now equally numbered to the French, both being some what above 20,000. But the English had not above 28 guns, and no horse, except some squadrons of Brunswick Hussars, which gave the French at first a decided advantage. The Belgians

indeed, had 2000 cavalry on the field ; but they never could be brought to face the enemy. When led forward to the charge, they fled with such precipitation in an early period of action, that they swept the Duke of Wellington and his staff with them through Quatre-Bras, and were not again seen on the field. Nothing could withstand the impetuosity of Ney and his army, when the battle began. In a few moments the troops of the Duke of Nassau were driven back upon the heights. The French lancers and light dragoons charged and scattered the regiments of the Duke of Brunswick. Everywhere the French troops pushed the English with vigour. Wellington certain of being soon re-inforced, received these attacks with his usual sangfroid. Never-the-less the troops of the Prince of Orange and Picton, were driven from their posts with considerable loss.

Vide—Alison—Vol. XII. p. 233 ; Jomini—Vol. IV. p. 364 ; La Martine—p. 30

The Duke of Brunswick led on a charge of cavalry. He rushed with his Uhlans on the French infantry, but was stopped by their fire. He was soon driven back, and put to flight by Pire's lancers and chasseurs. This brave prince fell pierced by a ball. The French lancers and chasseurs at once pursued Brunswick's Uhlans as far as Picton's infantry, which he was hastily forming into squares. Not-

withstanding his efforts, the French lancers, led by Colonel Galbois, drove back the 42nd with great slaughter. They forced their way to the 44th, but could not succeed in totally destroying them, being repelled by the fire of the rallied soldiers. The French chasseurs anxious to imitate the lancers, attacked the 92nd, but could not succeed in breaking their lines. They however pushed on to Quatre-Bras, cutting down the fugitives they found on the Namur road. And for one moment they seemed on the point of carrying off the Duke of Wellington himself. But unable to sustain their position at such a distance, both lancers and chasseurs were obliged to retreat. they formed again behind the infantry. Thiers XX p. 67 ; Cf. Alison—Vol. XII. p. 233

It was now nearly five o'clock. The French infantry in the wood of Bossu, was continually making progress towards Namur road, driving pell mell before them the defenders of the position. At this time the French troops had been reinforced, and they were now evidently preparing for a more vigorous attack upon the extreme left of Wellington's forces. At the same time certain movements in the vicinity of Gemion court, gave intimation of an intended renewal of the attack upon Quatre-Bras. All prospects of the Anglo-allied cavalry's encountering Ney's veteran dragoons with any chance of success had entirely vanished.

The Brunswickers had been greatly discouraged by the death of their gallant prince, and the losses sustained by all the troops engaged had already been truly frightful. It was at this very moment, when Wellington's situation had become so extremely critical, a further reinforcement arrived under Lieut. General Count Alten, which augmented his force to 26, 238, men. Ney on perceiving the arrival of this reinforcement to the Anglo-allied troops, despatched a peremptory order to d'Erlon to, hasten to his support and join him without a moment's delay. Then having well calculated the advantages he still retained, he resolved upon another bold and vigorous effort to secure the victory. The greater portion of the wood of Bossu was now in his possession. This circumstance appeared to, him to present the means of establishing himself at Quatre Bras, and of thus enabling him effectually to turn Wellington's right flank, and cut off his line of retreat upon Brussels. On this he ordered the cavalry to advance against the English position. Kellerman's dragoons dispersing the 69th regiment, were sweeping gallantly onwards, in their bold career along the high road towards Quatre-Bras. The greater body of this corps advanced into the open space on the right of the road. Here Picton's gallant little bands found themselves again involved in one general onset of cavalry.

It was made with a violence and fury, which seemed to betoken a desperate resolve, to harass the devoted squares to the last extremity, and to carry everything by main force. At the same time a dense cloud of skirmishers, bursting forth from the inclosures of Piermont, threatened to turn the extreme left of the Anglo-allied army. Just then the French infantry in the wood of Bossu, closed upon the northern boundary of the latter, and equally endangered its extreme right.

At this moment, Ney's prospects were bright enough to justify his hopes of success. He hailed the captured colour, presented to him by the cuirassier Lami of the 8th regiment, as the harbinger of victory. In fact, on whatever point of his line Ney now directed his view, his operations were full of promise as to the result. It was certainly a most anxious moment to the British chief.

It was six o'clock, and Ney was approaching the attainment of his object, for on the left Jerome's division was on the point of debouching beyond the wood of Bossu in the centre. A decisive blow was needed in the centre, to secure the victory by the capture of Quatre-Bras. Time pressed as reinforcements were flowing from all parts to the Duke of Wellington. The English general now had 30,000 men to oppose the 19,000 of the French general,

already diminished by three thousand, since the commencement of the engagement. (Thiers—Vol. XX., p. 67).

These reinforcements made the resistance of the English hot, and rendered the heroic efforts of Ney to overcome it very difficult. Agitated and not reflecting on what he was doing, he exerted the authority given him over d'Erlon, and sent General Delcambre to him, with a formal order to return to Quatre-Bras. Thiers—Vol. XX. p. 67-8 Siborn—Vol. I. p. p. 135, 139, 142-3

At the very moment that Ney gave this hasty order, he received the letter that had been written at quarter past three at Fleurus, and brought by de Forbin-Janson. In it Napoleon ordered him to fall back on the heights of Pry, exciting him to make this movement, by telling him that the Prussian army would be annihilated, and that consequently the safety of France was in his hands. In a cooler moment, the marshal would have perceived what was very plain, that the principal action was not at Quatre-Bras but at Ligny. That the Prussian army, once destroyed, the ruin of the English must inevitably follow the next day. And that it would consequently be better to obey Napoleon, by at once, confining himself to act on the defensive at Quatre-Bras. It was all possible, as it proved an hour later. And then to send immediate orders to d'Erlon to advance to Fleurus, and to attack the

Prussians on the rear. An officer at full gallop could have delivered this order within half an hour. And an hour later, that is to say, at half past seven, d'Erlon would have been in the rear of the Mill of Bry. Thus he might have enclosed the Prussians between two adverse armies. But Ney did not make this very simple calculation. Occupied solely with what was presented to his view, he only thought that he ought to obtain a victory as quickly as possible on the spot where he was, and then fall back on Napoleon. His only thought was, by some desperate effort, to overcome the obstacles opposed to him. He has seen the prodigies of valour effected by the French cavalry during the day. Inflated with the hope that, with the assistance of the horse, he could bear down all before him, he sent for Count de Valmy, one of whose brigades he had ordered to come closer. Then addressing him in Napoleon's words, said: "General the fate of France is in your hands. You must make a great effort against the English centre, and bear down the mass of infantry opposed to you. If you succeed France is saved." Thiers XX p 68. Jomini—Vol. IV. p 364

Whilst Ney was thus neglecting Napoleon's most essential directions, by summoning d'Erlon to his assistance, the French horsemen furiously charged the English infantry. Balls rained on the cuirasses and helmets of the horsemen, but they did not flinch. The 69th

English regiment was attacked by the French 8th borne down, a number of the men put to the sword, and the flag carried off by a cuirassier named Lami. This English regiment took refuge in the wood. Kellerman heving rallied his squadrons, rushed on the 30th, whose ranks he could not break. But he overpowered and cut down the 33rd and two Brunswick battalions, and thus forced his way to Quatre-Bras. Meanwhile, Piré commenced an attack on the right on Picton's infantry. These troops drawn up in several lines, met every charge of the French light cavalry, with a sharp and well directed fire. But the 6th lancers, under Colonel Galbois, distinguished by their exploits on this day, succeeded in reaching the Namur road, and cutting down a Hanoverian battalion in Picton's rear. The Duke of Wellington had only time to mount a horse and fly. Thiers, XX. p. 69-70.

The French cavalry maintained the position, it had attained on the plateau of Quatre-Bras. Had some infantry regiments come to its aid, had Foy's division or a part of Jerome's come and occupied the ground that had been won, or had Valmy's three other brigades been sent to its assistance, its triumph would have been complete. But having, unfortunately, been thrown by an act of desperation amid a host of enemies, the men were left without support exposed to a terrible fire. The English infantry that had taken refuge in the houses at Quatre-Bras, poured an

incessant shower of balls on the French cuirassiers. Surprised by this fire, and not seeing themselves supported, they began to retreat, at first slowly, but afterwards with the precipitation of terror. The count de Valmy sought in vain to retain them on the plateau, they had lately so victoriously ascended. Their retreat was hastened by the slanting character of the ground, and by their own confusion. Their general was thrown from his horse with his head uncovered. To avoid being left on the field, he took hold of the bridles of two cuirassiers, and returned thus suspended between two horses at full gallop. Ney seeing this confusion, ordered the way to be blocked up by Lefebvre-Desnoëttes, who rallied by arresting the fugitive cuirassiers, after they had performed prodigies of valour. Thiers XX p. 70.

The French infantry, incited by so fine a charge, renewed its efforts on Quatre-Bras and the wood of Bossu, the greater part of which was occupied, by the division of Prince Jerome. But at this critical moment, the division of the English Guards and the division of General Alten, coming into line after a forced march, gave Wellington so great a superiority that Ney could have no further hope. Jomini. Vol. IV., p. 364. Lamartine. p. 31.

Ney succumbed to the impossible. In fact, the Duke of Wellington, already at the head of 30,000 men,

was reinforced by the English guards under General Cooke, the remainder of the Brunswick crops, and some fresh squadrons of cavalry, giving him 40,000 men, whilst Ney had scarcely 16,000. Ney at this moment, resuming his lion-like nature, dashes forward at the head of Jerome's division, against the troops debouching by the wood, and arrests their progress. Recovering his presence of mind in the midst of physical danger, he sees the risk of continuing on the offensive. He determines to confine himself to defensive measures. He ought to have done it earlier, after allowing the morning to pass without attacking the English. In consequence of this wise resolve, he slowly draws his entire line from right to left, remaining himself on horseback in the centre, and encouraging the soldiers by his noble bearing. The advantage of ground was on his side, as he ascended the side of the hollow. The English had now to ascend an acclivity under a murderous plunging fire. Ney attacked them with a continuous shower of balls and grapes, sometimes arresting their progress at the point of the bayonet, and sometimes by a close fire of musketry. Thus two hours were the spent in ascending the side of the hollow, extending from Frasnes to Quatre-Bras.

Firm in the midst of the bullets that fell around him, Ney stands an object of terror to the enemy, and of admiration to his soldiers. He deep-

ly feels the turn affairs have taken, and exclaims with heroic but profound sorrow, "would that all those bullets were lodged in my body." Alas, the scene before him was a victory, compared to what he was doomed to witness two days later. It was nine o'clock darkness enveloped these funeral plains. More than forty thousand corpses strewed the triangle formed by Somhreffe Quatre-Bras, and Charleroy. At Quatre-Bras Ney had killed or wounded nearly 6,000 of the enemy, and had himself lost about 4,000 men. At Ligny 11 or 12,000 French, and 18,000 Prussians lay weltering in their blood, without counting the numbers that had fled. Forty thousand valiant men were again sacrificed to the fearful passions of the time.

If with half his force Marshal Ney made such havoc among the troops opposed to him, with the whole of it, which he was told to employ, he might have overwhelmed them.

Hazlitt's *Life of Napoleon*—Vol. IV, p. 159 Thiers, XX. p. 70-1.

It will naturally be asked where the Count d'Erlon was all this time, since he had neither appeared at Ligny to complete the victory, or at Quatre-Bras to force back the English on the Brussels road. The answer is a sad one; he had spent the day in objectless marches. His peerless valour was rendered useless by the

fatality that then presided over all the French affairs. He arrived between nine and ten o'clock at Bry, hastened the Prussian's retreat, but did not take a single prisoner. He also arrived at Frasnes, in Ney's rear, when the firing of the canons had ceased, and when he could not be of any use. But the French had succeeded in taking up a position between the two allied armies, and that which they had intended to attack first was beaten. The essential part of the plan had consequently been accomplished. But the great results that might have been expected, and which would have changed the fate of France was not obtained. The English, however, had been detained at Quatre-Bras the whole day, and were thus unable to bring assistance to the Prussians. Napoleon took this into account, and made due allowance for it, when the Marshal informed him of the results of the battle. He at once sent him orders to advance towards Brussels, the direction which he intended to take himself. He hoped to fight the English in front of the forest of Soignes, without leaving them time to rally the Prussians. Hazzlit, IV. p. 163—Guizot—VIII p. 206. Thiers, XX. p. 71-3.

Though the campaign had only as

yet lasted two days, yet its result, in the first instance, had been eminently favourable to the French troops, and had worthily rewarded the skill and daring of their chief. With a force inferior upon the whole, by full seven thousand men to his opponents taken together, he had succeeded in combating at Ligny with advantage, at Quatre-Bras with superiority of force; and nothing but the extraordinary and unforeseen circumstance of d'Erlon's corps, nineteen thousand strong, having been marched at the decisive moment, first from Quatre-Bras to Ligny, and again from Ligny to Quatre-Bras, without taking a part in either action, had prevented him from gaining in the very first day of the campaign, what might have proved decisive success against both his opponents. Had Erlon's corps been thrown on the flank of Blucher, when his last resources were exhausted, and Napoleon's Guard charged, the Prussian army would have sustained an irreparable defeat, possibly as disastrous as that of Jena. Had the same force been hurled against Pack's and Kempt's heroic brigades, when enveloped by Kellerman's cuirassiers at Quatre-Bras, the English division engaged would have been destroyed.

Vide—Alison—Vol. XII. p.-238.

Things That Amuse.

No Chance.

The tramcar was crowded, and an old gentleman with a kindly twinkle in his eye took five years-old Tommy on his lap.

"This will be better than standing, won't it, my boy?" he suggested.

"Yes," said Tommy, rather reluctantly, for he had enjoyed lurching about the car.

"But you want to be careful that I don't pick your pocket," the old man said, in a whisper.

"'An't," Tom retorted, his voice somewhat muffled. "As soon as I saw you lookin' at me I put my penny in my mouth."

Then he sat down.

At a conference a speaker made a number of disparaging remarks regarding the universities, finally expressing gratification that he himself had not been corrupted by contract with a college.

"Do I understand that the gentleman is thankful for his ignorance?" asked the chairman indignantly.

"Yes," said the other, "if you like to put that way."

"Then," continued the chairman, "all I have to say is that you have much to be thankful for."

Wanted Winding.

An absent-minded man was a member of a geological survey expedition in Arizona.

One morning he found that his watch had stopped. It would not respond to shaking

and as the party was dependent upon it for observations the owner travelled thirty miles by wagon to a little town where there was a watch repairer.

The man opened the case, explored the works, closed the case, twisted the winder, and handed the watch back to its owner with the remark:—

"That's a fine movement one of the best I've seen. But you'll have to wind it."

This way, please.

For a long time the mischievous youngster had annoyed the verger, until, in desperation, the latter had chased him out of the church.

As the boy rounded the corner he ran into the arms of a policeman, who wanted to know why he was in such a hurry.

"The verger wants you to turn out a man who is making himself a nuisance in the church," explained the youth.

The policeman hurried into the building and the verger, assuming that he was a new member of the congregation, showed him into a pew in which sat an old gentleman.

"Come with me quietly," said the constable.

The old gentleman turned in amazement. "What for?" he inquired, indignantly.

"Never you mind. You come along quietly or I shall have to remove you by force."

The indignant worshipper was obliged to accompany the policeman, to the consternation of the congregation and the vergers, and to the amusement of the youth who watched the proceedings from a safe vantage point.

Doing I

A Pennyworth of "doing"

Is worth pounds of "talking big" ;
So if you can't paint pictures,

Then just take a spade and dig.
And if you can't sing anthems,

Break the stones beside the way,
And whistle as you break them
Just to show your heart is gay.

We may not build cathedrals,
But we all can use some tools
With common sense and judgment,

For we needn't think we're fools.
No each of us has something
He can do if he but tries ;

So let us get about it,
For life's little work-hour flies !

Lillian Gard.

An Easy Winner.

Three jovial travellers were dining at an hotel, and agreed that the one who had the oldest name should be exempt from paying the bill.

"My name is Richard Eve," said the first.
"You must admit that is old."

"I go back farther than that," said the second. "My name is Adam Low."

The third said nothing, but pulled his card from his pocket, on which is companions read the words—"Mr. B. Ginning."

The Man to Blame.

It was the night of the village concert, and the various artists were scattered about

the body of the hall. One after the other they filed on to the platform, until at last it was the turn of a man who was down to sing a sentimental ballad, and who prided himself on having a fine baritone voice.

As he was coming down from the platform an old farmer who was sitting close by caught him by the arm. "I don't blame yer in the least, laddie," he said ; "ye've done yer best but if I could get hold of the blighter as asked yer to sing, I'd wring his neck !"

"And never will be".

"I chanced to be staying in Cornwall," writes H. R. H. Infants Eulalia of Spain in "Courts and Countries After the War" (Hutchinson), "and stopped at a wayside cottage to ask for a cup of tea. Just as I was about to take my leave, my hostess went to a cupboard, and, with immense solemnity, produced a china cup, in the bottom of which was deposited a little brown sediment.

"Do you see this cap, ma'am ?" she asked in an awed whisper."

"Yes," said I ; "you seem to prize it greatly. What is its history ?"

"Well, ma'am (in impressive tones), 'Queen Victoria herself drank tea from this very cup when she passed this way in grandmother's time. So, naturally, we think a powerful deal of it ; 'twas never rinsed out and it never will be.' "

Inviting trouble.

The landlord of a hotel in a country town invited two or three of his friends to remain after closing time and partake of supper. The subsequent proceedings, which terminated about 1 o'clock, were of a distinctly lively character.

Before permitting his friends to depart he called a newly-engaged Swiss waiter into the

room and said to him : "Just walk to the end of the road and see if there's a policeman about."

At the end of five minutes the waiter returned, and with a majestic wave of the hand ushered into the room a particularly grim-looking inspector.

"Excuse me, sare," he said, "ze police vos not on ze corner, so I run to ze station and fetch ze inspector."

Points of View.

The golfer had lost his ball at a critical stage of the game. Remembering the rule, "Lost ball, lost hole," he and his caddie were searching feverishly for it.

When they were about to give up the hunt a tall and angular spinster bobbed up from the under-growth.

"I think it's disgraceful that you are allowed to drive those horrid balls about!" he said, indignantly. "Why, one came over a few minutes ago, and it's absolutely ruining my dog's teeth!"

Encore !

A Comedian, engaged to appear at a certain music hall was annoyed to find that he was billed to give his performance immediately after a troupe of performing apes. He sought the stage-manager, and with great indignation complained of his invidious position on the programme.

"I don't want to come on immediately after a gang of monkeys," he said, wrathfully.

"Yes—I quite see your point," admitted the manager, throughfully. "You don't want the audience to think you're the encore—eh?"

The Vanishing trick.

Into the grocer's shop walked an old lady carrying on her arm a basket containing a large earthen-ware pot with a lid.

Placing the basket on the counter, the made various purchases, which she put carefully in the pot and had her bill made out.

"By the way," she said, "do you mind keeping this pot with my purchases in it until I come back and pay for them, as I have to do some more shopping, and it will be more convenient for me to leave the things here till later?"

This request was willingly acceded to, and, lifting the pot carefully out of the basket, the old lady placed it, with an effort, in a corner; then, putting her basket on her arm, she left the shop.

Hours went by, but the old lady did not return.

At last the proprietor thought of examining the earthen-ware pot to see if by any chance it had its owner's address on it. Great was his astonishment, not untinged with dismay, to find that it had no bottom!

Nawadays that shopkeeper is very suspicious of pots in baskets.

A Schoolmaster had explained to his pupils the functions of a British consulate, and to find out whether or not the understood, he asked :—

"If someone carried you off in an aeroplane and after a long flight dropped you thousands of miles away in a foreign country, what place would you seek out and first of all?"

An eager hand was uplifted.

"Please, sir, the hospital," came the unexpected answer.

Clocks in Irish provincial hotels are not noted for their time-keeping qualities. They are kept more for ornament than use.

A traveller went into the coffee-room of an Irish hotel. The maid of all work was dusting

the mantelpiece. Suddenly the clock began striking.

The maid, with a look of surprise, turned and said. "There must be something wrong with the clock ; it's going."

—
An Englishman and an American were standing before the Victoria Falls, when the Englishman said :—

"Surely you must concede that these falls are far grander than your Niagara falls."

"What ?" replied the American. "Compare these to our Niagra Falls ? Why, may alive, they are mere perspiration."

Employer (to boy sent out to collect money) : "Well, what did Mr. Brown say ?"

Boy : "That he would break every bone in my body and pitch me out if I showed my face there again,"

"Did he ? Then go back and tell him he's mistaken if he thinks violence will frighten me."

—
And old coloured woman approached the ticket window at a railway station and addressed the clerk.

"I wants a ticket fo' Florence," she said.

The clerk spent some minutes turning over railway guides, apparently with no success, and then asked. "Where is Florence ?" "Settin' over dar on de bench," replied the coloured woman.

An American was walking round an old Scots churchyard. His eye caught the epitaph, "Lord, She was Thin."

"Say, sexton, what d'ye make of it ?"

"That's au richt, sir. The sculptor went

ower near the edge o' the stone. He didna' leave room for the letter 'e.' "

The barrister had won a shockingly bad case by eloquence and trickery, and a rival said to him, bitterly : "Is there any case so low, so vilely crooked and shameful, that you'd refuse it ?"

"Well, I don't know," the other answered with a smile. "What have you been doing now ?"

A Recent advertisement in the personal column of a provincial newspaper evoked a kindly response in the same column two days later :—

"Party that lost purse containing £200 need worry no longer : it has been found."

—
"You simply cannot find a maid who is honest," said Mrs. Smith. "The last one left suddenly with nine of my towels."

"What kind were they ?"

"They were those hotel towels I brought back from my holiday."

—
An Ulster man and a Cork farmer were disputing on religious matters. The farmer concluded the conversation and the argument with this : —

"If you say that we are all as good as one another, how is it that St. Paul wrote all them long letters to the Romans and divil a won to the Protestants ?"

A Composer, finding himself out of work, was lucky enough to secure a job as waiter.

One of his first customers, whom he served with soup, called him back, and said : "Waiter, there's a button in this soup."

"Very sorry, sir," replied the walter.
 "Printer's error—should be mutton."

They met for the first time for some months.

"Where have you been, John?" said James,
 "Haven't been laid up, have you?"

"Yes; I've been laid up for a bit."

"You're not looking fit; hope it's nothing serious?"

"Oh, nothing much—but this is the first time I've been out for three months."

"Really? What was wrong?"

"Nothing, really, only the jury wouldn't believe it!"

It was a secluded corner, hemmed in with palms and fairy lights, calm, cool and restful.

"Do you realize what it would mean if I were to give you a beautiful diamond ring?" he asked, softly.

Sybil thought she knew, but instead of saying so—for she wished to hear him say those sweet words himself—she replied, gently:—

"What—what would it mean?"

"It would mean," he said, "that I should have to go without dinner for six months and wear my old clothes for a year."

After a performance of "Macbeth," a card was handed to the manager of the theatre who consented to see its owner, a man quite unknown to him.

The man came in pompously. He was elderly, and was afflicted with a bad stut-ter. He w-w-wanted to k-know, however, if the manager had a vacancy for him, as it was his ambition to be a tragedian.

The manager regretted that he could do

nothing for him, whereupon the man took up his hat, heaved a deep sigh and murmured:—

"Then I'll have to k-keep on t-teaching elocution for the p-present."

"How did you manage to escape from the hooligan unharmed and without being robbed?"

"When he pointed his revolver at me and demanded my money or my life, I stepped forward, took him by the lapel of his coat, and said, 'I've just heard a good one. Once there was an Irishman named Pat who met another Irishman named Mike, and said to him——' The hooligan uttered a yell and fled like a scared rabbit."

Mrs. Blifins met Mary Smith, whom she had recommended to a neighbour for a situation.

"How are you getting on at your new place?" asked Mrs. Blifins.

"Very well, thank you," was the reply.

"I'm glad to hear it," remarked Mrs. Blifins. "Your employer is very kind, and you can't do too much for her."

"I don't intend to, ma'am," replied Mary.

Counsel tried to serve his client by suspicion on a witness. The first question was:—

"You admit that you were at the defendant's house every evening during this period?"

"Yes, sir."

"State whether you and he were interested in any special transaction, business or otherwise."

"Yes, sir, we were."

"Ah!" exclaimed counsel; "then you will be good enough to tell us the nature of the business in which you were jointly interested."

"I was courting his daughter."

A Fine Finish.

A student in London invited his father to spend the week-end with him in town. The old man had never been to London before.

In the evening the young man took his father to listen to a celebrated jazz orchestra. After they had heard several numbers, the son glanced cautiously at his father's face.

The expression it held was wonderful to behold, and the young man congratulated himself on his judgment of his father's musical tastes. Indeed, the chap seemed to become more and more interested as the music drew to a close.

He kept mopping his brow with a gaily-coloured handkerchief, while he muttered: "Go on! Go on!"

With a final flourish of the violinist's bow, accompanied by a resounding bang on the drum, the music ceased.

"By gosh, boy!" yelled the old man, grabbing his son's arm. "A dead heat!"

Correct.

The teacher was taking the class in mathematics. Her first question she addressed to little Isaac.

"Isaac," she said, "suppose you had three-and-sixpence——"

Little Isaac's eyes gleamed.

"And suppose I asked you to lend me two shillings——"

Little Isaac's eyes glittered.

"How much," asked the teacher, "would you have left?"

"Please, miss, three-and-sixpence!"

Wonderful.

The lecturer was discussing longevity.

"Has anyone any information to give regarding his own ancestry and longevity?"

"Two of my ancestors," said one man in the audience, "lived one hundred and fifty years."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the speaker. "We are indeed getting hold of some interesting and unexpected facts. Can this statement of yours be vouched for?"

"Certainly," said the man. "They were my grandfather and my great-grandfather. They lived seventy-five years each."

Paid the Price.

A Clergyman, whilst taking a stroll, met a member of his congregation.

"Hallo, John!" he called. "How is it I have not seen you at church lately?"

"Why, zur," answered John, "I haven't any Sunday trousers."

"Well," said the clergyman, "I have spare pair at home. I'll have them sent to you."

The trousers were duly sent, and for three consecutive Sundays John appeared in church. After that he fell into the old habit of remaining away.

One day the clergyman met him again.

"Well, John," he said, "you've no excuse this time, you know."

"Look here, parson," retorted John. "I came to church three Sundays, an' if don't think I earned them bags, just tell me how many more Sundays I have to come before they're mine!"

He Knew.

In the grey light of the early morning, the weary traveller faced the night clerk of the country hotel.

"You gave me the worst bed in the place," he began. "If you don't change me before to-night, I shall look up another hotel."

"There's no difference in the beds, sir," replied the clerk, respectfully.

The traveller smiled ironically.

"If that's so," he said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the room on the left of mine?"

"It's occupied, sir."

"I know it is—by a man who has been snoring all night, and who was at it ten minutes ago. His bed must be better than

mine, or he couldn't sleep for six solid hours at a stretch."

"The beds are all alike, sir," repeated the night clerk firmly. "That man has been here before, sir and he always sleeps on the floor!"

Brown wasn't green.

"A Funny thing happened in my town last week," said the chatty man in the train.

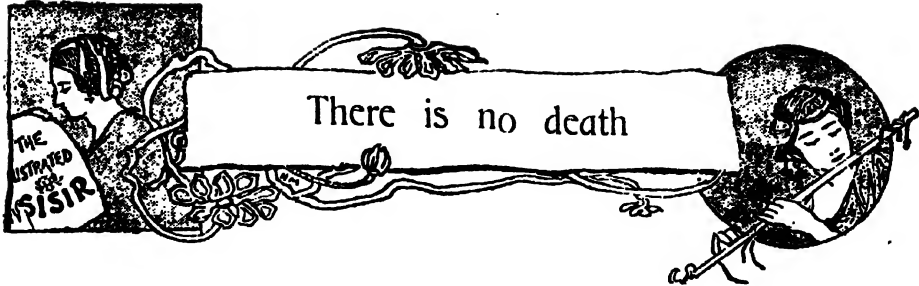
"What was that?" asked a fellow traveller.

"Well, Black, a white man, and White, a coloured man, thought a fellow named Brown was pretty green, so they tried to sell him a white horse. But Brown deceived them both. In fact, he got all the money they had."

"And now?"

"And now Black and White are blue."





(By N. C.).

That we are on the verge of great discoveries, which will have an enormous effect upon humanity, with reference to the continuance of life or in other words the immortality of man, appears to be entirely probable.

It is only necessary to mention that such great scientists as Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Alfred Wallace, such leaders of thought and lights of literature Flannmarion and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, are convinced spiritualists, to show the growing belief which exists amongst all classes of people of all nationalities, that there is No Death !

The other day Robert Blatchford whom opponents always credit with truth and honesty, wrote a plain unvarnished story of an interview he had with "His Dead Wife". No one who has read the article can doubt that Blatchford sincerely believes that he has spoken to the deceased partner of his joys and sorrows, and there must be indeed, few who fail to be themselves convinced of the truth of the statements and the impossibility of fraud.

Listen to what Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says on this subject of immortality :—"How

can we know anything in this world save by the evidence of our senses ? Everyone of my senses has assured me that death is not an impenetrable barrier, and that those who have shed their mortal bodies can, none the less, give us sure proofs that they continue to exist. My eyes have seen the faces of the 'dead' my ears have heard their voices, my hands have touched them, my memory has responded to their reminiscences, my experience has confirmed what they have told me. These things have not occurred when I was alone and might have deceived myself, but in the presence of others who have seen and heard as I did, and who had their own independent proofs. They have not been imagined because I desired them. On the contrary, I started from absolute materialism and fought against the facts until I could fight no longer.

"Do I exaggerate then when I say with a most solemn sense of responsibility that I know that these things are true ?"

Some thirty years ago theosophy was as much and intelligently discussed as spiritualism is to-day. Mrs. Annie Besant became its

high priestess. Theosophists did not deny the impossibility of communicating with the dead, but they maintained that after a time the souls of the departed became oblivious of their existence and became eventually reincarnated, and lived again as men and women and repeated very largely the deeds of their former lives under different conditions of natationality and civilisation.

One well remembers Mrs. Besant declaiming over thirty years ago, that the world population of the then and the next few generations was the reincarnation of the decadent population of the Roman Empire at the time of its downfall, and that within a few years the Empires of Europe that seemed so secure in their foundations would crash and disappear and new small and semi-barbaric states would be painfully evolved out of the chaos!

This has assuredly come to pass, owing to the great war, and Modern Europe certainly seems to be as much smitten with madness as Rome and the surrounding nations were in the days of the fall of the Roman Empire. It must be remembered that the people of the world have borrowed our faith and actually believe in reincarnation as an article of faith. Buddhists hold this belief; and Sir Rider Haggard, whose well known novels, "She" and "Ayesha" popularised the theory of the soul's return to the world, related that in Tibet and the Himalayas there are men and women who profess to remember their previous existence. One monk related how he remembered Alexander the Great's invasion and watched his army march past, and even related incidents that showed a surprising knowledge of the equipment of his soldiers that astounded some of the greatest archeologists. The following is an exposition of the doctrine of Reincarnation, and also professes to state which well-known historical personages, some of whom are still living, were in

their previous existence. A story was related to a tourist by a Buddhist Monk in Ceylon, who declared, that it was revealed to him by Xerxes, fifth king of Prehistoric Greece (6870 B. C.). Before proceeding with the same he made clear what is "Spirit Life" and Reincarnation.

"Spirit", he said, "is the peculiar energy attached to all matter." 'Life is the excited atoms of matter acted upon by 'Spirit Influence'. 'Soul', the intelligence department of the Spirit, is possessed principally by human beings, dogs, horses, ants, spider etc. Intelligence is the proof of soul. Reincarnation is the passing in of energy necessary for the existence of matter; 'deincarnation' is the passing away of that energy after having performed its work. Reincarnation takes place on the average every two thousand years (there are exceptional cases). Without the aid of a reincarnated spirit man and woman cannot produce a living soul. A child takes 60 per cent spirit from its father, 10 per cent of that from its mother, and 30 per cent. reincarnated spirit. The reincarnated spirit enters the mother at three months. Although it would be incorrect to say Napoleon was Julius Caesar, it would be correct to say that the spirit of Julius Caesar became incarnate in Napoleon and so on."

"Some famous Reincarnations:—Lord Kitchener was Alexander of Macedon, Queen Victoria was formerly Empress of Hovan (Atlantis), 5690 B. C. King Edward VII was Sennacherib, King of Assyria of Babylon. The German Emperor William was formerly "Burbo", king of Prehistoric Russia 'Burbo' died from wounds received in a battle. Lloyd George was "Gatap" son of "Hallang," king of Prehistoric Britain. who built stonehenge, 6678 B. C. Shakespeare was post-laureate of Assyria who wrote all his works under the psychic influence of Pestor, son of Ovivchatas, king

of Greece. (Two original works of Shakespeare are still to be found,—one in the Tower of London and the other at Hamton Court. (Mr. Gladstone was High Magistrate of Greece, a higher position than that of the king (as the High Magistrate was Greece personified). Lord Byron was poet laureate of Greece. Mr. Asquith and Earl Grey were formerly Greek classic authors. Nelson was a Greek mathematician. Lady Hamilton was then his mother." These cases can be multiplied

indefinitely. Everything is governed by nature. The laws of nature that govern the universe are love, hate, attraction, repulsion composition and decomposition.

"If death were nothing, and naught after death.

If that when men die they cease to be,

And sank into the barren womb of nothing from which they

Sprung, then might the debauches untrembling mouth the heavens".



As An Englishman Sees India

BY MR. J. T. GWYNN, I. C. S. (*Retd.*)

Here is a frank Western's appreciation of things Indian. It is based on superficial knowledge and it betrays imperfect sympathy. Yet it may have an interest for the Indian who likes to know what other people really think of his affairs.

Should we give India Swaraj? We could not if we would. We could give her the kind of independence that China now enjoys. But that is not what Indians mean by Swaraj I hope. The truth is that Mr. Gandhi and his Non-Co-operation very nearly frightened us into believing that we could no longer rule India. But we never imagined that India was yet able to rule herself. We even doubt whether India will ever be able to give herself a decent stable government. But to let our policy be shaped by that doubt would be to confess ourselves desperate of the future of the human race. We must act on the assumption that it will be possible with time and patience to bring a strong native government into power in India. Will it be a democracy? Certainly not. The orthodox faith in democracy has gone the way of the orthodox religious creeds. On the Continent men ridicule it openly. In England they do not do that, not at least if they wish to be elected members of Parliament but their practice pays no regard to democratic theory. We believe in the inequality of men. Equality of opportunity? That is an unattainable ideal. And it is far more important that some men should have splendid opportunities than that all men should have equal opportunities. All men can not go to Oxford, Would you then break up

the University and bury one professor in each provincial town? No. We are all authoritarians now. Let us get the best men if possible, give them all possible advantages and get them into power. And whoever is in power whether he is best or second best let him have faith in himself and use his power according to his own lights and see that he is obeyed. Don't let him ask for guidance from his enemies or compromise with them as the old-fashioned Liberals expected our Governors to do. No need to make enemies of those whose ends are the same as ours merely because we differ about means. But we must learn to recognize a real enemy when you meet one. We have learnt something from Lenin and Mussolini much as we dislike those gentlemen.

Since we are no democrats it follows that we are not much impressed by those who tell us that India is not ripe for democracy. We ask: "Can you see any elements in India capable of giving India a stable native Government?" We should like to find such elements for we fear that the dislike of alien rule is a strong ineradicable and highly dangerous instinct and an Indian mercenary army is a gun that may go off at either end. We should like to see India quietly trans-substantiated into a self-governing and self defending Dominion. But till we see how that miracle can be wrought without imminent risk of a disruptive explosion we shall expect our agents in India to continue to govern India with India's co-operation if possible but if not then as best they can.

Where shall we look for elements capable of giving India a stable native government? It is fashionable to point to the Native Princes and others talk of the bureaucracy. But in all countries strong and enterprising men gravitate naturally toward the seat of power wherever that is placed. We have given the reins into the hands of the Western educated class. We believe that for that reason the strongest and most energetic (not necessarily the most prudent or the most virtuous) will be found in the ranks of that class and that they will learn to get themselves elected at the polls and to dominate the legislatures. Whether they will have enough character to hang together and support each other and make a government and keep the bureaucracy in its place or whether they will fritter away their strength in communal and personal squabbles that is the crucial question.

Are we impressed by what the highbrows tell us of the potentialities of a distinctive Indian culture? Of course there is something in it but we suspect exaggeration. We used to hear so much about the Gaelic culture but now that the Free State is in being and the sons of the soil have got all the jobs to quarrel over—well the Gaelic culture has failed to materialize and nobody cares any longer about its disembodied spirit. Tagore we easily understand. He is in harmony with Western thought. If fact he is a little too much in the fashion. We suspect that he could not stand by himself, that he is not quite in the first class. As to Gandhi we don't take him seriously as a thinker any more than we take him seriously as a statesman. His personality is of course quite another thing, unique and

all but wholly admirable. He has the "will like a dividing spear" and with it unselfishness and a complete mastery over all the baser instincts, envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. We have a weakness too for a puritan ascetic in him. But much of his puritanism and asceticism seems to us misdirected energy. We feel that his view of man is out of date. He seems to look on man as the Psalmist did as a special creation of God's, a being a little lower than the angels and in no way related to the beasts of the field. We think that the statesman and the moralist must always bear in mind the fact that men are only beasts some further and some less far evolved and that they must therefore be careful not to expect too much of everybody and not to lay down rules of conduct for universal application. Perhaps there is a radical distinction between good and evil but the rules of conduct certainly alter with the environment and probably with the individual. A pity that Mr. Gandhi did not take up gardening instead of cotton spinning. The gardener's unending war with birds, caterpillars, insects, fungi and weeds would have enriched his meditations on the factorins of non violence as they have taught others the necessities of the practical statesman. But the next significant fact about Mr. Gandhi is the influence he acquired in India. That reveals both the strength and the weakness of the Indian people. Their strength is their readiness to recognise and be attracted by true benevolence. Their weakness is their sentimentality by which I mean a certain moral weakness which makes them afraid to accept the criticism of their intellect when an appeal is made to their emotions.

"The Indian Review".

The Happy Ending In American Literature

By Viola Irone Cooper.

"Each story must end with a kiss!"

That is the literary critic's estimation of American literature.

"Each play, each novel, each bit of writing, must end with the trite 'and they lived happily ever after!'"

Defence is always difficult because the defender is not the challenger. Defence in this case is particularly difficult because of the almost insurmountable array of published books and stories, proving so obviously the truth of the critic's saying that the American public does demand a happy ending.

Does the defence lie in psychology, in, perhaps, a particular twist of mental outlook on the part of the majority of the nation's people, who demand optimism instead of pessimism in their fictive life?

Americans are optimists. There is no use in denying the fact. They are so much optimists that the human being who sinks to the low level of giving a prognosis of "hopeless" to every situation is universally disliked. There is no room in American taste for pessimism.

Why? Is it because Americans, on the whole, are successful (according to their

standards)? Is it because they cannot believe in anything but a lucky turn of the wheel of fortune because in the past it has turned luckily for others?

Nearly everyone likes the familiar scene, the familiar ending. Fiction, obviously, is an imaginative portrayal of life, but, after all, it is a portrayal, and most quarrels do end in a kiss. It is not, however, with the Americans entirely a question of the hope that springs eternal in the human heart and an optimism that causes them to look for happiness. There is actuality.

The tree may die, but it dies gradually and not in a single death throes. There is tragedy in the death, but it is tragedy tempered with time and by a series of pictures of the past. How many times has not the tree found its supposed "death" in the winter only to revive in the spring? When death eventually descends, may it not be but the episode of another but longer winter, leading to another and different spring?

Occasionally, the disaster of death comes about instantly. The tree is struck by lightning—split asunder straight through the length of its body. A gaunt part remains

perhaps, leafless, and withered against the sky, presenting a spectacle that is ugly because it is tragedy portrayed in an ungraceful manner.

It is not tragedy as a whole that the American deplors. For each tree that is struck by lightning, many hundreds die unnoticed, sinking unmarked to become again a part of earth possibly surrounded by saplings sent forth in an earlier springtime. The picture is not unpoetic. From tragedy of this sort the American does not rebound. Death, leading to a hope of the future is not death; a drama, a novel, a short story leading to universality, no matter how tragic may be the episodes leading to the conclusion, is not tragic when the element of futurity survives.

Realism, if truly real, would be more prosaic than the most deplorably mediocre attributes of romanticism. The American is probably more realistic than is supposed. He has a decided sense of the fitness of things, and when the limbs of the tree are left to stand against the sky it is this sense that is outraged. So much for the American who can appreciate a certain form of tragedy.

Starkly realistic works of literature are generally portrayals of the minority. They cannot, then, well find any great appreciation among the majority, until that majority has experienced similar situations, until it has known a good deal of the suffering embodied in the unhappy story. The life of the average American is to him too happy a life to admit a great appreciation of tragic literature.

Occasionally, a novel or drama is written depicting conditions, let us say, in a coal mining district, or in the stockyards of Chicago. A mass of people will recognize the truth of the tragedy and will applaud the

story. But the ripple is soon over. Why? Because the greater mass of the American people knows nothing of the conditions portrayed. The twelve-hour day of the coal miner is as unknown to the seven-hour-a-day office worker, as the day of the latter is unknown to the coal miner. *The Adding Machine*, presented by the New York Theatre Guild some month's ago, created a sensation. There were numbers in the city of New York and among the visitors from other cities who could appreciate the realism of the play because most of them were themselves office workers and could understand the danger of man's becoming, through efficiency, but a cog in the industrial wheel. The interest in this lasted longer than the interest in a miners' situation might have lasted. It was familiar to a large number of people. So, with *Sun Up*, a drama that is a tragedy and one that has been appreciated. Thousands upon thousands of people in the United States have felt in some way the life of the back-woods. The conditions in some of the mountainous sections of the United States are appalling, and the number of people who have emerged from the tragic educational conditions of mountainous sections or from the small town is very large.

When there is a situation in America where, supposedly, all women are oppressed, or all children compelled to work in factories instead of attending schools, then there will be occasion for a novel or drama whose happy ending is left by the way side. Such a novel or drama would be universally appreciated, at least by the women whose lot had been selected for the canvas. When a condition arises in which women are not able to enter the business and industrial worlds, supporting themselves, when deserted by their husbands, when they are not so independent as at present, the novel or drama of the

domestic life in which the wife remains at home suffering (an unhappy ending) will be popular.

The kiss may be an exaggeration. The happy ending need not be always felicitous. The ending is happy for the American when it partakes of poetic beauty, regardless of tragedy, and it is happy when it concurs with the rule of cases in actual life and not with the exception.

The American is well aware that the life is movement. He is quick to recognize that

even in the greatest tragedy, death, there is no cessation of the general activity. He knows there is no solution of any situation in human affairs that is final, and, with a queer sense of humour his own, he realizes that from old problems, no matter how well settled, new difficulties will arise.

This knowledge together with an optimistic nature due largely to the generally pleasing character of his past experiences, is one of the causes of the American's taste for the happy ending. "The Calcutta Review."





The Clerk's Daughter

By Wayland Weston.

"What's the time now?" inquired Pandurang Gajanan, turning to his wife, Manorama, who had left her bed at the first cock-crow.

That was a difficult question for anyone to answer without a time-piece. Pandurang Gajanan could not afford one, there was no watch in his house, nor even an alarm-clock to wake him in the very early hours of the morning. He was so poor, was drawing only fifty rupees at the time, and, had a wife and two young children to support. But habit had already become a second nature with his wife. And she could tell the hour, when she heard the cock crow.

"I think it's three o'clock," she replied. "That's the hour, when the cock usually crows."

Her eyes rolled automatically on

her little offsprings, Narayen and Yimala, stretched out on a scanty bedding, spread on the floor hard by, and realising that they were quite safe there, she went to the inner room to light the fire, for it was time to make the tea for her husband.

"It's time for me to get up," said her spouse, as he walked out of the bed, when she returned." I must go to office. You know, I've to be on duty at four, and if we are ten minutes late, the Head Clerk reports us, and we are fined."

"That's such an easy thing to do," remarked his wife." But how many do attend the office at four in the morning in Bombay City I should like to know. And, if ever, in any God-forsaken office, anybody does attend, look at the pay he draws.

But you—you, my dear, you show me only fifty rupees at the end of each month. I know you can't pay for your tea in the shop ; that's why I got up so early in the morning."

She was a loving wife. The wives of Postal Officials know only poverty. But why do you marry ? Was not this question asked you only the other day ? Let the Novelist, the man ordained by Providence to study human nature, answer that question. Yes, Chesterfield was quite wrong. But let me quote him :—Marry, I say, all and each of you ! Take wives ; and take them in good time, that your names may be long in the land.—So spoke the wise old man in his advice to his son. But those were good, olden days. But to-day, when poverty sets in, love flies out of the window. But **Monorama** was not so. She was a good wife and mother, too. And seeing her circumstances, Heaven had blessed her with only two children. That her husband had to work very hard to receive the fifty rupees, she knew well. She pitied him it was a pity born of love—often prayed to God to relieve their distress, if not for her sake at least for the children's.

"What can be done ?" cried her husband, after a few moments reflection. "I've so many years' service in the Post Office. I can't at this stage look out for another job. That would be starting life anew. And who knows if I could get enough to

maintain us. Half bread is better than no bread at all."

Eleven years had sped along, since those words, so painful to remember, were heard in that stuffy room, but he was still a clerk in the Sorting department of the G. P. O. Some twenty years ago, he had joined the Post Office ; and it took him eleven years to rise to the grade of Rupees Seventy from Rupees Fifty. He was not the only one to share the same fate. Daily they met and discussed their conditions of life. A few men got together, and founded an Association. There was a stern resistance in the opposite direction. Yet it flourished ; its members increased month after month and year after year ; and it soon became a power in the Postal atmosphere. The association coached up Honourable Members to plead its cause before Government, and Inquiry Committee was demanded, and Government, agreeing with the views of the Committee to a certain extent, introduced a Time-Scale of Pay for the Post Office. And Pandurang Gajanan at once receive a salary of a hundred and-thirty rupees.

You may imagine what his feelings were, when he returned home that afternoon, and showed his wife the pay he had brought. **Monorama** thought that the gods had helped them. But her husband had already incurred a large debt. He had no vices, his wife and children were

strangers to luxuries, lived on the most ordinary fare, and yet was always in want of money. Nevertheless, his conscience told him that he must clear his debts first. How could he do so?

The Great War had come to an end. Greedy Landlords had doubled the house rent; the prices of all the necessities of life were going up; but the wages of the Post Office Workers appeared to be on the decrease, for Pandurang Gajanan found that the one-hundred-and-thirty rupees, which he received now, were in fact less than the seventy rupees of the days gone by. Even the price of tea had increased. He was still on War Rations: he had to deprive himself of many things that he actually needed, and, as a natural consequence, there was sickness in the house. Besides, there was the children's education. Vimala was already nearing sixteen and his son, Narayan, was twelve. Day had not yet dawned for Pandurang Gajanan and his wife. He was still buried in the thick of the night.

"The landlord was here" said Manorama, when her husband had returned home from duty. "He wanted his rent. He was bawling out and making use of all sorts of insulting language. He has given me notice to vacate these premises at once, otherwise, he says he'll send us a legal notice. We owe him four month's

rent. We must pay him somehow, dear. It doesn't matter even if we've to starve. It will simply be a disgrace, if we are turned out of this house."

Her husband bit his lip, as his wife spoke. After a hard morning's work, it was not at all pleasant to hear such things. He sank on the rickety stool beside him; there was a complete change in his countenance at the moment; and no human intelligence could describe the terrible anguish of his mind as the words went home. Yet there was one consolation that was sustaining him—it was Heaven's boon, the two children, Narayan and his daughter, Vimala. That is why you marry. Remember, in all your hardships, in all the afflictions of your life, when pain would otherwise be unbearable, when misfortune stares you full in the face, these innocent creatures, so powerless when you look at them, will bestow on you that courage and happiness, often denied to those who do not seek the sacrament of Matrimony. From the shaky stool, on which Pandurang Gajanan was seated, he peered into the sparkling eyes of his daughter. Vimala, squatted on a mat spread on the floor near by. She was busy, making caps for sale. In this manner, the girl earned about twenty or thirty rupees every month, and she had already collected nearly three hundred.

"Father," she chimed in the sweetest accents, so pleasant to hear, "why are you so sad and downcast? I've got money—got three hundred rupees as mother would tell you. Pay that landlord. He comes here every now and then and insults mother. I can earn more: I'll make more caps, but you mustn't be sad. Father, pay him. Mother will give you the money."

The dark cloud on his countenance instantly vanished. He was himself again. He picked up one of the caps, lying on the mat, and admitted its workmanship. That was his daughter's work—she was the pride of his house. Fair, and good-looking she was a picture of health and beauty. In her dark hair, arranged in a graceful knot at the back of her head, he saw a wreath of pink and white flowers, which she had brought out of her own earnings. A light blue *saree* with a *choli* to match enhanced her graceful appearance.

"What nice caps you make?" exclaimed the father, as he rose from his stool, and sat on the mat beside her. "How pretty! How many do you finish in one day?"

"At least two, father," she answered. "But I'll now try and make three. We must pay the landlord. I think I can easily make three."

"Then you want me to pay the landlord, my child? Tell your mother so. Pay that heartless landlord at once.

We don't want to hear his words. May God bless you!"

His wife, Manorama, followed the discourse in silence. True, she had Vimala's money, but she had reserved it for her marriage.

"I've good news to tell you," added Paudurang Gajanan, when he saw that his wife was very reluctant to part with the amount. "I am offered fifty rupees for three hours evening work in a Cinema Show. To-day, I begin work. You can pay the Landlord Vimala's money, and I'll return it to you."

(2)

In the spacious reading-room of the Postal Club in the General Post Office an elderly gentleman was seated at a table, on which lay the local daily newspapers, and several magazines, published here and abroad. He had in his hand the latest copy of the *LABOUR*, a journal of much interest to Postal Officials, and was busy in the reading of a article, when he was not a little disturbed by the entrance into the room of two members, Rajaram Bilwant and Janardan Bhikaji. They were men of intelligence, people that could stand on their own legs, fit to work in any department of the Post Office, had seen very hard life, for you could even see the traces of poverty in their dress, and had often been superseded without any reason, while their good and faithful services had not received any recognition.

"Here is Sakharam," said Rajaram, turning to Janardan, who accompanied him. "Busy reading the LABOUR? Well, any announcement—any promotion coming? I don't think so. You are only to feed on hope—to hope against hopes, till you die in despair. What's the news, Sakharam?"

He looked up from the journal before him, and fixed his eyes on the speaker. They had met after a long time.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, as the two gentlemen took the chairs opposite to him, "have you been on leave? I see you after many days. Don't you come to the library now? You must read and improve your knowledge."

"What for, Sakharam? I don't think we've ever a chance of writing out a draft."

"But you will have, when you get the Selection Grade."

"Selection Grade! Yes. We'll get the Selection Grade, when it's time to think of retirement. Don't you see, Sakharam, that the present Head Clerks are rotting in the same grade for years and years together, and that too, after drawing the maximum of the grade? Where are the vacancies in the selection Grades? There is a complete block. Even then, you see extensions of service being given even to men, who have put in thirty-five years service. And do you, Sakharam, still expect to get into the Selection Grade? Do not deceive yourself."

"But that doesn't mean to say that you should not improve your knowledge?"

"I myself can hardly find time for it," interrupted Janardan. "You know, I've been transferred to the *Kala Pani*."

A smile broke upon the lips of the others, as Janardan gave vent to those words.

"What do you mean?" questioned Sakharam.

"What I say," he emphasized. "Don't you know the *Kala Pani*? I thought you knew. My dear man, in the Post Office you see a world of its own. Some are dying, some are enjoying some get all the holidays and all the half holiday. How can one expect you to know the *Kala Pani*, when all your life you have been working in the Correspondence Department? You are heavenly horn! and there are several others like you."

There was an interval of silence.

"Oh, I see, you refer to the Inland Parcel Sorting," said Sakharam, after some reflection. "But why were you transferred?"

"Because the Assistant Postmaster did not like me. Because, when I thought he was wrong, I told him so."

"Is that it, Janardan? But it may be a blessing for you in disguise."

"Heaven knows whether it is so. But this much I know, I've to pick up and sort parcels. I've to do Coolie Work. Besides, I am put to an extra

expense, as very often I leave the office at ten o'clock."

"But why should there be a *Kala Pani* in the Post Office at all? Its because you don't represent things. Just do it, and await the result."

"I don't believe in it at all. You go on representing, and they go on fling. And time flies, months go by, years succeeded, and the Inland Parcel Sorting remains the same. It's like the poet, who said, men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever."

The door was now pushed open and Pandurang Gajanan stepped in.

"Here comes our friend," said Sakharan. "Well, what's the news now? He'll have much to say. How is the Sorting Department getting on?"

"Don't you know that come early and go late is the motto in the Post Office? It doesn't matter if your wife and children starve it is your own fault, if you get married and you must pay the penalty for it. That is modernity. This is what the world teaches us to-day."

"But, surely, you get more pay now," remarked Sakharan. "And, you can afford to marry. And, when you are married, send your wife to work. Well, she has an opening in the Post Office. She'll start on seventy, and you'll soon find that she gets more pay than you, and sits on your head."

"But, surely, my wife cannot work

in the Inland Parcel?" interrupted Janardan. "She'll soon shorten her life. Do you think she could pick up and sort heavy parcels? No, that won't do. We had better face ill-dressed wives and hungry children. Be he a Head Clerk or a Clerk, his fate in the Post Office always remains the same. When do you attend the office, Pandurang?"

"Well, now at six. But there were times, when we were compelled to attend at four in the mornings. I wish those, who recommend this sort of attendance, would try it themselves. They'll soon find the doctor's bill increasing, though they draw house-rents and all sorts of allowances, and can well afford to rent a house, somewhere in the vicinity of the Post Office. How much must such an attendance tell on the health of those, who, by reason of a mere pittance they are paid, are forced to live some miles away in the suburbs of Bombay, or Calcutta, and have to travel all the way by rail or foot to attend office in the early hours of morning, and that, sometimes, without even a cup of tea? This is how we shorten our life, and leave our children in a miserable condition."

"And I leave the office at ten at night and sometimes even later," spoke Janardan. "When do you think I take my food at night? And often, when I am very late, I do without it, and live on tea and bread."

"This is the story of the Post Office," remarked Sakharan. "I just heard you say that some in the Post Office are enjoying, and some bearing all the burnt, and some, drawing fat allowances. But the real work-men are the main sufferers. Look at the case of Head Clerks and the Sub-Postmasters in Bombay. It is worse than those of clerks. The clerks, at least, got something but the head clerks and the sub-Postmasters got nothing. And yet they are the Manager of all the departments and the sub-offices in Bombay. When the starting pay in the Post Office was only twenty-five rupees, the Head Clerks and the sub-Post-masters got 100/150 and 150/200 then. To-day, the starting pay is rupees sixty, and what do these pillars of the Post Office receive? 145/170, 175/225, and 250/350. It would in each case take one five years to reach the maximum, so that often the maximum is never reached. But is there no remedy to set matters right? Are there no means to ask the Director-General to allow no Extension of Service, after a service of thirty-five years? To prove to him how promotions are blocked by allowing extension of service? When are the men on a Time-Scale of pay to enter the Selection Grade? How are the vacancies to occur? I wonder the present-day Postmasters General never think of this. Well, these is only

one way to work out your salvation. Be members of the Union; encourage your journal. LABOUR, by subscribing to it; let your grievances be well ventilated, and the night will soon pass, and the day will dawn. Why have you not already felt the improvement in your pay and prospects? Some years back, you were started on rupees fifteen, and now you receive fifty or sixty rupees. Remember, your first duty is to please the public, to be loyal and true servants, to show the Government that you are worth your salt and then the Director-General will be in a position to voice your grievances. Remember, that the clouds you so much dread are always big with mercy, that the night is passing; and let us pray to Heaven for a pleasant morning."

A breathless silence succeeded.

"Yes," said Pandurang Gajanan, a minute later, "they know not what our sufferings are. Poverty is always very strange to the rich. But I must encourage the LABOUR. From the little I have I must give away something. I must tell my daughter to give something too. She is working at home, you know."

"Yes," was the unanimous opinion "Send our names to the Editor of the LABOUR. We must hasten out the terrible night, and await the coming dawn."

(3)

it was late that day, when Pandurang Gajanan returned home from morning duty, for Sakham had detained him, as he had some good news to disclose. His wife, Manorama, was wondering what had happened. A young man, Bhalushanker, who was very fond of his daughter, Vimala, had paid them a visit, but, unfortunately, he had gone away before his arrival home.

"Bhalushanker was here," said his wife, the moment he had crossed the threshold of the outer door. "He was talking to Vimala for a long time. He likes her. What do you think of him, dear?"

"He wants to marry her," announced the father. "That's what my friend Sakham, told me in the office to-day. The boy has education; he is a graduate, and is getting a good pay in the Audit Department, and, what is more his behaviour is good. He comes of good parents, and has no vices. What do you think?"

A brief interval intervened. It was a delicate matter, and required some consideration.

"What about the dowry, dear?" was his wife's first question. "We have no money; we haven't been able to save anything. On the contrary we are in debt."

"But Vimala must be married, whether we've dowry or not. She is

old enough now. She is a lucky girl. I cannot let this chance go. It may never return again."

"Exactly so," emphasized his wife. "My daughter must be married, and that, too, as early as possible. How can we wait now? She ought to have been married some years ago. But it's your poor circumstances that has kept us back. But has he asked for any dowry, my dear?"

"No," the interested father answered, a broad smile appearing on his lips the while. "He doesn't demand any dowry at all. God bless him: He knows my circumstances. But that doesn't mean to say that we mustn't do our duty. We shall give him our daughter, and we shall give him a dowry, too. Poor as we are—and it's the Post Office who pay their Gazetted Officers a princely salary, leaving nothing for the deserving men who are steeped in poverty, that has added to our misery—we shall not fail in our duty."

"But from where are you going to get the money, dear? How are you going to arrange that?"

"Why, there is the *Murvari*! We can borrow, and pay him as much interest as he demands."

"Then you can pledge my jewels, or sell them if you like. But don't go to the *Murvari*! That will ruin us all together."

He walked out of his room without another word, and had soon arrived at the residence of Sakham, whom he

had promised to meet, after consulting his wife.

"She agrees," he said, as he sat on the bench in his room, and began to converse. "It's settled. But I have no money. That is the greatest difficulty. I am, therefore, borrowing money from a *Marwadi* ! There is no help for it, I see."

He looked at Sakharan as a he spoke, waiting to hear what he had to say.

"Post Office fellows are always in pecuniary difficulties," he remarked. "But what shall I tell the young man about the dowry ? I cannot say that you are hard up ; I cannot tell him that you are borrowing money from a *Marwadi*. That would be disgraceful. You know, our social customs ; even the mill-hand give something to his daughter as a sort of dowry. What are you going to offer them Pandurang ?"

"I am borrowing two thousand rupees for daughter's marriage, you know. You can then see what I can actually offer. I wish some one came forward to lend me this amount."

Sakharan was silent for a few minutes. He saw that his friend, Pandurang, was about to fall into the clutches of *Marwadis*, and he thought that it was his duty to save him, if he could.

"Well, Pandurang," he suggested, "are there no other ways of getting money than by going to *Marwadis* ?

I don't like that idea at all. I think my uncle could lend you this money. I am almost sure he would."

"I am so much obliged to you, Sakharan, I am willing to pay him the interest."

"I don't think he'll want it. You can make the necessary preparations for your daughter's marriage. She is a good girl, I know. She will make him happy."

He left him soon after, and returned home to inform his wife that everything had been well arranged.

"Sakharan is so good," he added. "He has promised to get the money for me from his uncle, and that without any interest. I don't know how to thank him."

"So very kind of him," returned his wife. "God may give him much more," She turned to her daughter, Vimala, who had just then come up to her. "Bhalushanker is yours," she rejoined. "Don't you like him ?"

She blushed, and gazed into her mother's countenance.

Three months after, Vimala was married, his one anxiety had been removed, but what gave him the greatest pleasure was to think that she was very happy, for his son-in-law, who had less service than he received more pay in the Audit Department than he himself could ever expect in the Post Office.

Labour.

Russia's Better Life.

A striking comparison of conditions in Russia 1923 and now, is made by Mr. W. P. Coates, Secretary of the Anglo-Russian Parliamentary Committee, who accompanied the delegation of British Labour M. P.s which has just returned from Russia.

In 1923, writes Mr. Coates, I visited in the main the same towns and villages which my colleagues and myself have just recently seen, and, therefore I am in a position to make comparisons.

On our long journey from Leningard to the foot of Mount Ararat, I had ample opportunities of examining the conditions of the railways and discussing the question with many railway workers. The improvements since 1922 are very marked. The permanent way is in a much better condition, the rolling-stock, passenger and goods, is far cleaner and in a much better state of repair, the stations are in better condition, cleaner and and freshly painted, and although the trains are still irritatingly slow, improvements have also taken place in this respect.

The people themselves look infinitely better they are better fed better clothed (although here there is still much room for improvement, they bear far fewer traces of the civil war and blockade on their faces. their whole demeanour is much more buoyant.

"LIFE IS BETTER"

Two years ago, when I asked "How do you find life in Russia to-day?" I invariably received the answer, "Life is hard, but

improving;" On repeating the same question during my recent visit, I was invariably answered, "Life is much better and improving rapidly."

Food is much more plentiful. I saw evidences of this on every hand on the stations, in shops, in restaurants, and in the homes of the people generally.

One of the things which surprised me most was the quantity of white bread universally consumed: I have little doubt it is far greater than in pre-war years.

The shops, of all kinds, are incomparably better stocked than in 1923. On the several occasions in Moscow, with the object of collecting information, I went shopping with with a niece of mine (who had lived 22 out of the 24 years of her life in London).

On one occasion, when we were in a large well-stocked Co-operative shop, I asked her, 'Is it possible, in Moscow, to purchase all the edibles which you, with your London tastes, feel a desire for?' She replied, "Look round: is there a thing that one can't get?" As far as I could judge, there was not.

The same striking progress is noticeable in the schools: they are cleaner, is comparably better equipped, the children are better fed, and their bright, happy faces now show far fewer traces of the blockade and armed intervention. Almost everywhere we saw new schools in the course of erection. The teachers said that very few children voluntarily absent themselves from school.

POPULAR RED ARMY

All the towns which we visited wore a marked air of prosperity as compared with 1923: the streets, payments, and houses are much cleaner and in a far better state of repair, and one lighting is very much better. Two years ago Baku, at night, was anything but cheerful-looking; to-day it is one of the best-lighted towns that I have ever seen.

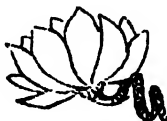
In 1923 garden cities were only being planned or just began; to-day, in all the industrial centres, their erection is proceeding apace.

One of the things which struck me most was the improvement in the Red Army: the

men are much better clothed, their physique and general bearing is much more soldiery, and from conversations with both officers and rank and file, I learned that service in the Red Army is exceedingly popular.

During our stay in Russia in 1925 recruits were "called up," and it is a remarkable fact that 98 per cent. immediately answered the call, and the remaining 2 per cent. were prevented by causes—sickness, etc.—over which they had no control.

In conclusion, I can state with absolute confidence that the soviet Government is infinitely more popular and much more firmly established than in 1923, "The Daily Herald"





The Brahmin Priest

By N. K. Venkateswaran, B. A., Trivandrum.

The Brahmin priest is a singular figure in the cities of South India, the sole surviving symbol of a bye-gone ideal. The great theocracy that once held this country in its exquisite embrace is dead. The latter day descendants of that theocracy have cut their connection with the glorious past and donned the monastic robes of the order of Mighty Dollar. But, alone and unaided the Brahmin priest bears the burden of a vanishing tradition and struggles to keep alive the "fire" whose embers are dying out.

The "apostate" Brahmins enamoured of the glamour of pelf and power at best gave him but grudging custom. His ministrations now-a-days do not sell and his office from which willing passengers are hooked to Elyseum is growing rusty and spiders have begun

to build their cobwebs alongside its holy coiling. The poor priest has, therefore to hawk about his spiritual wares and that is why you see him trudging along rheumatically with his ash-laden, reluctant limbs. Poor priest, he has a thin time of it.

But fortunately the money-making Brahmin, apostate, and absorbed in office-work, as he is, on occasion has an uneasy conscience about the possible horrors of a future hell and to "pour oil on the troubled waters" he commissions the priest to negotiate peace with the gods and feeds him and pays him with the miserly generosity of accumulating hands. Yet the hungry ambassador is mightily pleased with the job and chants his diplomacies to the high heavens with sanctimonious gravity.

Such occasions, however, of "services in requisition" come but once in a way and the high priest has to spend most of his time in kicking his heels at the deaf portals of his god-forgetting clientele who are buried in an unending exploration for hidden veins of gold. Poor priest, he doesn't know that his time is up and that he is an unwanted anachronism in this up-to-date earth.

I know "Suppayya", the wonderful child with a voracious memory. I used to chum up with him when I was a slim mite of a boy, It was many long winters ago. A strapping school boy from the far city was stopping in the village, the cynosure of the simple country-folk. One day in a fit of megalomania he gave us an exhibition of his intimacy with Dr. Johnson's thunderous circumlocutions. That

wonderous memory sucked up the outlandish oration and still can "fotch it up" to please a dear friend. "A circumlocutory and pleonastic cycle of oratorical sonority circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in verbal profundity."

To-day he is a blown priest in whose memory is gathered a whole harvest of Vedic hymns. He can repeat for days on end and yet the storehouse apparently remains filled to the brim. But he is innocent of Sanskrit as any unspotted child of Adam and his scholarship is untouched by the iconoclastic hands of knowledge. He is a wonderful granary but the pearly seeds are not demanded in the world's markets to-day. So he tells me that he must see the Maharaj one of these days and ask him "to give us back the old days".



Differences between Eastern and Western Civilizations*

By Masaharu Anezaki.

I have to speak to you about the points of difference and similarity between the East and West. It goes without saying that the East means, as it did in ancient times, chiefly Asia, and the West, Europe and later America. East and West are facing each other across the Pacific.

As for Europe and America, they are united by the same strain of civilization and culture, so there have been no difficulties about the Atlantic relations save some minor ones. Not so with regard to the relations between both sides of the Pacific. Here are found some deep-rooted differences, which, fortunately, however, have not yet led to any dangerous crises, and which I earnestly hope will never occasion fatal disruptions.

Unlike the Atlantic relations the relations across the Pacific are not based upon intellectual, economic, political and moral ideas flowing from one side only. In the Pacific the currents of culture and civilization start from both sides and run into each other. The Occidental and Oriental elements coming together necessarily occasion conflicts and difficulties though I do not consider these difficulties are beyond incapable of harmonious settlement.

In history different strains of culture have met and antagonisms and difficulties have arisen. For instance, the clash of the

Hebrew and Hellenic ideas are shown in the work of Paul and Peter. Then further down in history there was the invasion from the north of the Germanic tribes who came down and ravaged and pillaged the ancient civilization of the Mediterranean races. There is a feeling that the domination of one over the other is a necessary fact. This remains true to a certain degree, at present, but it does not mean that it will be so forever. Take France for example. The French are not a homogeneous people, and yet in spite of this they make up one nation unified in development and nationality. I personally feel that too much is made of nationalism. In history you see a repetition of different civilizations meeting and conflicting with one another. Out of such conflicts has come degeneration sometimes, but more often the result has been a happy union of cultures.

Now you are going to tackle this great program of the Pacific relations. You will take up subjects one by one and discuss them thoroughly. This is certainly true in a sense, but I wonder whether it is not a fundamental error of science to reduce everything to economic effect. We cannot live without bread, but "one cannot live by bread alone." Its distribution and consumption is a very important matter, especially in this century of industry and commerce. But more important is the question of our attitude towards

An address delivered to a public audience at Honolulu on June 29, 1925.

wealth. Wealth in itself is not necessarily an objectionable thing. It has a value undoubted. It is, however, our attitude whether as producer or consumer that is of importance. In the same way every factor in human life might be reduced to the commercial, intellectual, economic, or spiritual attitude of man towards life.

In the present time the West represents the progressive side of humanity. The Western peoples are active and aggressive. The chief banner of the West is progress. The word and the idea of progress is not so old as many people think. It began in the 18th century. Before that time your ancestors did not speak so much of progress. Many years ago people thought that the end of the world was approaching, whether towards a millenium or to a fatal end. Therefore progress was not regarded as the principal thing.

Now human life necessarily implies progress and progress means speed. Yes, speed, but where are you going?

The Orientals did not know how to make speed and were therefore stagnant. But we are now speed-making or aim at speed-making. Where are we going?

Real progress is a good thing. It supplies us with telephones, motor-cars, and finally bombs.

Do the Occidentals have some idea of where you are going? The Orientals do not know where we are going. I wonder whether the Europeans know where they are going, especially the Germans. Germany is in a state of depression. Some of her scholars cry that civilization is doomed. I do not mean to press the point but I just wish to state my opinion as to the value of progress when viewed apart from the moral and spiritual values of human life. Progress and

physical conveniences are in a sense treasures of human life. The United States Constitution tells us that attainment of happiness is a right of man. But happiness changes from time to time. It may be found in a hermit's cell or in a motor-car.

Coming back to the East our civilization has been stationary for ten centuries. This does not look very hopeful. Some people have lost hope. None of our people are entirely optimistic. That peculiar situation in the East, that is to say, in China, Japan and India, is one of the difficulties we are facing. It is a result of our civilization. We had a feudal system under which land was regarded as given by some one else. The peasant owning and cultivating a piece of land was supposed to derive his rights from the feudal lord, and he from the king, and the king derived and received his rights to rule from Heaven. Everything was given from above to those below. So in the family, the children had to obey the father or the chief of the family. The latter was not so much autocrat as that he represented family tradition. He was held responsible to his ancestors, and hence ancestor worship. This respectful observance towards superiors resulted in contentment with one's present condition. This was illustrated by marriage. In the Orient marriage is arranged by the parents or even the uncles and aunts of the persons to be married. In former times it often happened that they did not see each other until the wedding ceremony. This system brought about the trouble over the so-called "picture brides" of Japan. Sometimes the man did not even see his bride's picture. Everything is arranged by the parents and is accepted as a matter of course by the young people. Conditions have changed now due to the influx of Western ideas. But this attitude

of acceptance has permeated the life of the Orient up to the present. It has its counterpart in religious faith and ecstatic contemplation.

The early Christians, especially the mystics, understood religion as a matter of receptivity and peace. They interpreted the Way of the Cross in a negative manner. To them man was the instrument of God's will. He should give up every thing superficial to receive the real will of God. The modern Christian's motto is progress and activity, expressing itself in missions, Y. M. C. A.s, charitable works, swimming pools, etc. I refer to these activities not to criticize but in order to emphasize by contrast the medieval attitude and the modern Christian attitude. Christianity and Christian people are the bearers of progress, physical science, and industry. This difference between the Occidental and Oriental ideas of religion is the same difference as that in their civilizations. One is expressed in movement and the other in contemplation. The Occidentals find expression in progress and they take pleasure in making speed. The Orientals are changing many of their ways and adopting things from the West, but still their attitude toward life is one of contemplation. This is shown in Oriental fatalism. Every one of us has something of this. I do not know whether the Chinese strikers have this attitude, but when they return to their homes, when they go back to their families and especially when they go to the tombs of their

ancestors, they will look at life with the attitude of contemplation. This attitude of contemplation is best expressed in the Oriental term "Nirvana." They feel they are a part of the cosmic life and of nature.

Now the Orientals are forced to take a new attitude toward life. They must achieve progress. They must have factories, engines, locomotives, and battleships or they will be crushed. This new activity in the Orient is necessarily accompanied with confusion and troubles. This is especially true in China where they had to adopt new ideas very quickly after centuries of doing things the same way. But the Oriental has not entirely given up his attitude of serenity and contemplation.

If the meeting of these two civilizations means only conflict, then there is no hope of better relations between the East and West. The East will have to be crushed by Western material progress, especially, by the Nordic races which are dominating the world. Shall we be crushed or try something else and achieve progress without giving up our old attitude towards life?

I wonder whether Occidental progress is to rule or whether all aspects of life can be put on the basis of spiritual principles or ideals, which I presume is a way to go back to Christ. We should not be aspiring after motor-cars and aeroplanes only, but should aspire to a higher life, and make the present good count towards future.

"The Young East."



"The Sacred Plant"

By—SARAH CLARK STELLA



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NURJAHAN.

BY G. I. DEY, B. A.

CHAPTER I.

Meherun-Nessa

The History of the great Moguls in India, no where presents such a glaring spectacle of dissipated feebleness, as in the period intervening the just and benign regime of the great Akbar, the guardian of man kind, and the glorious and prosperous rule of his worthy grandson the celebrated Shah-Jehan. That period of depraved incapacity, just following in the wake of the unparalleled and lofty Government of "The greatest ruler of India", and so happily relieved by the splendid sway of the renowned imperial architect and consummate financier, rendered its insignificance invidiously conspicuous. Revolt and civil war, harem intrigues, the rule of woman and the influence of favourites, debauchery and drunkenness, were

the evils that appeared under the succession of Selim. The fate of India was then miserably dependent, on an ambitious and proud woman of fashion and beauty. In defiance of the sublime tenets of feminine virtues, she blushed not and scrupled not a whit, to clasp the unholy imperial hand, besmeared horridly with the gore of her brave and manly husband.

The welfare of India was then left to the tender mercies of an imperial toper and libertine, who inaugurated his rule by the diabolical murder of one of his most valiant and intrepid nobles, for the superb and dazzling beauty of his wife, the unholy flame of his unbridled passion. This far famed beauty's life was an anomaly of extreme adversity and

supreme prosperity. Her grandfather Khwaja Mahamed was a native of Teheren in Persia. Under the Government of the renowned king Tahmasp Safawi, he held the high civil office of a vazir. His son Ghiyas reduced to poverty and discarded by his family, for marrying a poor young woman, left his native country and emigrated to seek fortune in India, with his two sons and daughter and the said wife. Misfortune haunted him on his way in, all its harrowing aspects. At Kandahar his wife advanced in pregnancy, delivered of a beautiful girl, in about 984 H. or 1576 A. D. To such a pitch of misery and distress he was reduced, that unable to provide for the conveyance of the infant, or the necessary maintenance of the mother, the distressed and unfortunate parents were compelled to abandon the new born infant, the future Empress of India, at the foot of a tree on the road side. Parental feelings however soon induced them to return.

The father returning to the spot, where he had left his child, beheld to his utter astonishment, a huge black snake coiled around her body, and extending its dreadful jaws to devour her. A shriek of anguish burst from the father's breast. The snake, being alarmed, hastily uncoiling itself from the body of the infant, glided away to its retreat. At this moment they were joined by other travellers, who soon relieved them of all their wants. A principal merchant of the party, feeling com-

passion for the extremely distressed condition of the family, took them under his charge and brought them to Delhi. By his influence Gyas and his sons were introduced to Akber, and were placed in some sub-ordinate employments. They soon rose by the dint of their tact and ability to position of honour and trust.

The daughter, who had been born to Ghiyas in the desert, received, soon after his arrival at Lahore, the name of Meher-un-Neesa, or the Sun of women. She had some right to the appellation ; for in beauty she excelled all the ladies of the East. She was educated with the utmost care and attention. In music, dancing, poetry, and painting, she had no equal among her sex. Her disposition was volatile, her wit lively and satirical, her spirit jealous and uncontrolled. Selim, the prince royal, visited one day her father. When the public entertainment was over, when all, except the principal guests, were withdrawn, and wine was brought on the table, the ladies, according to custom, were introduced in their veils. The ambition of Meher-un-Nessa aspired to a conquest of the prince. She sung—he was in raptures ; she danced—he could hardly be restrained by the rules of decency, to his place. Her stature, her shape, her gait, had raised his ideas of her beauty to the highest pitch. When his eyes seemed to devour her, she, as by accident, dropped her veil ; and shone upon him, at once, with all her voluptuous

charms. The confusion, which she could well feign, on the occasion, heightened the beauty of her face. Her timid eyes by stealth fell upon the prince and kindled all his soul into love. He was silent for the remaining part of the evening. She endeavoured to confirm by her wit, the conquest which the charms of her person had made. Selim became completely enamoured of her. This hasty and indecent passion, the ambitious fair one, exerted all her powers to inflame. In the frenzy of his passion, Selim having found her once alone in a solitary nook of the palace, caught hold of her wrist to embrace her. His passion knew not what course to take. Meher-un-Nessa had been betrothed by her father, to Ali Cooly Shir Afgan, a Turkomanian nobleman of great renown. Nevertheless Selim's behaviour gave so much uneasiness to her mother, as to induce her to speak of it to the princess, whom she was visiting. Through her the case was laid before the emperor.

Few things exasperated the great Akbar more than the lawless amours to which the Moguls were prone. The just monarch remonstrated with his son. The wise Akbar sternly refused to commit a piece of injustice, though in favour of the heir of his throne, and forbade the contract to be infringed. The prince retired abashed. The prudent monarch recommended that Meher-un-Nessa should be soon married, and removed from the prince's sight. She was bestow-

ed on Shir Afgan Khan. His original name was Asta Jillo. His bodily vigour was so great, that he had killed a lion single handed, for which he was dignified with the title of Shir Afgan, or the slayer of the lion. Under the latter name he became famous in India. In the wars of Akber, he had served with great reputation. He had distinguished himself in a particular manner under the Khan Khanan at the taking of Sind, by exhibiting prodigies of personal strength and valour. Upon every occasion where danger was imminent, he was foremost to encounter it. He had a high sense of honour, his honesty was unimpeached. Preferments had been heaped upon him; and he was highly esteemed at Court during the life of Akber, who loved in others, that daring intrepidity, for which he himself was renowned. The wise and just monarch conferred on him the Jagir of Burdwan and the hands of the beautiful Mehar-un-Nessa; and sent him away to Bengal with his bride with distinction. There he passed his days in peace and happiness and had a daughter by Meher-un-Nessa named Lady Begum. In Burdwan he was liked and esteemed by all. His strength was prodigious, and his bravery equal to his strength, his integrity was unimpeached, his reputation high, and he was alike feared and respected by all classes. Here he lived undisturbed until the death of Akbar.

CHAPTER II.

Akber and Jehangir.

The last days of the great monarch were sorely embittered by the conduct of his only remaining son Selim. The Emperor, indeed, was not happy in his sons. They were notorious drunkards; his two oldest twins, had died in infancy; the third erroneously styled the first, was Prince Selim. Drunkenness was the curse of the family. His fourth and fifth sons Morad and Danyal died of excessive drinking. These sad mishaps were a severe blow to Akbar, in the fag-end of his life. It was not at all cheered up, by the actions of his only surviving son and successor Selim. His disputes with his eldest son Prince Khasru became the scandal of the Court. This so grieved and oppressed his proud and amiable Rajput wife, the Princess of Ambar, that she committed suicide in 1604 A. D., to the profound grief and sorrow of the aged Emperor. Selim had from his earliest youth caused him the greatest anxiety. Nor has the anxiety been lessened, as the boy approached manhood. Selim had neither self-respect nor any sense of shame. He was utterly regardless of word, and was naturally cruel. He appeared incapable of placing the smallest strength on his passions. The depraved and sensual Prince seduced Anarkali, one of the girls of his much res-

pected father's harem, which did cost the unfortunate girl her life.

Selim, was in most respects, the very opposite of his father. He was an inveterate drunkard, rebel, and murderer. Towards the close of the reign, he set an example, which became a pernicious rule of the Mugul Dynasty, that of trying to establish himself in the life time of his father, whose dearest friend Abulfazal, he had caused to be assassinated. Nothing could exceed the exemplary patience and forbearance, with which Akber treated his unworthy son. In extreme anguish the grieved monarch remarked, that if Salim wished to be Emperor, he might have killed him (Akber) and spared Abul Fazal.

The influence acquired by Akber was never more apparent than at this conjuncture. It needed but one expression of resentment against, his ungrateful and undutiful son, to secure his exclusion. His expressions in his favour, on the other hand, had the effect of inducing the most powerful nobles, to resolve to carry out his wishes, the halfhearted and wavering to join with them. Not even the highest nobleman in the army, Aziz the Khan-i Azim the father in-law of Prince Khasru, who had already combined with Raja Man Singh the pillar of the

empire, to support Khasru, could resist the influence. He sent privately to Prince Selim to assure him of his support. Man Singh, the most influential of all, at that particular crisis, seeing that he was isolated, yielded to the overtures made by him by Selim, and promised also to uphold him. Secure now of the succession, Prince Selim repaired to the palace, where he was affectionately received by the dying Akber.

In the presence of the assembled chiefs and nobles deeply affected, the dying monarch proclaimed Selim his successor. Then commending to his care the ladies of the palace, and urging him to be kind and considerate to his old friends and associates, who had been the life-long sharers of his toils, and proud companions of his glory, he looked at each of them in succession, and begged them if he had wronged any one of them ; then bowing his head he died on the 13th. of October 1605 A. D.

Thus after a prosperous and glorious reign of nearly sixty years, closed the ever memorable life of the real illustrious founder of the Mogul Empire, amid the general lamentations of his subjects, who loved him as their father, admired him as their leader, and revered him as their ruler. It caused the sincere regret of the whole nation, who in mourning the decease of their dear and beloved Emperor deplored the loss of the greatest and

the wisest of the Indian Rulers. In his lofty principles, wise reforms, and brilliant administration based on the sheer recognition of merit and merit only, without any distinction of race and creed, he was without a parallel, in the role of the veteran rulers of India. Hence India was immensely proud of producing such great men though Hindoos, as Man Singh the greatest commander, and Todar Mall the greatest financial statesman, of the Empire. "There never has flourished in India, a more generous encourager of the real thing. In this respect the present rulers of India might profit by his example. When we reflect what he did, the age in which he did it, the method he introduced to accomplish it, we are bound to recognise in Akber, one of those illustrious men whom Providence sends, in the hour of a nation's trouble, to reconduct it into those paths of peace and toleration, which alone can assure the happiness of millions. To this day there is no sovereign so renowned in India as Akber. To this day he is the ideal Sovereign in India". He was the greatest monarch that India perhaps Asia ever had.

Such noble recognitions of the memory of the grand Akber, by the lovers of real merit in the departed great, will ever form the brilliant chapter in the annals of the hero and hero worship. Justly remarked Colonel Sleeman while he viewed Sekendra

the splendid yet solemn mausoleum of the great monarch, "considering all the circumstances of the time and place, Akber has always appeared to me among sovereigns, as Shakespeare was among poets, and, feeling as a citizen of the world, I revered the marble slate that covers his bones, more perhaps than I should that one of any other sovereign with whose history I am acquainted". Prince Fredrick Augustine of Schelswig Holstein, Count Von, Noer corroborating the same sentiments when he visited the said tomb, added :—"I too could say that no other burial place had so moved me as this of Akber, to me it was all like a dream, but on my return to Agra, I formed the resolution to hold in remembrance Akber and the age of Akber." The humble writer of this article too, cried a man to such sentiments, while years before he knelt down in mute admiration and deep reverence before the solemn marble slab, which covered the mighty remains of that August monarch. For in his meek estimation, none better followed than Akber, the sublime tenets of the supreme Sree Krishna for the benefit of the people, *viz.*, the universal equality and general welfare of mankind, and the recognition of its merits without any distinction. Akber remarks the author of Dabistan, paid no regard to hereditary power or pedigree, but favoured those whom he found to excel in knowledge and in conduct.

His great idea was the union of all India. His code was the grandest of the codes for a ruler. "There is good in every creed ; let us adopt what is good and discard the remainder." There was good in all men. Hence his great forbearance, his unwillingness to punish so long as there was hope of reform, hence his love of pardoning.

On the demise of his illustrious father, Selim ascended the throne, assuming the title of Jehangir, the conquerer of the world. In order to establish himself firmly in the throne, Jehangir tried his best, to secure the powerful support of that capable man and great factor of the Empire, Man Singh, by flattering overtures. Man Singh promised to support him. Man Singh, nephew and successor of Bhagwandas, was the most brilliant character of Akbar's Court. As the emperor's lieutenant, he was entrusted with the most arduous duties, and added conquests to the empire from Khoten to the ocean. Orissia was subjugated by him, Assam humbled and made tributary, and Cabul maintained in her allegiance. He held in succession the governments of Bengal and Behar, the Dekkan and Cabul. The Raja, from the antiquity of his family, and his own address, commanded all the Hindu interests in the empire. He had, at that very time, twenty thousand of his native subjects, of the Rajpoot tribe, in and near the

environs of the capital, prepared to execute his orders.

Without the help of his great maternal uncle, Khushru's rebellion was hopeless, and it was most severely and ruthlessly crushed. Jehangir ordered 700 of the prisoners to be impaled in a line leading from the gate of Lahore; and he expatiates, in his Memoirs, on the long duration of their frightful agonies. To complete his barbarity, he made his son Khushru to be carried along the line on an elephant, while a mace-bearer called out to him, with mock solemnity, to receive the salutations of his servants. The unhappy Khushru passed three days, in tears and groans, without tasting food; and remained for long after a prey to the deepest melancholy. Raja Man was too wise to identify himself with the rebellion, though he stimulated his nephew; and he was too powerful to be openly punished, being at the head of twenty thousand Rajputs.

The emperor, Jehangir, shortly forgave his son, and deemed it prudent policy to overlook the conduct of the Raja: but in order to remove the latter to a distance from the scene of intrigue, he again appointed him to the Government of Bengal, with orders to proceed thither immediately, and keep in check the rebellious spirit of the Afghans. There was no one in the empire but the mighty Man Singh, who could coerce the turbulent Afghans and warlike chiefs and the people of

Bengal. His first vice royalty of Bengal was marked with consummate skill and firmness, tempered with justice. His departure however served as a signal to raise the dormant spirit of the Afghans. Therefore Jehangir had much need of the important services of that veteran warrior, to quell the formidable insurrection in Bengal. In five months the heroic Rajput executed his arduous task vigorously and satisfactorily. The Afghans and the people yielded without a murmur, to his firm yet just and humane government.

Thus freed from danger outside and inside, when Jehangir felt himself firmly established on his throne, he found that he could dispense with the great service of Raja Man Singh. He recalled him suddenly from Bengal, within eight months of his appointment, and appointed his own foster brother Kutub-uddin to the government of the three provinces of Bengal, Behar and Orissia in the year 1606 A. D. This sudden removal of an able and experienced officer, from the government of three rich and extensive provinces, is attributed to the shameless passion of Jehangir for the fair Meher-un-Nessa then the wife of another person. He did not dare to execute his dastardly project during the vice-royalty of a veteran warrior like Man Singh. Man Singh was allowed to return to his paternal estates, where for some years he enjoyed a life of ease.

CHAPTER III.

The murder of Shir Afggan.

When Selim ascend the throne in 1605 A. D., justice and shame were a slight protection to the man, whose life was a bar to the enjoyments of the King. His passion for Meherun Nessa, which he had repressed so long from a respect and fear of his august father and his own troubles, returned with re-doubled violence. He was now absolute; no subject could thwart his will and pleasure. He recalled Shir Afgan from his retreat. He was afraid however, to go so much against the current of the public opinion, as to deprive by force that amir of his wife.

The cruel and licentious monarch however was resolved to remove his heroic rival, to get the unhallowed object of his passion, by means at once ingenious and disgraceful. Jehangir all on a sudden summoned Shir Afgan to his presence at Delhi. He received him graciously, and conferred new honours upon him. Shir Afgan naturally open and generous, suspected not the emperor's intentions. He was however most cruelly deceived. In a hunting party, when a big ferocious tiger was brought to bay, Jehangir called aloud to his nobles, among whom Shir Afgan was conspicuous, "who among you will advance singly, and attack this tiger?" It was simply preposterous and monstrous. The brave and intrepid

Sher Afgan at once boldly stepped forward and declared, "to attack an animal with weapons is both unmanly and unfair. God has given to man limbs and sinews, as well as to tigers; he has added reasons to the former, to conduct his strength." The other omrahs objected in vain, "that all men were inferior to the tiger in strength, and that he could be overcome only with steel." "I will convince you of your mistakes," Shir Afgan replied; and, throwing down his sword and shield, prepared to advance unarmed.

Though the emperor was, in secret, pleased with a proposal full of danger to Shir, he made a show of dissuading him from the enterprise. Shir was determined. The monarch with feigned reluctance yielded. Men knew not whether they ought most to admire the courage of the man, or to exclaim against the folly of the deed. Astonishment was painted in every face; every tongue was silent. However after a desperate conflict, and mangled with terrific wounds he laid at last the monarch of the forest dead at his feet. The fame of this extraordinary exploit resounded through the empire. The designs of the emperor having thus failed, other means were soon contrived to assassinate the unfortunate Shir.

He had scarcely recovered from his



The blessings of a family

wounds, when a snare was prepared for him. Jehangir had meanly condescended to give private orders to the rider of one of his largest elephants, to waylay his rival, in one of the narrow streets, and there to tread him to death. As accidents of that kind some times happen, the thing might have passed without suspicion. Shir was carried in his palanky, seeing the elephant in his way, he gave orders to the bearers to return back. The elephant furiously came forward; they throw the palanky with their master in the street, and fled to save their lives. Shir saw his danger. He had just time to rise. He drew a short sword, which always hung by his side. With his weapon he struck the elephant across the root of the trunk, which he cut off with one blow. The animal roared, turned from him, fell down and expired. The emperor was looking out of a window; he retired with amazement and shame. Shir continued his way to the palace. Without any suspicion of treachery, he related the particulars to Jehangir. The latter disguised his sentiments, but relinquished not his base designs. He praised the strength and valour of Shir, who retired satisfied and unsuspecting, from his presence.

All these repeated attempts to assassinate him being foiled, the doomed hero returned to Bengal, crowned with glory and fame. There too, the murderous machinations of the vile

emperor soon followed him. In defiance of all codes of decency and morals, the imperial voluptuary charged his foster brother Kutubuddin the viceroy of Bengal, to procure for him anyhow, the object of his unrighteous passion. It was most meanly conjectured by the imprudent imperial libertine and his worthy viceroys, that all opposition from the worthy and manly husband would be prevented by influence and promises. Shir Afgun however had a higher sense of honour, and no sooner suspected the designs that were entertained, than he resigned his command. He left off wearing arms as a sign that he was no longer in the king's service. Kutubuddin then concocted his nefarious plans to attain the horrid and detestable end. Forty ruffians were hired to attack and murder Shir. One night they entering the bed-room of Shir while he was asleep, they prepared to plunge their daggers into his body. At that time, an old accomplice, being touched with remorse, cried out with a loud voice, "Hold! have we not the emperor's orders? "Let us behave like men. Shall forty fall upon one—and that one asleep?" "Boldly spoken" said Shir starting that instant from his bed. Seizing his sword, he placed himself in a corner of the room: there he was attacked by the assassins. In a few minutes, many of the villains lay, weltering in their blood, at his feet. Scarce one-half escaped without a wound. The

old man who had given warning did not attempt to fly. Shir took him by the hand, praised, and thanked him for his behaviour. And having inquired about those who hired the presents, to relate the particulars abroad. The fame of this gallant exploit resounded through the whole emire.

Soon afterwards Kutabuddin the Viceroy on a pretence to visit Burdwan, invited the attendance of Shir Afgan to his Court. Shir expecting no treachery went forth only with two attendants, to receive the viceroy and his large retinue. The viceroy however forbade Shir's men to come near, and soon engaged with him in conversation. Shir Afgan was insulted by the proposals and enraged at the threats of the Viceroy. On this the cowardly Viceroy gave a signal to his followers to cut down Shir. The fury and rage of that undaunted chief now shone resplendent and sublime in his last moments. Slaying single handed six of the viceregal officers, he spurred up his horse manfully to the elephant on which the treacherous viceroy was seated. His mighty arm uplifted the shining blade, and clove into two the unworthy Kutubuddin, smashing or breaking down in a moment his Howda. Then the lion hearted Shir most intrepidly turning round against the numerous attendants of the Viceroy, challenged them to single combat ; this manly invitation of the doomed hero, his cowardly assailants were ill prepared to

accept. The first that fell by his hands was Aba Khan, a native of Cashmere, who was an amir of five thousand horse. Four other nobles shared the same fate ; A death attended every blow from his puissant hand. The remaining Chiefs were at once astonished and frightened ; they fled to a distance and formed a circle around him. Some began to gall him with arrows, others to fire with their muskets. His horse at length, being shot with a ball in the forehead, fell under him. The unfortunate Shir, reduced to the extremity, began to upbraid them with cowardice. He invited them severally to single combat ; but he begged in vain. He had already received some wounds, he plainly saw his approaching fate. Turning his face towards Mecca, he took up some dust with his hand ; and for want of water, threw it, by way of ablution, upon his head. He then stood up, seemingly unconcerned. Six balls entered his body in different places before he fell. His enemies had scarcely courage to come near, till they saw him in the last agonies of death. They praised his valour to the skies, but in adding to his reputation, they took away from their own.

Thus perished in 1607 A. D. a truly noble and brave chieftain, a martyr to the cause of honour and dignity, against the licentious despotism of an irresponsible and reckless ruler ; and for a wife the most unprincipled and entirely unworthy of him. This

horrid deed perpetrated, the officer who succeeded Kutubuddin, soon hastened to the house of Shir for the beautiful prize of blood. Even that officer was afraid, that Meherun Nessa might make away with herself, as many a lady of honour and virtue would have assuredly done on such an occasion. Nothing however of that sort happened. The unworthy widow did not at all deplore, or grieve her lot. Like a chaste herone she did not clasp the steel, to avenge her mighty lord, on his cowardly and wick-

ed murderer. She rather seemed to welcome her lot. Most shamelessly she ventilated the monstrous falsehood, that her husband had conjured her to yield without hesitation, to the desires of of Jehangir. This subterfuge was as petiable as shameless. To the horror and shame of womankind, this unrighteous woman was unwilling to adopt the manners of her country upon such tragical occasions, the sacred and holy widow's weed.

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Ghosts we have seen.

My Mother's After Death Return

(By Dame Nellie Melba)

When I was still young, my mother died. Although she had been ill for years, death had hitherto been a mere name for me, and it seemed to add a whole host of new problems, hitherto unguessed, to my existence. Just before she died she summoned the family into the room, and there was some message for each of us. For me it was, "Always be a mother to little Vere." Vere was my sister, four years old.

I carried out my mother's dying wish, and Vere's cot was removed into my room. And then, three months afterwards, Vere was suddenly seized with an illness. I and the nurse put her to bed and did all we could for her. As it was too late to send for the doctor, I thought I would go to bed too, trusting that she would be better in the morning.

I went to bed early, put fresh wood on the fire, and lay back in bed dozing under the flickering shadows on the ceiling. Suddenly I saw that there was a third person in the room, and peering into half-light I saw that the third person was my mother, dressed in the simple black dress in which I had last seen her on earth. Speechless, I watched her walk very slowly across the room to my sister's bed, raise her hand, point to the figure in the bed, make a strange sweeping motion with her arms, and disappear.

With a quick-beating heart I ran to my sister's bed. She was sleeping peacefully, and seemed better.

In the morning I mentioned the incident to my father before he went out, wondering if it would make him feel that the illness was more serious than we thought, and if we ought to send for the doctor at once.

"Tut, tut, girl....." he said, in his broad Scottish burr. "Get those foolish notions out of your head." As for sending for the doctor he decided to wait till he returned in the evening.

In the evening it was too late. My sister died at four o'clock.

These are the facts, bare and unadorned as I give them in my book of reminiscences "Melodies and Memories," published recently by Thornton Butterworth, Ltd. (21s.) I do not seek to explain them.

A Birthday Spectre

(By the Hon. Mrs. Claude Yorke)

Soon after I retired to bed in a certain picturesque old house in a well-known hunting centre I woke up with a start. My dog, who was standing in the middle of the roof was rigid and bristling, his teeth bared.

Slowly the handle of the bedroom door was turning. I called out, "What do you want?" But the handle continued to turn. Then a form white radiance came from outside. I ran to the door. There was nothing outside.

Our housekeeper, a prosaic old soul, retired early one night and locked the door. At one

o'clock she awoke, the room being full of bright light which "shone like a new florin," as she told us. She saw a figure materialize slowly—a shining figure in white, the face of which was scared with pain. After the housekeeper cried out three times the figure finally vanished.

Some months later, in London library I read that a strange spirit was supposed to haunt an ancient monastery which used to stand near the house in question. Also, in an out-of-date guide book, I discovered that the "White Lady" appeared only to those born in May or December. I wrote to the housekeeper out of curiosity, to find out her birthday. Sure enough, it was May 17th.

Biding through a Ghost

(By Cicely Hamilton the Playwright)

Acting as Secretary to a hospital in France, I slept in a room in which supernatural phenomena were of frequent occurrence. The door knob had an uncanny knack of turning on its own account, the door rattled mysteriously, and even when I kept the door open the ghost was not to be thwarted. It then indulged in a persistent tapping on the walls.

One afternoon I bicycled to the village about two miles away. Returning home in the dusk, I saw a woman on the side of the road, walking along quickly. Hatless and dressed in something black, I took her for one of the village women.

She dashed across the road just as I passed, and I shouted, prepared for a collision and a tumble. But I ran right through that woman, as if she was made of air. A few yards on I dismounted and looked back. Nobody was there, and it dawned upon me that what I had seen was nothing human. Whether there was any connection between

the two I know not, but after this uncanny experience the disturbances in my room ceased.

"That was my Father"

(By Pola Negri (the Film Actress))

Before I left Paris for home I was entertained at the house of some people who are much interested in spiritualism. During the evening a discussion arose between a young woman who did not believe in materialization and one of our hosts, and a seance was suggested.

"Whom would you like to see?" was asked of the young woman when conditions were right for the seance, and we were all sitting in a circle in the dim roof.

"Oh—anybody dead?" she laughed.

Presently a light appeared in which a face was vaguely outlined. It meant nothing to me, but the young woman screamed and fainted. The lights were snapped on at once.

"That was my father," she moaned; "and he isn't dead!"

While her car was being called, the telephone-bell rang. The young woman was requested to come home at once—her father had died half an hour before!

The Haunted Tree

(By Winifred Graham (the Novelist).)

I think the most striking psychic event in my family occurred many years ago to my father and mother. One moonlit night they were seated in a punt against our river lawn.

Suddenly my father cried, "Do you see anything on the lawn?"

My mother replied, "Yes a man hanging from the maglonia tree."

They both sprang up and rushed to the spot, to find nothing, and attributed the strange effect to moonlight.

About a week after they were at a ball, and my father danced with a lady who said, "I hear you have bought Nell Gwyn's old house on the river, where a man was found hanging from a maglonia tree."

Very startled, he asked for particulars, and was told that a foot man who had got into trouble had committed suicide on that spot.

It may interest readers to know that I have received a daily message by automatic writing through my hand ever since my father died in 1922.

Dan Leno's Shade

(By Stanley Lupine (Comedian))

I saw Dan Leno's ghost twice—in Drury Lane Theatre. Do not misunderstand me. I do not believe that the minute human brain can drag out of the hereafter any given spirit among the millions of millions of spirits who have passed over in the centuries of universal existence. I have had experiences, however, that have convinced me that those in the hereafter can, and do visit us.

The spirit of Dan Leno visited me first in 1917. I never met Leno in the flesh. I was a child when he was alive, and, besides, I was too poor to go to the theatre but when I became a comedian I conceived an intense admiration for him. I have the last letter he ever wrote I have the jug with his portrait and signature. I have a rose bowl presented to him by the London Pavilion directors.

In 1917 I was playing his part, the Widow Twankey, and using his dressing room. One night the weather was so bad that I decided to sleep in the theatre. I curled up on the couch, the one he had used, and then fell asleep. I woke suddenly, and was conscious of a form flitting through the room.

I went out and questioned the night watchman, but he had seen no one and heard nothing. I went back to my couch, but shortly afterwards I saw clearly the face of Dan Leno. I fled from the theatre and spent the rest of the night in an hotel.

I was much chaffed about the adventure of course. When precisely the same thing happened again the next year I did not mention it to a soul. I never have done so until to-day.

My explanation of the vision is that the spirit of Dan Leno knowing with the all-embracing knowledge of the hereafter that a young and struggling comedian was trying his utmost to bring laughter and light-heartedness into the lives of thousands as he had done, came to give me some message perhaps of encouragement. I was not then unhappily, in a mood to receive it.

Ghostly Hands.

(By Sir Alfred Robbins (Journalist and Author).)

In my native town of Launceston in Cornwall, a ne'er-do-well once lived who had many reckless adventures. One day he told his associates that on the previous night he was crossing Yealm Bridge, which spans a stream between Devon and Cornwall and discovered himself between Satan and his hounds, who were engaged hunting. The demon threatened him that, if even he crossed the bridge again at night and interfered with the hunt, he would be struck dead.

The story was laughed at as a drunken phantasy, the man himself for years made long detours to avoid crossing Yealm Bridge after dark.

Seeing a carriage returning empty to Launceston one night he asked the driver to give him a lift on the step. Assent was given, but on arrival at the stable the driver found the man had gone. The daughter of a neighbouring farmer who crossed the bridge into that night stumbled over a body lying across the road. It was the ne'er-do-well, dead.

At the inquest no evidence of external violence was produced, and no natural cause assigned; and the foreman of the jury, who was my father, pointed out that if this were a case of visitation from beyond, that visitation must have come not from the Almighty but from the devil; and they agreed on causes unknown.

In my boyhood I was acquainted with the two principal witnesses—the driver of the carriage and the girl who found the corpse; and of their good faith none ever entertained doubt.

Train Collision

Before and After—A contrast.



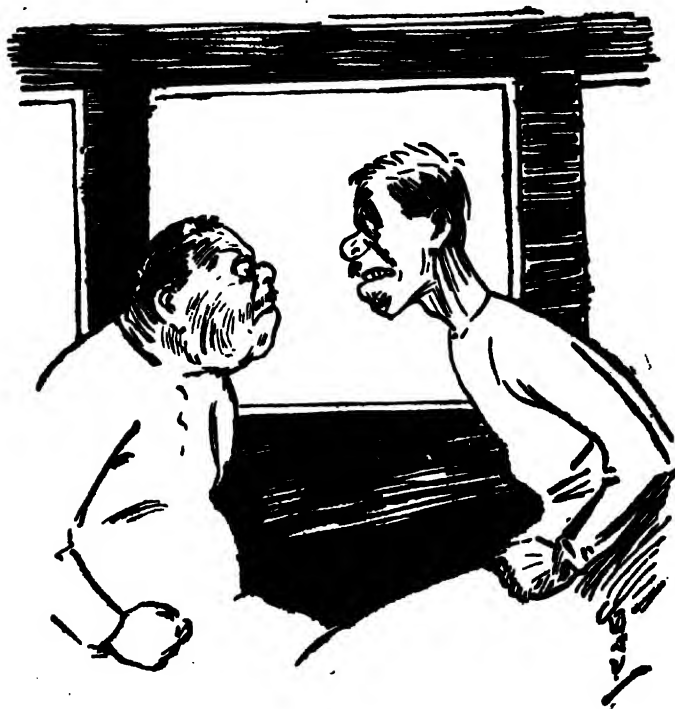
1. "No room here, please".
"How is that?—Plenty of space—there—"
"No—No—I say—no".
"All—right...See the fun."



2. "Now—I think there will be now room enough."



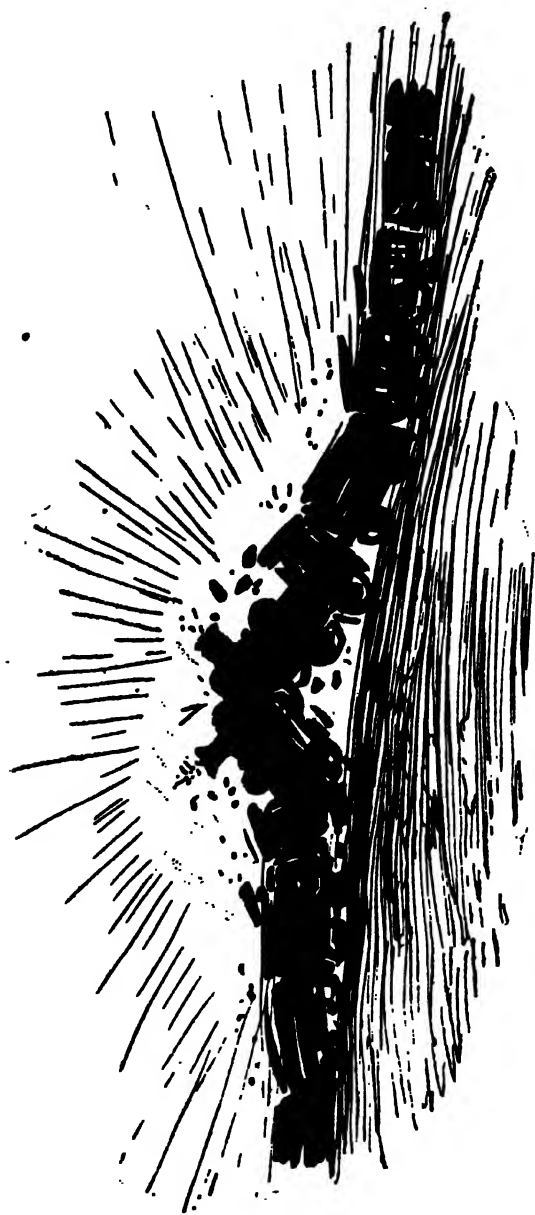
3. "Be Careful".
"I say, you be better careful."



3. "You Devil."
"You Brute."



5. From words to action.



6. G...h...n...ug...the mishay.



7. The memorable embrace.
"My brother."
"Yes, brother."

G. B. Shaw Assails Medical Council

George Benard Shaw makes in a letter to the London Times an attack on the General Medical Council, the body which in England controls the practice of medicine, and asks that the practitioners upon it be replaced by representatives of the general public or disinterested hygienic science.

He tells how he himself was cured of a displacement of the bones by an American doctor of osteopathy, and uses the case of Dr. Axham as the text of his appeal. Dr. Axham was a regularly qualified English doctor who went to investigate the wonderful cures attributed to Herbert Barker, then known as a "bone setter." He found the cures were not exaggerated, but noted that patients suffered terrible agonies under the treatment, since Barker, as an unqualified man, was unable to use anaesthetics.

Though realizing he would incur the anger of the General Medical Council, Dr. Axham thought it his duty to offer his services as anaesthetist. The result was that, as he was acting as an assistant to an unqualified practitioner, the General Medical Council found him guilty of "infamous conduct" and deprived him of the right to practice medicine.

Herbert Barker, for the cures he effected among war wounded soldiers, received the honour of knighthood and obtained practical, if irregular, recognition of his skill; while Dr. Axham, now very old man being deprived of his means of livelihood, has been in considerable financial straits.

Mr. Shaw writes :

"The difficulty about Dr. Axham does not seem to be understood. Dr. Axham did his great duty as a member of a professional devoted to the relief of human suffering by every means within the competence of a physician and to the encouragement and aid of every extension of those means. The public has benefited by his action and owes him its protection, yet it has allowed him to be stigmatized for his services as guilty of infamous professional conduct and struck off the register.

"This striking off will not hurt him now-a-days when unregistered practitioners are at a heavy premium because they have mastered modern techniques of which registration guarantees ignorance, but at 87 he is past practicing and the stigmatism is deeply felt and justly resented by him.

Meanwhile Sir Herbert Barker, whom he was one of the first to recognize as a great manipulative surgeon, has been knighted in public recognition of his eminence at the instance of four famous surgeons who petitioned the Prime Minister on the subject. The General Medical Council holds they were guilty of infamous professional conduct in which they were abetted by the King, but it does not act on its view because the King and his advisors are not so helpless as Axham was.

"Only by continuing the victimization of Axham can it make its opinion quite clear and intimidate every registered practitioner who would like to follow his admirable example.

"Obviously it is useless to appeal to the General Medical Council, but what about the really responsible bodies who are supposed to represent the nation in the matter—the Privy Council and universities and Government?"

"It is they who in gross neglect of their duty in spite of the plain provisions in the act for public and scientific representation have thrown control of the professions, including powers which no political ruler in civilised world now enjoys and would dream of claiming, into the hands of practising doctors, with the inevitable result that the Council has become a trade union of the worst type—namely, a type in which entry to the trade and the right to remain in it are at the mercy of the union."

"Not only is the type the worst but in this particular interest it is at the crude stage of pre-occupation with professional earnings and sullen defiance of public opinion, which produced the Manchester and Sheffield outrages in the working class."

Mr. Shaw points out that the General Medical Council is, however, not a trade union "de jure" and is a constitutional authority with the first duty of securing for the public the advantages of the latest developments in medicine and surgery.

"It has," he continues, "become in effect a trade union solely through the carelessness or superstition of the controlling bodies representing us poor laymen, who are so vitally interested, as patients, as well as disinterested science."

"It seems hopeless, however, to make people understand this. My own efforts to call attention to it result only in what I must call editorial imbecilities to the effect that I am down on doctors' and that every quack would have to be registered if Sir Herbert Barker were registered, which is about as sensible as saying that because Bial was made a Doctor of music without doing curricular exercises in

counterpoint, the universities are logically bound to confer degrees on all our street piano men."

"As a matter of fact few persons can have had more better doctor friends than I. Indeed that is why my utterances have been so well informed. But they may not speak for themselves, whereas, I, being free, open my mouth without being ruined or stigmatized as infamous, and can act occasionally as the mouth-piece of the gagged profession."

"Leaving that aside, I have my own interests and grievances as a citizen. My wife suffered from laming traumatic dislocation for eight years. Thanks to the obsolete training maintained by the General Medical Council registered surgeons were unable to correct it. They did not pretend to. Their final verdict was 'You must go to Barker.' But the General Medical Council said, 'If you go to that black-leg you shall howl for it as we will ruin any man, who dares administer an anaesthetic.' And in fact the operation, which was completely successful, was performed without anaesthetic, though I hasten to add that this was the effect of my wife's curiosity rather than of any serious difficulty in circumventing the trade union."

"Later on in an accident I displaced one of my own bones rather badly and again, though nothing could exceed the kindness of the registered medical gentlemen on the spot, they were unable to replete it for want of perfectly well known technique which every qualified surgeon should have at his finger's ends. It took me ten days to get to Birmingham, where an American doctor of osteopathy, also classed as a blackleg by the General Medical Council, set me right after seventy-five minutes of skilled manipulation."

"Had the process been an unbearably painful one, which it fortunately was not, any

anasthetist saving me pain would have done so under penalty of being rattened (as the terms went in Sheffield) to the extent of being deprived of his livelihood.

"No wonder I am overwhelmed with requests from medical societies in all the medical schools of London to lecture to them on the situation. But I have nothing more to say than I have already said often clearly enough and I simply dare not use the language that the ablest leaders of the profession pour out on it.

"All I assert is that 'if the constitutional

authorities will only do their duty by getting rid of practitioners from the General Medical Council (save as assessors in case of need), and replace them with representatives of the public and disinterested hygienic science, Axham will be reinstated almost automatically and the conquest of Harley Street by the unregistered, now in active progress may be checked. For there is really nothing unregistered practitioners do that cannot be done by registered ones if only they are apprenticed to the techniques of to-day instead of to those of centuries ago."

"New York Times."

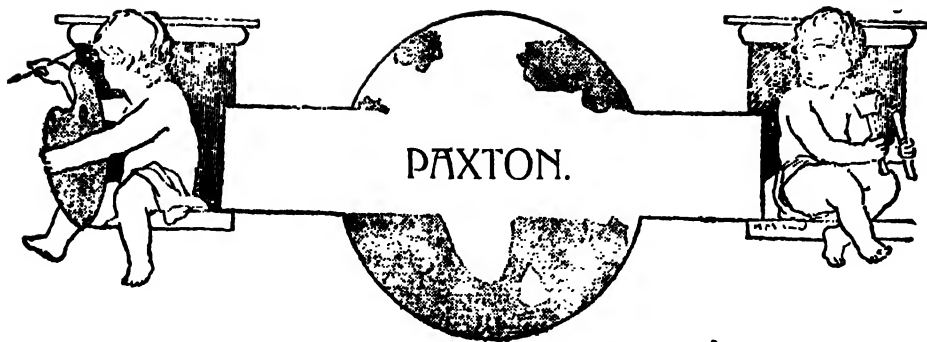




A Decorative Plate.

By—Satish Chandra Sinha.

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By Dr Naresh Chandra Sen Gupta, M. A. D. L.

They were at the Gynnasium. Tiny was whirling away on a pair of skates. Staunton was not much used to that form of exercise. In his younger days he had done a bit of skating and on the strength of that he had ventured to mount a pair of those wheeled devils in the hope of keeping company with Tiny. But these treacherous idiots gave way under him and he fell with a thud on the hard ice as soon as he was on it. He tried to smile away Tiny's concern, with only partial success. He rose and tried again. But he gave up when he looked in front of him and saw what skating in Paxton was like. The skaters were going round and cutting fancy figures in a whirl beside which skating at home seemed like a snails walk. These people went at such a tremendous rate. Besides, there was nothing of the irregular moving crowd which you see on a

Rink in England. Every individual in the company filled a definite place in a complete artistic scheme. Instead of each skater going his own way, each timed and regulated his movements with those of the rest so that complicated as the movements were, the whole thing was one organised movement harmonious like the notes of a melody. Staunton had no difficulty in realising that he could never hope to skate with these people. So he gave up. Tiny was going to follow him, but Staunton begged her to go on, he would love to see her graceful figure whirls on in the most seductive poses.

Staunton himself sat in the midst of a company and joined in their talk.

"Buck up you silly thing," said Street—a smith to a young fellow who was looking dejected. "You will have your time."

"But my dear fellow," answered the latter, "I have had my time; only

by a little unlucky chance I was just too late. Does it not tear your heart to feel that when you have done your part you are robbed of the credit by another who is not a bit more clever but a vast deal luckier."

"Don't say that Bullock isn't clever. He was always the best in his class at College."

"Bullock! What has he done," interposed Staunton.

"Don't you know?" answered Street, "He has done a most marvellous thing. He has practically created life. By treating inorganic matter in a particular fashion he has developed signs of organic growth in it."

"Don't talk nonsense," said the other young man. "That's a good way yet from creating life."

"I don't say it is exactly the same thing, but any way, it is nearly as good," said Street. "In the hospital they have already revived a dead bone of a patient by that process. If you can do that it is as good as creating life."

Bullock the gardener had been doing this all this time! Staunton was amazed. He had begun by looking upon Bullock as a gardener. Since then he had been struck by his high culture, but still, Staunton had not altogether ceased looking upon him as one of the lower order of beings just as he did with gardeners in England. That he should have been such a

marvellous genius in the laboratory almost swept Staunton off his feet.

Then another man began talking of a great social experiment in a quarter of the State in which he was engaged. Staunton recognised him as a labourer engaged in a garment factory. A man who made his living by sweeping the streets joined in the discussion and contributed some very wholesome ideas. Old woman who was engaged in the scullery of the hospital talked about new experiments in aerial engines—remarkable things which derived a considerable amount of energy from the air. She said that if this experiment was successful they would cease to have the cumbersome apparatus by which sea waves were now made to produce all the electricity by which the machinery of the city were run.

Staunton was amazed. And he soon began to feel annoyed at the thought that everybody except himself had something to say about what he was doing for the general welfare of the community. He did feel so small. He wished he were in England where his achievements in the Foreign Office could be talked about. He wanted so badly to have something he might talk about in this company. But he had nothing. He had spent all his leisure up till now in love-making and playing and what now seemed to him a very small amount of reading in the Library. His ears tingled with a sense of

humiliation and shame. These people whom, even here he had looked upon with a certain measure of well-concealed scorn as mere labourers seemed to him to be on such a higher plane. He did not like the idea. He was not used to it. He used to have a very lofty idea of his worth and ability and his general attitude to the achievements of other people was generally one of benevolent tolerance and patronage. To have the situation reversed and to feel his own work as nothing beside those of other common people was a novel and a far from pleasant experience to him.

Staunton could bear the company no longer. He left them and stood on the edge of the rink to look at the graceful figure of the whirling skaters. He looked for Tiny. There she was, locked in an embrace with a young man who looked with manifest love at her face. Yes, Tiny was smiling at him and they were whirling together happily.

Staunton grew very restless. A storm was raging in his heart. He knit his eye-brows and looked with a fascinated gaze at the young couple. Yes, there was no mistake, Tiny was flirting with the young man. His mind was filled with black revenge.

Soon the skaters finished the round and retired to rest. Tiny came whirling gracefully to Staunton full of joy. Ah! he knew too well now what had made her so happy. Tiny ran up

against him red and panting with excitement and exercise and full of happiness. She threw her arms round Staunton and kissed him on his lips.

Staunton neither kissed back nor spoke. Tiny saw something was wrong with him. Her smiles left her. "Why darling! what has happened," said she with the utmost concern as she began pulling off her skates.

Staunton said gravely, "come with me," and began walking off. Tiny quickly disengaged herself from her skates and ran after him.

"What is it darling?" She asked again when they had come out of the Gymnasium.

"Tiny," roared Staunton, "It is no use trying to deceive me. I have seen it all. It is a great shame and I won't allow it."

"What is a shame? and what won't you allow?"

"You have behaved disgracefully to-day, I am not going to allow it."

Tiny's eyes flashed. She answered with coolness however, "I have not done anything disgraceful and I won't be ordered to in that way." Then she recollected something and smiled. "You forget where you are darling. You are thinking of your own country perhaps. It was so silly of me to get annoyed."

"I don't care what country it is," said Staunton sorely, "but so long as I am Jack Staunton I must see to it that my wife behaves decently."

"By all means, but your way of doing that business is primitive. You know, my dear, that in this country we can rule each other only by love. You are not my master, but my lover."

Staunton recollected that this was the situation here. That did not help to appease his anger.

"Your lover, yes," he answered faintly, "one of a dozen perhaps."

"It is shameful of you to talk like that," retorted Tiny. "You know I love you alone. You have no right to throw dirt on my fair name."

"But you have done so yourself, making love to that young scoundrel in the rink."

"The young man in the rink ! You mean that Lion. Of course I was not making love. How could I ?"

"But you were embracing him."

"I had to, it was point of the scheme. How could I help ?"

"Damn the scheme. I don't care a tuppence for it," swore Staunton. "I tell you what, I won't have that any more."

"But how could you help my boy ? I am as free as you are."

"Damn your freedom," swore Jack again and kept silent.

They did not speak to each other for some time. Then Tiny broke the silence.

"You are needlessly angry. You

forgot that if I loved another, I could go away and live with him."

"Go then—I don't care," growled Staunton.

"Well ?" asked Tiny.

"Yes go to him. I would rather let you go than have you in my house."

A look of unspeakable sadness crept into Tiny's eyes.

"But you don't mean it," she said and tears sprang to her eyes. "You love me dear."

"I don't,"

Tiny sighed. She stood silently for some time and drops of tears trickled down her cheek. At last she took Staunton's hand in hers and said in a choking voice. "But I love you so darling. Don't let us break our home."

Staunton's heart was bleeding. This appeal was more than he could bear.

He stood silent for some time as Tiny looked appealing to him. Then Tiny let go his hands and looked intently into his eyes. Staunton turned his eyes from her face.

"I see it now. Forgive me darling. I misjudged you. Confess that you love me with all your life And you are pained by the thought that I love another. But I don't darling. I did not understand. I cannot do what I know you don't like. I would not have gone out skating if I had known it.

Forgive me, dear, I won't hurt you again.

Staunton was too pleased at this delicious self-surrender of Tiny that he did not care to enquire for the time being what had wrought this sudden change in her. Later on, he knew that it was her psychology, her wonderfully developed powers of thought study. So long as she felt that Staunton was trying to domineer over her she revolted. But so soon as she saw that it was love, there was nothing that she would not yield to him, even if it were her life. It was sometime before Staunton realised this. He did know it however before he reached home. And then he clasped Tiny in his bosom and kissed her hard.

"Forgive me Tiny", he said in a choking voice, "forgive me for doubting your love. I am afraid I can't love you half as well as you love me."

"But you love me darling ! I don't care how much you love me", returned Tiny passing her fingers in Staunton's long hair and stroking his cheeks.

In this condition, they were discovered by another couple who pounced upon them in ecstasy.

"Congratulate me Tiny," exclaimed Rose, "am I not the proudest woman in Paxton."

"I should think so" answered Staunton, as he let go Tiny and kissed Rose and Bullock. "I have heard of your wonderful discovering, Bullock.

It is the biggest thing yet done by man."

"I don't think so," said Bullock modestly, "but I am so happy I made it".

"I should think you have reason to be happy," he answered. He then explained to Tiny what Bullock was reported to have done. Rose was glowing with joy and pride all the time. Tiny too grew very bright and happy when she heard of Bullock's success and she gave him an extra kiss for reward.

"Don't kiss him so hard," said Rose laughing, "you have taken one lover from me, I don't want you to take another."

Tiny gave Rose a big shaking by way of punishment.

"Won't you come in," she said for they were at the door of their cottage.

"No" said Rose, "we have been out so long and so many people have been keeping Bullock from me so long. I want to have him now secure in my cottage and all to myself." And she took Bullock by the arm and danced away.

"I suppose it means a fortune to them," said Staunton heavily.

Tiny, who was not looking very bright herself, now that they were gone, turned to Staunton in surprise. "Fortune ! What do you mean ?"

"I mean that he will make a great deal of money by his patent. It is going to be of great therapeutic value.

"But there's no patent. It is not his property. The benefit belongs to the community. He gets nothing but the credit for it."

"Yes, I recollect. I should say he has been a fool worrying so much about it if it is not going to benefit him or his children."

Tiny sighed. She did not answer.

"In our country," went on Staunton, "a man who had done this would make millions. We know how to reward such work and that's why our country has made such rapid progress. That is why all our men are constantly striving to excel others in discoveries and inventions. In your country, nothing matters. There is hardly any incentive to work. There can be no competition."

"How do you mean?" said Tiny, "There is plenty of competition here and no end of rivalry. Every man is trying to excel others in whatever work he is engaged in."

"That is what I don't understand. Why should they? What incentive have they to work? It does not improve their condition. They might just as well go to sleep all the time for all the good it does to them."

"But the glory, the joy of having done something isn't that enough? I should consider it the greatest triumph of my life to be able to do something striking for the benefit of man kind. The least little new knowledge I can

give to the world is reward enough for me."

"Well in a way," admitted Staunton, "we too think so. We have got men and women who devote themselves to the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake and who work restlessly for the common good for the satisfaction and the glory of it. But they are so few. It is a motive which does not appeal to all."

"It appeals to all of us. That is what we live and strive for. Every one burns with enthusiasm here to do his bit, to win glory and renown by community service." Said Tiny. Her lips then moved again, it seemed as if she was bursting to say something else, but was not sure whether to say it or how to say it. At last she said, "Don't you think so too darling? Wouldn't you love to give your best to the community which is giving you so much?"

She looked at Staunton with so much enthusiasm and such a world of hope and fear that Staunton was embarrassed.

"I am sure I do," he faltered at last. "Only I don't know how to do it. What could I do?"

Tiny threw herself on Staunton in an ecstasy of joy. "I am so happy, happy dear," said she. "I have been thinking it so long. I have been so grieved all this time to see that you did no community work. Everybody has noticed it and the thought was such a humiliation dear. I knew you would

do it. But I did not know how to ask you dear. I feared so much you should be offended. I am so glad now !”

It was a revelation to Staunton. It seemed that all the world had been expecting so long that he would set himself to do some community work. Tiny had been feeling very sore about it too. But nobody had given him the least hint of his duty.

“I don’t understand, Tiny,” said he, “I gathered that it was the duty of everybody to do community work.”

“Why yes.”

“I suppose it is laid down in the law.”

“Yes.”

“But nobody has yet called upon me to do any work. I have been waiting for a summons so long.”

“But who could summon you ?”

“Why, some public authority whose duty it is to see that everybody does his work.”

“I understand what you mean. We had such institutions about a century ago. But they have gone out of use. Now a days, you see, we only make laws. They are followed as a matter of course, by all concerned. No public authority is needed to enforce them.”

“But suppose one takes it into his head not to obey the law.”

“The last case of that character took place about sixty years ago. Such people were taken into the

hospital for abnormals and in the last cases they were always successfully treated there.”

“You amaze me,” said Staunton, “if there is nobody to see that every one follows the law, I should take it that there would be plenty of violations of the law in secret.”

“But why should one wish to violate the law. Every one knows that the laws have been made for everybody’s benefit and everybody realises it. Everybody knows that if he fails to follow the law, everybody else might want to do the same. The result would be chaos. People could neither have their food nor drink nor anything they want. Society would fall to pieces.”

“That is sound wisdom, but you don’t expect everybody to realise it.”

“But everybody does. Isn’t it human nature to feel so ?”

“I am afraid it is not, in our country or in the world that I knew of before I came here.”

“Human nature must be very different in your country. But I don’t see how it could be. You are so like us all. You think and feel so much like me. Tell me wouldn’t you think it your duty to follow the law only because it is the law.”

“I would—but there are so few people like me.”

“Then I am afraid there must be something wrong with your laws. They can’t be beneficial to all.”

"I should say they are—on the whole—at any rate more beneficent than anarchy."

"Who makes your laws?" asked Tiny.

"Why, the Parliament."

"Yes, I remember now. You still have that absurd old system by which a few persons who did not know anything in particular laid down laws about all things."

"Well, that is a novel description of Parliament. We look at it in a different way. It is the best way in which the will of the people may be effectually enforced. Members of the Parliament are elected and they represent the people."

"Yes, I know that theory. It existed in this country till it was totally demolished by the modern about three centuries ago."

"How then do you make your laws?" asked Staunton.

In answer he learnt that there was no Parliament or other-sovereign assembly in this country. A certain number of people specialised in the scientific study of social welfare. There were different groups studying different problems. When anybody thought about any new scheme of social organisation or any new law he published his idea. It was then discussed by all persons who had specialised in social welfare and if it received

general acceptance among specialists it was promulgated as a provisional law. If experience showed that it worked well, it was made permanent.

"I understand," said Staunton. "You are experimenting with a very ancient idea—that of Plato. You will soon see that it can't work. It is bound, sooner or later to lead to an oppressive oligarchy. This group will soon make itself a closed circle and then legislate for their exclusive benefit. I know all about it. In my own country I had made it my special study to understand social organisation and legislation. I wish I could make your people understand how absolutely impractical this scheme is. It is going to destroy all your vaunted freedom."

Tiny smiled and answered, "Why don't you take that as your community and work? You could specialise in the study of our society here and devise a better scheme. Would you like to do it?"

"I should," said Staunton, if only I knew where to go and how to work."

"You shall know it darling," said Tiny. Her breast now swelled with pride. Her humiliation was at an end. Her husband would no longer be branded a slacker. That was enough for the present. And, she trusted that he would some day do something great in the time of social reconstruction.

(To be continued).



The Evening Prayer

By S. A. Chatterjee

FACTS



FORTUNE IN A FLUKE.

The rough bath towel that brings a healthy glow to the skin was an accidental invention.

A manufacturer of fine smooth towelling had trouble with his machinery. Instead of the firmly woven material coming through as usual, threads were loose and tangled, and, from his point of view, quite unfit for sale.

He set to work to read just matters, and after much trouble got the machine working smoothly. But in the course of his work his hands had got coated with oil and grime, and he used a length of the faulty and apparently useless fabric to wipe off the grease.

He was quick to note that the rough discarded stuff did the work much better than ordinary towelling, and, being always on the alert for a new idea, he added rough towels to his stock. The new stuff became popular, and the fluffy towels soon became his chief output.

WHO WAS JOHN O' GREAT?

It is common geographical knowledge that Land's End is at one extremity of the island of Great Britain, and John o' Groat's at the other.

The former is a mighty rocky headland, against which the Atlantic beats; the other, which was only a house, has no longer any existence except as a name and a place. But there was a house once at the extreme northerly point of the mainland of the Scotland. It was

built on Duncan's Bay Head, about the year 1490, by a Dutchman who came from Groot, in Holland.

It is surmised that he built it for the accommodation of travellers, who crossed the ferry to and from the Orkney Islands. There are still Grots and Groats living in this neighbourhood, who are probably descended from the original Jan of Groot.

SPORT IN THE SKY

A novel game has been suggested for Army and Navy aerial forces. It is known as "aerial ball," and, except that it is played with aeroplanes instead of the feet, resembles football.

The goal lines are marked by balloons held captive at the two ends of the field, perhaps twenty miles apart. The object of the game is to push the ball, which is buoyant, into the opposing goal.

A basket-like pusher is fixed to the front of each machine, and the opposing aeroplanes endeavour to knock the ball out and carry it to their own goal line.

A LEGACY OF LOAVES.

The church of Castleton, Derbyshire, is said to date from the Norman Conquest, and actually to have been built by Sir Walter Scott's hero, "Peveril of the Peak." Most of the gentry of the seventeenth and eighteenth

centuries had their names carved on the pews, and a few added the title, "gentleman."

Inside the church hangs a large board on which is written a long list of strange legacies that have been left to it from time to time. Some of these taken the form of gifts of woollen clothes and calico, to be distributed on St. Thomas's Day; another states that four three-penny loaves are to be given away every Sunday morning to the poorest parishioners attending service.

An old bell-ringer left a legacy of nineteen shillings and sixpence to be given to the bell-ringers each year, on his birth day, on condition that a special peal is rung on that day.

DANGER DAYS.

Have you a "danger day" in the week? Don't dismiss the question as silly. When men of high intelligence and common sense believe that a certain day is dangerous or unluckily them, it would seem that there must be something in the idea.

Lord Kitchener hated Thursdays, Mr. Gladstone, it is said, heartily disliked Mondays. Lord Roberts had a strong aversion from Saturdays. Lord Acton, the historian, hated Tuesdays. Lord Russell of Killowen was afraid of Fridays.

The list could be lengthened, but the moral remains the same; it might be wise if we took steps to discover which is our dangerous or unluckily day.

The method would be to note down, over some length of time, our strokes of misfortune or ill-luck. It would then be found that one day would be clearly defined as our "bad day," and we might so arrange things as to escape its malign influence. Science has revealed much of late years, but it can give us no certain

knowledge regarding the influences—internal, external, visible, or invisible—that affect us.

TRACING PLANTS' COUSINS.

Plants have no blood, yet a botanist has found it possible to use their juices to determine their real relationships, just as comparative tests on the blood of animals show which are nearest of kin.

He has shown by this method of serum diagnosis that the common milkwort displays affinity with the heather, bittersweet, and horse chestnut families.

Hitherto botanists have had no means of ascertaining the family connections of plants, and so they have classified them according to their external forms and features, such as the number of petals, the shape of the leaves, and so on (says a writer in 'Science Monthly'). The new chemical method of classification by composition is likely to lead to safer conclusions.

EYES ON THE MOVE.

When soles and plaice and other flat fish are young, they swim upright in the water, with an eye on each side of the head. Presently they begin to lie over to one side, and thereafter continue to lie over on that side for the rest of their existence.

But one eye is now useless for seeing, as it is on the underside. So the eye in the dark begins to move round, till in three or four days it is actually on the upper side and close to the other eye.

In some species the under eye, instead of going round, actually passes through the head and comes up at the top side. It is because of this that the head of a sole looks, and is, all away.

HARD WEATHER AHEAD.

A "Lunar solar" cycle of 744 years, divided into two periods of 372 years and four periods of 186 years, has been demonstrated by the Abbe Gabriel, Professor of Mathematics at Caen, France.

A comparison of historical meteorological records has shown a relation between these various periods and abnormal climatic conditions. Abbe Gabriel found that the hard winter of 1916...17 was comparable to those of 1544 (372 years previously), 1359, and 988.

From the meteorological records of the winters of 995, 1553, and 1740, he predicts that between December of this year and January, 1927, there will be severe cold weather.

"FROST" YOUR OWN WINDOWS.

When glue or gelatine is allowed to dry rapidly on a sheet of ordinary window glass it tears away the surface of the latter and chips it into characteristic fern-like patterns. The general appearance of this frosting can be modified by varying the strength of the glue and by the addition of certain chemical salts, such as alum.

The quality of the glass also enters into consideration (says a writer in 'English Mechanics'). Brittle glues, however, give quite a different pattern from tough glues, and some idea of their possibilities should be obtained by carrying out a few experiments.

Strong solutions of gelatine containing six per cent. of alum give excellent results, and when applied to the surface of the glass after superimposing a simple stencil, some exceptionally fine effects are to be obtained.

MASTERPIECES "BY REQUEST."

Racine, the French poet, gave up writing

for the stage while still at the height of his fame, but once more took up his pen at the request of a woman that he would write a play suitable for performance by the girls of a school she had founded. Thus, but for M^{lle}. de Maintenon, there would have been no Racine's "Esther."

Milton's "Arcades" was written at the request of Lady Derby of Harefield. Lady Derby was a generous patroness of poets. She was the mother of Lady Bridgewater, whose daughter and two sons, on their return from some relations, were benighted in Haywood Forest. Because he had already written the "Arcades," Lord Bridgewater asked him to write a masque, with this adventure as its subject, and Milton wrote his famous "Comus."

One day William Cowper was looking out of the window of his home at Olney, when he saw two charming ladies enter a shop on the other side of the street. He invited them to tea. This was the beginning of an intimate friendship that lasted three or four years, and if it had ended in the marriage of Cowper with Lady Austin it would probably have saved the poet much misery.

One evening Lady Austin called and found the poet very melancholy. She suggested that he should occupy himself by writing a new poem. He complained that he could find nothing to write about. She challenged him to write about the sofa on which they sat. That is why the first words of "Cowper's Task" are: "I sing the sofa," and why he goes on to say, "for the fair commands the song."

PICTURES BY WIRELESS.

The claim that it is possible to broadcast pictures in the same way that music is broadcast was put forward by Mr. Thorne Baker during a lecture before the Royal Photographic Society.

At one end of the lecture room a small portable wireless transmitting set was installed. Attached to it was an instrument which resembled an old-fashioned cylinder phonograph, the usual wax record being replaced by a thin sheet of copper on which the picture to be transmitted was engraved.

At the other end of the room was an ordinary valve wireless receiving set such as is used for loud speaker work, the loud speaker being replaced by another instrument like a phonograph, the place of the wax record in this case being taken by a sheet of specially prepared sensitized paper.

The picture chosen for the demonstration was one of the King and Queen seated in a carriage. As soon as the transmitting instrument was set in motion the wireless waves which it sent out were picked up by the receiving instrument, and its recording point travelled slowly across the sheet of paper. The resulting picture was similar to those which appear in newspapers, and the time taken for the transmission was three and a half minutes.

Mr. Thorne Baker said the receiving instrument which he had designed could be operated by any intelligent boy or girl and could be used by anyone possessing a valve receiving set.

THE SEA FLEA.

A curious little creature called a "sea flea," which in many ways resembles a spider, and which progresses along the surface of the water by using its long spindly legs, has inspired the construction of the "oceanplane."

M. Georges de Gasenko, a Russian engineer has constructed and is at present experimenting with this machine, which is quite different in principle from any aeroplane, seaplane, or glider.

It can proceed along the surface of the waves at a speed of nearly seventy miles an hour, and consists of a hull surmounted by a plane. A motor of 180 horse-power drives a large propeller, and the machine is unique in that it hops along the surface of the water, instead of either gliding along it or flying above it.

LITTLE DORRIT'S CLUB.

Many modern business girls will have cause to remember with gratitude the vestry at the Church of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, associated with Dickens's "Little Dorrit." The rector of Southwark has invited all business girls working in the vicinity to use it as a club-room, where they can eat their lunch and rest.

Newspapers and periodicals are to be provided, and a member of a church staff will be in attendance to give any help that may be required. Another vestry in the same church will be open to young men who care to use it.

"Little Dorrit" was not so entirely fictitious a character as might be supposed. There was a girl whose father was in the Marshalsea debtors' prison, and who, one night, finding the prison gate closed, slept in the vestry now known as Little Dorrit's with the parish register as a pillow. She was afterwards married in the church.

METHODICAL CRIMINALS.

The modern cracksmen has learnt the full meaning of that old criminal maxim, "It is not what you take away, but what you leave behind that gets you in prison."

A tremendous amount of groundwork is done before bringing off a coup, and weeks will be spent in preparing a plan of campaign that will provide for every contingency; yet the

keynote of the actual crime is simplicity, and it is this very simplicity that makes the task of detection more difficult to-day than ever before.

When dealing with a plain, straightforward burglary the criminal is materially assisted by reason of the shortage of domestic servants, and a favourite dodge is for a woman confederate to obtain a situation in the victim's house to locate valuables, squeaky boards and burglar, alarms, and take impressions of locks.

This information is passed on to the gang and a plan of the premises is made. Detailed instructions are given to everyone taking part in the raid. The actual robbery follows this plan to the letter, and the whole "job" is carried through with clock-like precision.

The amazing attention paid to details extends even to the criminals' clothes. Nothing of a conspicuous nature is worn. The necessity for this is emphasized by a recent case in which a pair of socks, a combination of many Scottish plaids, were the only means of identification.

Even when a gimlet is used to bore through wood work to a lock a small piece of putty is forced into the hole made in order to postpone discovery as long as possible.

When dealing with some of the new locks, which are reputed to be "skeleton" proof, the criminal often uses a highly corrosive acid which, poured into the lock, eats its way through the works and renders the lock useless in a very few seconds.

10,000,000-YEAR-OLD EGGS.

The Roy Chapman-Andrews expedition recently arrived at San Francisco from Mongolia. The trophies of the expedition include forty dinosaurs' eggs, which are estimated to be ten million years old.

Mr. Andrews, when interviewed, confirmed the theory that all life originated in an Asiatic

plateau, now the Gobi Desert, from which the peoples of the earth migrated all over the world.

The expedition, he said, traversed five thousand miles, two thousand of which were over unmapped territory. The expedition found the fossilized skull of a two-horned beast probably millions of years old.

"HEAVENLY" TWINS.

Among certain savage tribes in South-Eastern Africa, twins are regarded as the Children of Heaven, and are believed to possess the power of controlling the elements.

In times of draught the people will dig a hole in the ground, put the mother of the twins in it, and pour some of their precious water upon her. They believe that this will cause rain to fall.

When a thunderstorm occurs the people appeal to a twin to "talk to Heaven" on their behalf. In many cases the mediator is a mere child, but the natives have implicit faith in his power to persuade the thunder and lightning to go away and leave them in peace. As soon as the storm has abated the youngster is reverently thanked for his intervention.

SEEING THROUGH STEEL.

The new method of making sheets of metal of unprecedented thinness, invented by Dr. Karl Mueller Physical Technical Institute of Berlin, seems likely to prove of considerable industrial as well as scientific importance (says a writer in 'Science').

He has succeeded in producing sheets of steel so thin that they are as transparent as the clearest glass. Atoms will pass through them without impediment.

Alpha rays from radium, completely blocked by a sheet of paper, are not perceptibly weakened in passing through such metal sheets. It is calculated from the specific gravity of the metal that these sheets are not more than thirty layers of atoms in thickness.

SNAPSHOTS IN THE DARK.

After several years' investigation, Jusei Sugiye, of the industrial Experimental Station of Osaka, Japan, is reported to have invented a black glass that is expected to prove of great military value.

The new glass is opaque to all but ultra-violet rays, and by its use battle formations or the movements of an enemy can be photographed in darkness without detection.

Moving pictures, it is claimed, can also be taken in the dark by the use of this black glass.

HOUSES WRECKED BY SALT.

In the salt-mining towns of Cheshire many buildings are leaning at a dangerous angle as a direct result of our demand for salt. In Northwich numbers of houses have been condemned as unsafe, yet the inhabitants still live in them, though often the doors can only be opened a foot or two because the frames lean so sharply. Our demand for table-salt affects the houses because the salt mined in Cheshire is dissolved from the salt rock immediately under their foundations.

Wells are sunk to a depth of 300 feet, cutting completely through the rock strata to reach the underground "flow" of brine confined there under enormous pressure. Up such borings, known as artesian wells, gushes the water, partly by its own pressure, but assisted by powerful pumps.

In Cheshire this water is a concentrated

brine solution, and is led up into gigantic evaporating pans, where it is heated to boiling point, stirred all the while by men stripped to the waist. The heating serves a double purpose by evaporating the water and purifying the substance.

After evaporation the salt is placed in tall wooden boxes, where it drains and settles, emerging as large white blocks, 14, 21, and 28 pounds in weight. The blocks, thoroughly drained, are stove-dried in hot-houses specially built for the purpose.

"TADLEY-GOD-HELP-US."

There is a small village, on the borders of Hampshire and Berkshire, with the curious name of Tadley-God-Help-Us.

It is said that, in the early days of aviation, a balloon came down in this part. Its occupants, hailing some workers in the fields, inquired: "Where are we?" The startled yokels answered: "Tadley, God help us!"

The village has a flourishing trade in making besoms or brooms, out of birch and hazel that grow in the district. A good broom-maker will make six dozen brooms a day, being paid at the rate of 1s. to 1s. 6d. a dozen.

The five hundred inhabitants export from two hundred to three hundred dozen brooms a week, mostly to South Wales, where they are used in iron foundries for sweeping the scale off molten metal.

LONDON'S FIRST WOMAN ?

At a recent meeting of the Zoological Society it was stated that the "first Londoner known to history" had been proved to be a woman.

This conclusion was reached from a skull, estimated to be between 15,000 and 20,000

years old, discovered during excavations in the City.

It is possible that the woman was black ; she had a snout-like nose.

It is because of the poor development of the back of the neck that the skull is attributed to a woman, who was probably between forty and fifty years of age at her death. The greater development of one side of the brain cavity indicates that she was left-handed.

A remarkable fact is that the marks of the blood vessels within the skull are as distinct and delicate as if the woman had died yesterday.

BOOKS FOR NEW-BORN BABES.

It is curious that English mothers are alone in having no superstitious beliefs regarding methods of preserving their babies from natural or supernatural harm.

Welsh mothers put a pair of tongs in the cradle ; Irish mothers pin their faith to the efficacy of a belt made of women's hair and placed round a child.

Roumanian mothers tie red ribbons round the ankles of their children to preserve them from harm. Swedish mothers always place a book under the head of a new-born infant so that it may be quick at learning to read. Money is placed in its first bath to guarantee its wealth in the future.

In Spain every infant's face is brushed with a pine-tree bough to bring good luck.

INSURING DOCTOR'S BILLS.

A new policy has just been issued by under writers at Lloyd's insuring doctor's bills for ordinary illnesses and operations, with all their incidental expenses for consulting surgeons, operating surgeons and anaesthetists, nursing homes, surgical appliances, and sundry items.

The object is to provide first-class medical services for those for whom there is at present no State scheme. This is the first time that such a policy has been issued (said a writer in the 'Pharmaceutical Journal'), and it is on the line advocated by Lord Dawson of Penn, the King's physician, in a speech some months ago.

The rates charged mean that the average man can secure the services of his own general practitioner, subject to certain conditions, at from 3½d. to 9½d. a week. The rates for operations and nursing homes insurances vary from 3d. to 9d. a week, according to the amounts covered.

RAILWAY RECORDS.

The highest speed on record of an express train was attained on May 9th, 1904, when, on the Great Western Railway, a mail train from Plymouth to Bristol touched a definitely registered velocity of 102.3 miles an hour. The same line holds the record for performing the faster over-all journey, covering 115½ miles from Bristol to Paddington in 99 min. 46 sec., at an average speed of 71.3 miles per hour.

The world's record for many years has been held by the Cornish Riviera Express, which every day travels from Looe to Plymouth without a stop, 225.7 miles in 247 minutes (writes R. McNaught in "RailwayRecords").

In Great Britain the largest station is Waterloo (London), where in twenty-four hours 1,400 trains are dealt with at 23 platforms ; the busiest junction is Clapham Junction, through which upwards of 2,000 trains pass every twenty-four hours.

ENGINES EAT OIL !

Just now various kinds of lubricating oils are being tested on locomotives of the "Flying Scotsman" class, in an effort to find oils that

are cheaper and more efficient than those used at present.

Two sorts of lubricant are now in use. One a light easy-flowing oil, is used for lubricating axle boxes and other working parts. The other is a heavy oil for greasing the interiors of the chests and cylinders.

The cost of lubricating oils figures prominently in a railway company's sundry expenses. A "Flying Scotsman" engine costs nearly £2 a week in such oils alone. In a hundred miles, run it consumes 5 pints of the light oil and 1½ pints of the heavier lubricant, both of which cost 2 3/4d. a pint.

At the beginning of the day the driver is rationed with oils for every hundred miles that he is due to drive; he is also served with a special oil-can with his name embossed on the side.

TWISTED QUOTATIONS.

It is a sound rule, applicable to speakers and writers, that quotations should be verified.

No article or speech dealing with the training of children is considered complete without Solomon's injunction, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

But Solomon said nothing of the sort! What he did say was, "He that spareth the rod hateth his son," and "rod" does not mean a cane, stick, or slipper but simply, as Hebrew scholars know, "parental authority or guidance."

The word translated "rod" is the same as that used in the passage (Psalm 23) where David says, "The lord is my shepherd. . . . His rod and his staff they comfort me." The rod was the symbol of authority and guiding power.

Often, too, people quote David as having said, "All men are liars." The quotation is flung at some one whose veracity is challenged.

what David said was, "I said in my haste, all men are liars," and that, of course, was a withdrawal of the calumny.

"OILING" A BIG LINER.

Four broad-beamed, dumpy craft lying alongside the BERENGARIA in the dock at Southampton—that is all you see of one of the world's record feats.

"Oiling" a liner has become a commonplace to the men who do it, but it is still a marvel. Work that with coal uses up the energy of 800 men for hours on end is done with oil by a few pumps, a couple of tons of oil fuel in the barge's furnaces, and three men to walk around and watch the pumps.

The oil passes from barge to ship through hose pipes huge and metal-bound that are slung upwards from derricks and pass into the ship twenty feet above the level of the barge's deck.

The little engines in the after end of each barge thud and thump rhythmically, eighty beats to the minute, each beat lifting two hundred weights of oil into the great hose-pipe, forcing it upwards at forty pounds per square inch pressure. The lifting goes on at seven and a half tons a minute when the oil is well warmed.

For the oil barge is a water-borne hot-house. Heavy oil fuel for ships' furnaces is well called "heavy." At low temperatures it is a thick, immovable mass, something between indianubber and black treacle. It will only flow at a temperature of about 90 degrees. So the oil barge is ringed with steam pipes like a central-heated hotel. If the oil should catch fire in any one of the four tanks into which the barge's hull is subdivided, hatches and sluices are shut down at once and the steam cocks opened. All the air space is filled with steam and the fire stifles for lack of air.

DUKE OF MARMALADE.

AMONG the whimsical titles which appear on the pages of national history, few are more apparently frivolous than the Duke of Marmalade, the count of Lemonade, and the Earl of Brandy. They are, or were, however, real titles bestowed by a genuine monarch on three favourites during the last century.

In 1811 a revolution occurred in Hayti, and Christophe, a Negro, declared himself emperor. Through conspiracy and plot he retained power until 1820, preserving to the last the appearance of a Royal Court and creating numerous nobility.

Among them were the three mentioned; and far from being instances of the frivolity of the African character, they were names of places, the first two being originally plantations, but latterly towns of some importance.

THE AMAZING AMAZON.

THE Amazon is the king of streams. From first to last it receives over 1,200 tributaries, of which more than 100 are large-sized rivers, and rise so far apart, and have their floods and ebbs at such different seasons, that the Amazon is at about the same height the year round.

At some points on its lower course one bank is invisible from the other. The beholder seems to be looking on a great yellow sea of fresh water.

Its mouth, including that of the Para, is 180 miles in width, and it is navigable for large-sized ocean steamers for 1,000 miles from the sea; and so vast is the flood that the ocean is tinged yellow for 400 miles from the coast of Brazil.

FROGGY LOVE-SONGS.

Like a duck quacking;

Resembling a badly-squeaking pair of boots;

Something like a bull with a cold in his head.

THESE are some of the similes provided by Dr. Kingsly Noble, an American scientist,

when he described the love songs of frogs before the Fellows of the London Zoological Society.

In examining the life history of the creatures he found that the voice of the bachelor frog played a most important part during courtship.

Damp and patient vigils after dark in marshes on the borders of the State of New York rewarded him with strange sights and sounds. A fine young frog "who would a-wooing go" sat himself on a clump of reeds or on a bank and inflated his throat until it looked like the dewlap of an operatic tenor.

His song, in spite of Dr. Noble's unflattering comparisons, worked like magic. Sooner or later the lady crawled up to the source of the enchanting melody. If he ceased singing the female stopped dead. More music lured her on once again.

Some species of frogs seemed to form themselves into little committees of three or four "with a view to matrimony," using part-songs as the bait. There was instant discord if only one lady responded.

In other cases public-spirited frogs would gather round a pair of lovers and sing madrigals—a kind of musical "kiss in the ring."

Dr. Noble, by setting flashlight camera traps in the marshes, has succeeded in obtaining a wonderful series of photographic slides showing wooing frogs.

THE ATOM ENGINE.

WHAT may be described as the first practical patent for running an engine on power obtained from the atom has just been granted to a Dutchman.

He has discovered that if mineral sands containing titanium are heated to a temperature of 1,700 degrees Centigrade the atoms disintegrate, and an enormous amount of heat is generated.

The sand is heated in a small electric furnace, and the heat caused by the sudden

breaking-up of the atom is forced by a pump through tubes that heat the water in a boiler, and supply the power to drive an engine or turbine.

This patent has passed through the Patent Office almost unnoticed, but it is actually the first steppingstone to the realization of the power from the atom which all the world is waiting for. It may easily develop into the most dramatic achievement of the century.

CHEESE 200 YEARS OLD !

One of the most peculiar bridal or marriage customs known is one that has prevailed for centuries in what is called the "cheese regions" of Switzerland.

In that portion of the Alpine country, where a pair join in wedlock, it is the fashion for their intimate friends to buy a "register cheese" for the young couple. This cheese is presented to the newly wedded people on the evening of the wedding-day, and is ever after retained by them and used as a family register.

On these heirloom cheeses the whole history of the family is carved, such as births, marriages, deaths, and other incidents which it may be desired to make matters of record. Some of these old Swiss family cheese records are said to date back to the middle of the seventeenth century.

At the agricultural fair annually held at Gessenay a great many cheese records have been exhibited which were known to be from 180 to 200 years old. The oldest that has yet been displayed belongs to a country squire living near Gessenay, who shows his family record carved on a cheese made in 1660.

CAN YOU JUDGE DISTANCES ?

If you devote your Saturdays to golfing, shooting, or taking photographs, you have, in all probability, met the problem of judging distances.

Bear in mind these few simple rules, and

your difficulty will be lessened. With the naked eye, if you have average sight, you can see the whites of people's eyes at thirty yards ; at eighty yards you can just see their eyes.

When all parts of their body are distinguishable, they are 100 yards away ; when the outlines of their faces are just visible, the distance is 200 yards ; and when a face appears as a separate dot, you should be 400 yards away.

Six hundred yards away a group of people can be distinguished singly ; but at a further distance than this no detail of the human form can be determined. Yet at 1,200 yards you should be able to tell a man on horseback from a man on foot ; at 2000 yards he is simply a dot on the landscape.

The majority of people, too, are unable to determine the wind's velocity. When the smoke from a chimney moves in a straight, vertical column, it means that a one to two-miles-an-hour breeze is blowing. A three-miles-an-hour wind will just stir the leaves on the trees.

Twenty-five miles an hour will sway the trunks ; at forty, the small branches will break ; and it takes a mile-a-minute gale to snap the trunks of big trees.

HOW YOU SHOULD BREATHE.

Not one person in ten knows how to breathe. To breathe perfectly is to draw the breath in long deep inhalations, slowly and regularly, in order to relieve the lower parts of the lungs of all injurious accumulations. Shallow breathing won't do this

A doctor says :—

"I have overcome nausea, headache, sleeplessness, sea-sickness, and even more serious threatenings by simply going through a breathing exercise—pumping from my lower lungs, as it were, all the malarial inhalations of the day by long, slow, ample breaths. Try it before

going to bed, making sure of standing where you can inhale pure air, and then darken your sleeping-room completely. We live too much in an electric glare by night."

WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

Sometimes a great deal, as will be seen from the following selections. This compilation shows the curious, and even ludicrous, results of including family names with the baptismal ones.

Sponsors who read this little list would do well to hesitate when they are requested to "name the child"; Edna Broker Mothershead; Marian English Earle; Sawyer Turner Somerset; Nealon Pray Daily; Benton Killin Savage; Owen Taylor Money; Ima Little Lambe; Broker Husbands Hart; R. U. Phelan Goode; Marie A. Bachelor; Eaton Grove Phatte; May Tyms Uppe; Betty Sawyer; Knott Worth Reading.

HOW LONG IS A DAY ?

If you met a man, and he casually remarked that he ate 315 meals yesterday, you would either be amazed at his appetite or take him for a hardened romanticist. But the man may be from Spitzbergen, where they have a day three and a half months in length.

And on the whole it would be wise, if one should undertake to do certain work to receive so much a day in payment, to understand just where the work is to be done, or one might have to labour eighteen and a half hours at Stockholm, if it happened to be the longest day of the year, or all the time from May 21st to July 22nd if in some parts of Norway.

In Petrograd the longest day is nineteen hours and the shortest five hours. In Finland there is a twenty-two-hour day. In London and at Bremen the longest day is sixteen and a half hours; at Hamburg and Dantzic seventeen hours, and at Washington about fifteen hours.

MAKING "MR. MAYOR."

On November 9th the thoughts of all Londoners are turned on the pageant that celebrates the swearing in of the Lord Mayor to his high office.

At high Wycombe it is the custom, after the Mayor making, for all the members of the corporation to adjourn to the borough office of weights and measures to be weighed. Their weights are duly noted and recorded in a book kept for the purpose.

For many years the mayor of Leicester was elected with the help of a pig! The candidates for the office were assembled together and seated in a circle, into which the pig was introduced. Each of the candidates was provided with a hat full of beans, and the owner of the one from which the pig ate first was declared mayor.

A similar practice prevailed at Grimsby. Three candidates were selected for the high office. They were blindfolded, and each had a bunch of hay tied to his back. They were then led to a spot where a calf had been imprisoned. The candidate whose bunch of hay was first attacked by the calf was elected.

PAGEANTS OF THE PAST.

It is probable that the Lord Mayor's Show started in the progress from the City to Westminster for the King's approval of the choice of the citizens of London of a mayor of for the ensuing year. Probably, too, this ceremony, which was of an ornate character, first took place in the reign of King John.

In early days the Lord Mayor was chosen by the citizens, assembled in some open space like Moor Fields, but, as great excitement prevailed, and free fights became too common, it eventually became the custom to choose the Lord Mayor by the votes of selected citizens.

The privilege of having gold and silver maces, which have always been signs of authority, carried before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, was granted in 1354 by Edward III. Originally the Lord Mayor rode on horseback, very richly attired and followed by his three huntsmen, for the chief magistrate of London was accustomed to go hunting where dense populations now reside.

It was not until 1453 that the mayors began to go to Westminster by water, a custom continued for several centuries. It was Sir John Norman who made his innovation by having a splendid barge built for the purpose.

CELESTIAL FIREWORKS.

November is the month of shooting-stars. About the fourteenth of the month we can always look forward to a display of Leonid meteors. They are called Leonis because they appear to come from a point of the heavens situated in the constellation Leo. Actually, the Leonids travel round the sun in a well defined orbit, like the earth and the planets. The only difference is that the path of the meteors is much more elliptical.

The reason we get a display of meteors every November is that during this month the earth, in its journey round the sun, happens to cross the path of the meteors.

Meteors are really irregular lumps of metal and rock, and though they are spread out all along the orbit, the majority of them are gathered into a dense swarm, occupying only a portion of the orbit.

DANCING TO PARADISE !

It is the belief of the Ponapeans, a tribe of South Sea Islanders, that unless you are a good dancer you will never go to Heaven !

According to their creed, every soul passing to the "Great Beyond" is obliged to cross

a bridge guarded by demonical watchmen waiting to pounce upon him and drag him down to the lower regions.

If, however, the soul is able to dance across the bridge the watchmen will be so engrossed in studying the movements that they will forget their duty and, before they have time to realize it, the soul will slip past them into Paradise !

REMEMBERED BY RHYME.

There is nothing that shows more forcibly the power of a rhyme to keep a thing in memory than the history of the Gunpowder Plot, which is still celebrated on November 5th.

The plot, as most people know, was to destroy the king, James I., and the lords and commons assembled in the Houses of Parliament on that date in the year 1605. It was to be done by means of gunpowder, secretly bestowed in the vaults.

Robert Catesby originated the plot and Guy Fawkes undertook to fire the gunpowder. He did not succeed, but his name became one of the most familiar in our annals, and his christian name has supplied a word in the dictionary. It became the custom to dress up a grotesque figure, carry it round the town, and then burn it ; thus any odd, bizarre person was called a "guy".

The origin of the rhyme recited by children on November 5th is unknown, but there are few verses so well known. It runs thus :—

Remember, remember,
The fifth of November,
The gunpowder treason and plot :
I don't see the reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.

"CAVE OF THE WINDS."

The old stairway leading down past the "Rock of Ages" into the "Cave of the Winds" at Niagara Falls is to be abandoned. A new means of exploring the cataract, a tunnel 200ft. long, has been bored through the cliff over which the falls descend. It connects with a shaft sunk 167ft. down from the surface of Goat Island.

In the shaft are two electric lifts surrounded by a spiral stairway. At the mouth of the tunnel, opening directly upon the whirlpool, a peninsula has been built of the rock removed in making the tunnel and shaft, and a concrete retaining wall is being constructed. The mole which affords an excellent "close-up" of the Falls is called "Clear-water View."

HALFPENNY LUNCHES.

To enable men and women of limited means to enjoy tasty meals for small sums, certain London shopkeepers are selling such groceries as tea sauco, jam, and pickles in quantities sufficient for one person only.

Thus the man in lodgings who has so count his pence can buy these tiny portions without financial strain, whereas the ordinary-sized bottles of sauce, jars of jam, or packets of tea would be beyond his means.

Small pots of pickles are on sale at two-pence each; jars of jam the size of egg cups cost the same while loaves the size of a large roll are to be had for three-halfpence.

One shop has eclipsed its rivals and advertises a "lunch" for a halfpenny; the meal consists of cake, biscuits and sweets.

CONTINENTS ADRIFT?

Are Europe and America drifting farther apart?

This question, asked in a geological sense, was set before the British Association by Professor J. W. Gregory, who proposed to answer

it by the use of wireless time signals for the determination of variations in longitude.

Kept up for a few years, he said, these would afford a conclusive test of the theory recently advanced by Wegener that the Atlantic Ocean was produced by the drifting apart of America on one side and Europe and Africa on the other.

The reality of a drifting motion of whole continents is now accepted by many geologists. Recent investigations have shown that beneath the uppermost sixty miles or so of rocky crust there is a semimolten layer of lava overlying the earth's solid central core, and on the viscid mass the continental blocks find more or less uncertain footing.

MECHANICAL CHIMNEY SWEEP.

The amount of soot that collects in large works where hundreds of tons of coal are burned in a day is so colossal that it takes a steam chimney-sweep to keep pace with it.

This appliance, called a "soot-blower," blows high-pressure steam into the boilers at a rate of 250 miles an hour.

Several tons of steam are used in the course of twenty-four hours, but those who know that heat is impaired by less than an eighth of an inch of soot to the same extent as by a full half-inch of asbestos realize the importance of keeping the heating surfaces quite clean.

It is not necessary to use the blower more than once or twice a day, and, then only for about a minute, in which time all deposit is effectively removed. The "soot-blower" carries all before it. It is so powerful, in fact, that the soot is blown out of the chimneys to a height of over 100 feet.

OTHER PEOPLE'S GOOD-BYES.

To grasp and shake vigorously one another's necklaces before parting is etiquette in the

South Sea Islands, where the men as well as the women wear these ornaments.

The Turks cross their hands on their breasts and bow.

With the Fijians saying "good bye" is quite a ceremony. Men and women carry red feathers, when they produce before parting and place in the form of a cross. The significance of this is that, although they must now tear themselves away from each other's presence, their paths having once crossed, their hearts will for ever be in unison.

The Japanese way of bidding adieu is to flourish a slipper in the air. In certain South Sea Islands the lover's method of expressing a farewell consists of clasping his sweetheart's ankles: while in Otaheite a man taking leave of a woman twists her skirt till it becomes like a piece of rope.

LONDON'S MONSTER LIZARD.

A live specimen of the varanus or monitor lizard has arrived at the Zoo from Sumatra. It measures between 6 ft. and 7 ft. from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, and is able to protrude a long tongue that is black for the greater part of its length of 15 in.

The natives concocted a poison with the aid of the varanus lizard. The actual venom was extracted from poisonous snakes, and arsenic and other drugs were added and heated in a human skull (says a writer in "English Mechanics"). The varanus lizards were secured round the fire and were probed with spikes so that "their hisses might act as bellows to the flames": froth from their mouths was added to the potion.

RICHES FROM THE SKY.

Mining operations now in progress at Coon Butte, Arizona, have as their object the recovery of what is probably the biggest

meteor that ever fell from the skies. This meteor is believed to be buried under Coon Butte, and an enormous mass of meteoric iron has been located.

Samples of the meteor have already been examined and have yielded some small diamonds and, in addition, one ounce of platinum to every five tons. This is about three times as much platinum as is usually recovered from the ores containing the metal.

It is estimated that the buried meteor is about the size of a minor planet, and weighs about 1,000,000 tons. On this basis, assuming that the yield of platinum is maintained, the meteor contains around £ 5,000,000,000 worth of this precious metal. Even if platinum becomes as cheap as gold, the meteor would still yield over £800,000,000 to the syndicate under taking the mining operations.

Platinum, by the way has been found in Cornwall, and a well-known geologist, Mr. E. H. Davison, recently suggested that the Lizard area should be prospected for the metal. He stated that, while there was no certainty that platinum would be found in workable quantities, and rocks were of the right type to yield it.

CATERPILLAR ACROBAT.

In the case of many butterfly caterpillars, especially those belonging to the genus *Vanessa* the chrysalis is suspended by means of a silken thread. When full fed the caterpillar spins a slight web and suspends itself therefrom by the tip of its tail. He then wriggles about till the skin bursts and the enclosed pupa is freed.

That pupa is very soft at the stage, and must on no account be allowed to fall to the ground, or it would be seriously damaged. How does the caterpillar contrive without arms or legs to pull itself out of the skin which is hanging high above the ground, get

that skin out of the way, and hang itself in turn, by its tail, to the tiny web above it?

The explanation is one of the most fascinating stories in the whole book of Nature. The chrysalis, which at this time is as soft as putty, has on the tip of its tail a hooked arrangement known as the "cremaster". By continuous twisting and wriggling the imprisoned chrysalis bursts the back of the caterpillar skin by means of thorny projections arranged along the body.

When the crucial moment arrives it forces itself right out and seizes the empty skin between the flexible segments of its soft little body. Then it deftly inserts the hooks of its "cremaster" between the strands of the web which already holds the cast off caterpillar skin.

Having done this, the chrysalis settles down to dry and rest for a few weeks or months until the emergence of the butterfly.

MEDICAL MOVIES.

In the back garden of an old house in Bermondsey is a film studio which possesses novel aspects. Here are produced, under the guidance of Dr. R. King Brown, Medical Officer of health for Bermondsey, propaganda pictures dealing in matters of public health and well-being. Subjects of the films include child welfare and the prevention of contamination of food by flies.

Dr. Connan, who is in charge of the propaganda work of the department, acts as producer, camera man, and writer of the "sub titles", while all the actors are clerks, doctors and nurses on the staff of the department.

On a large wooden platform at the bottom of the garden the various scenes are "shot", and whenever filming is in progress a large crowd of Bermondsey's children may be seen

gathered outside the wall, hoping for jobs as sceneshifters or "supers".

This "film advice" is given in a straightforward way, and is not wrapped up in stories with imaginary characters. Dr. Connan says that he finds people pay more attention to the advice given if it is done this way. After all, it is so easy to make baby's bath-time into a humorous episode if one is not very careful.

The only part of the work not done by the Health Department staff is the developing and finishing off of the films. This is a highly technical matter, and is better left in the hands of experts.

"STARS" ON STAMPS.

The news that Germany is to have a new issue of stamps recalls the little known fact that it was Anna Fuhring who appeared in armour on all the penning stamps from 1900 to 1921.

She is probably the only actress advertised all over the world by stamps, although quite recently Mr. Ziegfeld offered an enormous supply of stamps free to the American authorities providing they bore a picture of a famous stage "star."

SECRET BANK-NOTES.

If the suggestion that the Treasury notes now in circulation should be replaced by Bank of England notes becomes an established fact it will mean a big addition of work for the famous Laver-stoke mills in Hampshire, where the special paper is made.

Established over two centuries ago by a native of Poitiers, who, with his brother, was smuggled out of France in a wine cask, owing to the tyranny of the laws against the Huguenots, the works have been in the family ever since.

LONDON'S CANNIBAL ISLAND

A real cannibal island has been set up in the Zoo insect house

Though the inhabitants are merely the big bird-eating spiders that occasionally reach this country from the tropics, hidden amongst bananas, they are nevertheless, cannibals "bred and born."

It was owing to their preference for each other, rather than for the cockroaches given them as food, that each spider had to be confined in a glass jar by itself.

In the hope that with ample space at their disposal the spiders may live on more friendly terms, Keeper Brown set to work to construct a rocky islet, completely surrounded by water, with growing vegetation and snug little caves into which the spiders can retire for seclusion or protection.

These long legged cannibals have an aversion to getting wet, for, being hairy, they take some time to dry themselves. It is thought that the surrounding water will keep them from straying into a colony of parasol ants in the same case.

But if they do trespass on their neighbours' territory, the dwarfs are likely to defeat the giants, owing to their embarrassing smallness and their vast superiority in numbers.

TYPEWRITERS' SHRINE.

A glass case at the science Museum, South Kensington, should be a shrine to every typist.

In it reposes a strange piece of mechanism—one of the first practical typewriters ever produced in this country.

Invented about 1855 by Sir Charles Wheatstone (father of the electric telegraph) for the rapid printing of telegrams, it looks like a small piano, with fourteen full-sized ivory and twelve ebony keys, with three

stops to regulate spacing and change of key board.

The exhibit is one of several specially arranged in memory of Sir Charles Wheatstone, to coincide with the unveiling of a memorial tablet in the Guildhall of his native town, Gloucester.

WORLD'S WONDER RAILWAY.

The Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway, of which Sir Arthur Watson has been appointed general manager, is probably the most wonderful in the world.

Though the two termini, Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso, are tropical towns, the line, owing to the immense elevation it attains in crossing the Andes, runs for hundreds of miles through a region of eternal snow, and is frequently blocked by avalanches, as the Prince of Wales recently discovered.

Among its wonders is a spiral tunnel that cost a million pounds to build, a natural bridge of rock, and a string of 118 steel bridges, linked together by short stretches of solid permanent way.

THE SUBMARINE PIRATE.

Sunfish are troubled with what may be called a marine cuckoo—the pirate perch. This fish, which is either too lazy or else incapable of making a nest of its own, waits, until the sunfish have completed their nest and then turns them out, installing itself in their place. Its eggs are frequently laid among those of the original occupants. These, however, are not disturbed and hatch out in due course.

Perhaps the most interesting nest found under water is that of the black-nosed dace. This fish clears a space about two feet in diameter and the female deposits a layer of eggs. Then a layer of stones is gradually placed over the eggs, the stones being brought



Kadha-Krishna.

to the nest in the mouth of the dace. On these another layer of eggs is placed, and then comes another layer of stones. These alternate layers of eggs and stones are slowly built up until the pile reaches a height of eight inches or so

One more nest we must mention, although there are many others formed by fish. The black goby forms a home for its eggs like a ball. This is constructed of pieces of weed interwoven and bound together, the eggs being placed inside. As is often the case, the male builds the nest and, after the eggs have been deposited, takes it in turn to guard it.

RANDOM REMARKS.

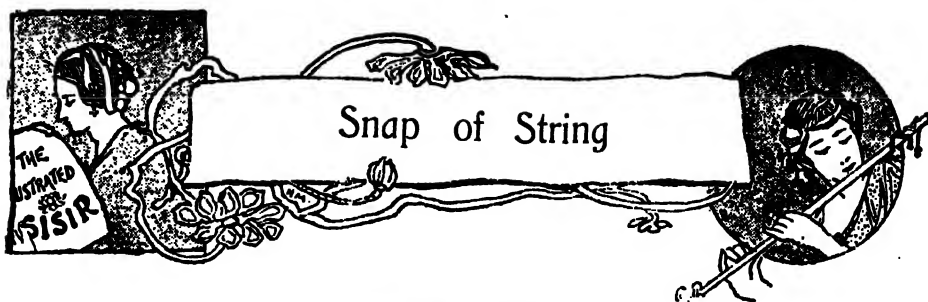
We are all prepared to do what we think good for the country, but we are not always ready to do the same for the man next door.—Sir William Joynson-Hicks.

I am a tremendous believer in honest work, in working for work's sake, for the sheer joy of working and producing—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

In an ounce of sugar there is sufficient energy to produce any of Shakespeare's plays if it found its way to a brain as gifted...Sir Arthur Keith.

If I cannot afford a thing I go without it. I have done so all my life—JUDGE CLUER.





By Premen Ray.

It was my lot to work in the kitchen of a stately mansion. The smoke and the heavy odors ; the heat and the chef's cursing, the curling fumes and the kitchen boy's hustling gave one an impression that here was a miniature inferno.

They called me "kitchen boy," but I wasn't a boy. I was twenty-five though they said I appeared to be thirty-five and the decade I spent in the castle's kitchen did not tend to beautify me. I was less than five feet in height, was round shouldered, partly bald and my teeth were decayed. They said I had a quick, nervous, irregular gait ; deep sunken eyes, and all at the age of twenty-five ; but they said I had a sharp, piercing, childish laugh. I stammered when I spoke.

In my mind life carried no complexities. It was a very simple matter, extremely so—work from dark morn till black night, sleep in a room close to the kitchen and eat occasionally. But that was all.

I never cared to go out—I had not the time, nor had I the presentable clothes ; and above all, I knew no one to go to. But I never complained. I was absolutely contented. Nothing bothered me. Never did impossible desires creep into my heart and gnawingly linger there to disturb the daily routine of my life.

For a week, the entire force labored extra hand preparing for an "at Home" to be held in the upper flat. It meant work for all. For days a small army of electricians carpenters and decorators had been at work transforming the hall into a veritable paradise.

On the day of the banquet, all toiled for eighteen consecutive hours. An hour before the guests congregated the chef supervised the handling of the food up into the pantry whence it was to be taken to the tables of the diners. As soon as that was attended to, all the kitchen workers, except

myself, went to their beds. I still had some work to do.

The exertion of the last few days had its effect on me. I moved about sleepily; looked haggard and pale and my quick jerky walk gave way to a slow, painful shamble.

Everything was quiet with the exception of a dull, continuous sound caused by the treading of many feet. The noise gradually subsided and a deep silence prevailed. I continued my labors before the massive stove. As I was shoveling out the ashes, I heard a strange sound that came from above. I dropped the shovel. I was entranced. Never had I heard such strange beautiful tones.

Slow and mournful were the tones of the violin as it opened the theme of the symphony. It seemed to sound the sobs and wails of the wretched and unhappy. As it farther entered into the theme, the soblike tones became weaker and softer—slowly were the wails dying out, like the heart rending gasps of a bird that bears in its breast the shot of the hunter. Suddenly the violin took up a melody of joy. It appeared like a battle between a growing giant and a dying dove—louder and grander became the tones of bliss. Finally the music of distress was heard no more. My heart leapt and joined the ecstatic outpourings of the vibrant string. I had caught the spirit of the Message of Music. All

went on and up, higher and higher, when at last, with one climactic crash that vibrated through the entire building, the desired tone found expression. For a time it reigned and then—then—all sound died out—silence again was king, and I—I—again a kitchen boy.

“What were these strange sounds? Who made this?” I thought to myself, muttering incoherently. Never had I undergone such sensations. I desired to feel, to touch, to see, to hear this that had thrilled me to the depths of my emotions.

For the first time I suspected that there was something above in that world of music that I had never known—something that pleased and gratified human soul.

A great thirst to hear more of this grand music came upon me. All evening—far into night—I remained at the bottom of the shaft listening to all the items of music that were played above. When it was all over, I tumbled into bed, but remained awake for hours thinking of those glorious melodies I had heard—thinking of them and then enjoying them all over again.

I envied those who were above.

“Do I know any one who can play?” I asked myself. With a quick move I sat up on my bed. Yes, the chauffeur. He plays. I heard my friend talk of him.

I fell back on the pillow and closed my eyes. I was sleepy, very sleepy and as my consciousness faded under the spell of sleep, my last thought were of that youth from whom I would hear more of this light that had entered my soul—music.

The Chauffeur, bearers, gardner, watchman, chambermaids and the rest were seated in my friend's room, close to kitchen. I entered the room and seated myself beside the Chauffeur.

After hesitating a moment I asked: "You play the violin, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," was the fellow's reply.

"Can I listen to you play to night?"

"Certainly. The steward and I are going to practice together to night. Come up and listen."

"What time does the playing begin?" I enquired.

"Oh, about nine thirty," said the youth.

"I'll be there," I answered.

That night the fellow had an appreciative audience. I drank in every note and looked on with greedy eyes. After an hour they ceased playing. And then when the Chauffeur was placing his instrument in its case I hesitatingly asked, "Do you think I ever could learn to play?"

The young musician was surprised. He never dreamt that the kitchen boy like myself was interested in music to the extent of desiring to learn.

"Well, I can't say. The best way

to find out is to try", he answered.

"Well, will you give me lessons? I—I—of course—I'll pay you."

"Yes, but first of all you must have an instrument."

"All right, I will buy a violin."

Not many days passed before I found myself proud possessor of an instrument, box and bow that cost me a month's earning. With my violin safely hidden under the bed I thought my ideal attained.

Only after work was finished could I practise, and to attempt it at that hour meant the curses of those who were forced to endure my ceaseless scratching. Their abuse I patiently bore. But even then I used to get too tired and sleepy to put much enthusiasm into my efforts. My hands soon tired, my fingers moved slowly and painfully and sometimes I used to get so nervous that I could hardly hold the bow.

All this was distasteful to the well meaning Chauffeur. His face denoted that it did not take him long to conclude that I and music made an impossible combination. But how to inform me of this shocking news was a problem that racked his brain. Once the opportunity presented itself and in a soft tone he plainly told me, "Look here, old boy, it's useless to you to continue. Your physical defects stand in the way of learning—better abandon the idea."

This struck me like a thunderbolt.

All my dreams were shattered ; all my plans were destroyed.

"Do you really think so ? I'll never know how to play ?" I asked.

"Yes, I feel certain. I'm sorry I encouraged you," the other answered candidly.

I did not say another word. I was dazed. I merely shook my head. When I looked up the Chauffeur was gone.

I slowly regained my normal senses. I felt as though my heart was bursting.

"Never ? No, no ; may be he means I will never be a good player," thought I. I darted out of the room after the departing youth. A minute later I was at his side.

Grasping his arm, I hastily asked, "Do you mean that I'll never know how to play a little bit ?"

The Chauffeur slowly nodded his head. I did not walk any farther with him. I turned back.

"I will never know how to play," I sighed, "Never, never, never."

For the first time in my life my eyes were dimmed with tears.

* * * *

As I staggered along the path way I began to question things. I clearly saw that it was absolutely futile to harbor a single ray of hope. I realized that my ideal could not be forced to see the light of the day. I saw that my

whole life had been wasted, that I have been serving others so busily that I had forgotten myself. And now, when I reminded myself of my cruelty to my own life, I saw that too late I had become awakened from my slumbers.

I continued to the end of the path and entered the road again and again. I muttered, "I'll never know how to play, never, never, never"

So through the night I, a love boy staggered along, looking neither to the right nor the left. I walked, but knew not where I was going. I only thought of my misfortune and in my breast I could feel an all consuming fire—a fire of destruction.

Ah, my wife ! For the first time I glanced back over the years I had travelled on this weary world. I saw I had always been alone ; had never known what it meant to have the love of a mother, the guidance of a father, the admiration of a friend or the smile of a woman—all my life I had been alone to toil.

"What is there to live for ?" I asked myself. Only to work all day, sleep in dirt, bear the curses and kicks of brutes and breath the foul air or rottenness.

Before me was the river—. The River ! How calm, how resting, how beautiful it was as it glittered with the light of the tropical moon and reflected the dark sky ; and the grass ; the trees, the mighty rocks and the distant watch-

ing hills—all were there in 'all their magnificence.

But I was tired of every thing—of life, of work. I craved for rest. The night was breathing the song of rest.

Soon I was led on to a rock overhanging the stream. I gazed down intently. It seemed to beckon me, to call me—to rest.

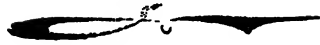
Yes, yes, I saw, I heard It was calling me and I would answer.

I plunged forward, diving clumsily into the little waves. The water filled my throat ; I was checked but battled forward. It seemed to me that above the roar in my ears there came the re-joining of a violin. It sang its happiness from an infinite distance.

Ah, then it seemed me that the string snapped and thereupon the waters and the whole world lapsed into an eternal dreamless silence.



Storyettes



Breaking The News.

As may well be imagined, Mr. James Sanger, the son and successor of Lord George Sanger, has a wonderful budget of stories relating to the show-folk amongst whom his life has been spent.

One that he is fond of telling concerns the proprietor of a travelling menagerie who had struck a patch of bad luck having lost a number of valuable animals.

Therefore, it was with concern written large upon his face that one of the keepers undertook the task of breaking the news of yet another death. He began thus;

"Mr Smith, you remember that laughing hyena in cage nine?"

"Remember the laughing hyena?" demanded the owner angrily "What the deuce are you driving at?"

"Only this, Mr, Smith. He ain't got nothin' to laugh at this morning!"

Too Tough.

Many stories are current illustrative of quickness in repartee amongst London slum dwellers, and the following, told by Mr. T. Burke, the author of "Limehouse Nights", is one of the best

A woman was buying meat at a street stall, and a previous purchase from the same butcher had evidently not given her satisfaction.

"I want a pahnd o' steak," she said, "and I want steak as we can get our teeth into."

"Yes. ma' am!" said the butcher soothingly.

"Yes!" replied the woman. "The bit o' steak you sold me Saturday was that tough I could 'ave soled my 'usband's boots wiv it."

"Well, why didn't you?" replied the butcher airily.

Quick as a flash came the retort.

"So I would if I could 'ave got the tacks to go through it."

Given His Choice.

Eton's headmaster, the Rev. C. A. Alington, tells an amusing story concerning the "head" of another big public school, who since the war has taken a very serious view of slackness amongst members of the school cadet corps.

Recently a cadet omitted to put in an appearance at a battalion drill, and the Head summoned the offender to his study and addressed him thus;

"You possibly may not be aware that as colonel of the corps I can have you shot, but it is most certainly within your knowledge that as head master of this school I can have you flogged. Now, which is it to be?"

"I prefer to be shot, sir" replied the unabashed defaulter, "because then you'll be hanged."

A Question Of Pronunciation.

Sir Davison Dalziel. M. P. the man who

first introduced motor-cabs into London, bears a name the pronunciation of which offers considerable difficulty to Englishmen.

Even in Scotland the practice varies. Some owners of the name call themselves "Dall-yell," some "Dal-zell," some "Dal-zeel," and some simply "DL," while the late George Dalziel often alluded to himself as "Dazzle."

Professor Dalziel, of Edinburgh, preferred the second pronunciation, and in his later years always dropped the "i" when signing his name.

When challenged about it he replied ;

"Why not ; If an 'i' offend thee, pluck it out."

A Natural Inference.

An amusing story, attributed to Mr. Austen Chamberlin, is going the rounds of the London clubs.

It concerns an Englishman who lost his way in Rome, whither he had gone on a brief visit after the close of the Locarno conference.

As he knew no language but his own he was in a bit of a quandary, until it occurred to him to write the name of his hotel on his visiting card, and hand it to the first well-dressed man he met.

The Italian thus accosted turned, and, with the charming manners of his race, accompanied the Englishman in solemn silence until they reached the hotel.

The latter thanked his guide volubly in the only language he knew, whereupon the Italian looked at him in amazement, and remarked in perfect English ;

"I thought you were deaf and dumb !"

No Favouritism.

As most people are aware, Lord Beaverbrook was plain Mr. Aitken prior to his receiving a title some years back.

His aged mother lives in London, and a friend of his meeting her for the first time said ;

"Mrs. Aitken. I have the honour of knowing your distinguished son."

Her reply was : "Indeed. I am very glad. Which son ?"

"That" remarked Lord Beaverbrook in telling the story, "is the spirit in which mothers should bring up their sons."

Hadn't The Heart To.

The creator of "Anthony Trent"—Mr. Wyndham Martyn—is an Englishman living in America.

Recently, in response to a request for a story, the famous novelist wrote explaining that since Prohibition had become the law of the land, he could no longer claim to be the brilliant and witty raconteur he used to be.

"In fact," he proceeded, "I am a changed man. Even my children have noticed it. My eldest daughter, at a recent social gathering, was asked : 'Doesn't your father dance ?'"

"Not since Prohibition came in," replied the truthful—and observant—child."

Belied Her Name.

The well known actress, Miss Mary Merrall, is a woman of ready wit.

Recently, on the eve of her departure for South Africa, a friend was telling her about a certain French actor who was about to marry a Mlle. Marie Louise Rusfin andriamanitra, adding by way of a joke :

"Isn't it a shame that she should have to change her name ?"

"Oh, said Miss Merrall, "as for that, I don't believe there is much in a name, any how."

"Why?" asked her friend.

"Well" was the reply, I know a girl named Prudence—and she is going to throw away her freedom and be married."

Good Advice.

The Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, better known in English country perhaps as "Itanji," tells a good story of a "newly rich" who was present at an English country-house shooting party. He had during his stay, succeeded in making himself very unpopular.

On the morning of his departure he said to another guest :

"Would you mind telling me, old fellow, what is the correct thing in the way of tips to give the servants?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "I give the head gamekeeper so much, the butler so much, and so on in proportion. But," he added, "if I were you I wouldn't give them anything."

"Why not?" asked the unpopular one, surprised.

"Because," was the reply, "you will never be asked here again. So what's the use?"

Got a Rise,

General Dunsterville often tells the following story about a retired colonel, a friend of his.

This friend was one day strolling down the village street, meditating on the high price of whisky, and other things, when he met the rector.

"Ah, by the way, colonel," said the rector, I wanted a word with you regarding that soldier pensioner of yours."

"You mean my old orderly, Corporal Adams?"

"Yes. I am afraid that he is—ahem!—addicted to drink."

"What?" roared the colonel. "On an allowance of a pound a week, and with beer—and such beer—at its present price?"

The rector nodded gravely.

"Impossible!" cried the colonel. "It can't be done. I must raise his pension to thirty shillings."

Straight talk.

The good story that is being told in City circles just now, is credited to Mr. S. B. Joel, the well known financier and racehorse owner.

It concerns another well-known financier who, after a long stalk, had at length been rounded up into the gorgeous board-room of a certain shady syndicate.

The man of millions listened unmoved to the chairman's wonderful story of the company and its prospects.

At length he reached for his hat, and, as he surveyed the mahogany, and the velvet pile carpet said decisively :

"Nothing doing gentlemen! The fact is, I prefer your room to your company,"

Wanted all his wind.

One of Sir Harry Lauder's sisters—who, by the way is the wife of a well-known London editor—has almost as large a stock of Scottish anecdotes as her talented brother.

One that she is fond of relating concerns a certain village athlete who, greatly daring entered his name for all the events in the local Highland games.

The first event on the programme was a half-mile race, and of eight runners he finished eighth.

"Donald, Donald," said a fellow Scot, "why didn't you ran faster."

"Run faster!" he replied scornfully. "Run faster, indeed! And me reservin' masel' for the bagpipes competition."

A tea cup story,

It is not often that I come across a story told by royalty about royalty. However, I chanced upon the following recently, which is by H. R. H. Princess Eulalie of Spain. It concerned an episode that occurred when she was touring in Cornwall.

I chanced to stop at a wayside cottage for a cup of tea—she says—and just I was about to take my leave, my hostess went to a cupboard and, with immense solemnity, produced a china cup, in the bottom of which was deposited a little brown sediment.

"Do you see this cup, ma'am?" she asked in an awed whisper.

"Yes," said I. "You seem to prize it greatly. What is its history?"

"Well, ma'am," was the reply, delivered in impressive tones, "Queen Victoria drank tea from this very cup when she passed here in grandmother's time. So naturally we think a powerful deal of it. It never has been rinsed out, and it never will be!"

Why She Was Sure.

A quaint story illustrating the working of a child's mind, was told recently by the Duchess of Portland.

A little girl, grieved because her brother had set a trap in the garden for the sparrows, prayed that none should be caught. Next morning, however, there was none in the trap.

Her faith was sorely tried, but she continued to pray. Still sparrows were caught. Night after night she went to bed hoping that the sparrows might escape. Each morning she was moved to tears.

Then one night, after offering her usual petition for the birds, she looked up at her mother and said:

"I know my prayer will be answered to-night, mummy."

"Why are you so sure, dear?"

"Because I smashed up the trap before I came in to go to bed," was the reply.

Advice Not Needed.

"The Spanish are the most polite people on earth," recently remarked Mr. Jesse L. Lasky, the cinema king.

Once—says Mr. Lasky—while I was travelling in that country in connection with a film, I was accosted by a beggar.

"In Heaven's name, give me alms!" the man cried, using the regular formula of the Spanish professional beggar.

I was not feeling in the best of humours just then, so instead of complying with his request, I said: "Aren't you ashamed to beg—a strong, healthy man like you? Go and seek work."

The beggar showed no resentment at my brusqueness, but merely doffed his tattered hat, bowed profoundly, and remarked in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone:

"Senor, I asked you for alms, not for advice."

Otherwise All Right.

The famous actor, Mr. Dion Boucicault, remarked recently that to succeed on the stage a man must be impervious alike to praise or blame, in proof of which contention he told the following story:

An actor was rehearsing a new part. The producer sat in a box. At the end of the rehearsal the producer called the actor to him and said:

"Sir, your acting is disgraceful. From my seat in this stage box I couldn't understand a word. Your articulation is worse than a train announcer's while your gestures remind me of semaphore. In those tight's yours legs suggest two bamboo fishing rods, and your carriage—holly smoke!—you walk

like a mechanical toy that has broken something inside. As for your conception of the part—well, you understand the part about as thoroughly as I understand—er—chemistry.

The actor smiled hopefully.

"Otherwise O. K. ?" he asked.

Boot-Leg Whisky.

The well-known cinema star, Miss Betty Blythe, who appeared recently on a London music-hall stage, tells an amusing story of a thirsty Englishman, stranded in a small American town, who approached a native with an inquiry as to the possibility of getting a drink.

"Meaning whisky ?" queried the individual addressed.

The Englishman nodded.

"Wa'al !" said the native. "Tain't easy, but it ken be done. Here"—handing him a card—"is the address of a man as will sell you some ; and here"—producing another card—"is the address of the nearest doctor."

"Oh," said the Englishman, "so that's it, is t. You have to see a doctor to get liquor in this town ?"

"No," drawled the native. "It's afterwards you'll have to see a doctor."

Easily Explained,

A number of "pros" were swapping yarns. "Ever heard this one ?" asked Frank Tinney. "A dog was tied to a rope fourteen feet long. Twenty feet away was a fat, juicy bone. How did the dog get the bone ?"

"Oh, that's old stuff," answered one of the party. "You want one of us to say : 'That's what the dog did.'"

"No, you're wrong, for the dog got the bone."

"Well, how did he get it ?"

"Why, the other end of the rope wasn't tied."

The Straight Tip.

I heard a good golfing story fired off recently by Miss Enid Wilson, the British girl champion.

It concerned a newly-rich Cockney who was taking his holiday in Scotland. He was not much of a golfer, but he managed, nevertheless, to secure the exclusive services of a first-class caddie, who was known to be an excellent p'ayer.

"Mind, now," said the ambitious Cockney. "I expect to receive some really good tips from you during my stay here ; you understand ?"

"Aye," replied the Scotsman, hitching up the heavy bag, "an' Ah'm expectin' the like frae you ; ye ken ?"

The Boy Scored.

Stephen Leacock having once been a schoolmaster probably accounts for the fact that many of his best stories concern schools and schoolboys.

One he is fond of telling is about a certain inspector who, wishing to test the alertness of a class of small boys at a school in the East End of London, made as if to set a simple addition sum on the blackboard, and for this purpose invited the pupils to give him a series of numbers in the tens.

As each number was called out he deliberately wrote it backwards on the board—54 becoming 45, and so on but judging from the general silence not a single boy noticed the difference.

"Incredible dullness !" thought the inspector, and, as a final test asked for one more number. Whereupon a voice with the choicest Cockney accent called out :

"Firty free ! Nah much abaht wiv that !"

Encore ! Encore !

The old London Scottish "Rugger" forward Mr. J. Wylie, has a rare budget of stories about his favourite game.

One of his best concerns two charming girls who were enjoying their first experience of a match.

"It's a splendid game, Ethel, isn't it?" said one. "I'm so glad we came here, instead of going to a matinee, as usual!"

"I'm glad, too," said Ethel.

Just then the ball went out to one of the halfbacks, who made a splendid run down the field. The crowd went wild with delight, until it became apparent that the ball had not been in play.

"What did he have to bring the ball back for?" asked Ethel, innocently, of her companion.

"Why, don't you know?" answered the other damsel, pityingly. "It's because he's got an encore, of course."

It had to be.

The king of Spain has been telling rather a good story against himself

It concerns his wife and a favourite old servant with whom he occasionally indulges in an informal chat when they meet.

On one such occasion the Queen happened to pass through the room. After she had gone king Alfonso asked the old servitor if he did not think his wife was looking unusually well.

"Sire," was the reply, "Her Majesty always looks well. She is in my estimation the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Indeed!" laughed His Majesty. "And what do you suppose indeed 'the most beautiful woman in the world' to marry so plain a man as I?"

The servant regarded his royal master thoughtfully for some moments, then replied solemnly.

"Sire, it was God's will.





My American Impressions

By Isoh Yamagaha.

Ever since I was a boy of thirteen, when I began to learn the history and geography of the world, I was an ardent admirer of the United States of North America. I knew the stories of Washington and Lincoln by heart, whose portraits I hung in my small room. One of my early favourite books was Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography, which I read time and over again. I loved Washington Irving's Sketch Book, was fascinated by Poe's wonderful tales of mystery, found inspiration in poems of Longfellow, Bryant and Walt Whitman and received much wisdom from writings of Emerson and Thoreau. As I grew in age, knowledge and judgment, and was able to compare her with other countries my admiration of the great Republic on the other side of the Pacific deepened. I heard so many fellow countrymen of mine, who had visited her or studied in her great universities, speak in high terms of praise of her greatness, greatness not only in material things but also in moral character. Finally, it was my good fortune to know, and contract a life-long and intimate friendship with, a great American, a man of

noble character and profound faith, kind and unselfish to the fault, who was in every respect a real Christian gentleman.* Through this genuine American, I learned some thing of American spirit and ideal and became a greater admirer of this country than ever. In fact I idealized and idolized America and believed that she was the noblest and greatest nation that has ever appeared on earth.

Undoubtedly I had overestimated the greatness of America and probably it was greatly due to this that when I paid a visit to that country in 1921 and saw for myself real conditions obtaining there I was very much disillusioned, disappointed, and lost a great deal of faith I had had in her. Had I not been an Americomaniac, which I was, I would have returned home without bringing back any bad impressions of things I saw there.

Some of these impressions I am about to put down in writing. I shall not give here in detail many good impressions I had obtained in America, because various and manifold good points in which she excels are already too well-known to need recapitulation. First of all,

* The late Bishop M. C. Harris.

I was amazed by her material greatness, the magnificence and splendour of her cities, the intelligent and scientific way in which her people lead community life, their energy, spirit of enterprise, ingenuity, courage which are observable in their daily life. I was especially impressed by the nobility of character, the cleanliness of habit, the simplicity and sincerity of manners many of the best types of American men and women, with whom I came into contact, showed and was made a grateful remembrancer of great kindness and liberal hospitality they extended to me.*

Disillusion and Disappointment.

In spite of all this, to my great regret I am constrained to say that I was very much disillusioned and disappointed in certain things I experienced in America. My first disillusionment came in Honolulu. I broke my journey there to Washington, whither I was going to report on the Armament Limitation Conference, in order to attend as a delegate from Japan a meeting of the International Press Association which was held at that beautiful city. When the meeting came to an end, I had to cross to the States in hurry, because there were not many days before the Washington Conference opened its session. Now it is provided by the American Coastwise Navigation Law that all passengers from an American port to another must go by an American vessel under the penalty of a fine of \$ 200 in amount. Of course I did not like to pay the fine, much less to infringe the law, and so I wanted to be carried to the continent on American bottom. There were then two American steamers leaving for San Francisco within a few days one after another, either of which would take me to the otherside of the Pacific in time. So I wanted to go by one of them, but much to my annoyance I was told that no berth was avail-

able on both vessels as all had already been engaged. I could not wait for a third American vessel, as, if I did so, I would miss the opening session of the Washington Conference. Under the circumstance, I was obliged to go on board a Japanese steamer in contravention of the American Coastwise Navigation Law. I was in trepidation, for this was the first time in my life that I was compelled to make myself a law-breaker. I thought that I would have to embark on the Japanese steamer in secret and that on my arrival in San Francisco I would be arrested and taken to a judicial court to be duly punished for my offense. As a matter of fact, nothing so dreadful ever took place. All I had to do was to pay to a shipping agent \$ 200 to be forwarded to the authorities, provide myself with a due receipt for it and go on board the Japanese steamer like any other respectable, law-abiding passengers. I felt relieved, but at the same time was very much puzzled and astonished. I had heard so much of the power of money in the United States and how gold was almighty there. After my above said experience in Honolulu, I am no longer surprised when I read in American papers accounts of rich criminals being acquitted or escaping with slight punishments. No wonder in a country where money is so powerful, nearly all the people are bent on making money. To a man like myself, who was taught in boyhood to despise money and to aim at higher things than gold, it appeared that America was making too much of the Golden Calf.

Prohibition and Its Failure

Before sailing for America, I had heard so much of prohibition; how heroically the nation was tackling the problem and how like one man the people were combatting the evil of drink. Being a strong opponent of alcoholism, I was glad to visit a dry country and see for

myself salutary effects of teetotalism, so that after returning home I might point out the example of Americans to my fellow countrymen having contrary views on this subject. I was sorely disappointed, therefore, to find upon my arrival in America that the country was as wet as any in the world and that the prohibition law was being almost openly defied. This is no imaginary story. While I stayed in Washington, the proprietor of a great newspaper gave in honour of journalists assembled there in connection with the Armament Conference a great party at his beautiful villa in one of the suburbs. I was privileged to attend it and was amazed at the sumptuousness of the feast given. But what astonished me most on the occasion was the quantities and varieties of drinks offered to the guests. I was even more astonished when I saw that even police constables, who accompanied us to that ground as escorts, freely helped themselves to intoxicants. Since that time, I learned that I could buy any amount of drinks if I were rich enough to pay for. In fact, at several brilliant banquets which I had the pleasure of attending, I always found choice brands of wine served in a most liberal fashion, and I was not surprised to here a British journalist remark that never in his life had he so many opportunities as in Washington to drink to heart's content.

Harmful Effects of Prohibition.

Prohibition, it appeared to me, was a dead law as far as the rich people were concerned. As Goldsmith put it in a line :

Laws grind the poor and
richmen rule the law,

It appeared to me that the Prohibition law was intended for the benefit of the capitalist class. Indeed, I strongly suspect that the Volstead

Amendment was adopted more for the purpose of enhancing labour efficiency than for uplifting of public morals. You see, a sober workman would work better than a drunken one and capitalists and employers of labour naturally desire to keep their men sober. But are they, I mean the labouring class, really keeping themselves dry? I sincerely hope that they do not allow themselves to be made victims of moonshine which is smuggled into the States in great quantities at all times of the year. I also sincerely hope that the almost open violation of the dry law by rich people does not encourage contempt of law and order among the masses and drive many good men and women to hypocrisy. In this connection, I may here quote a remark by Mrs. Asquith, wife of the ex-Premier of England, which she made on the subject a few years ago after a tour in the United States. She said : "Prohibition, which I always favoured, is most harmful in its effects as I see them in America. Lord Lee says my statement that there is drunkenness among young people in America is cruel, ludicrous and untrue. I wish it were at least the last."

Among the evil effects of prohibitions, the most serious is the spread among the American masses of habitual use of narcotic drugs. Men need stimulants. In a country, where life is so strenuous and tension is so highly strung, it is but natural that many people crave for very strong stimulants. While liquors were available to such people, there was not much demand among them for narcotics. But after prohibition was enforced, the number of persons using dangerous drugs has been increasing by leaps and bounds in spite of a very stringent law prohibiting it. It will be news to many to hear that America leads other countries in using prohibited life-sapping drugs. She uses every year 470,000 pounds of opium as against

17,000 pounds of Germany and France which are known as great drug users. In 1868 reports showed that only one box of morphine was sold in America, but a few years ago its sale amounted to \$ 2,000,000 a year. This tells the whole story. As we say in Japan, America might have succeeded in driving off the wolf from her front door, but meanwhile the tiger has broken into her house through her back gate.

Crimes of Violence

During my sojourn in the United States, a crime wave seemed to be sweeping the country, for day after day papers carried on their front pages sensational stories of violent crimes—murders, holdups, bank robberies, until I was sick of them. Perhaps my Japanese friends in America wanted to frighten me, as they well knew what a coward I was, but they told me of unpleasant experiences either they or some people they knew had had with armed robbers even in such great cities as New York and Chicago. This was a revelation to me, as I had thought that America was a civilized country where the security of life and property was assured. After that, I used to lock my room, scarcely ventured out during the night and did not feel safe until I crossed the Atlantic to England. I hope the situation is better now, but according to an analysis of crime figures made by Dr. Frederic L. Hoffman of the Prudential Insurance Company of America, and printed in a London journal, the number of murders committed in the United States in 1923 shows the regular annual increase in "the American murder wave" and indicates that the United States is slowly drifting towards a degree of acquiescence in crime and criminal traits, which, if not sternly dealt with, will permeate every stratum of society. Statistics that cover most of the

cities show an increase in murder from 9 per 100,000 population in 1922 to 10.2 in 1923. They show that homicide rate has doubled in twenty years. "On the basis of a conservative estimate," says Dr. Hoffman, "there are certainly not less than 10,000 murder cases a year in the United States."

"Land of the Noble Free?"

Americans call their country "the land of the Noble Free." I am quite sure that it once was such, but is it still so? Not to speak of the famous "monkey trial" at Dayton, there seem to be not a few reasons which go a long way to justify the suspicion that America is ideal state as far as individual liberty is concerned. For one thing, it may safely be said that there is no free press. The press is dominated by "big business," if what Mr. Upton Sinclair says in his Brass Check is half true. An American friend of mine once said to me that the American press was an organ of the capitalist class, hence servile, dishonest, untrustworthy, concurring in and reflecting the inherent vices of business and government. This is certainly too sweeping, but while admiring the enterprise, originality and resources shown by the American press, I can not say that it is perfectly trustworthy. I know some American newspaper men who did not hesitate to misrepresent or exaggerate if it is convenient for them to do so. As a matter of fact, while in America and also in Japan I was very often misrepresented and misquoted.

Shocked by Flappers

A very conservative man, who adores Japanese women for their grace, refinement, modesty, self-sacrifice and courage, I was shocked when in New York I saw for the first time

those dashing young American girls with bobbed hair, rolled stockings, all the blandishments of the beauty parlour displayed on their features. I wondered whether those girls were not as loose in their morals as in their garments and whether American men, who allowed their sisters, daughters and sweethearts to dress and behave themselves in such an audacious way, were not equally indifferent to their observance of virtues, which we conservative men of the Orient expect of our women. I made enquiries on the question and was told by certain trustworthy persons that American sexual morality was not so exemplary as it had been before. Needless to say, I met many real ladies, young and old, who impressed me most favourably with their culture, modesty, charm, intelligence and sweetness. Towards this type of American womanhood, I entertain nothing but highest esteem, but I frankly say that I was disgusted with flappers. I may here note that not long after I returned home, I had an opportunity of speaking of my experiences in America before a small gathering. In the speech I spoke unsparingly of those frivolous young women I had seen in America. A enterprising newspaper printed a resume of some remarks I made and represented me as having asserted that there was no virgin in the United States. Naturally this was very much resented by some of my American friends and a certain American newspaper made a childish attempt to hold me up to ridicule by remarking that I based my "revelation" on the fact that I had seen men and women kissing in railway stations and other public-places, as I had never seen any American movie pictures! I can assure the writer of that cutting remark that my criticism of certain types of American women stands on firmer ground. In fact, I can give some evidences supporting my criticism, but I had better omit them here altogether.

America of the Past No More.

If space allows me, I would mention some more points which I found wanting in American civilization. I have, however, written enough to tell that I found America not such a glorious and noble country as I had imagined or had been led to imagine to be. I found America to be possessed of many excellent and admirable points, but it seemed to me that she was not entirely free of certain shortcomings and weaknesses. I still believe that America of only a few decades ago was really "the Land of the Noble Free." She has since been changing very much and, I fear, for the worse. Attracted by her rich natural resources and availing themselves of improved transportation facilities, millions of foreigners have been pouring into her territory and settling there. I am told that of about sixty independent countries existing in the world to-day, as many as forty-five have sent emigrants to the United States. It would be well if all these emigrants were men and women of sterling quality of the type of early settlers of New England, but, though they undoubtedly contained not a few good elements, a great majority of them were the sort of people, whom few countries would like to receive with open hands. The fact is that the original Americans, the genuine Americans, the descendants of those God-fearing and freedom-loving founders of the American Republic have been simply swamped, overwhelmed and dominated by huge hordes of alien immigrants of little education and no culture, who knew little or nothing of the tradition, spirit and characteristics of the American nation. It is perhaps too much to say so, but figuratively speaking, the noble and free America of Washington and Lincoln of Emerson and Garrison was conquered without

bloodshed by foreigners and perished a few decades ago. New York, people say, is owned by Jews, ruled by Irish and resided by Americans. This seems to be true with nearly all the American big cities and towns. The American Republic remains to-day more powerful than ever, but a great majority of its constituents are so-called hyphenated Americans. This explains why genuine Americans are so eager for 100 per cent Americanism, why they are so keen on restriction of foreign immigration and why such an abnormal body as the Ku Klux Klan has sprung up. I have deep-rooted affection

and sincere respect for genuine Americans, among whom I have some of my best friends. I firmly believe any deterioration of American civilization, some phases of which I have dared to point out, is due to intrusion of undesirable foreign influence. My warm sympathy goes to those real Americans who are struggling to expel it and to revive the great and noble republic, "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal" which was founded by their fore-fathers seven core and nine years ago.

The Young East.



THINGS THAT AMUSE



Agreed.

Once again the chief clerk was late. Unpunctuality was his great failing, and because of his splendid business ability his employer had forgiven him time and again.

But this time the chief decided that Browne had gone too far. "I'll let him know what I think about it," he had murmured to himself as he prepared to make out the bills which, owing to the clerk's lateness, were already overdue.

As Browne came in the enraged employer laid aside his pen and said sternly :

"Look here, Browne, this will not do."

"No, sir," replied Browne, glancing over his chief's shoulder, "it will not. You have made these out to the wrong people. Far better to have waited until I came!"

A Domestic Dispute.

All the public telephones in the underground railway-station were occupied, and in one particular box a man had been standing for nearly twenty minutes. A long queue had formed up in single file behind the box and eagerly awaited his exit.

They noticed that he had a hang-dog sort of look and that, although he held the receiver close to his ear, he never once opened his mouth, except to yawn now and then.

At last the man in front of the queue could stand it no longer, and, hauling open the door, he shouted ;

"Here, is this a joke, or are you speaking to anyone ?

The man at the phone turned round and leisurely surveyed his interrogator.

"No joke at all, my friend," said he "I I'm spoken' to my wife"

Asked And Answered.

The teacher was giving a practical demonstration to the science class. Her subject for the afternoon was "Steam and its Uses."

"What have I in my hand ?" she asked.

"A tin can," came the answer.

"Right. Is it an animate or inanimate object ?"

"Inanimate," chorused the class.

"Correct. Now, can any boy tell me how, with this can, it is possible to generate a surprising amount of speed and power almost beyond control ?"

There came no responsive chorus from the class this time, however ; not even a murmur broke the painful silence. Then, unobtrusively, a little boy tremblingly raised his hand, whilst his companions eyed him profoundly.

"Please, miss," he piped, "tie it to a dog's tail and then watch."

Solving the Problem.

Mrs. Blank was giving a party in her country bungalow. The affair was not a huge success; the guests, having exhausted the weather as a topic of conversation, acted as if they could find no other.

"If only I could create a diversion somehow or other!" murmured Mrs. Blank.

Suddenly a smile brightened her features and she crossed to where her mother-in-law sat perched on the veranda rail.

An unfortunate stumble, and the old lady fell to the terrace some eight feet below. Instantly all the guests rushed to her aid, rescued her, and the party's success was assured.

Later the husband took his wife aside and said:

"How clumsy of you, dear, to push mother over like that! I am afraid it'll be a long time before she visits us again."

"Now, George dear, do be reasonable," answered Mrs. Blank soothingly. "I simply had to do something. Couldn't you see the party was dragging frightfully?"

Beat.

An American tourist, whilst staying in his English host's house, went to crack jokes with the gardener, who, by the way, was an Irishman.

"You've sure got some splendid plants there, Pat," he observed one day, "but I guess we can beat 'em hands down on the other side. Why, I remember once growing a cabbage which, when cut in two and the heart removed, made an excellent cradle for my two kiddies."

"Fancy that!" answered Pat. "But I think we can beat that."

"Oh?" inquired the visitor.

"Yes, sorr," replied Pat. "In Ireland we have some splendid vegetables. I once saw three men sleeping on one beet."

"Three men?" gasped the American incredulously.

"Sure!" retorted Pat. "Policemen!"

Hard on Hubby.

Mr. and Mrs. Scrawler were on the point of going to the theatre to see the first performance of the author's new play, when a sudden thought struck Mrs. Scrawler.

They had just engaged a new nurse, and she was being left in charge of the children for the first time.

"Dear," remarked Mrs. Scrawler, as her husband opened the front door, "I looked into the nursery and noticed that nurse was reading a new book of yours."

"Yes," answered her husband, "I gave it to her."

"Oh, my dear?" exclaimed his wife. "You know how important it is that she should not go to sleep."

Meeting his Match.

A Maiden lady, well known as a lecturer, was awakened one night by the sound of creaking floorboards. In the dim glow of her bed-room fire she saw the outline of a burglar.

Most women would have screamed in pure fright, but not Miss Spinster. Instead she calmly extracted a revolver from beneath her pillow, switched on the electric-light, and addressed the miscreant thus:

"Instead of sending you to prison I am going to give you a chance. And to help you to take it, I will outline for you my lecture on 'Criminal or Citizen? How the law-breaker may win back his self-respect,'

An hour later there came a frantic ring on the telephone in the local police-station, and an anguished voice said :

"There's a burglar in Miss Spinster's bedroom, 33, Blank Square. Send me police at once."

"Right," came the reply. "This is Miss Spinster speaking I suppose?"

"No," came the melancholy answer ; "this is the burglar!"

The Awakening.

She was inclined to be stout—in fact, to be absolutely frank, she was stout. Some of her female acquaintances, often went so far as to say she was fat, but of these she took no notice. When cornered she would sometimes admit to being "bonnie," but never fat.

Tactful shop-assistants were always very careful not to inform her of the correct size of the articles of clothing she bought, and shoe-fitters had been known to stick stamp-paper over the size numbers of her shoes. But all this deception was brought to a sudden close one day when she sent a little white frock, which she imagined made her look slimmer than anything she possessed, to the laundry.

A few days after its dispatch it was returned from the cleaner's, accompanied by the following note.

"Dear Madam.—We regret that we cannot undertake the cleansing of the enclosed bell-tent.

The Famous Fifth.

One of the few old customs which have managed to survive is the observance of Guy Fawkes Day. In fact, for some unexplained reason, the last few years have witnessed a

strong revival of Fifth of November celebrations.

Few people know that the famous Fifth could really be claimed as a public holiday. Such is the case, however. The House of Commons instituted it "as a holiday for ever in thankfulness to God for our deliverance and detestation of the Papists."

Method of observing the day have changed. Once the bells of all churches were rung, and parish accounts are full of such entries as that of Islip, Oxfordshire. "For ringing on gunpowder treason, 2s. 6d." Effigies of Guy Fawkes were incomplete unless in one hand he held a dark lantern and in the other a box of matches. The most popular ballad, sung by the boys, was as follows :

"Hollo, boys, hollo, boys, let the bells ring ;
Hollo, boys, hollo, boys, God save the
King.

Pray to remember, the fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot,
When the King and his train had nearly
been slain,
Therefore it shall not be forgot."

Where Prison Means Honour.

Prison life in this country has lost many of the terrors, but the "prison taint" remains. We are still very far removed from the point of view of the natives of West Africa, who consider a term of imprisonment in one of the Government prisons the greatest honour that could be conferred on them.

In this part of the world convict labour is almost universally employed for such tasks as road-making, laying out public gardens, and building houses. In addition, householders who want any kind of job done are in the habit of sending to the town prison, which

will supply a gang of competent convicts in charge of a warder to carry out the work.

As a result, the West African gets it into his woolly head that he has been specially selected to render service to the Government, and, when he is released and returns to his own home and friends, his prestige among them is enormous. In fact, one man who had had his sentence shortened, because of his good conduct, took the respite as a great insult and inquired what he had done that he should be turned out before the proper time.

One reason for this queer notion is that prisons, with ideal sanitary arrangements, separate beds for each inmate, and three meals a day, are palaces, of splendour and delight compared with the average native hut, with its mud floor and squalid surroundings.

Village' Varsities.

The little Cambridgeshire of Swastan is to be the scene of an interesting experiment, which will be watched with the greatest keenness by all interested in rural education. A village college is to be established there to serve Sawston and district, the idea being to apply the provisions of the 1921 Education Act to country life and industry.

Among the features of the college will be a workshop, rural science and domestic science departments, and a school garden. Children over ten in an area including six villages will be educated here, and it is hoped to equip them, not for a city, but for country life. Farmers in the district are to be asked to co-operate in the scheme, and it is hoped that they will give facilities to the older boys for seeing how work is actually carried on in field and farmyard.

The scheme for the college also includes a village hall, which will be available for gatherings of all kinds, while two rooms are to be set apart for adult education and the meetings of local organisations. So that the college will be a sort of combined senior school, village university, and social centre. Playing fields laid out for football cricket, bowls, and tennis, will also be available.

Engineers of Empire.

A very interesting ceremony, marking the completion of a great engineering feat, will take place this week when the Khyber Railway is officially opened.

Passengers on the two trains which are to make the first run over the new railway will be carried to Landi Kotal, the highest point of the pass, and will see some remarkable scenery on their way. In places the pass is only fifty feet wide, and even at its widest it is no more than 450 feet. On each side of it the mountains tower sheer into the sky, sometimes to a height of 3000 feet.

The whole of the thirty-three miles of the pass are rich in historic associations, and the pass has always been regarded as the key to India. There is no other route by which heavy traffic and artillery can pass between that country and Afghanistan. In the Afghan Wars of 1839-42 and 1878-80 the mastery of the pass was hotly disputed, but the Afghans were unable to hold it against British troops.

For some time the Khyber Pass has been under the control of the Government of India, but the Afghans made an unsuccessful attempt against it in 1919.

The semi-independent tribes in the neighbourhood of the pass were at first hostile to the idea of the railway; but they have now been reconciled to it, and have even co-operated in its construction. Their representatives will be present at the opening ceremony.

One Reliable Rule.

While fishing, a man fell into the water, and unfortunately was unable to swim; but he managed to attract attention and a fellow fisherman jumped in and rescued him, laid him on his back, and began to think.

"What's the matter?" asked a bystander. "Why don't you revive him?"

"Well," answered the rescuer, "there happen to be sixteen rules for reviving the apparently drowned, and I can't remember which comes first."

At this point in the conversation the rescued man slowly opened an eye and whispered faintly:

"Is there anything about giving brandy in the rules?"

"Yes."

"Then never mind about the other fifteen," came the almost inaudible retort.

Disheartening.

Jerry had worshipped Joan for months but somehow he had few opportunities of telling her, and even when one did occur his courage failed him and he remained silent.

But it happened that he had to make a business trip to the North extending over a week, and he decided that the last night he would spend in town would be a fitting occasion to spring the momentous question. He kept this to himself, however, until exactly half-past eleven by the clock.

"Joan," he said tremulously, "I am going away to-morrow."

"Are you?" she answered, with the thoughtlessness of girlhood.

"Yes," he replied. "Are you sorry?"

"Yes, very sorry," she murmured, glancing

at the clock. "I thought you might go away to-day."

Right Enough.

Rumour ran riot in the school. It was said that a government inspector would be coming down to examine the children on the morrow. For once, rumour was correct, and the following day brought the inspector along.

He put the pupils through a fairly stiff examination, in which they gave every satisfaction.

Then he proceeded to ask a few general questions round the class.

"Can you finish this proverb?" he asked a diminutive youngster. "'People who live in glass houses——'"

Bewilderment was expressed in the child's face, but after a short interval his answer was forthcoming.

"People who live in glass houses," said he, "can't have a barf?"

"More Haste—"

The new chauffeur was driving his master home from a dance. Faster and faster sped the magnificent car as they left the more crowded streets behind them, untill at last a cold sweat broke over the master's brow.

"Hi, Thompson!" he called. "Go steady! We shall spend the night in gaol if you don't!"

But the chauffeur had no time for words. He merely shook his head, glanced at his petrol gauge, and sent the car surging forward faster still as he shouted:

"We're still four miles from home, sir, and I've only enough petrol for three. But if we hurry we may just do it!"

Impossible.

A certain railway magnate was making

inquiries with regard to acquiring a small branch which belonged to a private company.

"Now, as to the state of your track," he said to a director. "Is it well laid?"

"Sir," answered the other indignantly. "Ours is the safest line in the country. I may say that we have been running for twenty years and have never had a collision."

"That's good!" exclaimed the big man.

"And, what's more, sir," continued the other, "a collision would be impossible on our line."

"How do you make that out?" was the surprised question. "I know that the latest automatic devices are good, but, well—'impossible' is a big word!"

"It may be," came the quick retort: "but it's literally true with us. Don't forget we've only one train!"

Beyond Recovery.

The peace and calm of the police-station, were suddenly disturbed by the entrance of a very excited woman. Hurriedly she approached the inspector, who sat writing at his desk.

"I have lost my husband!" she cried. "He was with me all day yesterday, but I have not seen him since."

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed the inspector. "Can you give me a few particulars as to his appearance?"

"Oh, yes!" came the answer. "He is dark and has a sallow complexion. He also has a Roman nose."

The inspector looked very grave on hearing this last statement and shook his head,

"In that case, madame, you will never find him again." Then, noting the expression of astonishment on the woman's face, he added: "A Roman nose, you know, never turns up!"

Not What She Meant.

It was the day of the country golf championship, and for once a day had dawned brightly. A huge crowd assembled and prepared to watch last year's champion drive off from the first tee. The betting stood high in his favour.

The champion came out from the pavilion, selected a club, and addressed the ball. But the was a nervous man, and now his nerve began to fail him.

His devoted wife stood among the crowd watching her husband anxiously. He swung his club aloft and drove off. Dead silence reigned—he had missed. Another swing followed, and he missed again. A third time he tried, but once again he missed. The crowd broke into a roar of mocking laughter.

His wife's womanly indignation rose at once at their derision.

"It's no laughing matter!" she cried angrily. "Nobody hates his misses more than my husband!"

Lost.

Joseph Berry was a great problem to the local parson, who had almost given him up as a hopeless case.

He had been kind to Joe, he had been severe to Joe, but it all left Joe completely as he was before. Joseph Berry, as he said himself, was no church-goer.

Imagine the parson's surprise, then, when one Sunday evening he observed Joe sitting in one of the pews in the rear of the church. The parson was so surprised that he gave out the wrong hymn number.

During the course of the next day he had to make a call in the village and whilst passing the local inn he ran into Joe, who was on the point of leaving.

"Why, Joe," he said, "what's happened to you? I saw you in church last evening."

The perplexed frown on Joe's face gave place to a look of pleased enlightenment as he replied:

"That's where I was, then—I've been wondering where I got to!"

Safety First.

He came to a halt beneath the sign bearing the legend "Boy Wanted." Then, without more ado, walked straight into an office marked "Strictly Private."

The manager of the stores, who was holding an impromptu board meeting, glanced up hurriedly at his entrance.

"You want a boy?" asked the newcomer.

The manager treated him to an icy glare.

"Get outside!" he cried. "If I want you I'll call you back—if I don't just keep on walking."

The newcomer obeyed, but to make sure of being called back, he quietly appropriated a box of silk stockings and a case of tea. He hadn't gone far when he was brought back by the shop detective. He explained his motive to the manager. Then he took off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves, and said:

"Well, what department do I go to, sir?"

"The basement," said the other, stroking his chin thoughtfully. "That's the only department that doesn't handle any cash."

A Tense Moment.

At a performance of an amateur dramatic club an amusing incident occurred through the nervousness of one of the performers.

The local band was a leading feature of the production, and praise for the music was heard all over the hall.

In the third act a youth who was playing the part of a page had to rush on the stage whilst the band was playing and cry:

"Stop the music! The king is dead!"

The critical moment arrived, and the excited and highly strung page made his entrance.

"Stop the music!" he cried dramatically. "It has killed the king!"

No Excitement.

The truck drew up with a creaking groan at the kerb-side, and the driver climbed down from his precarious perch.

Two assistants made their appearance from inside the vehicle, and all three proceeded to carry a huge plate-glass window into an adjoining shop.

As they struggled with the monster pane the usual crowd, including two small errand boys, gathered and prepared to enjoy the spectacle.

When a quarter of an hour had passed, one of the youths, growing weary of the extreme care and deliberation with which the men were handling the glass, turned to his companion and said:

"We may as well be moving, Tom. They ain't going to drop it, after all."

Diamond out Diamond.

A certain country farmer came in from his usual hard day's toil in the fields and set himself down with pen and ink at the cottage table. With many and varied contortions of his features, he began to write.

His wife observed that he wrote a few words and then threw the sheet of paper aside. This went on for some time until, her curiosity piqued beyond control, she asked timidly:

"A penny for your thoughts, George?"

"I am trying to think, my dear," he answered, "of a suitable epitaph to put on your tombstone."

As his wife was in perfect health she rather resented this undue thoughtfulness, and caustically retorted :

"Oh, that's quite simple. Just put 'Wife of the above.'"

Eclipsed.

Three boys were talking of the merits of their particular fathers.

Said the first whose father was a famous novelist :

"My father just writes a few words on a bit of paper and gets paid five pounds for it"

"Oh" said the lawyer's son, "my daddy just sits in a room and tells people what to do, and they give him fifty pounds for it."

"That's nothing!" said the parson's son. "My dad gets up in the pulpit, preaches for a few minutes, and when he's finished it takes eight men to carry the money into the vestry."

Taking it for Granted.

Timidly she tripped into Tennet's, the chemists, and made her way to the camera department, where, under the subservient attentions of a delighted young man, she was made familiar with several cameras.

"What is the name of this one?" she inquired of the assistant, as she picked up a dainty little instrument.

"That is the Belvadere," answered the young man, with a charming smile.

For a moment there was a chilly silence. Then the sweet young thing pulled herself together, and fixing the assistant with a stony glare, she inquired icily :

"And can you recommend the Belva?"

His Way Out.

Roberts owed Rogers two pounds, and consequently Rogers was the last man he wanted to see. However, he did see him, although they run full tilt into one another before recognition took place.

"Fancy seeing you!" exclaimed Roberts. "I never dreamt of seeing you."

"No," returned the other; "it is funny."

They chatted for some minutes on a variety of subjects, and at last Roberts, wishing to get away before the subject of the debt was raised, said :

"What's the time?"

Rogers pulled out his watch and, regarding it with a frown, replied :

"It's about time you repaid the money you owe me."

"Oh," exclaimed Roberts in alarm, "I'd no idea it was as late as that! I must be off. Good-bye, old chap!"

Conclusive.

Two men, who were dining in the City, became involved in a dispute as to whether a pineapple was a fruit or a vegetable. A bet was made, and the men agreed to accept the decision of the waiter, whom they called to the table,

"John," said one, how do you describe a pineapple? Is it a fruit or a vegetable?"

The waiter smiled, and rubbing his hands, retorted genially :

"It's neither, sir; a pineapple is a hextra!"

The Smile that Failed.

It was visiting day at the cottage hospital, and the squire was bringing all the patients bouquets of flowers called from the magnificent greenhouses.

When he entered Ward No. 2 he came across a young man heavily swathed in bandages. There he stopped, and after administering a few kindly words of comfort, to the sufferer, he remarked in the cheeriest of tones :

"Never mind, young man, you'll soon be all right. Keep on smiling ; it's the only way in this sad world."

"I shall never smile again," said the young man soulfully.

"Nonsense !" ejaculated the squire.

"There's no nonsense about it !" retorted the other angrily, "It's through smiling at another chap's girl that I'm here now."

Call of the Road.

He had been run down by a speeding motor car, and was loud in his denunciation of the motoring world.

"They make life unsafe for pedestrians," he declared to all his friends.

Finally, his suit for damages against the owner of the car that had run into him came before a Court, and he was awarded £500.

"What do you intend doing, with all that money ?" a friend asked later.

"I'm going to buy a car !" was the victim's gleeful reply.

The Way of the West.

As in the Western novels, the cowpuncher married the beautiful school-teacher, who came from England, and after a great celebration in Iron Spike they lit out to use the correct expression—for their ranch in the mesquite, some thirty miles away.

Some two months later one of the guests at wedding celebration happened to meet the bridegroom riding into Iron Spike.

"Howdy, Bud ?" he cried. "How's the wife ?"

"Ain't you heered ?" inquired Bud, rather surprisedly. "Why, as we were ridin' out the wife's horse shied, pitching her off, and she broke a leg. We were more'n twenty miles from the doc, too."

"My," exclaimed the other, "ain't that terrible ! What did you do Bud ?"

"Do ?" echoed Bud. "Do ? What could I do ? Why, I shot her, o' course !"

The patient saleswoman brought out the seventeenth hat. The customer seemed impressed, but her doting husband spoke up with decision.

"That hat does not become you, my angel."

The saleswoman showed another.

"And that, certainly, is not worthy of you, my angel."

"I fear we cannot suit your angel," said the saleswoman finally. "We have nothing in the way of a halo."

A seven year old boy recently wandered home from school with a worried air and a Bible.

"I've got to write an essay, mums," he murmured, "on a story in the Bible."

About ten minutes later he sneaked into the dining-room.

"Mummy," he wailed, "do tell me some bibulous stories ; I can't remember any."

The foreman of a gang of railwaymen had more than his share of Irish wit.

One day he was walking along his section of the line when he found one of his men fast asleep in the shade of a hedge.

Eyeing the man with a smile, he said :—

"Slape on, ye idle spalpeen, slape on. So long as ye slape ye've got a job, but when ye wake up ye're but of work !"

"You will notice," said the eccentric technical master as he placed his fingers on a piece of mechanism and seized the handle, "that this machine is turned by a crank."

And he marvelled at the titter that went round the class.

New Minister (discouraged) :

"Do you think the congregation really has any excuse for sleeping through my services ?"

Deacon : "No parson. They sleep just because they don't care a cuss. Now, I always drink a strong cup of coffee just before coming to church."

The teacher of a juvenile class had been reading about a shepherd who went after a lost lamb during a blinding snow-storm and eventually found the creature, half-frozen. Taking off his coat the shepherd wrapped it round the lamb and carried it back to the fold, where it soon revived.

"Now," said the teacher, "can any of you tell me of any similar act of kindness ?"

"Yes, miss," piped a small voice. "I've often heard father say he's going to put his shirt on a horse."

"Doctor, can you help me ? My name is Sploggs——"

"No. I'm sorry ; I simply can't do anything for that."

Dinner "Waiter, there's a hair in my soup !"

Waiter : "One moment, sir, while I consult a volume of——for an appropriate reply."

"Did you shoot anything i?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean, then, by coming home with an empty bag ?"

"I couldn't put the keeper in it, could I ?"

Visitor at Church (to friend, as collection plate nears) : "Put that money back in your pocket, Bill. This one's with me !"

Diminutive Mr. Minor was introducing his six foot-three son to some friends at the club

Addressing an old acquaintance, the proud father said, "This is my boy Guy, just down from Cambridge."

"Really !" said his friend, adjusting his spectacles and gazing blandly at the youthful giant. "Quite a block off the old chip isn't he ?"

A Jewish clothier in London was not doing very brisk business, so he sent to an Aberdeen firm twelve parcels, each containing thirteen suits. On the invoice the wily Isaac, with an eye to creating a market for his goods, wrote : "Twelve dozen suits. Hope they will meet your requirements."

A day or two later the twelve parcels were returned, with a note from the Aberdonians regretting that they were unable to increase their stock at present. On opening the parcels it was found the extra suit had been extracted from each.

A British tourist journeyed from Cairo to the Pyramids.

Fired by romantic tales, he felt sure he had reached the land where nothing savouring of Western civilization would be allowed to disturb the Arabian Nights' atmosphere.

When he reached the Pyramids and was hoisted to a camel by an exceedingly picturesque Arab, he quivered with delight. But he had a rude awakening.

"What's your camel's name?" he asked the Arab.

"Mary Pickford," was the answer.

A Spinster living in a London suburb was shocked at the language used by the two men repairing telegraph wires close to her house.

She wrote to the company on the matter, and the foreman was asked to report.

This he did in the following way :—

"Me and Bill Fairweather were on this job. I was up the telegraph pole, and accidentally let the hot lead fall on Bill. It went down his neck. Then he said : 'You really must be more careful, Harry.' "

The Scots are still a careful and conservative race ; they can see no reason for taking unnecessary chances.

A well-known championship player had just come to the seventeenth green at St.

Andrews, where he saw an old Scotsman he had known for many years.

"I've brought those golf balls I promised you," he said.

"I'll tak' them noo," said Sandy.

"I'm sorry, but they're at the hotel."

"Then I'll tak' what ye hae in your bag."

"And what sort of bags did your husband have in Scotland, Mrs. Nasalheimer?"

"Bagth, my tear !—never vunce ! Always a kilt of 'is own special tartan !"

"Is that your car?"

"Well, officer, since you ask me, considering I still have fifty payments to make, owing three repair bills, and haven't settled for the new tyre, I really don't think it is."

Landlord (to impecunious dentist) : "But can't you do something towards paying off all the rent that's due?"

Dentist : "Well—er—I could pull you out a tooth a day, you know, until it's paid off."

"Do you remember Miss Smith?"

"No, I can't say I do."

"Oh, you must remember her ! She was the plainest girl in the village. But I forgot—that was after you left."

A True Story.

A quantity of milk had arrived by train at a station in the North, and was loaded on an ordinary trolley awaiting claim by the consignee. The trolley had on it about ten of the large cans in which milk is carried by rail.

Along came a dignified inspector bent on taking samples of the milk for testing purposes. He mounted the trolley and proceeded to insert the special implement he carried to mix the milk before taking out the samples.

But the front bogey wheels of the trolley were not well placed for such an operation. The weight of the inspector upset the whole trolley. The contents of all the cans flowed freely over the stone pavement, and the dignified inspector was in the middle of it all. He must have bathed in about 100 gallons of milk, and he held to be picked up and put into a cab to go home and change his clothes.

The language of the milkmen waiting for the milk could not be printed.

BOTH LOST.

A Professor of music was asked to decide on the relative powers of two vocalists whose talents existed entirely in their own imagination.

After hearing them, the professor said to one : "You are the worst singer I ever heard !"

"Then," exclaimed the other, "I win !"

"No," answered the professor, "you can't sing all !"

THEN THEY KISSED.

Before bidding her good night he begged to be permitted to kiss her.

"Oh, no," she said. "I couldn't permit such a thing. Besides, somebody might see us."

"That's true," he said.

There was a pause, after which she said, with a light laugh :—

"How quiet it is here ! There appears to be nobody about."

REAL SCOTCH.

A Scottish actor in a touring company approached the manager for a rise in salary, giving as a reason that he was thinking of getting married. In his next pay envelope Jock received a fairly substantial increase.

Some time later the manager, meeting Jock, inquired : "I suppose you've settled down to married life now, eh ?"

"I'm no' married," replied the actor.

"But didn't you apply to me for a rise because you were thinking of getting married ?"

"Oh, aye, but I've stopped thinking."

NEVER AGAIN.

In a loud voice, a man in an hotel called his friend back just as the latter was leaving the dining room, and then whispered to him : "How far would you have gone if I hadn't called you back ?"

The other, straightening himself up, replied, in a tone loud enough for all to hear :—

"No, sir, I won't lend you £5 ; I haven't got it on me, and if I had I wouldn't let you have it until you have paid me what you borrowed two months ago."

His friend will never play a joke in a public dining-room again !

THE WRONG P. C.

An old lady approached a policeman on point duty and, prodding him with her umbrella, said :—

"I say, constable, do you mind going into that draper's shop and getting me one of their catalogues ?"

The policeman smiled, but replied, politely :

"Sorry I cannot, madam, but why do you ask me ? Cannot you get one yourself ?"

"Well," replied the old lady, "it says in this newspaper 'Send a P. C. for a catalogue, and as you seem to have a nice, kind face, I thought I'd send you.'"

SAILORS DON'T CARE.

A certain cook in the Navy was noted for his absent-mindedness. One day during a rush period he forgot to wash out the dixie that had contained tea. The result was that he made some soup in it.

When the time came for it to be served, he noticed tea leaves floating about on top of the soup.

Suddenly a bright idea struck him, and, hurrying to the mess-deck, he shouted: "Boys, if you see any tea leaves floating in you soup you'll know it's mint."

WHO'D BE A DOCTOR?

Dr. Jones was sleeping soundly after an all-night case when his telephone bell rang. Dragging himself to the instrument, he answered impatiently.

It was the voice of one Aaron Bimburg, who implored the doctor to "Come at vunce!" on a matter of life or death. Little Aaron had swallowed a shilling and his parents feared the worst.

The doctor dressed hurriedly, jumped into his car, and drove madly to the Bimburs' house. On his arrival he found the parental Bimburs calm and apparently much relieved.

"It's all right now, doctor," said Bimburg; "you needn't have come. It was only a thruppenny bit. We found the shilling on the floor."

WASTING TIME.

As the vicar walked across his lawn, he noticed how dry it was.

"Everything looks terribly dried up, John," he remarked to the old gardener; "I think I shall pray for rain to-morrow."

The old man scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Don't think me interferin,' sir, he said at last, "but it ain't much use prayin' for rain with the wind in the north."

E. DIDN'T PAY.

A Man commissioned an artist to paint his portrait, with the stipulation that he need not accept the picture unless it was like him.

When the painting was finished, he was not satisfied, and refused to pay. The painter sued him, and another artist was called into court to give an expert opinion.

"Do you see that picture of my client?" asked counsel for the defendant.

"No," answered the witness; "I do not."

"There it is!" said the man of law, pointing to the canvas, "Is that a portrait?"

"Certainly not!" answered the expert; "it's a map of him."

FREDDY'S FLUKE.

In a country school in which the furnishings were sadly in need of repair, the geography lesson was in progress. A decidedly tattered map of the British Isles was hanging on the easel, and the teacher, pointing with his cane to a spot in the North of Scotland, asked if any boy in the class could tell him the name of the place he had singled out.

There was a pause, then up shot a hand,

"Well, Freddy?"

"Please, sir, it's torn away."

"Quite right, Freddy—Stornaway; but don't take so long to think about it next time,"

GOOD NEWS.

Seated in the club's most comfortable arm-chair, the young man reading the morning paper gave vent to a shout of joy.

"Fine," he remarked. "Perfectly splendid." "Oh," interrupted another member of the club, "what can it be that excites this poorfellow's grey matter?"

"My friend," replied the young man, "have you observed that petrol has been reduced in price?"

"Yes, but I didn't know you had a car."

"As a matter of fact, I haven't but I run a very powerful petrol-lighter."

ONE THING NEEDFUL,

London policemen have a wonderful knack of summing up a situation without loss of words or of temper.

A prosperous-looking owner-driver swang round a West end corner on his wrong side of the street refuge, and a constable, pulled him up. He was ready with excuses, but the policeman shook his head.

"You've got a nice little lot o' gadgets on that car o' yours," he observed, quietly, looking at the offender's sumptuously furnished dashboard. "You only want a driver!"

Innocence.

Just before the polo match one of the players was taking to a lady friend who sat in the enclosure,

"Have you ever seen a polo match before?" he inquired.

"No, never," she replied, but I'm sure I shall enjoy it, and I wish you'd hurry up and begin, for I'm just dying to see those beautiful ponies kick the ball out."

loaded.

The magistrate eyed the prisoner sternly.

"What's your name?" he demanded.

Now the culprit had a sad hesitancy in his speech, but he did his best.

"Sis-sis-sis!" he began."

"Good gracious!" said the magistrate, turning to a constable, "what is he charged with?"

"I don't know, sir," came the reply, "but I think it is soda water."

TATTOO TIME.

A Young officer was showing his elderly aunt round the camp one evening, when suddenly a bugle blared out.

The old lady started.

"What's that for?" she asked, apprehensively.

"Oh, that's for tattoo," said her nephew, reassuringly.

"Is it really? How very interesting! I've often seen it on soldier's arms, but I didn't know they had a special time for doing it."

AND DAUDLE DIDN'T!

Something always seemed to happen to Daudle when he was in a hurry. And on a recent morning it was even worse than usual,

He had an important appointment to meet a board of doctors whom he was interviewing with a view to a rise in his salary. His collar stud vanished, his bootlace broke, and as a climax, his wife was late with the breakfast. consequently he was very late in getting off.

"Can't be helped," he thought philosophically, when he looked at his watch and found that he was five minutes late. "Better late than never."

But he was surprised to find that his polite apologies were met with a cold accusation.

"Mr. Daudle," reprimanded the chairman of the board, "are you aware that you have wasted an hour of our time?"

"An hour, sir?" exclaimed Daudle. "But I'm only five minutes late."

"That's so," said the chairman, "but there are twelve of us, and we've each lost five minutes."

THE GO-GEATER.

The High way of life has a hundred who peter.

To one who will stick and become a repeater.

To see and dreamer the world is a debtor.

But passes its handsomer gifts to the getter.

The Go-Getter works till he gets what he goes for;

The Go-Getter works till he reaps what he shows for.

He fixes a goal and resolves when he sets it.

They way to the prize is to go till he gets it.

ROBERT BRUCE THURBER.

ALL HE SAW.

A woman had let her house furnished, and a man arrived one morning to make an inventory of the furniture.

As he was such a long time over his task in the dining-room the woman became anxious and went to see what had happened. As she opened the door she discovered him fast asleep in a chair with an empty decanter by his side the inventory being entirely neglected save for one solitary entry at the top of the page, which read, "Revolving Carpet. One."

"SHOW ME THE WAY——"

A passenger of huge proportions stopped from the train at a small station in the North.

After walking the whole length of the poorly-lighted platform he failed to discover the way out. Not even a porter could be found, and the man was almost in despair when he noticed a boy peeping through the railings, evidently vastly interested in the stranger's appearance.

"I can't get out of this confounded station of yours," said the traveller. Can you show me the proper way?"

The lad surveyed his questioner, moved away a yard or two, and asked with a grin:—

"Are yer tri'd sideways?"

BETRAYED!

Mother had been out in the rain and got very wet so father had given her some hot whisky and water.

When the small daughter of the house came to give mother her good-night kiss, she sniffed suspiciously.

"Mother," she said at last, "you have been using daddy's scent."

NOT TALKING ANY.

A Doctor had been to see one of his patients, a widow.

"You are slightly morbid, my dear lady," he said. "You should look about you and marry again."

"Oh, doctor," she answered, coyly, "is this a proposal?"

"Allow me to remind you, madam," came the reply, "that a doctor prescribes medicine, but he doesn't take it."

HIS HAPPY RELEASE.

The principal speaker of the evening was something of the bore. After he had been trying the patience of his hearers for twenty

minutes the chairman, noticing that a diner on his right was snoring gently, tapped him lightly with his gavel.

A second time the diner dozed, and again the humer brought him back to consciousness.

Again the snoring became audible, and the chairman, losing patience, plied the gavel to more purpose.

"Go on," was the sleepy answer, "hit me again ; I can still hear him."

STRANGE !

The professor had been attending a lecture that evening, and his thoughts were so full of the subject that he was more absent minded then ever when he arrived home,

On entering his bedroom he thought he heard someone move under the bed.

"Who's under there ?" he called out.

"No one," answered a voice.

The professor stroked his head thoughtfully. "Funny !" he said, "I could have sworn I heard someone."

THIS WANTS SOME BEATING.

The following advertisement is from 'The New Yorker,' a journal published in "democratic" America :—

"May fair House, Six Hundred Ten Park Avenue, New York, an apartment hotel, is restricted to the right people.

"Exclusiveness is meaningless when it applies only to a building and its location and not to the character of its tenants. May fair House will not embarrass its patronage by leasing apartments to anyone who is not socially desirable.

AT SEA !

The wireless operator on a small vessel was allowed to take the wheel for a short spell.

His first attempt was a poor show and the course steered was very erratic, as shown by the wake of the vessel.

Just as a rather bad zigzag, was made, the captain arrived on the bridge. He scowled and remarked :—

"Here, my lad, I don't mind you writing your name on the face of the ocean, but, for Heaven's sake, don't trouble to go back to dot the 'i.'"

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

A woman carrying a little dog in her arms was riding in a bus that went along Park Lane. All the way she worried the conductor to know whether they had come to No. —, mentioning a house nearly at the top.

When they reached the number, the conductor halted the bus, thinking the woman wished to alight there.

Instead of doing this, however, she went to the door of the bus and, holding up the dog, said :—

"Look, Fido ! That's where your mother was born !"

The Scottish servant of an old maiden lady was under orders to go to the doctor every morning to report the state of her mistress's health—now she had slept, and so on, with strict injunctions always to add, "with compliments."

One morning the girl brought this extraordinary message : "Miss Smith's compliments, and she died last night of eight o'clock."

"Are you the manager ?" asked the very modern young thing with the monocle and the Eton crop. "I wish to report one of your waiters for gross insolence !"

"Indeed, madam ! What did he do ?"

"When I tipped him he looked at me and said, 'Thank you miss—you're a gentleman!'"

The doctor told Jones not to stay out late at night.

"You think the night air is bad for me?" asked Jones.

"No," was the reply, "it isn't that. It's the excitement after getting home that hurt's you."

"A' hear that your wife is dead," said Sandy to his friend.

"Aye," replied Donald, "she slippit awa' on Monday."

"A'm sorry to hear that. when is the funeral?"

"Next Monday."

"Next Monday?"

"Yes. It's like this," answered Donald. The day we were married she says to me, 'Donald,' says she, 'you and me will hac a nice quiet week together,' and, Sandy, we're gettin' it noo."

"And do you always say your prayers before you go to bed?"

"Yes, sir," replied Johnnie.

"And what are the things that you pray for?"

"Well," said Johnnie, thoughtfully, "mostly that father won't find out what I've been doin' during the day."

He wanted to enlist. He was asked to read, but failed.

"What school did you attend?" asked the recruiting officer.

"Sir, replied the recruit, cheerfully. "I was three years—now and then—in the infants, six years—off and on—in the first standard, and two years—in an out—in the truant school."

The gardener at a large house approached the butler.

"Mortimer," he exclaimed, "you might point the fellow Darwin out to me the next time he comes to dinner,

"Darwin?" said the butler, looking perplexed.

"Yes, Darwin. I happened to hear the gov'nor say the other day that every time he looks at me his mind goes back to Darwin."

Jane was engaged as housemaid, and had not been in her new employment for more than an hour when she went to her mistress.

"Well m'm" she said, would you mind givin' me a recommendation?"

"A recommendation Jane?" exclaimed the mistress. "Why, you have only just come."

"Yes," admitted Jane, "but you might not be wanting to give me one when I'm leaving m'm."

The curate was trying to teach the significance of white to a Sunday-school class.

"Why," he asked, "does the bride desire to be clothed in white at her marriage?"

When no one answered, he explained: "White stands for joy, and the wedding day is the most joyous occasion of a woman's life."

Then a small boy asked: "Well, why do all the men wear black?"

"I can marry a rich girl whom I do not care for, or a penniless girl whom I love dearly," said the perplexed young man. "I am in great doubt. Which shall I do?"

"Follow the dictates of your heart, old man, and be happy," his friend advised, promptly.

"Marry the poor girl. And, I say—er—would you mind introducing me to the other?"

"An English "strong man" was performing in a German music-hall after the war. He did marzels but no one applauded. Even his supreme feat of balancing a dozen men and as many ponies on his outstretched arms failed to bring a single token of appreciation from his audience.

He shook off his assistants, advanced to the footlights, and shouted, "Can anyone here speak English?"

A Teutonic voice replied from the back of the hall, "I, sir, understand a little."

"Oh, do you?" yelled the strong man; "then cause you for a start!"

The telephone bell rang persistently. The doctor answered the call.

"Yes?" he said.

"Oh, doctor," said a worried voice, "something has happened to my wife. Her mouth set and she can't say a word."

"Perhaps she has lockjaw!" said the doctor.

"Do you think so? Well, if you are round this way some time next week I wish you would look in and see what you can do for her."

The recent complaints about the average sermon recall the story of a man who was being shown over a country church that was rather out of repair.

"Is there any dry rot in this place?" he asked the vergier.

"Only in the pulpit, sir!" was the reply.

Again, a certain church in a London suburb had as its curate and exceedingly ugly man, and his powers as a preacher were as poor as his looks.

After having preached his first sermon, the vicar announced, as the unhappy curate descended the pulpit stairs:—

"Hymn No. 52: 'Great God, what do I see and hear?'"

There is a certain man who for a number of years has been married to a woman of title. But with him it is still, when talking to people of his own station in life, "Her ladyship is not well," "I will find what her ladyship wants."

One day he was talking to an aristocratic old lady, and said, "I will call her ladyship."

"Are you still no nearer than that?" asked the old lady.

Six-year-old Dorothy was used to hearing more or less shop talk at home, both her parents being at one time, in the advertising business.

Last Sunday she brought home a text from Sunday school. Her mother, seeing something in her hand, asked what it was.

Dorothy replied, with a little shrug of her shoulders, "Oh! only an ad. about Heaven."

DOGGED.

Some American visitors endeavour to smuggle dogs into this country when they land at Southampton.

One day an official encountered a woman who he had every reason to suppose was infringing the law.

"Madam," he told her, "it is contrary to the regulations to bring dogs into this country."

The woman protested that she had no dog.

"Then," said the official, coldly, "I am to understand that the tail hanging down below your coat is your own?"

THE DIPLOMAT.

Elsie, aged three, was fond of playing telephone, but hated to take a bath. Thinking she would use a little strategy, her grandmother picked up the toy telephone and said: "Hello, is that Elsie?"

The child was delighted and said: "Yes, grandma."

"Well, come and have your bath."

"Wrong number," said Elsie, dropping the receiver.

STRANGE.

A Scottish professor had returned from a long walk, and his feet were very sore. He was told the best thing to do was to bathe them in hot water.

This he did. Then, in the ordinary course of events, he proceeded to dry his feet. He dried one foot, then, without the slightest regard as to what he was doing, put it back in the basin. He then proceeded to dry the other foot, which he also redipped in the basin.

This went on for some time. Then he began to get puzzled.

"Good gracious," he muttered at last; "I didn't know I had so many feet."

LETTER PERFECT.

An amateur theatrical company was arranging for the performance of a play that contained a rich variety of characters. Owing to this fact little progress was made with the cast--a few members of the company making a dead set at principal positions, while minor characters were going a-begging.

One rather vacuous-looking youth made himself particularly obstructive, and brought down the wrath of a brother-artistic.

"In my opinion," exclaimed the latter, "young Jones must, in the interests of economy, take the part of Simkins the Fool."

"Why economy?" demanded Mr. Jones, indignantly.

"Well, you see, my dear fellow," was the quiet reply, "you won't need my touching up."

FOR SHORT.

The laird of a small estate in Scotland went to a hiring fair to engage a manservant. After some bickering he engaged a likely man, and afterwards asked him his name.

"Alexander Scott Brown Graham," replied the man.

"Tut, tut!" said the laird, "that's far too long a name for me to remember, so I'll just call you 'Old Sandy'!"

"And, noo, what micht your name be?" queried Sandy.

"Nicholas Duff Gordon," replied the laird, pompously.

"Ach!" said Sandy, "that's far too long a name for me tae mind, so I'll just ca'ye 'Auld Nick'!"

NEDDY GETS A MOVE ON.

An Irishman wanted to take his donkey a journey by train, and when he got to the station he asked the stationmaster where he should put it.

"At the back of the train," he was told.

The Irishman himself got in with the guard, and after about an hour's travelling he asked: "And how fast moight we be goin' now?"

"About sixty miles an hour," said the guard.

"Begorra," came the reply, "my Neddy munst be steppin' it out!"

IN CASE HE DIDN'T KNOW.

Jenkins was a commercial traveller, and as he valued his time he usually rushed about at topmost speed.

The other day he had to pay a visit to a suburb, and he boarded an ancient tram to get to his destination.

He had been sitting patiently for some time, waiting for the tram to start, when a motor-bus dashed round the corner, and he saw that it was bound for the place he wanted.

Jenkins leaped from the tram with the agility of a trained acrobat, rushed after the bus, and clambered on.

But the tram conductor was not to be outdone, and he yelled after him : "Hi, mister ! What d'ye take this for - a waiting-room ?"

JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

Mrs. Hopkins entered the milliner's in a state of nervous excitement.

"My new hat has been trimmed on the wrong side," she said, tossing her head in anger, "and I must have it altered."

"The trimming is on the left side, where it ought to be," expostulated the assistant. "You gave no special instructions when you ordered it, so it was trimmed in the ordinary way."

"It makes no difference where it ought to be. It's got to be on the church side !"

"Church side !"

"Yes, church side. I sit next to the wall, and I'm not going to pay eight-and-eleven-three for trimming that can't be seen. I want it on the other side, where all the congregation can see it !"

SATISFIED.

A man and his wife took in an aged, and supposedly wealthy, relation to live with them, thinking they would profit when the old fellow passed away. Later they learned that he hadn't much money, and they were anxious to get rid of him.

They agreed between themselves that they would start an argument at dinner. The

husband would claim that the soup was too salty ; the wife would declare that it was not salty enough. They would leave the matter to old Abraham. If he agreed with the wife, the husband would throw him out. If he agreed with the husband, the wife would throw him out. If he agreed with the husband, the wife would throw him out. Consequently, at dinner, the husband said : "Rachel, this soup is too salty."

Rachel tasted the soup, and said : "No, my dear, the soup is not salty enough."

"Then said the husband, "we will leave it to Abraham, and see what he says about it. Abraham, what do you think ; is the soup too salty or it is not salty enough ?"

Old Abraham, who was enjoying his soup, didn't hesitate, but said, between sips : "Vell, it suits me."

IDENTIFIED.

A large consignment of game arrived at a London terminus from Scotland. It had evidently been journeying for a few days, for the contents made their presence known most emphatically upon the platform.

Two porters approached the consignment.

"Lumme !" gasped one, "wot's this ?" He fingered the label and read the inscription, "With care . . . birds."

"Yus," remarked his companion, "'umming birds, I reckon."

DISHEARTENING.

John had worshipped Joan for months, but somehow he had few opportunities of telling her, and even when one did occur his courage failed him and he remained silent.

But it happened that he had to make a business trip to the North extending over a week, and he decided that the last night he

would spend in town would be a fitting occasion to spring the momentous question. He kept this to himself, however, until exactly half-past eleven by the clock.

"Joan," he said, tremulously, "I am going away to-morrow."

"Are you ?," she answered, with the thoughtlessness of girlhood.

"Yes," he replied. "Are you sorry ?"

"Yes ; very sorry," she murmured, glancing at the clock. "I thought you might go away to-day."

HIS POINT OF VIEW,

A woman of philanthropic tendencies was paying a visit to an East-end school. She was particularly interested in a group of poor scholars, and asked permission to question them.

"Children, which is the greatest of all virtues ?"

No one answered.

"Now think a moment. What is it I am doing when I give up time and pleasure to come and talk to you for your own good ?"

A grimy hand went up. "Please, ma'am, you're buttin' in."

Smith received a letter bearing a penny instead of a three halfpenny stamp, and the postman demanded a penny on delivery. Smith complained to the sender of the letter.

He received a profuse apology and a promise that the next communication should bear a 2½d. stamp, "by way of compensation."

"My dear sir, I am flattered by your staying to hear the remainder of my story when all the other passengers ran away at the sound of the dinner-bell," said the ocean-going bore to his only remaining listener.

"What, haas the dinner bell rung ?" asked the slightly deathlistener, as he hurried off to the dinning-room.

A London preacher is reported to have said, "St. Paul remarks, and I *partially* agree with him——"

This remains one of the judge, who in sentencing a prisoner to death, observed, "Prisoner at the bar, you will soon have to appear before another, and *perhaps* a better, Judge."

Two Irishman, on their way home from a funeral, were talking about the uncertainty of life. Said Pat :

"Sure and I'd give all I've got, Mike, if I knew th' place where I was goin' to die."

"Faith, Pat, and phwat good would that do yez ?"

"Bogorra, I'd never go near th' place at all, at all."

The wee Scots lad was in the habit of entering the village baker's shop and asking them to give him two halfpennies for a penny.

This continual request so irritated the wowan behind the counter that one day she scolded him and told him not to return.

The young Highlander readjusted his bonnet head and said, gravely :—

"Michty ! It's a wunner tae me how ye keep yer customers,"

A Young man took a valuable watch to be repaired. The watchmaker debated about the price of the repairs, but finally agreed that the charge should be half of what the watch cost the young man.

In a week's time the man called for the watch. He put it in his pocket and was about to leave the shop when the watchmaker said :—

"Half a moment. You haven't paid me half of what the watch cost you."

"Oh," said the young man, "that watch cost me six months' hard labour."

Said a clergyman to a Negro convert :—

"If you were walking along the road and saw a low-hanging branch, and on that branch a nice fat chicken, what would you do?"

"Please don't ask dat question," begged the Negrn.

"Oh, yes, tell me what you would do."

"Well, you know I's only an infant in de kingdom," was the significant reply,

— —

An old Scotswoman was told that her minister used notes, but she would not believe it.

Said one : "Gang into the gallery an' see."

She did so, and saw the written sermon.

After the preacher had concluded his reading of the last page, he said : "But I will not enlarge."

The old woman called out indignantly from her lofty position : "Ye canna, ye canna, for your paper's give out!"

— —

A small Scottish lassie came to London on a visit to her uncle, a surgeon.

On returning home she was noted to have added a clause to her prayers, concluding : "And please make all sick people well—except those who keep Uncle Davie in a state o' prosperity."

A famous portrait-painter went to Australia four years ago, leaving his wife behind. She did not mourn too much, however, and, in fact,

it was only the other day, when applying for a passport to go to the Continent, that she had occasion to bother about the truant.

When the authorities learnt that she was Russian-born, they said there would be difficulties.

"What is your husband's nationality?" they asked her.

"I think he's British," she replied, but he's been in Australia for a long time."

"Well," said the officials, "hadn't you better ask him and make sure?"

So she sent the following cable to her husband in Australia : "Are you an Englishman?"

And he at once cabled back £100.

— —

At the station of Karagath, near Adrianople, the conductor, finding Isaac without either ticket or money, grabbed him by the arms and put him off the train with a well-placed kick.

At the next station he found Isaac again and repeated the expulsion, accentuating the force of the gesture,

At the third station the conductor was astonished to find Isaac again. Bending low, Isaac attempted to jump off quickly enough to escape at least part of the violence of the attack.

"How far do you think you're going to get like this?" asked the conductor.

"As far as Constantinople," replied Isaac, humbly, "if my constitution will stand it."

— —

"What if I have loved another, dear? Don't you know it has only prepared me for the greater, higher love I have for you?"

"That's all right : but how do I know that the love you now have for me isn't preparing

you for a greater, higher love for some one else?"

Bus-Driver (to old gentleman who has just escaped being run over): "Nah, then, dreamy, some of you fellows don't 'arf keep your guardian angles busy!"

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were crossing the road, when a car dashed round the corner and they had to make a wild scramble to reach safety.

A constable came on the spot a few seconds later, and heard the tale from the indignant couple.

"Did you take their number, sir?" asked the constable.

"Yes, I did," said Mr. Brown. "Curiously enough the first two numbers formed my age and the last two my wife's."

"George," interrupted Mrs. Brown, "I think we will let the matter rest."

A number of sportsmen in the north of Scotland, putting up at Jock McGee's cottage, found their sport much interfered with by rain.

Still, fine or wet, the old-fashioned barometer that hung in Jock's front room marked "Set fair."

At last one of the party of sportsmen drew Jock's attention to this fact.

"Don't you think," he said, "that there's something the matter with your glass?"

"No, 'er," answered Jock indignantly. "She's a good glass, and a powerful one. But, he added reflectively, "she's no' moved by trifles."

She: "Do you always acknowledge it when you know you are wrong?"

He: "No. Only when other people know it."

"What does this mean? I opened a banking account for you last week, and now I learn that it is overdrawn."

"Impossible! I still have half of a book of cheques left!"

Prison Governor (releasing convict): "I'm sorry! I find we have kept you here a week too long!"

Convict: "That's all right. Knock off next time?"

Boarder: "What's for breakfast? Hope it's not ham and eggs again."

Maid: "No, sir; not ham and eggs this morning."

"Thank the stars! What is it?"

"Only ham."

Angry Customer: "Man, I thought you said this dog I bought of you was fine for rats. Why, he simply won't go near them."

The Dog Dealer: "Well, what are you grumbling at, gawnor. I didn't tell you no lie—ain't that fine for the rats?"

"A steam engine is the child of a loaf of bread," said Jones.

"How do you make that out?" inquired Smith.

"Well you see, bread is a necessity, and the steam engine is an invention. Necessity is the mother of invention, so a loaf of bread must be the mother of a steam engine."

Young Man (at amateur concert): "Did you ever hear such a horrible, discordant, ear-splitting——"

Old Gentleman: "Sir, that singer is my daughter, and——"

Young Man : "I was about to say, such an ear splitting clatter as those idiots behind us are making ? Why, I can't hear a word of the song !"

During his first visit to a farm, little Willie came into the house crying sadly.

"What is the matter, dear ?" asked his mother.

"I went to see the cows, and they didn't give nothing but milk," sobbed the boy.

"Well, what did you expect ?" inquired the mother,

"I'm not sure," replied Willie ; "but mother, where does beef-tea come from ?"

The third-class compartment of the express contained two passengers—a dear old lady and a little boy who had got in by himself.

Suddenly the train plunged into a tunnel—the compartment was in darkness, the old lady heard the carriage door open and close, the train emerged, and the small boy was nowhere to be seen !

She jumped to her feet and made for the communication-cord, but as she raised her hand she saw a small foot peeping from beneath the seat.

"You little wretch !" she screamed. "You might have sent me in a fit !"

The small boy crawled out and screwed his knuckles in his eyes.

"Yes, mum," he sobbed, in bitter disappointment ; "but the old lady I did it to last Monday *did* have a fit !"

"Grace," said her father from the head of the stairs, "is that sweetheart of yours an auctioneer ?"

"No, father. Why ?"

"Because he keeps on saying he's going—going but he hasn't gone yet."

"Where was Joe Hobbs born ?"

"Couldn't tell you, son ?"

"Where was Joe Beckett born ?"

"Don't know that, either."

"Pa, will you buy me a history of England ?"

"My brother has a leading part in that drama."

"What part ?"

"He leads a horse across the stage in the last act."

A small girl was taking her baby sister out for a walk one afternoon, and, being attracted by a milliner's shop, remarked : "Ail at 3s. 11½d.," she put her charge on the kerbstone and went to select—in imagination—a hat.

Meanwhile the baby crawled into the middle of the roadway, disorganising the traffic, so that a policeman came up and demanded sternly of the small girl : "Is this your baby ?"

"Oh, no, sir," she said, "it's my mother's !"
Then the crowd smiled !

Patient : "Doctor, how can I ever repay you for your kindness to me ?"

Doctor : "By cheque, money-order, or cash."

Smith : "How far is your house from the station ?"

Jones : "Oh, just a handy distance for me to remember all the things I forgot to bring."

"What sort of a time is your friend having on his motor tour?"

"Fine! I've had two letters from him—one from a police-station and the other from a hospital?"

Ethel: "Did you hear about Galdys? She has a position as detective in one of the big department stores."

Clara: "Well, I don't envy her. Imagine being known as a plain-clothes woman."

"For the first time since I've dined at this restaurant the charge is reasonable," said the guest.

"Reasonable?" echoed the waiter, surprised, "I had better have another look at the bill. There must be some mistake."

Guide: "This spot is known as Lovers' Leap."

Fair Visitor (astounded): "What! Such an unpicturesque old spot! How in the world did you come to give it such a romantic name?"

Guide: "Cause ye can't sit here five minutes before a caterpillar drops down yer neck!"

One of the best instances of absent-mindedness is told of a man who had dined with a friend one night.

The next day he wrote to his friend as follows: "I left my pipe at your lodgings yesterday; please send it back to me if you find it. P.S. Never mind sending the pipe, as I have found it."

The teacher had been lecturing his pupils on famous proverbs.

"Now, take this one," he said, "'Out of sight out of mind.' Can any boy tell me what that proverb means?"

"Yes, sir," answered the brightest boy in the class. "Invisible and insane."

A little boy wanted to give his mother a birthday present but did not know what to buy.

At last he decided to give her a Bible. After he had bought it he was stumped again, as he could not think what to inscribe on the front page.

After a good deal of thought he decided on the following, which he had seen in several books:

"To dear mother, with the author's compliments."

A very kind-hearted man could never be brought to say an unkind word about anybody. One day a friend expostulated with him.

"Look here," he said, "it's all very well being charitable and all that, but you can carry that sort of thing too far. Now, there's Blank. Can you honestly find a single good point about Blank?"

The kind-hearted man appeared to be beaten, for Blank was a very bad man, and it seemed impossible to find anything good to say about him.

"Well," he said at length, "you must admit he wears a fine fur-lined coat!"

Irene was being shown off by her mother. "We are very proud of our little girl," said her mother to the visitor. "We are going to send her to school in the autumn, where she will learn, oh, such a lot, and be a bright and intelligent child."

"But I don't want to be bright and intelligent," said Irene. "I want to be just like mummy!"

Mr. Softee : "This is my photograph, with my two French poodles. You recognise me?"

Miss Cane : "I think so. You are the one with the hat on, are you not?"

Tom : "What's the matter, old man? You look as if you'd been sentenced to hard labour for life."

Jack : "I'm afraid I have been. Miss de Millyuns has just refused me."

Gentleman : (searching for his wife in a crowded shop) : "Is there anything on earth that would reconcile a man to such a crowd as this?"

Shopwalker (promptly) : "Yes, sir, being a member of the firm."

"That young man of yours," said the observant parent, as his daughter came down to breakfast, "should apply for a job in a show."

"Why, father," exclaimed the young lady in tones of indignation, "what do you mean?"

"I noticed when I passed through the hall late last night," answered the old man, "that he had two heads upon his shoulders."

He : "Remember, sweetheart, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

She : "Then you come right in and rule the world for a while; I'm getting tired of it."

"I must have born unlucky."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, I went to a Rugby football match once. There were thirty players on the

field, a couple of thousand people on the benches, a thousand in the grand stand, and the ball hit me."

"I say, Jack, is it true that Smith won £40,000 in Manchester?"

"With three slight exceptions it is true. In the first place, it was not Manchester; in the second place, it was not forty thousand, but four thousand; and in the third place, he didn't win it, he lost it."

Jones met his friend the other day and asked him how he was getting on with his landlady.

"Is she any better, old chap?" he remarked. "I have heard that she cheats you all round."

"She does," replied his friend mournfully. "I thought I had cured her the other day. I bought some potatoes, and before giving her them to cook I counted them, and in a stern voice I said: 'Remember, madam, there are ten potatoes.' Dinner-time came; I raised the lid of the dish, but found she had got me again."

"How?" asked the sympathetic friend.

"She had mashed them," was the reply.

"I at : "Why are you wearing so many coats on such a hot day?"

Mike (carrying a paint can) : "I'm going to paint my fence, and it says to obtain best results put on three coats."

Doctor : "Well, and how did you find yourselves this morning?"

Unfortunate Forward : "Oh, I just opened my eye and there I was."

Magistrate : "You certainly committed this burglary in remarkably clever way—in fact, with quite exceptional cunning."

Prisoner : "Now, your worship, if there's one thing I hate it's flattery !"

She : "Now, just listen, my darling. Won't you buy me a new piano for a birthday present ?"

He : "But, my dear, wouldn't it be a pity to play your old pieces on a new piano ?"

Grocer : "Anything else to-day, ma'am ?"

Newlywd : "Oh, if you think of it, just send it along with the rest."

A well-known actor was playing to a crowded house, but was frequently interrupted by the crying of a child in the gallery.

At last the noise grew so unbearable that the actor abandoned his lines and said :

"Ladies and gentlemen, unless this play is stopped, the child cannot possibly go on !"

A physician, attended by a member of medical students, was making the round of his ward, and stopped beside a bed whereon lay a man with a very prominent chest.

The physician, having elicited from the sick man the fact that he was in the habit of playing a wind instrument, went on :

"Yes, yes ; all that puffing and straining is most dangerous to the lungs, most dangerous to the lungs, most dangerous.

"What wind instrument used you to play ?" he asked, addressing the patient. To the huge delight of the students, the patient replied : "The concertina, sir."

The salesman was doing his best to dispose of a motor-cycle and sidecar outfit, but the prospective customer hesitated. So the salesman enlarged upon the "pay-as-you-ride" plan of instalments.

"I'll take the outfit," said the other ; "but, remember, I'm a very slow rider."

Arthur : "Is golf really good for the health ?"

Albert : "It's just the same as medicine, only instead of swallowing the pill you knock it around."

Grocer : "What was that woman complaining about ?"

Assistant : "The long wait."

Grocer : "And only yesterday she was complaining about the short weight. You can't please some people."

Employer : "You must remember to be more courteous in your correspondence - courtesy costs nothing !"

"Doesn't it ? Did you ever put 'yours' faithfully in a telegram ?"

Annie was obviously sleepy, and it was getting late. "Come to bed now, darling," said mother.

"Bother it !" was Annie's answer. "I'm too little to stay up at night, and too big to stay in bed in the morning !"

"There goes a rabbit," said the little boy.

"Nonsense, dear. It was your imagination."

"Daddy, is imagination white behind ?"

"All my life I've been unfortunate—when still a child, I was left an orphan."

"What did you do with it ?"

"George, is there anything in life but love ?"

"Nothing in all the wide, wide world—where's dinner?"

On being asked by his son to explain the meaning of the word "honesty," a man replied;—

"My son, the word 'honesty' is a very difficult thing to define. People have so many different and varied views on the subject, but I think I can explain to you in this way: Supposing you went to the bank with a customer's cheque for £50, and the cashier gave you by mistake £60: well, if you gave five of the cashier's ten to your partner that would be honesty."

They had spent the day in a cold, driving rain, fishing. But they are returning with empty baskets and tried tempers.

As they entered the village a large dog ran at them, barking furiously. One of the fisher-men pushed it away carelessly with his foot.

"Aren't you afraid he'll go for you if you do that?" asked his friend.

His companion looked sadly and sorrowfully into his face.

"I wish he would," was the other's reply. "I'd chance anything to be able to go home and say I'd had any sort of bite."

Joynes: "I tell you, Singleton, you don't know the joys and felicities of a contented married life, the happy flight of years, the long, restful calm of—"

Singleton: "How long have you been married?"

Joynes: "A month."

A gentleman had engaged a new butler, and a week later the man had to announce the guests at a ball.

"Mr. N. Robinson, Mrs. Robinson, and Miss Robinson,!" called out the butler.

This got on the host's nerves.

"James," he said, "pray be more brief when 'you announce the next arrivals.'"

The next people to arrive on the scene were Mr. Crown, and Master Crown.

The butler waved his hand to indicate which direction they should take at the same time calling out: "Fifteen bob!"

Teacher: "Willie, who was it that prompted you? I distinctly heard someone whisper that date."

Willie: "Excuse me, Miss, but I expect that it was history repeating itself."

Would be Guest (at seedy hotel): "How much do you charge here for a month?"

Clerk: "Hum—ha—well, really, sir, I don't know, but I'll ask the manager."

"Don't know! What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, you see, nobody has ever stayed here over a week yet."

Wealthy Father (to would-be son-in-law): "Is it my daughter you want, sir, or is it her money?"

Suitor: "Sir, you know very well that I am an amateur athlete."

Wealthy Father: "What's that got to do with it?"

Suitor: "A great deal, sir. It debars me from taking part in any event for money."

Bill (observing a man passing):

"Jack, did you ever see as thin a man as that?"

Jack (contemptuously): "Thin? Why, I've seen a man as thin as two of him."

"Well, Willie, and so you go to school now, do you?"

"Yes!" said little Willie.

"And do you love your teacher?"

Willie gave a loud laugh. "No," he said. "She's not a bit my style, you know."

"My wife is always worrying over something!"

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"She is afraid whiskers will be in style when our little boy grows up, so that he won't have a chance to show the pretty little dimple in his chin."

"Yes," said the principal of the young ladies' school to the proud parent. "You ought to be proud of being the father of such a large family, all the members of which appear to be devoted to one another."

"Large family! Devoted!" gasped the old man, in amazement.

"Why, yes, indeed," said the principal, beaming through her glasses, "no fewer than seven of Dora's brothers have been here to take her out for walks, and she tells me she expects the tall one with the blue eyes again to-morrow."

"I grovel here before you in the dust!" observed the impassioned youth, as he sank on in the drawing-room floor.

"I don't know what you mean by dust," she replied coldly. "I see that this room is properly swept every morning myself."

A witty as well as a soft answer will sometimes turn away wrath. A candidate in the midst of a stirring address, was struck with a bad egg, full in the face. Pausing

to wipe away the contents of the missile, he calmly continued:

"I have always contended that my opponent's arguments were very unsound."

He: "Do you play golf?"

She: "Oh, dear, no; I don't even know how to hold the caddie."

The two little girls were on their way home from Sunday School, and were solemnly discussing the lesson.

"Do you believe there is a Devil?" asked one.

"No," said the other promptly. "It's like Santa Claus; it's your father."

The shop assistant had ransacked his stock in order to please the rather exacting lady who wanted to buy a present.

"Now, are you sure this is genuine crocodile skin?" she inquired, critically examining a neat little handbag.

"Quite, madam," was the reply. "You see, I shot that crocodile myself."

"It looks rather dirty" remarked the customer, hoping to get a reduction in terms.

"Yes, madam," replied the shopkeeper, "that is where the animal struck the ground after it fell off the tree."

"I tell you," said the cynic, "men are getting so deceitful now-a-days that you can't trust your best friends——"

"And what's worse," interrupted the other gloomily, "you can't get your best friends to trust you."

A policeman walking along the side of the canal, seeing a youngster crying, stopped him.

"What's the matter?" he queried.

The youngster pointed to a hat which was bobbing up and down in the middle of the canal.

"My brother ——" he sobbed. .

In a flash the courageous constable plunged into the water.

He came up, but with the hat only.

"Can't find him," he gasped. "Where was he standing when he fell in?"

"He didn't fall in," the boy blurted out
"He is over there. I was going to tell you he threw my hat into the canal."

Boy : "Haddock, please."

Fishmonger : "Finnan?"

Boy : "No, fiek'un." .

• Dejected Youth : "I would like to return this engagement-ring I purchased here a few days ago."

Jeweller : "Didn't it suit the young lady?"

Dejected Youth : "Yes; but another fellow had already given her one just like it, so I would like to exchange it for a wedding present.."

Earnest Inquirer (collecting statistics for a work on temperance): "And how many glasses of beer would you—er—consume in a day?"

The Person : "Well, I can't say, guv'nor. Some days I 'as about twenty or thirty an' then again, another day, perhaps I might 'ave quite a lot."

"See here, sir," cried the irate patron, "I want to complain about the waiter——"

"I'm glad to hear it," interrupted the proprietor of the restaurant.

"Glad?"

"Yes; it's a relief to hear a complaint that isn't about the food."

"Edith positively talks with her eyes."

"And I suppose when she feels like swearing she just gives a cursory glance."



Children's Corner

The Vulture and the cat



The bones the cat took care to put in the hole of the tree in which the old bird passed the night.

Long long ago, there lived in a big tree on the top of a hill near the bank of the Ganges an aged bird of prey (Vulture) who was blind and too old to get his food. All the birds who had their nests on the tree used to give him food and set him

guard their little ones when they went away to get things to eat. Thus, the old bird of prey passed his last days in peace and quiet, but one day when he was in a doze, he was roused by the cries of the little birds. The old bird could not see but

he heard some sounds and asked, "Who is there?" Some one who came near, said, "I am a cat." "Be off, cat, or else I will kill you," said the bird of prey. "Why, Sir," said the cat, "what harm have I done? You are old and wise. All the birds say that you are well read in the holy books. I have come to you so that I may be good and pious." "No, No, that won't do" said the old bird again, "cats love meat and you will eat up the little birds if you stay here". "Good God!" said the cat, "have no fear of that. Let me tell you, Sir, that I live upon fruits, milk and plants. I do not catch mice or other things. I bathe in the holy Ganges and fast now and then as told by the sages. You are pious and wise, I ask you, is it good for you to kill me when I have come to sit at your feet to learn." The old bird put faith in the words of the

cat and gave him leave to stay in that place.

Now, the cat was a damned liar and very soon he ate up a lot of little birds. The bones he took care to put in the hole of the tree in which the old bird passed the night.

Thus, some time passed when the birds could not find their little ones and they sought for them. The naughty cat knew that the birds would kill him if they found that he had made meals of the little ones. So he fled to some other tree. The birds looked here and there for some time and at last found the bones in the hole in which the old bird slept in the night. So they were in great rage for they thought that the old bird had good meals out of this little ones. They put him to death, and thus, the poor old bird lost his life for the cruel trick of the cat.

The Birds and the Apes

There was a big tree on the bank of the Narmada in which some birds had built nice and snug nests to live in. One day there was very much rain, and the wind blew strong. Some apes came at the foot of the tree so that its thick leaves may save their heads from the storm. The cold was too much for the apes and they shook in every limb. At this the birds said

in a tone of jeer and slight: "Well, apes, you are big and have got hands and feet. Yet you could not make homes for you to live in. Look at us. We are small birds but have made these snug nests with straws, for we know to use our beaks. Fie! Fie, you lazy apes!"

The apes were in a great rage at such taunts. They said to each



The apes threw the nests of the birds down and the eggs broke in pieces.

other, "We must teach these little birds not to be rude to us. Let the rain stop and we will play hell with them."

The rain was soon over and the sky being again clear—the apes got up the tree in great rage. They threw the nests of the birds down and the eggs broke

in pieces. The apes, then, put the little ones to death. The poor birds saw the folly of their taunts and paid very dear for it. As they were no match for the strong apes, they flew away in great fright from the tree to a place far away from it.

The Elephant and the Hare



The elephant bent his huge head and trunk.

In old days, there was a time when the rains did not fall for months and the whole land was dried up. Men, beasts and birds did not know how to quench their thirst. A herd of elephants in a jungle sought far and wide for water. At last they found a lake which was full. The whole troop of elephants led by their king came

near the lake and drank their fill. Thus, they spent some days in great joy.

But it came to pass that some hares lived near the shore of the lake. The tiny creatures were in great fear of the huge elephants. They were not safe and a few lost their lives as some elephants trod upon them. The hares

were at a loss and did not know what to do. At last an old hare named Bijoy told the others to be of good cheer as he would save them.

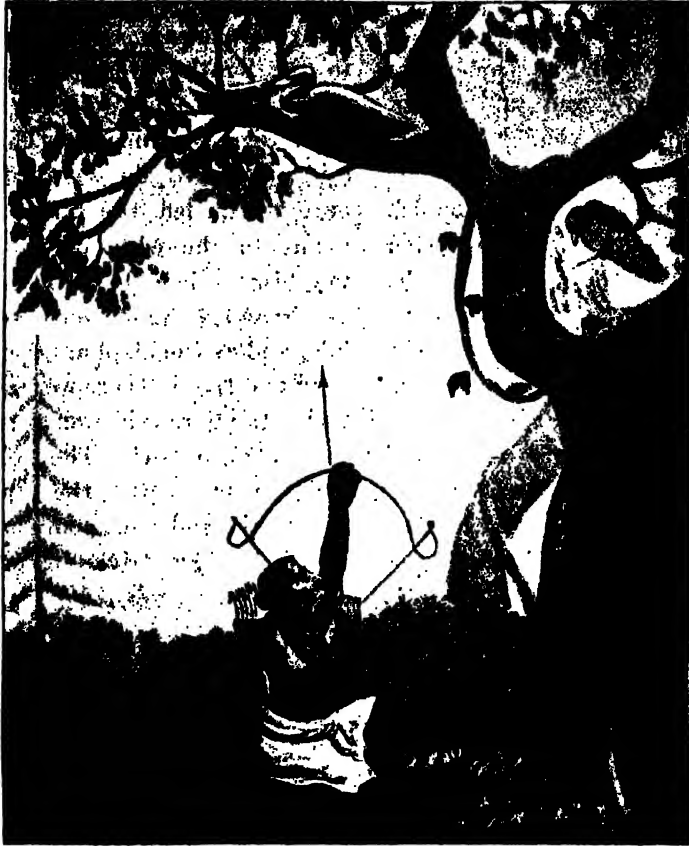
Bijoy went in quest of the king of the elephants and when he came near him, made a low bow and said; "Sir, I am come to speak to you." "Who are you, and from what place do you come?" said the king. Bijoy replied, "Sir, I am sent by the God moon, who is the king of the hares and named Sasanka to warn you not to harm any of the hares who live near the lake." The elephant said, "What harm have I done?" The hare said: "some of your herd have trod upon the hares who have thus lost their lives." The elephant said that he had done wrong but the god should not be in a rage for he did not know the fact.

The hare said: "yet it is a great sin and the God will no doubt do some great harm to you and to your herd." The elephant was in great fear and said, "What am I to do to put an end to the wrath of moon?" The hare said: "You must go away from this place with your herd". The elephant said: "I will do so at once". The hare, then, led the king of the elephants to the edge of the lake and told him to bow low before the god. The image of the moon showed upon the lake and as the elephant bent his huge head and trunk, there were slight waves which the hare said was a sign of the rage of the God. The elephant in great fear left the place with his herd, and the poor hares were saved by the trick of one of their friends.

The Swan and the Crow

There was a big tree near the city of Ujjain. A crow and a Swan made nests in that tree and lived as great friends. One day, by chance, a man who had a bow and an arrow with him, came near the tree when he was weary after a long travel. He made up his mind to take some rest. So he fell into a deep sleep at the foot of the tree. The

rays of the sun fell upon the face of the man. The Swan felt pity for him and made a shade with his wings so that the heat could not trouble the man. The crow was full of envy at this and thought that he should play a trick. He threw some dirt on the face of the man who was in sound sleep and then, flew away. The pious



The man shot the poor Swan dead.

Swan still had his wings on the face of the man. When the man woke up from his sleep, he found the dirt which the crow had flung upon his face. He was in great rage and shot the poor

duck dead with an arrow for he thought that the bird on the branch above him must have done the evil. The poor Swan lost his life for the nasty trick played by his false friend.

The King and the Apes



Tit for Tat.

There was a king in old times named Chandra who had a whim of taming lots of apes. The king used to cook nice things and feed the apes with his own hands. Thus, the apes had a jolly time of it in the house of the king.

Chandra had a little boy who used

to ride upon two fine sheep. One of these used to go to the place where the cooks used to get the food ready for the king and snatch something to eat. The cooks used to fling all sorts of things at the sheep to drive him off from the place.

One of the apes, who was old and wise

and saw the cooks drive the sheep in such a way, foresaw great danger. The cook might thus someday throw a piece of burning wood and then if the wool of the sheep caught fire, and the sheep ran to the stable of the king which was near, there may break up a fire in that stable and the horses might be burnt. The fat of apes was the best cure for such wounds, and thus, the king might kill them to save the horses. The old ape told the others about his fears but they made fun of him. At this the old ape left the place as he said he did not wish to see his kith and kin slain for no fault of their own. Things came to pass soon just as the old ape had said. The cooks flung a burning log at the sheep which fled to the stable. The fire spread in that place and the horses got burnt.

King Chandra was in great trouble. He sent for the chief doctor who told him that the fat of the apes would heal the scalds of the horses. The king told his slaves to kill the apes and the poor creatures were put to death to cure the horses.

The old ape was then, in the jungle and heard of this sad end of his kith and kin. He did not know how to pay the king back in his own coin. But as luck would have it one day, he came, near the edge of a tank in the dense wood. He was about to go into the water for a drink but one fact struck him. He saw the

marks of feet on the way to the tank, but there was no sign of any one coming out of it. So, he made a tube of the stem of a plant near the edge of the tank and sucked in water through it and quenched his thirst.

Very soon a fierce giant rose from the tank and said, "You are very clever. If you had come into the tank to drink, I would have made a good meal of you. But I am not able to catch any prey on the dry ground. So, you are safe. But I wish to grant a boon to you for you are so very clever."

The ape said, "Sir, give me that pearl chain which you have round your neck. A king has slain all my kith and kin and I want to pay him back in his own coin. If you give me the chain, I will be able to bring him and his whole court to this place so that you may eat them up."

The giant gave the ape the pearl chain. When the ape came to the king Chandra, he was very glad to have such a chain. The king asked the ape, "Where did you get this chain from?" The ape said, "Sir, I can take you to a place near a tank in the wood where you can get all sorts of pearls and rich stones."

The king was very glad to hear this. He went with all his court near the edge of the tank. The ape told the king that his kith and kin must bathe in the tank. So all the suite of the king went into the water

but none got out of it. When Ohandra saw this he said to the ape who had gone up a tree close to the place. "How is this? Where are my kith and kin? Why do they not come out from the tank?" The ape said, "Oh you cruel king! You put to death all my kith and kin who did you no wrong, and I have paid you back in the same coin. Your people will not come back; for, a giant lives in the tank, and he has, by this time, made a nice meal of all of them. I did not let you fall in the trap, for I took your food for a long time. So you are safe. Now. good bye. Tit for tat.

The Fox, the Deer, the Snake and the Man

A man, named Bhairab lived in old times in a place named Kalayan-katak. He used to hunt birds and beasts to earn his bread. One day he slew a deer and as he was back on his way home, a huge wild boar came up across his path. So he laid the deer upon the ground and shot the boar with an arrow. The boar, also, made a rush upon the man who trod upon a snake in the fight. The snake died and both the boar and the man met with the same fate.

A sly fox came to the spot at that time. When he saw this grand feast laid up for him he was full of joy.

"Ah ha!" said the fox. "How lucky I am this day. I will not have to seek for food for months. Let me see. The boar and the man will serve me for two months. The deer will keep me alive for half the time. I may just start with the snake. No, no. Let me first eat the cord of the bow of the man. It is made of skin and it will be nice to gnaw it up." The fox, then, bit the string, and as the string gave way one end of the bow-stick shot up and hit the sly fox, and the fox fell dead on the spot.

Too much greed leads to sin.

Waterloo as described by warrior, Statesman & Historian

BY G. L. DE, B. A.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EVE OF WATERLOO.

On the morning of the 17th June, Napoleon was informed of Ney's mediocre arrangement at Quatre-Bras. At this disagreeable information, he immediately ordered Marshal Soult to write to Ney of the victory at Ligny, and to order him to march boldly and speedily to Quatre-Bras, which would compel the English to decamp immediately. If not they might be taken in flank, if they offered a prolonged resistance by his 40,000 men. He was also to keep his division together. He was at the same time reproved though, in a gentle tone, for the manner in which he had acted on the previous day.

Having given these orders he mounted his horse, visited the field of battle, looked after the wounded both French and Prussians. He desired that assistance should also be

given to some Prussian officers, who had been wounded in a much larger proportion than the common soldiers. These brave men had sacrificed their lives to the violence of their passions. Napoleon addressed them with courtesy and generosity, and told them that though France was hated by the Prussians, she did not reciprocate the feeling. Thiers—Vol. XX—p. 85.

These unfortunate men waved their feeble hands in reply to Napoleon's parting salutation. Napoleon then made immediate arrangements, for the pursuit of the defeated Prussians. Placing about 34,000 men under marshal Grouchy, he desired him to pursue the Prussians vigorously, and to make their defeat as complete as possible. If not at the very least, to prevent them from soon assuming an offensive attitude. But above all, to keep

them carefully in view, and manage so as to remain in constant communication, with the main body of the French army, but between it and the Prussians. Again as Napoleon mounted his horse to march towards Quatre-Bras, he told Grouchy repeating aloud and with marked emphasis, "above all things, pursue the Prussians briskly, and keep up a communication with me to the left". Thiers—Vol—XX p. 87.

The defeat of the Prussians at Ligny rendered Wellington's position at Quatre Bras untenable. Accordingly, at ten o'clock next morning, the British army, which was by that time in great part concentrated, sixty thousand strong at Quatre-Bras, retreated through Genappe to Waterloo, when in case of an attack, he might reckon on the assistance of Blücher. Napoleon soon after arrived and were joined by Erlon and Ney. Napoleon waited with impatience until the troops had defiled at Quatre-Bras, a movement which was not completed until three o'clock. However, had the weather continued fine, it would not be impossible to reach the entrance of the forest of Soignes at four o'clock, and commence the attack between four and nine o'clock. Unfortunately the sky became covered with clouds, and threatened one of those summer storms, which, in a few minutes, rendered the roads impassable. Here again he took opportunity to

transmit to Marshal Grouchy, more positive directions than the verbal ones he had given him two hours before. He impressed on him the importance of not losing sight of the Prussians, of watching them incessantly and to try and discover their real intentions. In any case he was to keep his divisions united, and station posts of cavalry along the road, so as to be in constant communication with head-quarters. About this time the lowering clouds descended in torrents of rain, and deluged the neighbouring country with an extraordinary quantity of water. In a few moments the whole country was changed into one vast marsh, through which neither man nor horse could pass. Thiers—Vol—XX. p. 89-90. Alison. XII. p. 237.

Still the French did their utmost to pursue the English. Napoleon, who under torrents of rain, gave directions for all these movements himself, had ordered up twenty-four pieces of cannons, which kept up an unceasing fire on the retreating columns. The English hastening forward, did not allow themselves time to fire in return, but suffered the enemy's balls to do fierce execution amongst their living masses, without making any attempt to resist. At Genappe, the English hussars charged the pursuing cavalry, but were immediately driven back by the lancers. Lord Uxbridge, in his turn,

charged the lancers, at the head of the mounted guards, and drove them back. But the English guards were compelled to yield before the French cuirassiers. During all these charges, Napoleon did not cease for one moment to direct the advance-guard himself. Still the march was slow, for both, English and French bent before the violence of the storm and the rains. As the light was fading away, Napoleon pointed towards the invisible sun, and said "What would I not give to be this day possessed of the power of Joshua, and enabled to retard thy march for two hours." Abbott's Napoleon p. 525. Thiers—XX—p. 90-91

Wellington retired with his whole troops to the front of the forest of Soignes, in front of the village of Waterloo, on the ground, which he had already selected and had surveyed as the theatre of a decisive battle. However good his position might be, he would not fight, unless sure of being supported by the Prussians. He therefore despatched an aide-de-camp to Marshal Blücher, to know if he could reckon upon being supported by one of his corps. "At one o'clock I shall be on the ground," replied the old hero, who on the previous evening had been trod under the horses' feet, during the battle of Jigny; "if the French don't make an attack on the 18th, we shall certainly attack them on the 19th." In spite of their heavy

losses, all the Prussian corps numbering about 88,000 men had rallied round Wavre, at four hours' distance from the English. There was amongst the wounded prisoners, an English officer a relative of Lord Elphinstone. He was presented to Napoleon, who received him with marked politeness. On being questioned as to the Duke of Wellington's plans, he replied with dignity and courtesy, that though a prisoner, he would not betray his country, to procure kinder treatment for himself. Napoleon, appreciating such sentiments, ordered M. de Flahault to see, that this English officer was treated with as much consideration, as though he was a Frenchman high in Imperial favour. Thiers—XX—p. 96, Alison XII p. 238, Guizot—VIII p. 207

Wellington therefore counted on the Prussians; but Napoleon also calculated, that the Prussians driven towards Wavre, or held back by Grouchy, would not arrive. It was Marshal Grouchy's duty to prevent this junction; and nothing could be easier than to effect this, although the Marshal's forces amounted to only 34,000, while the Prussians were 88,000. Wellington pursued to Mont Saint-Jean by Napoleon, and Blücher retreating to Wavre before Grouchy, were separated by a distance of 4 leagues. Had Grouchy in obedience to his instructions kept up a constant communication with the French Head

quarters on his left, he could have intercepted the passage between himself and the Prussians, and perhaps might have prevented the Prussian advance to Mount Saint Jean. Blucher, although a veteran of 73, and wounded and shattered by his fall, was not for a moment discouraged. He had no idea of thinking himself beaten, but was determined to renew the combat, when he should find a position, favourable to his operations. Far from thinking of retreating to the Rhine, he was determined to remain, and not to advance further than the forest of Soignes. There either with or without the English, he would fight a fresh battle, and not in rear of Brussels. Vide—Thiers—Vol—XX p. 96, Historian's History of the World—Vol—XV-p. 329.

He had consequently retired in two columns to Wavre, whither he summoned the corps of Bulow, Ziethen, Pirch and Thielman. All had arrived successively at Wavre, during the afternoon of the 17th. The remainder of the day was passed by Blucher, in allowing the troops a little rest, in procuring provisions and fresh ammunitions. When informed of the Duke of Wellington's plans, he sent him word that he would be at Mount-Saint-Jean on the 19th, hoping that if the French did not attack on that day, that they would on the following. The assembled four corps of Blucher at Wavre numbered still 88,000 men, exhausted

and wounded since the 16th, but all thanks to his patriotic example, ready to fight to the last extremity. The first Corps under Ziethen numbered about 15,000; the second under Pirch I also—numbered 15,000. These two Corps were thus reduced to 30,000 after the battle of Ligny. The third under Thielman, which had not suffered much at Ligny numbered 28,000. The fourth Corps under Bulow, not having yet fired a shot numbered 30,000. It was the first that Blucher ordered to march to Mount-Saint-Jean. Blucher had finally determined to leave the third Corps under Thielman, with directions to check Grouchy at Wavre, and not allow him to pass the Dyle. He then harangued his soldiers :—

"I shall immediately lead you anew against the enemy; we shall beat him, for it is our duty to do so". What noble and energetic patriotism in an old man of 73.

Vide—Thiers XX, p- 96, 97, 108 Alison XII, p—237.

During the whole day, on the 17th, Marshal Grouchy, being led astray by indications which he had misunderstood, sought in vain for the Prussians, thinking they had marched towards the Rhine. In the evening the emperor sent him new instructions; "Pursue the Prussians with only one detachment, if they are on the road to the Rhine, do the same if they are marching upon Brussels. If they are posted in front of the forest of Soignes, keep

them together and occupy them, while you detach a division to take the left wing of the English in rear". This order was as precise as it was prudent and masterly, and the fate of the day depended on its execution. Marshal Grouchy declared, till the day of his death, that he never received it. By an unfortunate neglect, the message was not sent more than once, and over the confined area, where the destinies of the world then being decided, there were numerous small detachments of the enemy. A clear sighted man would not have hesitated for a moment, as to what resolution he was to come to, only from the Emperor's verbal instructions to him. Unfortunately Grouchy was not such a man, and he seemed totally to forget, that his most important mission, as was evident both from the circumstances themselves, and from Napoleon's verbal instructions, was to keep in the track of the Prussians, and prevent their falling on the French, before they had beaten the English. It was certainly, very annoying that whilst the Prussians, ought to have been hotly pursued, Grouchy's troops had advanced, but two and a half leagues during the day. Even if they set out at four in the morning of the 18th, all might still be remedied. Marshal Grouchy was only four leagues from Wavre and six from Napoleon, a distance that could be traversed by a pedestrian in three quarters of an hour.

There was still time enough to accomplish what had not been done on the 17th. At ten p. m. he announced to Napoleon his determination, to march next morning with all his forces to Wavre, should it be positively ascertained, that the enemy had chosen that route. He added that he did this in order to separate the Prussians from the Duke of Wellington.

Thiers, XX p. 100, C. f. Guizot VIII. p. 207, 208,

Napoleon after a short repose, rose at two in the morning, still fearing that the English would retire to join the Prussians in the rear of Brussels. Notwithstanding the rain which was again falling in torrents, he recommenced, accompanied by two or three officers, the reconnaissance to which he had before devoted so many hours. At that time he received the despatch, which Grouchy had sent from Gemboux at ten o'clock in the evening.

From Grouchy's personal report, which had arrived during the night, Napoleon felt somewhat confident, that Grouchy had himself anticipated the manoeuvre. His only fear now was, lest the English should escape him, by plunging into the forest of Soignes, and the two hostile armies effect a junction, behind that thin curtain of verdure. On suddenly coming in sight of the fires of the English behind Mount St. Jean, he exclaimed with heroic joy, "Ah I have them, these English ! We

have nine chances out of ten against them." "I know them well, sire," replied Major-general Soult, "there are no troops to match them for the defensive; they will die on the spot, without stirring an inch." "I know all that," said the emperor, "but I shall manoeuvre." Still as an additional precaution, Napoleon sent at three in the morning, a duplicate copy of the order already sent at ten on the previous evening to Marshal Grouchy. Before day-break, the clouds seemed to be going off, and General Drouot assured him, that in five or six hours the ground would be firm enough, to bear the weight of the artillery. "That will give Grouchy time to arrive", said the emperor. It was Blucher who gained by the attack being delayed. Guizot, VIII. P. 208. Thiers XX. P. 100—101.

Napoleon on the morning of the 18th, invited his generals to share his frugal morning meal, and discuss the plan of the coming battle with them. General Reille told him, that though the English were very inferior in

attack, they were superior to any other European forces, when acting on ~~the~~ defence. It would be better rather to conquer them by skilful manoeuvring, than by a direct assault. "I know" replied Napoleon, "that it is difficult to beat the English when in position, but I intend to manoeuvre. He intended in fact to combine stratagem with direct warfare. He did not believe, that it would be possible for the English to resist his system of operation. "We have", he said, "ninety chances, to a hundred". Thiers, XX, p. 102-103; Cf. Guizot VIII. p. 208, Alison XII, p. 243.

He was fond of joke. On the night between June 17th and 18th, he made fun of Wellington. This little Englishman needs a lesson said Napoleon. This gayety of the giant is worth dwelling on. It was he who called his Grenadiers "Growlers"; he pinched their ears and pulled their mustaches. "The Emperor was always playing tricks with us", was the remark made by one of them. *Les Miserables* p. 129.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu

PRESIDENT CONGRESS 1925.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu has been elected president of the Indian National Congress this year. She is a daughter of Bengal and every Bengalee is rightly proud of her. It will not be out of place to reproduce here her life-sketch as portrayed by Mr. A. S. Rajan.

Srimati Sarojini Devi was born in Hyderabad, Deccan, on the 13th February, 1879. Her father Dr. Aghorenath Chattopadhyaya was a scientist of exceptional gifts and a dreamer of dreams. Her mother Srimati Varada Sundari Devi was a woman of exquisite sweetness of nature, intensely musical and not without a vein of poetical genius. Dr. Aghorenath himself has left a number of poems in Bengalee extremely simple in language and immensely profound in meaning. The chief interest of his life was alchemy, but more than all his science and his songs, was his wonderful soul which won him friends and admirers without number. Sarojini Devi has given us a delightful picture of his great white beard and his Homeric profile, of the laugh which brought the roof down and the heart which embraced in its love Rajahs and beggars and saints and down right villains all delightfully mixed up. Sarojini Devi inherited in part his poetical genius and few could have been more fortunate in the possession of facilities for true culture within the home.

A Daughter of Bengal.

Sarojini Devi was born and grew up in Hyderabad. But her parents came from a village in Bikrampur in East Bengal and though her life in Hyderabad has tinged her mind with Islamic culture—an asset of great value in her chief mission—she is essentially a daughter of Bengal.

Dawning of Poetic Consciousness.

It is interesting that Sarojini Devi was not intended by her father to be a poet. He wanted her to be a Scientist or a Mathematician but the poetic instinct with which she was born was irrepressible and broke out one day while sighing over a problem of Algebra. This was the first dawning of poetic consciousness and from this day forth she wrote many juvenile pieces and thought seriously of her mission as a seeker of beauty and a singer of song.

Education

At the age of twelve, Sarojini Devi woke up one day and found herself famous. She had passed the Matriculation Examination. When she was sixteen she was sent to England for her studies. She stayed there three years and as her health broke down, she returned after a short stay in Italy. Of the country of Dante and Petrarch she speaks with childlike rapture in prose that chimes like bells and is

crisp as the laughter of children. The three years in England were fruitful years, for besides her studies in King's College and Girton, she came into contact with critics like Arthur Symonds and Edmund Gosse. She has said somewhere that Edmund Gosse first showed her the way to the Golden Threshold. This is her picturesque way of describing the guidance of incalculable value which she received from that eminent critic and man of letters. The poems she had written so far were English in subject and inspiration and while faultless language and metre and pure sentiment, were imitative and not native. Edmund Gosse advised her to be Indian and original, and with the docility of genius, as he puts it, she accepted the advice. Her poems since written are of the very soil of India.

Marriage

In 1898, Sarojini Devi returned to India at the age of nineteen. The thing she did after coming to India was to marry Dr. Naidu—a heresy which caused much uneasiness at the time to the friends and relatives of the families concerned. But with a courage which nothing could diminish, she broke the bonds of caste and married a non-Brahmin.

There are four children of the marriage, two boys and two girls, who have all inherited the keen sense of art and the love of the beautiful of the mother. Great care and much thought combined with liberality of outlook have resulted in making them bright and lively, well-informed and endowed with originality and creative impulse of some kind or other.

Her Poems

Sarojini Devi's first volume of published verse was the "Golden Threshold." It was followed in 1912 by the "Bird of Time." and

in 1917 by the Broken Wing." The three volumes contain short poems of infinite variety, marked by an imagination and melody which are topical and voluptuous. Much pre-occupation with political affair and frequent spells of ill-health have come in the way of her poetic work and "thinned, her Jasmine garlands." But these three volumes do not by any means complete her career of poetic creation. Her poems have found a place in English Literature and become a cherished possession of the lettered world. In 1914, she was accorded fitting recognition of her genius in her election to the Royal Asiatic Society of Literature. There have not been since the days of William IV a dozen women to whom this tribute was paid.

Social Work

It was not till 1913 that Sarojini Devi came into the sphere of politics and it was not till 1915 that she entered the Congress. But the years prior to these were busy years devoted to the public good in less pretentious spheres. So early as 1906 she took part in the Social Conference at Calcutta and made a speech which was hailed as a piece of art. The late Mr. Gokhale was so fascinated with the speech that he sought her acquaintance, and the friendship which then began, grew in warmth with the years and lasted to the death of the great Maratha statesman. Social work has claimed her attention since her debut at the Social Conference and she laboured for the upliftment of women and expounded great ideals with her own inimitable eloquence, to the young. She went on lecturing tours in large tracts of country declaring the destiny of Indian womanhood and pleading for social advance and unity. In England, she was the leading spirit in movements to help Indians in Europe and helped to form the London-Indian Association about 1914.

Hindu-Moslem Unity.

Sarojini Devi has not devoted her eloquence and the influence of her gifts and personality to any cause more than to that of Hindu-Moslem Unity. In the sordid wrangles that prevail to-day and the surging of factionalism which menaces our national life, there is not besides Sarojini Devi one person, man or woman who is trusted and welcomed alike by Hindu and Mahomedan. She has been rightly described as the ambassador of Hindu-Moslem Unity. She bears on her brows the mark of her Vedic heritage, but she is no less inspired by the Islamic spirit and as she often declares herself she has but one song to sing and that is the song of Hindu-Moslem Unity.

Her active work for this cause began in 1918 with the speech she made at Lucknow to the Mussalmans assembled in the Moslem League. That speech marked an epoch and the more liberal orientation which followed 1913 and expressed itself in the subsequent politics of the country was chiefly the result of the historic oration,

Politics.

Once in it, there was no way out and every circumstance drew Srimati Sarojini Devi deeper into politics. We find her two years later addressing the Congress in Bombay on the self-government resolution. This was yet a casual emergence in the Congress fold but the next year at Lucknow she as a poet, who stood on the watch tower of dreams, proclaimed the birth-right of Indians for Swaraj. The question of indentured immigration was engaging the public mind in these years and Sarojini Devi threw herself into the agitation wholeheartedly. Her speech in Allahabad was a burning appeal and a masterpiece in passionate oratory.

In 1917, Mr Montagu was in India on an

mission and Sarojini Devi led a deputation of Indian ladies which waited on him and pressed the rights of women in the reconstruction which was then eagerly expected. Soon after the return of Mr. Montagu to England, the scene was shifted to the Selborne Committee. Her evidence on women's franchise was an impregnable array of facts and her memorandum was characterised by a grace of diction which as Lord Selborne said, "illuminated our prosaic literature with a poetic touch."

Non-Co-Operation.

Sarojini Devi's greatest efforts were put forth after the Martial Law atrocities in the Punjab. The year 1919 witnessed the shocking outrages which India has not yet forgotten, and the rise of Mahatma Gandhi. Then followed the birth of the Non-co-operation movement, the general upheaval in the country, and the arrest of Mahatma Gandhi. During all these years Sarojini Devi was the right hand of Mahatma Gandhi and with an apparently inexhaustible energy toured the country from one end to the other, denouncing the insults that power in its blinding arrogance could inflict and helping to rouse that great ferment which made the gods of Simla well nigh tremble. She was more than once in England during this period and wherever she went, she carried on a ruthless crusade against oppression and wrong and demanded reparation. She came at the time very near imprisonment but somehow the Executive did not presume so far. Her part of the trial of Mahatma Gandhi is in its simple pathos touching beyond words. Her idealised references to the imprisoned leader while she carried on his work testify to her intense devotion to Mahatma Gandhi.

Tour in Africa.

The disabilities of Indians abroad have called forth some of her finest qualities of eloquence and leadership. She has not been merciful in

her condemnation of colour prejudice and economic greed. But when she went to South Africa in 1924, she was given ovations not only by Indians but by the whites as well. She went not merely as the champion of the oppressed but as the ambassador of India and the symbol of her unique and imperishable civilisation. Her superb oratory brought her immense audiences and won for her and her cause a moral triumph. She took advantage of the tour to visit every part of Africa where Indians were settled, and her presence among our countrymen was an inspiration and a joy to them.

The Calcutta University.

The late Sir Ashutosh Mukherjee had a high esteem for her and attempted more than once to get her into the sphere of the Calcutta University. She could not accept the Doctorate that was offered her for probably political reasons. But when Sir Ashutosh endowed the Kamala Lecturerships in memory of his daughter, Sarojini Devi was invited to inaugurate the series by a course of lectures on the ideals of Indian womanhood. She was then in Africa and could not avail herself of the opportunity.

Though great in herself and probably because of it, she is able to admire the greatness of others. She has written from time to time tributes and reminiscences of men, of Gokhale, Gandhi, Tilak, Das. The praise is

warm and generous and is conveyed in her own exquisite felicity.

Sarojini Devi's personal charm has won for her innumerable friends from all classes and sections of people both in India and abroad. She works and travels long distances in spite of almost continuous ill-health. Her work has not been carried on without great sacrifices but she understands her life essentially is consecrated to the country. She is the most fascinating figure of the Indian Renaissance and her influence untainted by Party and unsullied by self-interest has always been for the good. She has been called by the suffrages of the country to guide the deliberations of the Congress at Cawnpore. This opens a new responsibility, as she will be the chosen leader of the country for a year, that she will discharge it with courage and wisdom and bring to her task the vision and voice of a bard and the tendermost kind sympathy of a woman, need not be doubted.

Sarojini Devi is preeminently a poetess and a philosopher. She is a politician too. In her beautiful style she has written several poems and they show how fondly she loves her mother land—India. We are reproducing below a few of his poems which will show her deep love for the mother country.

AWE

**Waken ! O Mother, thy children implore thee
We kneel in thy presence to serve and adore thee ?
The night is aflood with the dream of the morrow,
Why still dost thou sleep in thy bondage of sorrow ?
O waken, and sever the woes that enthrall us,
And hallow our hand for the triumphs that call us .
Are we not thine, O Beloved, to inherit
The purpose and pride and the power of thy spirit !
Ne'er shall we fail thee, forsake thee or falter,
Whose hearts are thy home and thy shield and thine altar.
Lo ! we would thrill the high stars with thy story
And set thee again in the forefront of glory.
Mother, the flowers of our worship have crowned thee !
Mother, the flame of our hope shall surround thee !
Mother, the sword of our love shall defend thee !
Mother, the song of our faith shall attend thee !
(Our deathless devotion and strength shall avail thee !
Hearken, O Queen and O Goddess, we hail thee !**

To India

**O young through all immemorial years !
Rise, Mother, rise, regenerate from thy gloom,
And, like a bride high mated with the spheres,
Reget new glories from thine ageless womb !

The nations that in fettered darkness weep
Crave thee to lead them where great mornings break.....
Mother, O Mother, wherefore dost thou sleep ?
Arise and answer for thy children's sake !

Thy future calls thee with a manifold sound
To crescent honours, splendours, victories vast !
Waken, O slumbering Mother and be crowned,
Who once wast empress of the sovereign Past.**

The Call To Evening Prayer

Allah ho Akbar ! Allah ho Akbar !
From mosque and minar the muezzins are calling ;
Pour fourth your praises, O chosen of Islam ;
Swiftly the shadows of sunset falling ;
Allah ho Akbar ! Allah ho Akbar !

Ave Maria ! Ave Maria !
Devoutly the priests at the altars are singing ;
O ye who worship the Son of the Virgin,
Make your orisons, the vespers are ringing :
Ave Maria ! Ave Maria !

Ahura Mazda ! Ahura Mazda !
How the sonorous Avesta is flowing !
Ye, who to Flame and the light make obeisance,
Bend low where the quenchless blue torches are glowing.
Ahura Mazda ! Ahura Mazda !

Naray'yana ! Naray'yana !
Hark to the ageless, divine invocation !
Lift up your hands. O ye children of Brahma
Lift up your voices in raft adoration :
Naray'yana ! Naray,yana !

In returning the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal to the Government she wrote on August 31, 1920.

Sir,—I have ventured to depute the Indian Khilafat Delegation to convey back to your Excellency the Kaiser-i-Hind Decoration which it was my wont to cherish with pride, but I have long felt impelled to renounce it as one more proof and token of my profound indignation and sorrow at the base wrongs and sufferings to which my country and countrymen have been subjected.

The history of recent years has been an almost unbroken record of pledges wantonly violated, repression cruelly enforced and humiliations ruthlessly inflicted on a helpless nation and has now reached its climax in the dual crime of perjury towards the Indian Mussalmans

and blood-guiltiness towards the martyred people of the Punjab.

It is therefore incompatible with my conception of honour and humanity alike to countenance the actions and policies of a Government that has thrust its hand upon the heart of India, and brought into mockery the high traditions of British justice and liberty.

arojini returns Medal.

We do not want to enter into the arena of politics. The readers have perhaps already read her Presidential address, couched in such beautiful poetic style, in the daily papers. We only pay our best homage to the most romantic poetess of India—upon whom the country has bestowed the highest honour.





A Remembrance.

By—Ruthen Melton De.



2nd year.

FEBRUARY, 1926.

12th Number.

PAST AND PRESENT





Dressings—of an upto date 'Babu'



Saunyasi—in days of yore.





The morning rite—past.



The morning rite—now-a day.



The loco—motion in days gone by



The present day loco-motion.



1. Guests were treated as God-sent formerly.



2. But now-a-day they are turned out.

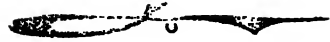


The housewife of the past had a pleasant way of
exercising their body.



But now she only strains her eyes.

FACTS.



Crops and Comets.

This has been a bumper year for comets, the total reported to date being nine, or only one less than the record of ten in 1898. And, of course, there is still time for this record to be beaten.

Our ancestors didn't like these heavenly bodies, and would probably have expected a year of comets to be a year of disasters.

But this year's harvest suggests a new and cheerful connection between comets and crops, for in the case of practically every corn and hay crop in England and Wales the yield per acre has been above the average this year.

Jersey's Little Army.

The Royal Jersey Light Infantry, stated to be our oldest armed force, was recently presented with new colours.

Jersey's militia is a very numerous and efficient force, in which every man between age of seventeen and sixty-five is bound to serve. Strangers, after a year's residence, are equally liable to be called up. Regiments are formed according to districts.

To each regiment a few mounted troopers and a company or brigade of artillery are attached.

The whole force is furnished with arms and clothing by the British Government, but only adjutants and drill sergeants receive any pay,

Razor Reasons.

Thousands of safety-razor blades are discarded too soon, and many ordinary razors are sent to be ground and re-set when there is no need for this.

Strictly speaking, a razor blade has no "edge." What we call the edge is really a saw, with minute teeth, each of which is composed of molecules—thousands of them to the inch. A blade if properly finished and tempered in the factory, has each of these molecules in its proper place. But they move in shaving, dulling the edge.

All that the blade really requires in most cases is a rest, so that its disturbed molecules can get back to their proper positions. To effect that, the blade must be laid on wood (boxwood is best) in a north to south position. The heel should point south and the top due north. The magnetic pull of the poles, plus the ordinary rest, will make the molecules reasonable, and in a week the blade will be as good as new.

Road Hogs, Beware!

The British motorist who grumbles about speed limits and policy traps should go to Constantinople. They have a sort way with "roadhogs" in the Turkish capital.

Planks of wood studded with nails have been issued to the police. If a car seems to be going too quickly, a policeman will throw

one of these planks on the ground at a distance of one yard in front of it.

If the car fails to pull up in time to avoid a puncture it is assumed that the brakes are defective and the driver is punished.

The "Lost" Exchange.

Visitors to towns in our sheep farming districts at this season may see an interesting spectacle.

After the sheep having been placed in the fold for the winter, each shepherd picks out those which do not belong to his flock. There may be several of these, as every year hundreds of stray sheep are picked up by shepherds. In some cases the strays have wandered many miles from their flock, and it is impracticable to return them immediately, so they stay with the others till November.

Then on some arranged day all the shepherds who have either lost or found sheep gather in some central town in the district with the strays, and the lost property is sorted out.

Our Wonderful Selves.

There is a nursery rhyme that suggests that little girls are made of "sugar and spice and all things nice," but is less polite to boys.

Science has still sterner views concerning the things that go to the "making of man." According to the President of the American College of Surgeons, the human body contains materials for "seven bars of soap, iron sufficient to make a large nail, enough magnesia for one dose for a sufferer from indigestion, sufficient potassium to explode a toy cap, enough sulphur to drive fleas off a dog, lime enough to whitewash a moderate-sized chicken-coop, and enough phosphorus to cover the tips of 2,200 matches."

Even so, this doesn't explain the case of the man, recently operated on, in whose stomach was found a piece of lead, a pair of forceps, two steel boot toe-plates, and a solution tube.

School for Brides.

When Miss Audrey Ware, of Brookline (U.S.A.), married Mr. F. G. Woolf, of the Ohio State University, she was the world's first certified bride.

America, the home of efficiency methods, is the first country in which a special university course is available for women who desire to fit themselves for marriage. The huge number of divorces in that country every year points, Americans say, to inefficiency in marriage; the Boston University's scientific marriage course is an attempt to deal with this problem.

Miss Ware was one of the first to take the course, the idea of which was conceived by Professor J. Lawrence Davis, Dean of the College for Women at Boston University. He chose an authority on matters matrimonial, Mrs. Elizabeth Macdonald, to fit the post of Instructor in Matrimony at the University.

The course covers such subjects as the choice of a husband, the apportionment of income, reasons for marriage failures, and so on. Some of the questions set as tests are real-life problems which demand considerable psychological knowledge. One, for example, has reference to the attitude which should be adopted by a wife who has been informed by a reliable friend that her husband has been seen dining with his pretty secretary!

Nothing on quite the same lines has previously been attempted, even in the United States. Girls have had domestic economy courses, have learned to cook well, and have been instructed in the care of children, but this, so Professor Davis thinks, has proved in-

sufficient. The great central problem has not been solved the divorce courts have become even more crowded and among the divorcees have been graduates of the "home-making" schools. In 1923 there were over 165,000 divorces granted in America, and it is believed that the total for 1924—the figures are not yet available—will be even larger.

How to win a man, how to hold him, how to prepare for success in marriage just as one does for a professional career—this is the idea in the mind of the university authorities.

A Railway Dog's Record.

Roy, the famous collecting dog of the London Midland, and Scottish Railway, for several years a familiar figure at Euston Station, has died from old age.

He was placed on the "retired list" a year ago, and was succeeded by Rags.

For discovering charitable people Roy had an unerring instinct and used to work on a definite system. He would begin at the end carriage of each train shortly before it started and work his way towards the engine, nosing out the people who had spare cash and barking a "Thank you" every time the rattle of a coin in his box told him that he had not appealed in vain.

The porter who looked after him used to say that it was Roy's Scottish ancestry that enabled him to coax money out of people—he was a cross between a Newfoundland dog and a Scottish collie.

It was during the latter days of the war that Roy began his career as a collector, and during his seven years at Euston he collected more than £3,100 for the L. M. and S. Fund.

Eyes "On Strike."

Recent London street accident figures show that 433 people were killed and 48,822 injured

during the six months from April to September, 1925. Most of these accidents were caused by motor vehicles of various kinds, and one wonders in how great a percentage of this terrible death-roll defective eyesight played its part," said Mr. Francis T. Gregg, M. A. secretary of the Institute of Ophthalmic Opticians.

"A research optician has discovered," continued Mr. Gregg, "that one eye may suddenly go 'on strike,' leaving its fellow to get along as best it can alone. This condition has been called 'suspended vision,' and it renders the sufferer temporarily blind in one eye. The spasm may be of a second's duration or it may last for half a minutes or more. That an attack of suspended vision may very easily bring fatal consequences to motorist and pedestrian alike is obvious.

"Another probable cause of traffic accidents is faulty side-sight or defective peripheral vision, which effectively puts the eyes in blinkers."

From Pirate to King.

The discovery of the Indians who speak Elizabethan English is one of the strangest travellers' stories ever heard in these days. It is not, however quite unique, for the late Mr. Cecil Sharp found in the Alleghanies numerous communities of English folk whose language, appearance, and customs dated from the end of the seventeenth century, and who had preserved a large number of English folk-songs that are no longer to be heard in the Mother country.

Nor were private communities of the kind set up by Benjamin Sharp and his crew altogether unique, for we possess records of the famous English pirate, John Plaintain, who, having begun his career of crime in the West Indies, founded a State on Madagascar, of which he conquered a considerable part.

• He introduced English characteristics, such as the use of rum, and reigned for some years until Admiral Matthew's squadron, in which Clement Downing was a sailor, chased him off the island. He then went to join Kanhoji Angria, the celebrated pirate king of the west coast of India.

What are Silglas ?

The advent of each New Year marks the publication of Kelly's London Directory, and thus a record held for over a century stands unbroken. This year the 127th edition has been put on the market, and it will rank as an acknowledged stand-by for countless individuals and business firms who will have to consult it during the next twelve months.

The list of trades in the volume has always special interest, and this year the additions to it include the following headings :—

• Table Liners, Electrical Carcase Wirers, Air Preheater Makers, Silglas, Hire-Purchase Motor-Dealers. Nor are these all, but they may suffice for the curious.

What is a Table Liner, you may ask, and

be forgiven for not knowing. What is an Electrical Carcase ? What does Silglas signify ?

The Hire-Purchase Motor item is plain, and the Air-Pre-heater Maker's occupation might be guessed readily with the reservation noted that no work in his line appears to be on but for the Weather Clerk on those frosty mornings.

Secrets of the Fields.

March hares, daffodils, slains, swarm and songbirds are among the many wild things of the fields and streams about which Mr. Marcus Woodward chats in his new book, "Country Contentments."

He reveals that swans make life-long marriages that the fox sometimes maintain two houses, that a water snail lays fifteen hundred eggs in its life-time, while a field slug will lay five hundred from May to November, and that men who know how can walk across a field and pick up a five hare with one hand on the way.

"Tit-Bits"





On the hills.

By—Satis Chandra Sinha.

Radio Vision of the Future

**Experiments Forecast the Time When You Will Both Hear
and See by Wireless**

By S. R. WINTERS.

"We will now broadcast the 'Follies'." This terse announcement, in the near future, will mean that you will not only hear the singing and comedy but see the actors and actresses amid all their splendor of stage scenery.

The attachment of a special lamp to the radio vision machine of C. Francis Jenkins, whereby a living subject is illuminated, signifies that a dancer, speaker or other personality may now be seen as well as heard by radio. The Jenkins laboratories, having recently successfully demonstrated the transmission and reception by radio of a Dutch windmill from a standard motion picture film, it was but a single step to the sending and receiving of the direct image of a living subject.

In his original demonstration of radio vision, Mr. Jenkins had planned to transmit the scene of a dancing girl from his laboratories to the homes of Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover and Col. Paul Henderson, former second assistant postmaster general. However, these plans were thwarted at that time, chiefly because he was not equipped with the special type of lamp which he has just installed. Now, it is possible to place a person before a motion-picture camera and transmit the likeness of this individual by radio with quite the facility that a scene from a motion-picture film is sent and received by the invisible radio waves.

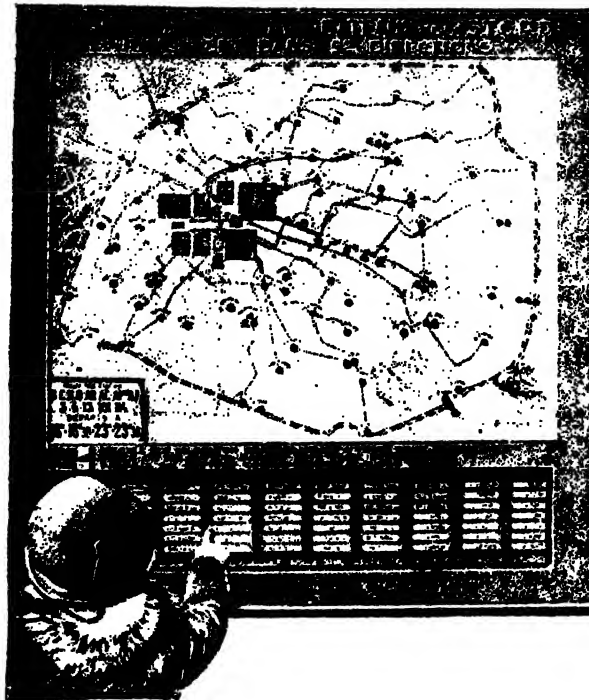
The transmission of the reflection of light from living subjects in action differs from still pictures only in that they are more rapidly formed, that is, sixteen pictures are transmitted in one second instead of one photograph within five or six minutes. Therefore, with the addition of the special lamp referred to, the radio-vision machine remains unchanged. The combination lens-disks prismatic rings for drawing the lines of the picture and the use of a rare metal for converting light values into electrical values are necessary, just as in the case of the transmission of the motion picture of the windmill.

Similarly, at the radio-vision receiving station, the equipment used is identical with that employed in the original demonstration. For instance, there is a multitube receiving set, together with a cabinet, in the top of which is found a miniature white screen upon which the motion picture is projected. Then, too, there are the usual prismatic rings or lensdisks, duplicating those in use at the transmitting station. The "cold-light" lamp, invented by Prof. D. MacFarlan Moore, serves the highly essential function of changing the electrical values back into picture values, after which they are outlined on the miniature screen.

Upon the threshold of this remarkable achievement of the direct transmission and re-

at is shown at the bottom, and opposite each is a button. When this is pushed, the section of the map in which the place is located, lights up, showing how it can be reached. The guide gives directions for more than fifty different

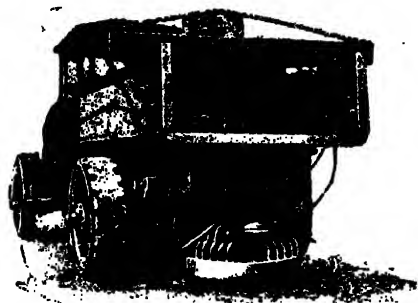
points. They are indicated by symbols in the left-hand corner of the frame and corresponding letters on the map. Besides these, there is a schedule showing when conveyances leave for the various places.



Using the Animated Map That Directs Paired Visitors : a Push on the Button Opposite Name of Intended Destination, Lights Up Section Where It Is Located and Shows the Route

GIANT MAGNET ROAD SWEEPER PICKS UP NAILS AND IRON

With a powerful magnet suspended from the rear of a five-ton automobile truck, more



*Powerful Magnet on Motor Truck for Clearing
Roads of Nails and Pieces of Metal*

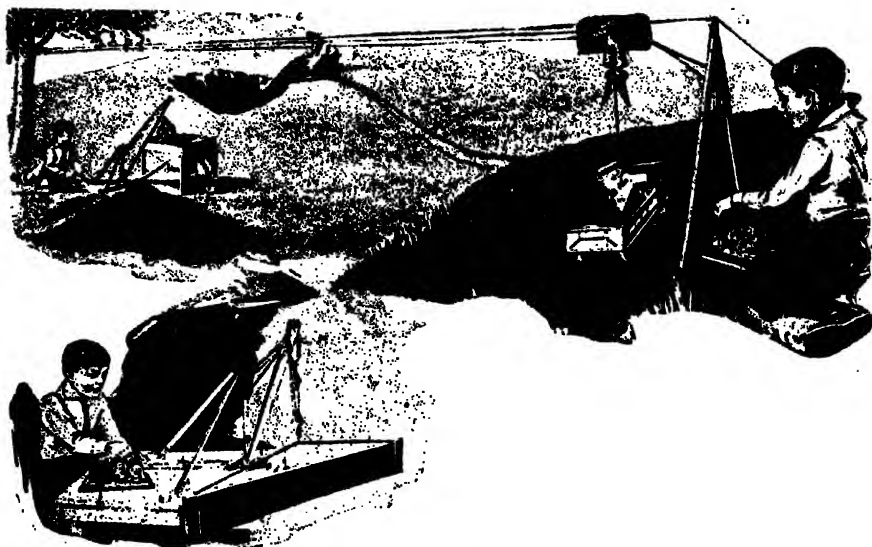
than 600 pounds of nails, tacks, bolts and pieces of scrap iron were removed from a seven-mile stretch of the Yellowstone trail, affording motorists great saving and relief as the puncture hazard was eliminated. The truck was driven back and forth, the magnet, four inches above the surface of the roadway and supplied with current from seventy-two cells of the locomotive storage type, lifting jagged bits of metal from the loose stone covering with ease. Many of them were so small that persons walking slowly along the road could not see them.

FORECAST OF SEVERE WINTER BASED ON WEATHER CYCLES

Basing his prediction on a study of writings before scientific records were kept as well as the weather reports over a long period, Father Gabriel, the astronomer-priest of France, declares that the winter will be as severe as those of 1553 and 1740. The luner-solar cycle of 744 years, he says, is divided into two periods of 372 years each and four of 186 years. The weather follows these periods, he thinks. He made researches in ancient writings to learn of the seasons before official weather bureaus were established. Other astronomers also have observed that hard winters seem to occur in cycles.

MOTOR-DRIVEN BUILDING TOYS HELP DEVELOP TALENT

Model hoists, derricks, cable carriages and other construction units, operated by a tiny electric motor that obtains power from the lighting circuit, are intended to develop a boy's mechanical genius besides amusing him, since they actually function. For instance, the hoist has brake bands and lever, ratchets, pawls, gears and guards like those of the unit a contractor uses. The motor requires no transformer and ball bearings are grease-packed, providing for automatic lubrication. Included in the assortment, is a model clamshell bucket like that used with steam shovels. Its jaws open and close on the load and dump dirt in realistic fashion. Aluminum alloy, brass and bronze castings are used in the construction of these educational models.



Lifting Small Board with Motor-Driven Toy Crane and Operating the Cab'e-Conveyor Rig.

ADJUSTABLE BED FOR TOURISTS FITS OPEN OR CLOSED CARS

Easily put up or taken down, a full-sized bed utilizes the auto cushions for a mattress and may be used with touring or closed cars. Two rails support the bed and are fastened to

the back of the seats. A canvas extension, attached to the front of the car by straps, provides room for the feet. The bed is high enough to give the occupants the benefit of ample ventilation through the windows of the car.

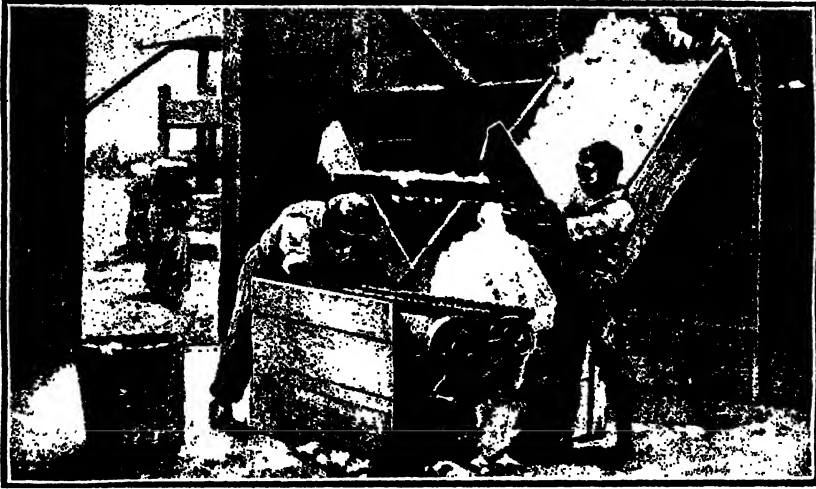


Bed in Use, Diagram Showing Rails.

ELECTROPLATING FOR CLOTH

By electroplating cloth with a film of aluminum, the fabric is made waterproof without making it impervious to air as it becomes when rubber, wax or rosin is used for

the coating. This process originated during the war and was first tried in treating khaki for aviators' uniforms. It has since been improved and one factory is said to waterproof 36,000,000 yards of cloth yearly in this manner.



One of the First Working Models of Eli Whitney's Cotton Gin, an Invention Hailed with Dismay by the Cotton-Field Workers, Who Believed It Would Rob Them of Their Jobs.

PLAY IS MADE AN ACHIEVEMENT IN WORKMANSHIP

Besides having the fun of building their own playhouses, children are given training that improves their mechanical and domestic instincts with patented wooden blocks used in an outdoor kindergarten in California. Some of the pieces are a yard long. They are slotted and cut so that they interlock with little trouble and are suited to the erection of little houses of two or three rooms with windows,

doors and roofs like those of a real home. Besides the houses, furniture is also constructed from the blocks. The units are light in weight, smoothed to prevent splintering, thus avoiding hurts to the youthful builders, and cannot easily be broken. An added point claimed in their favor is that they teach young children to overcome fear and give them valuable physical exercise, as in building the playhouses, they have to climb up to put on the roof.



Kindergarten Children Lay Mental Foundations That Aid in Future Home Making While Building Their own Three-Room Playhouse and Furniture with Interlocking Wooden Blocks.



A—ha—so ugly

By—Bisaya Keisima Bon.



By Dr. Naresh Chandra Sen Gupta, M. A. D. I.

Once in the office of what we should call the Governors of Paxton, Staunton was puzzled to find it so different from what he was used to. The first thing that struck him was that it was less an office than a workshop. There were such a lot of machinery about and so little stationery. The men here were either reading hard or handling some machine or other.

It took him a month to understand the working of the office. He discovered it to be a great deal more perfect than anything he had imagined. No body wrote anything. One had to speak to a machine which recorded the speech. If it was meant for transmission to any one else that too was done by the same machine without wire. Calculations were all done by machines. There were machines with the aid of which you could get into

communication with any person in the state and have him before your eyes. A whole panorama of a country side would be disclosed to your view by another machine. And so on. It did require a great deal of training to get oneself acclimatised to these conditions of work. But Staunton was determined and he worked hard to get the training.

Then he began to study the social conditions of the country. It meant months of hard work at the office and the Library. He always received assistance and sympathetic guidance from his collaborators. In discussing matters with them Staunton was struck by the enormous amount of knowledge possessed by each one of these men. He had come to teach them how to order their society. He was soon humbled however and felt that he had to study for years before he could get

the amount of grasp of theories and practices which his collaborators all had. He was humbled. He threw away all pretensions of a teacher and began to learn.

Staunton joined a small ring of men and women who had joined as apprentices like him. Here at last, he saw he had found his level. Once he knew this his progress was as rapid as that of the best apprentices. By steady application and a voracious desire to know things he managed to get through the preliminary stages of his apprenticeship with very great credit.

Tiny came to the office every day to accompany him home. She herself was working at the College. She had no taste for office work. The hours of parting from Staunton that his work involved tried her very hard and for a time she even thought of entering as an apprentice in her husband's office. The College however wanted her badly and the superintendent told her quietly, "Your place is here dear, bringing up the future generation of Paxtonians." She at once gave up her idea of being beside her husband all day long. But she accompanied him to the office and waited in the visitor's room sometime before Staunton left office. And then they went home together.

One day, as she was waiting for her husband, old Tree the great labour organiser of Paxton came out of the

office. Tree approached her smiling and after giving her a plenty greeting told her very kindly, "Your husband will be a great statesman Tiny. You will be proud of him."

Tiny was already bursting with pride at this appreciation from the most renowned statesman of Paxton. She glowed all over with joy.

When Staunton came out he was embraced and kissed by Tiny with more than her usual warmth.

"You look like having found a treasure Tiny," said Staunton smiling, "while after all it is your own old Jack."

"But you don't know what you are going to be Jackie mine," she said, "Old Tree has given you a great compliment."

"Has he? I didn't know that he had even noticed me all these days. What did he say?"

"He said you are going to be a great statesman and I shall be proud of you. The old brute did not know I am already as proud as I can well be."

Staunton felt very elated by the news. His short experience had taught him that a compliment of this kind from Tree was not to be laughed at. He clasped Tiny in his arms and said, "But if I turn to any good Tiny, it would be for you—because you loved me."

His eyes glistened with tears. Tiny was filled with unspeakable joy.

After this there was no holding Staunton back from work. He was already working hard. The certificate of success from Tree stimulated him to further work. He would hardly give himself time for play or exercise and would bolt his food as fast as he could to get to his work as early as possible. His enthusiasm however brought down the great Tree on him one day.

"Young man," said he, "You must get home now and consult your health code. You are working too hard."

"But Sir, I should take only one hour more to finish this investigation."

"It may wait. You are a free man Staunton but you have no liberty to ruin your health. There we rule with an iron hand."

Very reluctantly Staunton gave up his work and went home.

Tiny was waiting at the gate for over an hour. She had been fretting over his delay and was now correspondingly glad to see him come. His brow was knit however and he was visibly annoyed.

"What has happened dear" she asked in deep concern.

"Well, nothing. That Tree there is a tyrant."

"What has he done?"

"He won't let me work just for one hour longer. I was in the middle of a very interesting problem. He wouldn't let me finish."

"What did he say?"

"He asked me to look up the Health code and some such nonsense. I know what it is, he is getting jealous of me."

Tiny laughed. "Is that all my darling?" she said, "You know you couldn't work longer according to the health code."

"It is a tyrannical code. I have every night to work as much as I can. It's nonsense to say there is anything wrong with my health."

"Not yet. But if you go on at this rate, I am not sure you wouldn't ruin your health. I too have been anxious dear."

"You women are always anxious about nothing."

Tiny laughed again at this annoyance of her husband. She remembered something and said mischievously, "But why should you work so hard, why work at all? They don't pay you."

Staunton was not just then in a mood to see the joke. He answered seriously, "There's no question of payment. Here I was in the midst of a very interesting problem. I had to see it through." Then he looked at Tiny's smiling face and understood. "You are right Tiny," he said smiling. "Men don't work for wages alone. Or rather, there are other wages than money."

"Something else furnishes the motive. Doesn't it?"

"Yes, and I think it is love."

(To be continued)

A Universal Language For India.

BY MADHU SUDHAN S. GOKHALE

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The incidence with which the problem of a universal language for India claims its place is lost amid the clamour for various other necessary reforms for advancing towards the goal of Indian nationalism. The problem is unsolved owing to various reasons, the first one being the lack of realization of its importance in comparison with other political problems of the day. The second one is the impossibility of suggesting a solution that would suit the tastes of speakers of so many different languages and dialects of India.

For a reason which need not be discussed there is always a resisting force offered by people in general to any new idea. It is not the intention of the writer to offer any thing new but merely to state the nature of the problem with a view to point the way to a most practicable solution.

It has been a general belief that a Universal widely prevalent language happens to be so, if not entirely by accident, yet irrespective of its characteristics. On the face of it this may seem to be the correct view and one may optimistically wait for one of the present languages of India to take the place of a universal language. Hindustani, for instance has been claimed by some as the future universal language for India, which will develop to

be so in course of time, and if Hindustani (or Hindi) ever does become a universal language it would settle the present question.

Does a universal language ever become so in course of events irrespective of characteristics or is it necessary to create one which will be best fitted with due consideration to its characteristics? If a language becomes universal owing to its characteristics has Hindi got the necessary credentials in that line to raise itself to that status? If the universal language has to be created by studious efforts, does Hindi deserve to be promoted as being one, justly fitted to occupy that position? It is however idle to speculate whether Hindi will ever actually reach that status but it is more important to know whether it is inherently qualified for that purpose.

The reference to the Hindi language in the above paragraph is not made with any particular point in view but just to make it easy to show the importance of the question by a concrete example. The name of any other language may easily be substituted as far as the reasoning goes. However the name of Hindi was used because of its informal acknowledgment as a future universal language for India by the general Indian public.

The languid progress which the question has made ever since the awakening of India along the lines of development of nationalistic ideals is one proof that the universal language as such needs to be created by studious efforts. Neither is this proof the only proof. The only reason that the United States has a common language in spite of her cosmopolitan population is her studious efforts to establish one. The linguistic conditions in Canada, which is in many other respects not unlike the United States, are curiously far different from those in the United States. The colloquial and the rural language in Canada is French, the official language being English while on the other hand, the language of the United States is English. The prominence of the English language in the United States clearly shows the efficiency of the method of making a language universal by studious efforts as against the method of relying on the characteristics of the language.

It is an undeniable fact that the French language has a decided advantage over English as regards simplicity. The only reason why French occupies a prominent place as being universal in Canada in spite of the official English is the ease with which the European immigrants in Canada can master French.

If studious and systematic efforts are made by the Government of a country to establish a common language, any language can be made to fill that position for some time at least, irrespective of its merit or demerit. On the contrary, where Government's efforts are lacking or even half-heartedly carried out, the only language that can become universal is the one that possesses necessary qualifications. Therefore, in view of the fact that the Government of India has no interest in establishing a universal language for India other than English, we are forced to the conclusion that

the problem of the universal language for India cannot be solved by leaving it to spontaneous development unless there be some language which is inherently qualified for it.

From the above discussion, it is easy to realise the necessity of studious efforts to adopt a suitable language. The problem cannot be solved by leaving it to the process of spontaneous evolution. We have seen that Hindi is already believed by some to be the language best suited for the purpose. Let us see how far this belief is justified by facts.

The language to occupy the position of the universal language, must have certain characteristics are secondly, whether the Hindi language possesses these characteristics and thirdly, whether any other language in India possesses them to a higher extent. If the Hindi language does possess them, it is high time to start some studious efforts for its promotion as a universal language. But if it does not, let us recognise the fact and redirect our efforts in a more promising direction. One thing, however, is obvious. The Hindi language seems to be more widely understood in different parts of India than any other language. However let us first see what other qualities are necessary. A language to be able to command the position of a universal language, should possess the following characteristics :

- I. The universal language should be easy to learn. At present in India there is no common language as such and whichever language we choose as our future universal language, will have to be studied by those whose mother-tongue is some other Indian dialect. Hence it is necessary that it should be easy to learn. The British rulers are trying to make English the universal language for India. It is a fact that we do not want any of the Western languages to be our

national tongue, for the simple reason that none of them are simpler to learn than any of our languages. On the other hand, if we are at all going to have a European language, let us at least not have the hardest one! The prominence that the English language has gained in Indian politics is due to its political status, not to its simplicity, or any other inherent merit.

II. To facilitate the introduction of any of the present languages of India as our future national language, it should have a generous stock of literature available for immediate use. There is no use trying to create literature in that language after deciding on the language. The stock should be ready and copious.

III. The language should also be homogeneous. By homogeneity is meant the uniformity of character throughout that part of India in which it is spoken. It should be indistinguishable from its namesake in the neighbouring district.

IV. There should also be a large percentage of speakers in that language to start with as it will promote the growth rapidly, once adopted. Now that we have analysed the important characteristics that a language should possess to ascertain her position as a universal language, let us see whether any of the languages in India possess them, and which one to a higher extent than the others. The English language, to begin with, has enough literature and is homogeneous in structure, but as regards simplicity or percentage of speakers in India it will rank far behind any Indian language. The only reason the English language presents an aspect of universality is due to its political status, not unlike Latin in the days of the Roman Empire. Now let us turn to Hindi or Hindustani, one of our own languages and

see if it meets the abovementioned requirements.

Hindi is a simple language but by far not the simplest. A man from Maharashtra will not be able to learn Hindi any quicker than he would Gurorati, or Bengali. Hindi grammar is full in every particular and none too easy to master in a short time for a man who is quite foreign to Hindi.

If we look whether Hindi has a generous stock of good modern literature to start with, it will compare very poorly with any of its sister dialects in North, Central and Western India. The fact is self-evident when we see that the choice is limited to every few books. Tulsidas' Ramayana is one of the few classical books which could be pointed out for studying in universities. Even then, Tulsidas' Hindi is old and archaic and would be of as much use to-day as Chaucer's English in any modern English speaking country. The Hindi language of to-day may form suitable means of conversation in the absence of other languages; but then this Hindi is neither classical nor literary. If India has to have a universal language, she certainly does not want the one that has been developed by its use by illiterate people.

Let us look at Hindi from the view-point of homogeneity. Without going into any deep investigation, every one is aware of the fact that Hindi is not homogeneous. The Hindi of Nagpur and Indore is different from the Hindi of Allahabad and still more so, if we go farther north. Nor is this difference a trivial or superficial one but according to the testimony of a Maratha gentleman, though a prize-winner in Hindi oration at Bilaspur, he was unable to understand a lecture delivered in Allahabad-Hindi.

As regards the last qualification, about the

percentage of speakers, Hindi may appear as being spoken and understood by a large percentage in India. The spread of the Hindi language in India has been not unlike the spread of Parsee communities. There is hardly a city of moderate size in India in which a single Parsee family could not be found. From this no one will infer that Parsees form a majority of population in India. Another reason for Hindi's apparent growth is again partly due to the influence of the rulers. The majority of Sahibs and Memsaahibs manage to make themselves understood to their servants -- a majority of khansamas and chauffeurs being Mahomedans—in Urduic Hindi. Hindi being the only language they come in contact with, whatever part of India they set foot on, and not having any better knowledge of any other language than Hindi they naturally make themselves understood in Hindi, with the rest of their suite of servants and other Indians. The above details will clearly show the reason for the aspect of universality which Hindi presents.

Now that we have considered all points for and against Hindi, let us see if there is any other language better qualified to be our future universal language. At this point I might be tempted to suggest Marathi, and were it not for a few draw-backs as regards simplicity, it could be easily recommended. But if Marathi were to be chosen as a universal language, any other dialect in Western India is just as good, neglecting the issue of simplicity, which occupies a prominent place in the discussion. After due consideration of these facts the language that would next strike any body's mind is Bengali, or the language of the people of Bengal. It is superior to all others mentioned above as regards its characteristics, and we can safely admit the easy-working qualities of the Bengali

language. Let us, however, see how this language stands in comparison with other languages as regards the characteristics which are necessary for its introduction as a universal language.

The Bengali language is the simplest for an out-sider to learn. It is doubtless that if a Kanarese or some other South Indian were to learn any of the Central or Eastern Indian dialects, he will pick up Bengali a lot quicker due to its simplicity of grammar. The Bengalees have eliminated the conception of gender altogether or to a very large extent. Many common words are employed to denote two different things. For instance the words "to eat" and "to drink" are both expressed by one and the same word meaning "to eat." In the Bengali dialect even a cigarette is "eaten". These are only a few examples of its simplicity, but which could be easily verified by an actual experiment.

As regards the amount of modern Bengali literature ready for immediate use, it can challenge any of its sister languages, even including Marathi, which runs a close next in that respect. Most of the best literature in modern, and there is no trouble of interpreting old and archaic forms which might be encountered in the old Marathi of Dnyaneswar, or old Guzerati of Samal-bhatta.

The Bengali language is homogeneous and very much so when compared with sister dialects. The Kathiawari Guzerati is different from Baroda Guzerati and still more different from the Surat Guzerati, the latter being very much similar to a form used by the Parsees. Again the Marathi at Satara and Poona is decidedly different from that at Nagpur and Amaraoti, even though the difference may be slight. Lack of homogeneousness is not noticeably bothersome to these people who are

born in that language, but homogeneity is an essential feature for those who learn it anew. Hindi especially compares very very poorly with Bengali in this respect.

The percentage of speakers in the Bengali language is statistically more if not obviously. The reason for Hindi's apparent growth was discussed above. Unlike the Hindusthani-speaking people, most of the Bengali-speaking people are concentrated in their own provinces. If we compare the area in which Bengali is being spoken, it will show the reality of this statement.

Those who are so far convinced as to the possibility of the Bengali language being our future universal language, may ask how a "studious efforts" can be made for its establishment in the position. Here comes a point where the Bengalees will have to start with their share of the "efforts". Whatever may be the other accommodating features of the Bengali language, it has one serious disqualification; that is its alphabet. Just how and when it originated is of no consequence, but it is an evolution of the Nagari alphabet. If the Bengali language has to be made a universal language, its alphabet will have to be the commonest, that is the Devanagari alphabet. A Guzerati a Hindusthani, a Maratha and even a Bengalee himself can read it. This will be the first and the only important step, and the Indian public will manage the rest. If the Bengalees would only realise how

many people in different parts of India start to read the Bengali literature and have to give up due to the frills and fanciness of the alphabet, and have to satisfy themselves with English translations! Even the Germans have for certain purposes dropped their artistic alphabet for a simpler Roman alphabet. Many a Maharastrian, and a Guzerati has had to satisfy himself with reading Bankim Chandra and Tagore in the twisted and none-too sincere version in his mother-tongue only owing to the impossibility of deciphering a rather artistic Bengali print.

If the above plan for changing the alphabet is adopted, it would not be surprising to find Bengali articles appearing in Marathi and Guzerati journals for the benefit of those learning the Bengali language.

In dealing with this subject the writer's knowledge was limited to the above-mentioned languages only. If any one after reading this exposition has in view some other language more simple and homogeneous, etc, he will do well to bring it to the notice of the Indian public, as the question never demanded better attention than it does now.

My thanks are especially due to Mr. Hari Pada Mukerjee of Faridpur (now at Union University in America), for making it possible for me to write accurately as regards the characteristics for the Bengali language.

"The Modern Review".



A Village-girl.

By—Satish Chandra Sinha.

The Philosophy of Our People

BY DR. RABINRRANATH TAGORE

My timidity makes it difficult for me properly to enjoy the honour you have done me to-day by offering a chair which I cannot legitimately claim as my own. It has often made me wonder, since I had my invitation, whether it would suit my dignity to occupy such a precarious position on an ephemeral eminence, deservedly incurring anger from some and ridicule from others. While debating in my mind as to whether I should avoid this risk with the help of the doctor's certificate, it occurred to me that possibly my ignorance of philosophy was the best recommendation for this place in a philosophers' meeting,—that you wanted for your president a man who was blankly neutral and who consciously owed no allegiance to any particular system of metaphysics, being impartially innocent of them all. The most convenient thing about me is that the degree of my qualification is beyond the range of a comparative discussion, it is so utterly negative. In my present situation, I may be compared to a candlestick that has none of the luminous qualities of a candle, and therefore suitable for its allotted function, which is to remain darkly inactive.

But, unfortunately, you do not allow me to remain silent even in the circumstance when silence was declared to be prudent by one of our ancient sages. The only thing which encourages me to overcome my diffidence, and

give expression in a speech to my unsophisticated mind, is the fact that in India all the VIDYAS,...poesy as well as philosophy,...live in a joint family. They never have the jealous sense of individualism maintaining the punitive regulations against trespass that seem to be so rife in the West.

Plato as a philosopher decreed the banishment of poets from his ideal Republic. But, in India, philosophy ever sought alliance with poetry, because its mission was to occupy the people's life and not merely the learned seclusion of scholarship. Therefore, our tradition, though unsupported by historical evidence, has no hesitation in ascribing numerous verses to the great Sankaracharya, a metaphysician whom Plato would find it extremely difficult to exclude from his Utopia with the help of any inhospitable Immigration Law. Many of these poems may not have high poetical value, but no lover of literature ever blames the sage for infringement of propriety in condescending to manufacture verse.

According to our people, poetry naturally falls within the scope of a philosopher, when his reason is illumined into a vision. We have our great epic Mahabharata, which is unique in world literature, not only because of the marvellous variety of human characters, great and small, discussed in its pages in all variety

Presidential Address at the Indian Philosophical Congress.

of psychological circumstances, but because of the ease with which it carries in its comprehensive capaciousness all kinds of speculation about ethics, politics and philosophy of life. Such an improvident generosity on the part of poesy, at the risk of exceeding its own proper limits of accommodation, has only been possible in India where a spirit of communism prevails in the different individual groups of literature. In fact, the Mahabharata is a universe in itself in which various spheres of mind's creation find ample space for their complex dance rhythm. It does not represent the idiosyncrasy of a particular poet but the normal mentality of the people who are willing to be led along the many-branched path of a whole world of thoughts held together in a gigantic orb of narrative surrounded by innumerable satellites of episodes.

The numerous saints that India successively produced during the Mahomedan rule have all been singers whose verses are aflame with the fire of imagination. Their religious emotion had its spring in the depth of a philosophy that deals with fundamental questions,—with the ultimate meaning of existence. That may not be remarkable in itself; but when we find that those songs are not specially meant for some exclusive pundits's gathering, but that they are sung in villages and listened to by men and women who are illiterate, we realise how philosophy has permeated the life of the people in India, how it has sunk deep into the sub-conscious mind of the country.

In my childhood, I once heard from a singer, who was a devout Hindu, the following song of Kabir :

পানীয়ে মন পিয়াসীয়ে
মুকো সুনত সুনত লাগে হাঁসীয়ে
পূরণব্রহ্ম সকল ঘটবরতে,
ক্যা মথুরা ক্যা কাশীয়ে ।

When I hear of a fish in the water dying
of thirst, it makes me laugh.
If it be true that the infinite Brahma pervades
all space,
What is the meaning of the places of pilgrimage
like Mathura or Kashi ?

This laughter of Kabir did not hurt in the least the pious susceptibilities of the Hindu singer; on the contrary, he was ready to join the poet with his own. For he, by the philosophical freedom of his mind, was fully aware that Mathura of Kashi, as sites of God, did not have an absolute value of truth, though they had their symbolical importance. Therefore while he himself was eager to make a pilgrimage to those places, he had no doubt in his mind that, if it were in his power directly to realise Brahma as an all-pervading reality, there would have been no necessity for him to visit any particular place for the quickening of his spiritual consciousness. He acknowledged the psychological necessity for such shrines, where generations of devotees have chosen to gather for the purpose of worship in the same way as he felt the special efficacy for our mind of the time-honoured sacred texts made living by the voice of ages.

It is a village poet of East Bengal who in his songs preaches the philosophical doctrine that the universe has its reality in its relation to the Person. He sings :

মম আঁখি হইতে পয়লা আসমান জমীন
শরীরে করিল পয়লা শক্ত আর নরম
আর পয়লা করিয়াছে ঠাণ্ডা আর গরম ।
নাকে পয়লা করিয়াছে খুবব বদ্বব

The sky and the earth are born to mine own
eyes.

The hardness and softness the cold and the heat
are the products of mine own body ;

The sweet smell and the bad are of my own
nose.

This poet sings of the Eternal Person within him, coming out and appearing before his eyes just as the Vedic Rishi speaks of the Person, who is in him, dwelling also in the heart of the Sun.

রূপ দেখিলাম রে নয়নে আপনার রূপ দেখিলাম রে ।
আমার মাকত বাহির হইয়া দেখা দিল আমারে ॥

I have seen the vision,
The vision of mine own revealing itself,
Coming out from within me.

The significant fact about these philosophic poems is that they are of rude construction, written in a popular dialect and disclaimed by the academic literature ; they are sung to the people, as composed by one of them who is dead, but whose songs have not followed him. Yet these singers almost arrogantly disown their direct obligation to philosophy, and there is a story of one of our rural poets who, after some learned text of the Vaishnava philosophy of emotion was explained to him, composed a song containing the following lines :

ফুলের বনে কে ঢুকেছেরে সোনার জহরি
নিকমে ঘসয়ে কমল আ মরি মরি ।

Alas, a jeweller has come into the flower
garden,—

He wants to appraise the truth of a lotus by
rubbing it against his touchstone.

The members of the **Baul** sect belong to that mass of the people in Bengal who are not educated in the prevalent sense of the word. I remember how troubled they were, when I asked some of them to write down for me a collection of their songs. When they **did** venture to attempt it, I found it almost impossible to decipher their writing—the spelling

and lettering were so outrageously unconventional. Yet their spiritual practices are founded upon a mystic philosophy of the human body, abstrusely technical. Those people roam about singing their songs, one of which I heard years ago from my roadside window, the first two lines remaining inscribed in my memory :

খাঁচার মধ্যে অচিন্ পাখী কখন আসে যায় ।
ধবুতে পারলে মনোবেড়ি দিতেম তারি পার ।

Nobody can tell whence the bird unknown
Comes into the cage and goes out.
I would fain put round its feat the fitter of
my mind,
Could I but capture it.

This village poet evidently agrees with our sage of the Upanished who says that our mind comes back baffled in the attempt to reach the Unknown Being ; and yet this poet like the ancient sage does not give up his adventure of the infinite, thus implying that there is a way to its realisation. It reminds me of Shelley's poem in which he sings of the mystical spirit of Beauty :

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats, though unseen, among us ; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to
flower.

Like moonbeams that behind some piny
mountain shower,

It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance.

That this unknown is the profoundest reality, though difficult of comprehension, is equally admitted by the English poet as by the nameless village singer of Bengal in whose music vibrate the wing-beats of the unknown bird,—only Shelley's utterance is for the cultur-

at few while the **Baul** song is for the tillers of the soil, for the simple folk of our village households, who are never bored by its mystic transcendentalism.

All this is owing to the wonderful system of mass education which has prevailed for ages in India, and which to-day is in danger of becoming extinct. We have our academic seats of learning where students flock round their famous teachers from distant parts of the country. These places are like lakes, full of deep but still water, which have to be approached through difficult paths. But the constant evaporation from them, forming clouds, is carried by the wind from field to field, across hills and dales and through all the different divisions of the land. Operas based upon legendary poems, recitations and story-telling by trained men, the lyrical wealth of the popular literature distributed far and wide by the agency of mendicant singers,—these are the clouds that help to irrigate the minds of the people with the ideas which in their original form belonged to difficult doctrines of metaphysics. Profound speculations contained in the systems of Sankhya, Vedanta and Yoga are transformed into the living harvest of the people's literature, brought to the door of those who can never have the leisure and training to pursue these thoughts to their fountain-head.

In order to enable a civilised community to carry on its complex functions, there must be a large number of men who have to take charge of its material needs, however onerous such task may be. Their vocation gives them no opportunity to cultivate their mind. Yet they form the vast multitude, compelled to turn themselves into unthinking machines of production, so that a few may have the time to think great thoughts, create immortal forms of art and to lead humanity to spiritual altitudes.

India has never neglected these social martyrs, but has tried to bring light into the grimy obscurity of their lifelong toil, and has always acknowledged its duty to supply them with mental and spiritual food in assimilable form through the medium of a variety of ceremonies. This process is not carried on by any specially organised association of public service, but by a spontaneous social adjustment which acts like circulation of blood in our bodily system. Because of this, the work continues even when the original purpose ceases to exist.

Once when I was on a visit for a small Bengali village, mostly inhabited by Mahomedan cultivators, the villagers entertained me with an opera performance the literature of which belonged to an obsolete religious sect that had wide influence centuries ago. Though the religion itself is dead, its voice still continuing preaching its philosophy to a people, who in spite of their different culture, are not tired of listening. It discussed according to its own doctrine the different elements, material and transcendental, that constitute human personality, comprehending the body, the self and the soul. Then came a dialogue during the course of which was related the incident of a person who wanted to make a journey to **Brindaban**, the Garden of Bliss, but was prevented by a watchman who startled him with an accusation of theft. The thieving was proved when it was shown that inside his clothes he was secretly trying to smuggle into the garden the **self**, passing it on as his own and not admitting that it is for his master. The culprit was caught with the incriminating bundle in his possession which barred for him his passage to the supreme goal. Under a tattered canopy held on bamboo poles and lighted by a few smoking kerosine lamps, the village crowd, occasionally interrupted by howls of jackals in the neighbouring paddy

fields, attended with untired interest, till the small hours of the morning, the performance of a drama, that discussed the ultimate meaning of all things in a seemingly incongruous setting, of dance, music and humorous dialogue.

These illustrations will show how naturally in India poetry and philosophy have walked hand in hand, only because the latter has claimed its right to guide men to the practical path of their life's fulfilment. What is that fulfilment? It is our freedom in truth, which has for its prayer :

Lead us from the unreal to Reality.

For **satyam** is **anandam**, the real is joy.

From my vocation as an artist in verse, I have come to my own idea about the joy of the real. For to give us the taste of reality through freedom of mind is the nature of all arts. When in relation to them we talk of aesthetics, we must know that it is not about beauty in its ordinary meaning, but in that deeper meaning which a poet has expressed in his utterance : "Truth is beauty, beauty truth." An artist may paint a picture of a de capit person not pleasant to look at, and yet we call it perfect when we become intensely conscious of its reality. The mind of the jealous woman in Browning's poem, watching the preparation of poison and in imagination gloating over its possible effect upon her rival, is not beautiful ; but when it stands vividly real before our consciousness, through the unity of consistency in its idea and form, we have our enjoyment. The character of Karna, the great warrior of the Mahabharata, gives us a deeper delight through its occasional outbursts of meanness, that it would if it were a model picture of unadulterated magnanimity. The very contradictions which hurt the completeness of a moral ideal have helped us to feel the reality of the character, and this gives us joy, not because it is

pleased in itself, but because it is definite in its creation.

It is not wholly true that art has its value for us because in it we realise all that we fail to attain in our life ; but the fact is that the function of art is to bring us, with its creations, into immediate touch with reality. These need not resemble actual facts of our experience, and yet then do delight our heart because they are made true to us. In the world of art, our consciousness being freed from the tangle of self-interest, we gain an unobstructed vision of unity, the incarnation of the real, which is a joy for ever.

As in the world of art, so in God's world, our soul waits for its freedom, from the ego to reach that disinterested joy which is the source and goal of creation. It cries for its **mukti** into the unity of truth from the mirage of appearances endlessly pursued by the thirsty self. The idea of **mukti**, based upon metaphysics, has affected our life in India, touched the springs of our emotions and supplications for its soar heavenward on the wings of poesy. We constantly hear men of scanty learning and simply faith singing in their prayer to **Tara**, the Goddess Redeemer.

তারা, কোন অপরাধে দীর্ঘ মেয়াদে সংসার গারদে

থাকি বন্।

For what sin should I be compelled to remain in this dungeon of the world of appearance?

They are afraid of being alienated from the world of truth, afraid of their perpetual drifting amidst the froth and foam of things, of being tossed about by the tidal waves of pleasure and pain and never reached the ultimate meaning of life. Of these men, one may be a carter driving his cart to market, another a fisherman plying his net. They may not be prompt with an intelligent answer, if questioned about the deeper import of the song they sing,

but they have no doubt in their mind, that the abiding cause of all misery is not so much in the lack of life's furniture as in the obscurity of life's significance. It is a common tropic with such to deery an undue emphasis upon আমি আমার, **me** and **mine**, which falsifies the perspective of truth. For have they not often seen men who are not above their own level in social position or intellectual acquirement, going to seek Truth, leaving everything that they have behind them ?

They know that the object of these adventures is not betterment in worldly wealth and power,—it is **mukti**, freedom. They possibly know some poor fellow villager of their own craft, who remains in the world carrying on his daily vocation, and yet has the reputation of being emancipated in the heart of the Eternal. I myself have come across a fisherman singing with an inward absorption of mind, while fishing all day in the Ganges, who was pointed out to me by my boatmen, with awe as a man of liberated spirit. He is out of reach of the conventional prices which are set upon men by society, and which classify them like toys arranged in the shop-windows according to the market standard of value.

When the figure of this fisherman comes to my mind, I cannot but think that their number is not small who with their lives sing the epic of the unfettered soul, but will never be known in history. These unsophisticated Indian peasants know that an Emperor is a decorated slave remaining chained to his Empire, that a millionaire is kept pilloried by his fats in the golden cage of his wealth, while this fisherman is free in the realm of light. When, groping in the dark, we stumble against objects, we cling to them believing them to be our only hope. When light comes we slacken our hold, finding them to be mere parts of the **All** to which we are related. The simple man of the

village knows that freedom is—freedom from the isolation of self, from the isolation of things which imparts a fierce intensity to our sense of possession. He knows that this freedom is not in the mere negation of bondage, in the bareness of belongings, but in some positive realisation which gives pure joy to our being, and he sings.

যেহন ডুবল সখী তাঁর কি আছে বাকি গো।

To him who sinks into the deep nothing remains unattained.

He says

মনরে আমার মনের সাথে মিলিবি যদি আর,

তুই মনেতে একমন হ'য়ে আজব সখর চ'লে যাই।

Let my two minds meet and combine

And led me to the City Wonderful.

When the one mind of ours which wanders in search of things in the outer region of the varied, and the other which seeks the inward vision of unity, are no longer in conflict, they help us to realise the **ajab**, the **anirvachaniya**, the ineffable. The poet saint Kabir has also the same message when he sings :

By saying that Supreme Reality only dwells in the inner realm of spirit, we shame the outer world of matter, and also when we say that he is only in the outside, we do not speak the truth.

According to these singers, truth is in unity and therefore freedom is in its realisation. The texts of our daily worship and meditation are for training our mind to overcome the barrier of separateness from the rest of existence and to realise **advaitam**, the Supreme Unity which is **anantam**, infinitude. It is philosophical wisdom having its universal radiation in the popular mind in India that inspires our prayer, our daily spiritual practices. It has its constant urging for us to go beyond the world of appearances in which facts as facts are alien

to us, like the mere sounds of a foreign music ; it speaks to us of an emancipation in the inner truth of all things in which the endless **many** reveals the **one**, as the multitude of notes, when we understand them, reveal to us the inner unity which is music.

But because this freedom is in truth itself and not in an appearance of it, no hurried path of success, forcibly cut out by the greed of result, can be a true path. And an obscure village poet, unknown to the world of recognised respectability, untrammelled by the standardised learning of the Education Department sings :

নিষ্ঠুর পরজী,

তুই কি মানসমুহল ভাঙ্কি আশুনে ?

তুই ফুটফুটিবি, বাস ছুটিবি সবর বিহনে ।

দেখ্‌না আমার পরমজ্ঞক সঁই,

সে যুগযুগান্তে ফুটায় মুহুর তড়াহড়া নাই ।

ভোর লোভ প্রচণ্ড, তাই ভরসা দণ্ড

এর আছে কোন্‌ উপায় ?

কহ সে মদন, দিল্লনে বেদন, শোন নিবেদন,

সেই শ্রীশঙ্কর মনে,

সহজধারা আপনহারা তাঁর বাণী শোনে,

রে পরজী ।

O cruel man of urgent need, must you scorch with fire the mind which still is a bud ? You will burst it into bits, destroy its perfume in your impatience. Do you not see that my Lord, the Supreme Teacher, takes ages to perfect the flower and never is in a fury of haste ? But because of your terrible greed, you only rely on force, and what hope is there for you, O man of urgent need ? "Prithi" says Madan the poet.—"Hurt not the mind of my Teacher. Know that only he who follows the simple current and loses himself, can hear the voice, O man of urgent need.

This poet knows that there is no external means of taking freedom by the throat. It is

the inward process of losing ourselves that leads us to it. Bondage in all its forms has its stronghold in the inner self and not in the outside world ; it is in the dimming of our consciousness, in the narrowing of our perspective, in the wrong valuation of things.

The proof of this we find in the modern civilization whose motive force has become a ceaseless urgency of need. Its freedom is only the apparent freedom of inertia which does not know how and where to stop. There are some primitive people who have put an artificial value on human scalps and they develop an arithmetical fury which does not allow them to stop in the gathering of their trophies. They are driven by some cruel fate into an endless exaggeration which makes them ceaselessly run on an interminable path of addition. Such a freedom in their wild course of collection is the worst form of bondage. The cruel urgency of need is all the more aggravated in their case because of the lack of truth in its object. Similarly, it should be realised that a mere addition to the rate of speed, to the paraphernalia of fat living and display of furniture to the frightfulness of destructive armaments, only leads to an insensate orgy of a caricature of bigness. The links of bondage go on multiplying themselves, threatening to shackle the whole world with the chain forged by such unmeaning and unending urgency of need.

The idea of **Mukti** in Christian theology is liberation from a punishment which we carry with our birth. In India it is from the dark enclosure of ignorance which causes the illusion of a self that seems final. But the enlightenment which frees us from this ignorance must not merely be negative. Freedom is not in an emptiness of its contents, it is in the harmony of communication through which we find no obstruction in realising our own being in the surrounding world. It is of this



harmony, and not of a bare and barren isolation, that the Upanishad speaks when it says that the truth no longer remains hidden in him who finds himself in the All.

Freedom in the material world has also the same meaning expressed in its own language. When nature's phenomena appeared to us as manifestations of an obscure and irrational caprice, we lived in an alien world never dreaming of our **awaraj** within its territory. With the discovery of the harmony of its working with that of our reason, we realise our unity with it, and, therefore, freedom. It is **avidya**, ignorance, which causes our disunion with our surroundings. It is **vidya**, the knowledge of the Brahma manifested in the material universe, that makes us realise **advaitam**, the spirit of unity in the world of matter.

Those who have been brought up in a misunderstanding of this world's process, not knowing that it is his by his right of intelligence, are trained as cowards by a hopeless faith in the ordinance of a destiny darkly dealing its blows, offering no room for appeal. They submit without struggle when human rights are denied them, being accustomed to imagine themselves born as outlaws in a world constantly thrusting upon them incomprehensible surprises of accidents.

Also in the social or political field the lack of freedom is based upon the spirit of alienation, on the imperfect realisation of **advaitam**. There our bondage is in the tortured link of union. One may imagine that an individual who succeeds in dissociating himself from his fellows attains real freedom, inasmuch as all ties of relationship imply obligation to others. But we know that, though it may sound paradoxical, it is true that in the human world only a perfect arrangement of interdependence gives rise to freedom. The most individualistic of human beings who own on responsibility, are

the savages who fail to attain their fulness of manifestation. They live immersed in obscurity, like an ill-lighted fire that cannot liberate itself from its envelope of smoke. Only those may attain their freedom from the segregation of an eclipsed life, who have the power to cultivate mutual understanding and co-operation. The history of the growth of freedom is the history of the perfection of human relationship.

The strongest barrier against freedom in all departments of life is the selfishness of individuals or groups. Civilisation, whose object is to afford humanity its greatest possible opportunity of complete manifestation, perishes when some selfish passion, in place of a moral ideal, is allowed to exploit its resources, unopposed, for its own purposes. For the greed of acquisition and the living principle of exaction are antagonistic to each other. Life has brought with it the first triumph of freedom in the world of the inert, because it is an inner expression and not merely an external fact, because it must always exceed the limits of its substance, never allowing its materials to clog its spirit, and yet ever keeping to the limits of its truth. Its accumulation must not suppress its harmony of growth, the harmony that unites the **in** and **out**, the end and the means, the **what is** and the **what is to come**.

Life does not store up but assimilates; its spirit and its substance, its work and itself, are intimately united. When the non-living elements of our surroundings are stupendously disproportionate, when they are mechanical systems and hoarded possessions, then the mutual discord between our life and our world ends in the defect of the former. The gulf thus created by the receding stream of soul we try to replenish with a continuous shower of wealth which may have the power to fill but not the power to unite. Therefore, the gap is dangerously concealed under the

glittering quick-sands of things which by their own accumulating weight cause a sudden subsidence, while we are in the depth of our sleep.

But the real tragedy does not lie in the destruction of our material security, it is in the obscuration of man himself in the human world. In his creative activities man makes his surroundings instinct with his own life and love. But in the utilitarian ambition he deforms and defiles it with the callous handling of his voracity. This world of man's manufacture with its discordant shrieks and mechanical movements, reacts upon his own nature, incessantly suggesting to him a scheme of universe which is an abstract system. In such a world there can be no question of **mukti**, because it is a solidly solitary fact, because the cage is all that we have, and no sky beyond it. In all appearance the world to us is a closed world, like a seed within its hard cover. But in the core of the seed there is the cry of Life for **Mukti** even when the proof of its possibility is darkly silent. When some huge temptation tramples into stillness this living aspiration after **Mukti**, then does civilisation die like a seed that has lost its urging for germination.

It is not altogether true that the ideal of **mukti** in India is based upon a philosophy of passivity. The Ishopanishad has strongly asserted that man must wish to live a hundred years and go on doing his work; for, according to it, the complete truth is in the harmony of the infinite and the finite, the passive ideal of perfection and the active process of its revelation; according to it, he who pursues the knowledge of the infinite as an absolute truth sinks even into a deeper darkness than he who pursues the cult of the finite as complete in itself. He who thinks that a mere aggregation of changing notes has the ultimate value of unchanging music, is no doubt foolish; but

his foolishness is exceeded by that of one who thinks that true music is devoid of all notes. But where is the reconciliation? Through what means does the music which is transcendental turn the facts of the detached notes into a vehicle of its expression? It is through the rhythm, the very limit of its composition. We reach the infinite through crossing the path that is definite. It is this that is meant in the following verse of the Isha?

विद्याकाङ्क्षिनां क्व भवत्यमृतम् ।

अविद्यायां बुद्ध्यादेर्ज्ञानं विद्यायां बुद्ध्यादेर्ज्ञानम् ।

He who knows the truth of the infinite and that of the finite both united together, crosses death by the help of avidya, and by the help of vidya reaches immortality.

The regulated life is the rhythm of the finite through whose very restrictions we pass to the immortal life. This **amritam**, the immortal life, is not a mere prolongation of physical existence, it is in the realisation of the perfect, it is in the well-proportioned beautiful definition of life which every moment surpasses its own limits and expresses the Eternal. In the very first verse of the Isha, the injunction is given to us **Magridhah. Thou shalt not covet.** But why should we not? Because greed, having no limit, smothers the rhythm of life—the rhythm which is expressive of the limitless.

The modern civilisation is largely composed of **atmahano-janah**, who are spiritual suicides. It has lost its will for limiting its desires, for restraining its perpetual self-exaggeration. Because it has lost its philosophy of life, it loses its art of living. Like poetasters it mistakes skill for power and realism for reality. In the Middle Ages, when Europe believed in the kingdom of heaven, she struggled to modulate her life's forces to effect their harmonious relation to this ideal, which always sent its

call to her activities in the midst of the boisterous conflict of her passions. There was in this endeavour an ever present scheme of creation, something which was positive, which had the authority to say : **Thou shalt not covet, thou must find thy true limits.** To-day there is only a furious rage for raising numberless brick-kilns in place of buildings. The great scheme of the master-builder has been smothered under the heaps of brick-dust. It proves the severance of **avidya** from her union with **vidya** giving rise to an unrhythmic power, ignoring all creative plan, igniting a flame that has heat but no light.

Creation is in rhythm,—the rhythm which is the border on which **vidyanocha avidyan-cha**, the infinite and the finite, meet. We do not know how, from the indeterminate, the lotus flower finds its being. So long as it is merged in the vague, it is nothing to us, and yet it must have been everywhere. Somehow from the vast it has been captured in a perfect rhythmical limit, forming an eddy in our consciousness, arousing within us a recognition of delight at the touch of the infinite which finitude gives. It is the limiting process which is the work of a creator, who finds his freedom through his restraints, the truth of the boundless through the reality of the bounds. The insatiable idolatry of materials, that run along an ever-lengthening line of extravagance, is inexpressive ; it belongs to those regions which are **andhona tamasavritah**, enveloped in darkness, which ever carry the load of their inarticulate bulk. The true prayer of man is for the Real not for the big, for the light which is not in incandiarism but in illumination, for Immortality which is not in duration of time, but in the eternity of the perfect.

Only because we have close our path to the inner world of **mukti**, has the outer world become terrible in its exactions. It is a slavery to continue to live in a sphere where things are,

yet where their meaning is obstructed. It has become possible for men to say that existence is evil, only because in our blindness we have missed something in which our existence has its truth. If a bird tries to soar in the sky with only one of its wings, it is offended with the wind for buffeting it down to the dust. All broken truths are evil. They hurt because they suggest something which they do not offer. Death does not hurt us, but disease does, because disease constantly reminds us of health and yet withholds it from us. And life in a half world is evil, because it feigns finality when it is obviously incomplete, giving us the cup, but not the draught of life. All tragedies consist in truth remaining a fragment, its cycle not being completed.

Let me close with a **Baul** song, over a century old, in which the poet sings of the eternal bond of union between the infinite and the finite soul, from which there can be no **mukti**, because it is an interrelation which makes truth complete, because love is ultimate, because absolute independence is the blankness of utter sterility. The idea in it is the same as we have in the Upanishad, that the neither in pure **vidya** nor in **avidya**, but in their union.

হৃদয় কমল চলতেছে কুটে কত বৃগ ধরি ।
তাতে তুমিও বাধা, আমিও বাধা, উপায় কী
করি ।
কুটে কুটে কমল কুটায় না হয় শেষ ।
এই কমলের যে-এক মধুর রস বে তা'র বিশেষ ।
ছেড়ে যেতে লোভী ব্রহ্ম পরে না যে তাই ।
তাই তুমিও বাধা, আমিও বাধা,
মুক্তি কোথাও নাই ।

It goes on blossoming for ages, the soul-lotus, in which I am bound, as well as thou, without escape. There is no end to the opening of its petals, and the honey in it has such sweetness that thou like an enchanted bee canst never desert it, and therefore thou art bound, and I am, and **mukti** is nowhere.

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(The Visva-Bharti Quarterly

“Who is more beautiful ? Man or Waman ?”

By—P. N. Subrahmanian B. A.,

‘ Truth truly expressed is supreme beauty’.

—James H. Cousins.

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever”.

—Keats.

Of the many things that arrest the attention of human beings there is nothing so enchanting as beauty. Wealth may for a time make a man pause ; knowledge might rivet him but only for a temporary period ; and music too can only have a short sway over human attention. But it is Beauty, that spotless star, that twinkling orb, that expression of truth that holds a permanent sway over human nature. It is for the cause of Beauty that princes and peasants alike have not scrupled to lay down their lives. Great men have knelt down before its altar ; sages too have succumbed to its bewitching magic.

God has studded the world with innumerable beauties, knowing full well that they are the potent solace of all mankind. In the animal and in the vegetable kingdoms, beauties are not wanting. The lion and the elephant

and the horse and the bull are all real beauties of the animal kingdom ; even the cock and the dove do strongly contribute to the beauty of Nature. How many shrubs there are and how many ferns that are endowed with a beauty that makes man's life worth living in this world. Even a cactus has its own beauty. The tall and stately palms have a beauty of their own ; the gigantic banyan has a beauty unsurpassed.

But is pretty difficult to choose between beauties. Yet, where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of narrow prejudice, one can still say which of two is more beautiful than the other. A careful study of nature is sure to drive one to the conclusion that the male is no doubt more beautiful than the female species. Instances abound in exuberant numbers : Take --

for example, the lion. Even a poor observer cannot miss the superior beauty of the male over the female. The fine flowing manes that hang down his neck embracing it as it were, the stately build of his body and the majestic flash reeling around the boundry of his pupils bespeak the masculine beauty. Contrasted with this, we have got the timid look of the female with neither manes nor majesty nor anything that could compare favourably with the other. When we are observing the first, we feel as if we are transported into the Elysian fields ; when we divert our attention to the latter, we do feel we are in a lower plane. Then behold the mighty male elephant with his stately ivory tusks and active disposition affording a splendid contrast to the dull, passive, slow and sluggish female. Cannot a man in the street say with a great deal of positive assertion that the male horse is really more beautiful than his female counterpart ? The bull has an extra-ordinary beauty all his own, to which no cow could aspire, so much so that Lord Parameswara himself had chosen him as his suitable riding animal. The male stag with his beautiful horns and still more beautiful gait outweighs all beauty of the female species. Even in the dog cannot fail to detect this superiority of the male over the female.

Now, take for instance the birds. Which is more beautiful ? The cock or the hen I ask ? which is more beautiful ?

The peacock or the peahen I ask ? The male dove or the female dove ? To these questions there can only be one answer and that is the male. Even in the tiny little birds that frisk about the barn-door during harvest-time it is impossible for one to miss this glaring contrast.

The vegetable kingdom too amply substantiates my statement. The date palms, the farns and the like do tell what I have got to tell in telling terms that the male is decidedly more beautiful than the female.

And these observations cannot but be true in human nature also. I dare say that even here my conclusions do hold good. It is man that is more beautiful than woman. Can a woman with all her darting feminine look, her superb builds and fair complexion and her graceful gait compare with that infinite beauty of man ? Man is manly and woman is womanish ; and how can womanishness compare with the splendour of manliness ? The former is low twinkling, the latter brilliant sparkling ; the one is the moon and the other is the sun ; the one is meek, submissive, humble and low, the other is strong, assertive, stately and majestic. The supreme splendour of manly beauty is indescribable. The holy Bible is a potent authority on the matter. God at first created the sun and the moon and the earth with all her beauties. Then he created Adam ; and when

He came to the creation of Eve, He found He had exhausted all the elements of Beauty in the creation of Adam and had none more left with Him. He therefore hit at an ingenious plan; he took out a fragment from Adam's thigh and created Eve. Eve is therefore a fragment of Adam's splendour. She cannot for all this

world compare with his unsurpassing beauty. Can a Menaka compare with Bhima in Beauty? Let anyone with a bit of æsthetic taste answer: and yet, what a folly, what a folly of mankind! Man prostitutes his superior Beauty to the lesser Beauty of the woman and this is one of Nature's insoluble anomalies.



Proposed World's Religious Conference

By—K. Watanabe.

Purport of the Conference.

1. A Diamond of the Times.

After the Great War, the world has been and is demanding a fundamental reform based on high ideals in every phase of civilization, politics, industry, diplomacy, science, literature and so forth. In fact the most noteworthy and plain of many signs of the times is the desire expressed in various ways throughout the world for the attainment of universal peace and a better living of mankind through thorough-going reforms of the existing state of things. This desire for the realization of high ideals cherished in the minds of the peoples of the world is nothing but the feeling of craving for religion in the widest and proper sense of the word. Never, indeed, has the world so keenly felt the need of religious forces as foundation of a new civilization and motive of a new and better world as it does to-day. The League of Nations will be effective and be able to accomplish its aims only when the nation composing it are spiritually associated and allied with each other.

2. Common Aim of religions.

All religions stand on the principle of brotherhood of mankind and have as their aim the promotion of happiness of men and the ushering in of world peace. For this reason, it behoves the religions of the world to strive for

the conclusion of spiritual alliance between nations.

3. Mutual Understanding and Support among Religions.

It does not require, then, much words to make it plain that all religious and religious movements of the present-day world ought to come to a thorough mutual understanding, and helping and supporting each other, to do every thing possible in their power for the resurrection of the world.

4. Mutual Respect between Religions No Necessity of Amalgamating Existing Religions or of Creating a New Religion.

Nevertheless, for doing so it is by no means necessary to unify and amalgamate the existing religions into one or to create a new religion. It is far better for their effective co-operation that each of them display to the full its own special features and respect the characteristic points of excellence of the others.

5. Why Japan was Chosen as Seat of the Proposed Conference.

(1) The Japanese religious field (a) showed not only in the past a most liberal and tolerant capacity towards religions, but (b) is peerless in the world in the fact that the several prevalent

religions are hand in hand with each other in working for social improvement. In fact the spirit of Prince Shotoku, who patronized Shin-tôism, Confucianism and Buddhism with equal favour and led the people in following their doctrines is still alive in Japan to-day, as may be seen from the fact that Buddhists and Christians are cooperating in a most friendly manner in various social welfare works.

(2) If a religious conference of the nature of the proposed conference is held in a Western country, it is probable that Christian influence will predominate and on their account the conference will lose much in the purport with which it is held. In Japan, however, we have religions which are comparable to Christianity in influence and prestige and are tolerant and progressive. Under the circumstance, all religions and religious movements of the world will find in this country a fair and common ground to stand upon on a footing of equality.

(3) Japan is very often, misrepresented by interested parties as a wicked nation obsessed with sinister schemes and ambitions. A great conference held in this country with world peace as one of its chief aims may do much in clearing the atmosphere of suspicion enveloping her.

Date and Term of the Conference

It is proposed that the conference shall sit in Tokyo for one week at the end of April 1928.

Matters to be published or Discussed at the Conference

1. The essence and dogmatic side of each religion represented at the conference.
2. The present condition of the existing religions and prevalent religious movements.
3. Relations between religions and various

current problems, such as industry, politics and diplomacy.

4. Ways and means for realizing universal peace.

As a rule no resolutions will be passed by the conference.

Free expressions of views on current problems will be welcomed.

Persons Qualified to Attend the Conference

1. Persons attending the conference will not be received as delegates of religions but in the capacity of individuals.

2. Besides persons connected with religions, men of influence engaged in religious movements or prominent laymen (such as Mr. H. C. Wells of England, Mr. H. Holmes of the United State and Mr. Gandhi of India) will be invited as guests.

3. Religious scholars and critics.

Estimates for the Conference

The estimated cost for the conference is about ~~you~~ 225,000 to be appropriated for the accommodation of three hundred persons coming from foreign countries and also for the expense of printing, correspondence and so forth.

It is hoped to raise the fund needed by subsidies from the Government and contributions by friends and sympathizers.

The promoters of the conference include:—

- Dr. Tetsujiro Irouye.
- Dr. Mosuke Uragata.
- Mr. Issaku Kanzaki.
- Rev. Shundo Tachibana.
- Rev. Kaikyoku Watanabe.
- Mr. Shinichiro Imaoka.
- Rev. Hiromichi Kozaki.
- Mr. Tomoo Oikawa.

"The Young East".

The Unfaithful Brother

By—Kanhajia Lal, B. A., M. R. A. S., F. R. G. S.

I

“Do you mean it ?”

“Yes. Why do you doubt it ?” Was the reply of the elder brother.

Mahesh and Ganesh had been left to take care of themselves when quite young. Ganesh was the younger brother and therefore the question of his being brought up too fell on the shoulders of Mahesh when their father died. Mahesh was a young lad of about 14 summers and as he had not been mindful to his studies, in spite of all the care which was taken by his parents, he was procured a job as a clerk of a barrister. He was of loving disposition. His only fault was that he wanted to please every body. Thus he could scarcely please anybody. Anyway he had friends and sympathisers. He loved his mother his small brothers, especially Ganesh, and his little wife.

On the death of the father which was quite sudden some assert that it was a suicide, for he could not bear the sight of his dying son, who died almost immediately after—a great responsibility fell on Mahesh. He thought that if he would not fully educate his little brothers and if he would not

take care of his mother, he would be held in great disfavour in the eyes of his relations. He thought that everybody would accuse him that he was under the influence of his wife.

II

Mahesh got a small salary and had same income from the clients separately. It was sufficient at least to live comfortably without the help of his grandfather (who had his only child in person of Mahesh's mother).

It was a sight to see Mahesh escorting his little brothers out for a walk or as he would go for shopping, he would take some of them to relieve his mother for the time being.

Every body who saw Mahesh was surprised that that urchin who did not read in his early years and who did not care for anything had taken such sober path and was all kindness and attention to his brothers.

His three younger brothers were admitted in a school and began to get English education. The 2nd and the 3rd brothers were not so mindful to their studies as Ganesh who was both a pet of his mother and also Mahesh.



Queen of the Deep.

By—Satish Chandra Sinha.

Mahesh could not force his will on his two naughty brothers, because he was always afraid of the public opinion. These two brothers were sometimes very mischievous, but had all the time taken care to at least attend their classes in the school.

III

Ganesh had now graduated, the other brothers had passed their matriculation and had taken up service some years back and when they had been married, they lived separately from Mahesh and were happy.

When Mahesh had told Ganesh that he was seriously of opinion that he should further his studies, the pleasure of Ganesh knew no bounds, for he never thought that he would be given any further education for which he was anxious.

Mahesh's financial condition had not been very good excepting that he earned enough to support his family.

It would be of interest to say some thing about the relations between Mahesh and his mother. For some time after the death of the father all went well. Mahesh used to hand over all he earned to his mother without any regard of his wife and children—but the mother was more extravagant than she ought to have been in those circumstances—but Mahesh bore it all.

IV.

• It so happened once that Mahesh protested against some expenditure of his mother, who took it very ill, and having been under the influence of a very old, but a rascally Sadhu, she left living with Mohesh and went to live with her other two sons, who had shown white feathers to Mahesh as soon as they had begun to earn their livings.

Ganesh although a great favourite of his mother, always sided Mahesh, and both brothers, lived in such conformity that it was looked upon as a rare sight.

Although Mahesh and Ganesh had separated from their mother and two brothers, they all mixed freely and would cooperate in all matters which concerned the family as a whole.

So far so good. But all was not to remain quite smooth. The Sadhu bore an ill will against Mahesh for no apparent reason, and would take every occasion to poison the ears of the Ganesh himself or through any source which was possible; but Ganesh was sufficiently educated to pay any heed to these talks.

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V.

Ganesh was now a Vakil. He was very pleased, but not so much as his brother Mahesh. Mahesh could not control himself. He was too much

pleased. Moreover Ganesh was the first man in his family to receive so much of education and he was grateful in words and deeds to his brother Mahesh.

On the occasion of this success of Ganesh, a great feast was given by Mahesh and although he could ill afford it, he could not control his feelings—he arranged for a very sumptuous dinner. Everybody who came congratulated the brothers, one for his success the other for his courage in giving him so much education.

The one single man who could not see these things, for reasons known best to himself, was the wicked Sadhu. If anybody had been sufficiently near him, he would have heard him say :

“It is my determination to create
“discord. Mahesh will feel that
“he did not fully respect me”.
and he hissed under his breath ;

VI.

All was changing for this family. after the dark days of over fifteen years, it seemed that the stars were now smiling.

Mahesh's income was steadily rising. His relations were all very good with his brother and he was building a house for himself.

When the house was built the best room was allotted to Ganesh where he would sit to receive his clients who

were very few indeed, as he had just begun and owed his work mostly to the kindness of several senior vakils who had been approached by Mahesh.

Mahesh was also thinking of marrying Ganesh, and when a suitable match was offered, he married him with as much pomp and show as he would, have done in his own son's marriage and it is a quite true that Mahesh regarded Ganesh much more affectionately than a brother would ordinarily.

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VII.

When Ganesh began to earn a little, he would bring the money to his brother, who would in turn send it to his mother although this was done always the Sadhu, who wanted to find out a means to create discord, some times remark casually that although the income of Ganesh was “professed” to be handed over to the mother, but it actually did not happen. But apparently nobody cared for such remarks although once or twice Mahesh strongly resented such idle and mischievous remarks.

It was once tried to turn out the Sadhu but he was held in high esteem by the mother who could not agree to it. She worshipped him very much and regarded him as her Guru. It would be interesting to note that although this Sadhu was over 90 years in age, he was never afraid of death and would lie for nothing.

VIII.

It was now over a year when Ganesh began to earn more and more. The income of Mahesh had also appreciably increased and he was now contemplating to build another house.

But all was not well. The Satan was at work. The work of sowing the seeds of poison was steadily going on. The Sadhu neither died nor gave up his determination to harm Mahesh.

Mahesh now got same income out of the total of Ganesh's also. This was forced on him for Ganesh said that he wanted to be of same help to his elder brother who had always been so kind to him. Mahesh could not refuse it, but he used to keep this money apart and would sometimes present an ornament to the wife of Ganesh.

IX

The new house, a big one too, was now begun to be built. The plan of the house was made mostly by Ganesh and everybody was pleased excepting the neighbours, who were quieted, and the Sadhu, who used to circulate all kinds of stories about it—so much so that Mahesh's mother now stopped coming to his house, as she thought that something was being done to harm her father's property, which was adjacent to this site. But it was being assured by Ganesh that nothing of the kind had occurred, which was a fact.

But when Ganesh would discuss these matters with his mother the Sadhu would pass casual remarks, although fully meant to be effective, against Mahesh. For sometime these had no effect, but constant repetition means a good deal.

X

Ganesh was now changing although very slowly. Mahesh marked this, but, good as he always was he did not attach much importance to this, and as usual he did all he could to please Ganesh not because he expected any thing but only because he loved him too much.

Ganesh would now sometimes take his food with his mother and sometimes needlessly show his displeasure on innocent and not unusual acts of Mahesh, who would always tolerate them.

Ganesh had been very just in his behaviour and was scrupulously honest. And it was like a shock to these who knew him to see him changing—although very slowly.

XI.

The Sadhu was at work. He was now about to reap the fruits of his plantation. But others had still hopes. Because nobody doubted that Ganesh—a man of sound judgment and common-

sence and above all perfectly honest would ever fight Mahesh, who had given him all the comforts so long, and had made him such as to stand on his legs.

But this was not to happen. The Gods were in conspiracy with the Sadhu. He would put in some new remarks daily to influence Ganesh, so much so that the bursting point was reached. You had to strike the match and the explosion was bound to take place.

XII.

Mahesh was not quite ignorant of all this, but he thought that it was impossible for Ganesh to openly go against him, when he himself was never prepared to quarrel with him. In fact he avoided every controversial point and thus was able to throw some oil on the troubled water.

This behavior becalmed the atmosphere to the great dissatisfaction of the poor Sadhu who had striven much—but when Mahesh was not prepared for any quarrel there could be none. There can be no clapping unless both the hands participate.

XIII

When Ganesh could get ready to hear anything against his brother, it

meant that if the present crisis was over, it was only for a short time, or else the fire could again be rekindled.

This happened when the house was nearing completion. Ganesh suggested on the Sadhu's suggestion that something should be changed which would cost a great deal and there was a daughter for a well, which in its turn would have harmed the house.

Mahesh protested against this proposal very mildly, but all of a sudden Ganesh became very impertinent. Mahesh laughed at him and kept silent, thinking that the matter would not be dragged on further.

In the evening Ganesh did not come back home and sent for his goods and separated.

XIV.

Mahesh mourned this incident but reconciled to it when he remembered that an astrologer had told him that he would not be benefitted by his brothers whom he would rear as his own children.

In time he became more affluent in circumstances and was pleased when his son became a vakil.

When there is any talk regarding Ganesh, he takes a long sigh and keeps silent over the matter.

XV.

CONCLUSION.

Ganesh is still a practising lawyer, but he is not honest as before ; he is not so much scrupulous in habits as he used to be ; he is not so straight forward in mirals as when he entered into life ; he is not esteemed by his relations for obivious reasons. This all has happened because he is now independ-

ant and when his whims and emotions lead him to some unpleasant quaters, he has nodody to be afraid of. Nobody mourns his loss more them Mahesh.

The Sadhu is still alive he now gets his daily breed at the hands of Ganesh, and is his private Councillor.

The Kaleyuga is reigning supreme—no wonder if good deeds are awarded in this manner.



Thoughts on Religion

BY--RABINDRA NATH TAGORE

Everywhere we are suffering from an intricate and artificial network behind which power hides itself, and thus appears impersonal and even ghastly. For power tries to appear as frightful as it can, and in this way has become such an abstraction all over the world that a great struggle is going on in order to throw off its obsession. The best thing for us is not to be straining, but to be perfectly true ourselves, to be natural and never to think what the world outside may think or do, to stand straight, to live in the faith of something perfect. But this constant struggle against what is negative, is useless, for it knows the black magic of taking shelter from one shape into another. You cannot attack darkness with weapons. You must bring in the light, which is simple. This may not seem heroic; some people will say, but if we can live constantly in the consciousness of Truth quite simply, everything will be accomplished.

* * *

We have to be true, however difficult it may be to keep our composure in the turmoil of to-day, of this immense pull, of what we have come to call progress. Such progress is only an active form of inertia, for it does not know where it is going to stop. It is like a crowd in which those behind are pressing on those in front, whilst those in front go on not knowing where or why they go. It is for us to stand firm, to discover the serene touch of the eternal, to plunge into the heart of the Infinite every day,

to renew our faith before the day's toil makes things dirty and fragmentary. Each morning we make a clean beginning and unless with each morning our faith is made fresh we get tired with the turmoil. Every day we should steep our hearts in the fountain of peace. We in India believe in what we call meditation, in the great efficacy of this renewal of life by daily taking our dip, as it were, into the heart of Truth. In our prayer it is said: "Lead us from the unreal to the real, from darkness unto light, from death to immortality."

* * *

My father strung these sayings from the Upanishads and I have come only gradually to know their meaning. Often, when I was young, I thought of them as being above my head, and I refused to accept anything from outside, even from my father who had his great reputation as a Maharishi, that is a great rishi or sage. Somehow I was rebellious and religious teaching was so wearisome to me that I would have nothing to do with such texts from our Upanishads. My people therefore all thought I would grow up an atheist. Then I began to understand the meaning of these sayings in the light of my own experience, and though I often find that my interpretation does not coincide with that of the scholars, yet I believe it to be true. For this reason I do not believe in the teaching of religion. I think that each of us has to discover God for himself. It is because religion has been made so easy for us, because people talk about God so

easily, that our religion no longer helps us. God has to be revealed to every one of us by different paths, and each of us must truly find his own God. Some kind of standardised religion does not help us; it may lead us to a kind of piety, but it cannot be a real religion. For each of us there is a secret chamber that God Himself must unlock, and we must meet Him there in the innermost secret of our hearts. This is a place that no "Guru" can ever reach. We have to make our own mistakes. We have to find out our own secret and offer it to our God.

* * * *

When we come to believe that we are in possession of our God because we belong to some particular sect it gives us such a complete sense of comfort, that God is needed no longer except for quarrelling with others whose idea of God differs from ours in theoretical details.

Having been able to make provision for our God in some shadow-land of creed we feel free to reserve all the space for ourselves in the world of reality, ridding it of the wonder of the infinite, making it as trivial as our household furniture. Such unlimited vulgarity only becomes possible when we have no doubt in our minds that we believe in God while our life ignores Him.

* * * *

The pious man of sect is proud, because he is confident of his right of possession in God. The man of devotion is meek, because he is conscious of God's light of love over his life and soul. The object of our possession becomes smaller than ourselves, and without acknowledging it in so many words, the bigoted sectarian has an implicit belief that God can be kept secured for certain individuals in a cage, which is of their own make. In a simi-

lar manner, the primitive races of men believe that their ceremonials have a magic influence upon their deities. Sectarianism is a perverse form of worldliness, in the disguise of religion; it breeds a narrowness of heart in a greater measure than the cult of the world based upon material interest can ever do. For undisguised pursuit of self has its safety in its openness, like filth exposed to the sun and air. But the self-magnification, with its consequent lessening of God, that goes on unchecked under the cover of sectarianism, loses its chance of salvation because it defiles the very source of purity.

* * * *

Religion, like poetry, is not a mere idea, it is expression. • The self expression of God is in the endless variedness of creation; and our attitude towards the Infinite Being must also in its expression have a variedness of individuality, ceaseless and unending. Those sects which jealously build their boundaries with too rigid creeds, excluding all spontaneous movement of the living spirit may keep hoarded their theology, but they kill religion.

* * * *

The attempt to make the one religion which is their own, prevail for all times and space, comes naturally to men addicted to sectarianism. This makes it offensive to them to be told that God is generous in his distribution of love, and his means of communication with men have not been restricted to a blind lane abruptly stopping at one historical point of time and place. If humanity ever happens to be overwhelmed with a catastrophe of a universal flood of one religion, then God will have to make provision for another Noah's Ark to save his creatures from a spiritual destruction.

* * * *

When religion is in the complete possession of the sect and is made smooth to the level of

a monotonous average, it becomes correct and comfortable, but loses the living Spirit of art. For art is the expression of the universal through the individual; and religion, in its outer aspect, is the art of the human soul. It also becomes a matter of pride and a sign of superior culture to be able to outrage all codes of decency imposed by an authorised religion bearing the stamp of approval of an organisation which can persecute, but has not the power to persuade.

* * * *

As an analogous Phenomenon, we have known literary men deliberately cultivating a dread of whatever has the reputation of goodness, and also men of art afraid of being suspected as lover of the beautiful. They rebel against the fact that what is proper and what is true in beauty and in goodness have become mixed up in men's mind. The ap-

praisement of what is proper does not require any degree of culture or natural sensitiveness of mind, and therefore it fetches a ready price in the market, outbids truth, becomes petty in its tyranny and leaves smudges of vulgarity upon things that are precious. To rescue truth from the dungeon of propriety has ever been the mission of poets and artists, but in the time of revolution they are apt to go further by rejecting truth itself.

In our epic, Ramayana, we find that when Prince Ramachandra won back his wife from the clutches of the giant who had abducted her, his people clamoured for her rejection, suspecting defilement. Similarly in art, fastidious men of culture are clamouring for the banishment of the beautiful, because she has been allowed to remain so long in the possession of propriety. "Current Thought."



Waterloo as described by warrior, Statesman and Historian.

BY G. L. DE, B. A.

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE. THE FIRST STAGE. 11 A. M. to 3 P. M.

THE ATTACK ON THE ENGLISH RIGHT,
CENTRE, AND LEFT.

Those who wish to form a distinct idea of the battle of Waterloo, need only imagine a capital letter A laid on the ground. The left leg of the A is the Nivelles road, the right one the Genappe road, while the crossing line of the A, is the hollow road running from Chainé to Praine l'Alleud. The top of the A is Mont St. Jean, where Wellington is. The left lower tip is Hougomont, where Reille is with Jerome Bonaparte. The right lower point is La Belle Alliance where Napoleon is. The triangle formed at the top of the A, by the two legs and the cross line, is the plateau of Mont St. Jean. The dispute for this plateau was the whole battle. A little below the point, where the cross-line of the A meets and intersects the right leg, is La Haye Saint. In the centre of this cross-line is the exact spot, where the battle was decided. It is here that the lion is placed, the involuntary symbol of the heroism of the

Imperial Guard. *Les Misérables*— II p.—16.

The English line drawn up on a low rise of ground, which stretched across the high road from the Château of Hougomont on its right, to the farm and straggling village of La Haye Saint on its left.

The Duke of Wellington had commenced the campaign with about 98,000 men, of whom he had lost nearly 6000, in the different reconnoitres of the preceding days. He had sent a detachment of at least 15,000 to Hal, fearing to be attacked on the right, that is towards the sea, a fear that never left his mind. It was quite unworthy of his military discernment. The English army, having arrived some hours earlier than the French, and being abundantly supplied with provisions, suffered but very little. The English had taken up their position of the plateau of Mont-Saint-Jean,

which extended right and left to a distance of about 2 leagues. Sloping gently towards the direction on which the French were placed, it formed a small valley between the two armies. On this ground, and for this duel of June 18, Wellington had the favourable position, and Napoleon the unfavourable one; for the English army was above, the French army below. It was here he accepted the battle in full reliance upon the help of the Prussians.

Vide—*Les Misérables* II—p.—17; *Encyclopædia Britannica*—9th Edition—Vol.—XII—p. 224. *Green's History of the English people* Vol. VIII—p. 209.

The French was grouped round a village of L. Belle—Alliance. The English positions were partly protected by the slope of the height, the summit of which was provided with formidable artillery. They had held these posts for some time; were well rested and fed and quite prepared to endure the fight. The French came to the battle, without having taken time to renew their strength, by several hours of rest. The ardour which animated them was sufficient for every effort. Napoleon had with him about 72,000 men, and two hundred and forty guns. This number, considering the superior quality of his troops, would have been sufficient to defeat the English, had not a great error or a great misfortune compelled him to

fight two armies. Thiers XX p. 88-106. Guizot VIII. p. 208-9.

The French relied with reason on the extraordinary military talents of their Emperor, on his long and glorious career, and on the almost unbroken series of triumphs, which had carried their standards to almost every capital in continental Europe. At nine o'clock, when the French army, echeloned and moving in fine columns, began to deploy,—the divisions in front,—as they played the march, drums rattling and bugles braying, a powerful mighty joyous army, a sea of bayonets, swords, and helmets on the horizon, the Emperor, much affected, twice exclaimed, "Magnificent magnificent" *Les Misérables*, II p.30. Alison XXI p 240.

Napoleon's plan of attack was a master piece. He resolved first to seize the three advanced posts of the enemy. The chateau de Gaumont on the left, the Haye-Saint farm in the centre, and the Papellote and La Haye farms on the right. Then to send his right wing, supported by his entire reserve to attack the English left, weak both in position and numbers, force it on the centre, which occupied the Brussels road, take possession of this road, the only passage through the forest of Soignes. And thus to compel the British army to enter the wood, through which there were at that time but few roads, and which if it did not entirely prevent, would greatly retard the retreat of a routed army. This would entirely

cut off the English from the Prussians, who in all probability, if not certainly, were at Wavre. This plan, the last proof of Napoleon's promptness of determination and clearness of judgment was undoubtedly the best, considering the configuration of the ground, and the distribution of enemy's forces. Marshal Jomini says, that Napoleon may offer this plan of battle as a model of the art, for nothing can be better. Vol. IV p. 370. Theirs XX 105.

If it had not rained on the night of the 17th and the 18th of June 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed ; a few drops of rain, more or less, caused Napoleon's downfall.

The battle of Waterloo could not begin till half-past eleven, and that gave Blücher time to come up. Why ? Because the ground was moist, and the artillery could not manoeuvre until it became firmer.

All the battle plans of Napoleon were arranged for projectiles. His key to victory was to make the artillery converge at a given point. He treated the strategy of the opposing general as a citadel, and breached it. He crushed the weak point with grape-shot, and he began and ended his battles with artillery. It was a tremendous method, and, allied to genius, rendered this gloomy pugilist of war invincible for fifteen years.

On June 18, 1815, he relied the

more on his artillery, because he had the superiority in numbers. Wellington had only one hundred and fifty-nine guns, while Napoleon had two hundred and forty. Had the earth been dry and the artillery been able to move, the action would have begun at six A. M. It would have been won and over by two p. m.,—three hours before the Prussian's sudden change of fortune.

"How much was Napoleon to blame for the loss of this battle ? Is the shipwreck due to the pilot ? Was the evident physical decline of Napoleon at that period, complicated by certain mental decline ? Had twenty years of war worn out the blade as well as the scabbard, the soul as well as the body ? Was the veteran disastrously displayed in the captain ? In a word, was this genius, as many historians of repute have believed suffering eclipse ? Was he attacked at the age of forty-six by supreme madness ? Was the Titanic charioteer of destiny now only a Phaeton. We do not believe it. The plan of action of this colossal giant of action, who personally commanded 600 skirmishes and 85 pitched battles, all allow, was a masterpiece. To go straight to the centre of the allies' line ; to make a hole through the enemy ; to cut them in two ; to drive the British half back on Hall and the Prussians on Tongres ; to carry Mont St. Jean, seize Brussels, drive the Germans into Rhine and the English

into the sea." *Les Misérables* p. II 13-15.

Napoleon having adopted Drouot's advice, delaying operations until the ground should become some what firm, had now no motive for hastening the battle; because that will give Marshal Grouchy a time to arrive. Therefore notwithstanding the orders sent in the evening and repeated during the night of the 17th, he determined to send another officer to Grouchy, to inform him of the actual position of things, and to explain once more what was expected from him. He said to the messenger turning to the right, "I expect Grouchy on this side, I await his arrival impatiently, go to him bring him with you, and do not leave him until his corps d'armée debouches on our line of battle". Napoleon ordered this officer to march as quickly as possible, first getting from Marshal Soult a written order, which would give more in detail, the orders he had just issued verbally. This being done, Napoleon, who had passed the night wading through the mud, whilst making his reconnaissances, and who had slept but three hours since he had left Ligny, at five o'clock on the morning of the previous day, now flung himself upon his camp bed. His brother Jerome was with him at this time. "It is 10 o'clock" he said, 'and I will sleep until 11. I shall certainly wake, but in any case, rouse me yourself, for these," he added

pointing to the officers, "would not dare venture to disturb me." Having said this he laid his head on a slight pillow and was soon sound asleep. He had been 18 hours in the saddle on June 15th, and had slept but three hours before the battle of Ligny, on the 16th, he was again for 18 hours on horse back. On the 17th he rose at 5 in the morning, and that night was almost continually astir. Vide—Thiers—Vol.—XX—p.—107.

The order sent to Grouchy compared with the orders sent on the previous evening, and with the actual state of things, it showed clearly enough that Grouchy ought to hasten forward, and either place himself between the English and the Prussians or attack the latter, no matter how, so that he prevented them from coming to the aid of the English. Thiers—Vol.—XX—p.—107.

Grouchy received the despatch, dated from the farm of Caillou, the 18th of June, at ten o'clock in the morning. It acquainted him that the Emperor was going to attack the Anglo-allied army, in its position at Waterloo. It desired him therefore to direct his movements upon Wavre, in such a manner, as to draw his forces nearer to those of Napoleon, and especially to keep up a close communication with the latter. The receipt of these instructions was not followed by any immediate change in Gruchy's dispositions. He despatched no cavalry force

—not even a single patrol—to watch any movements that might be attempted, or actually then in course of execution, by the Prussians, towards the field on which the Emperor had intimated to him, his intention of attacking the force under Wellington. And hence it is almost needless to add, that he neglected to establish that close and active communication with the main army, which was so essentially important for the accomplishment of the object of the general plan of operations, and to which Napoleon had especially directed his attention in the before mentioned despatch. His sole aim seemed to be, a direct advance upon Wavre, and this he carried into execution without at all detaching to, or in any way manoeuvring by, his left. The History of the War in France and Belgium 1815 by Captain W. Siborne Vide (2nd Edn.) Vol. I. Page 307.

He simply wandered about to look for the Prussians, but not finding them, Grouchy feared equally to be out of the Emperor's reach, if he moved too far towards Namur, or to allow the Prussians to reorganise and escape after their retreat, if he quit them too soon to approach Napoleon. After having wasted much valuable time in delays and vacillations, Grouchy left Napoleon's most vital and important order unexecuted, by allowing the Prussians of doing as they choose before his eyes and join the English.

Vide—La Martinière—p.—68 ; Theirs—Vol. XX—p.—110.

The battle of Waterloo consists of 10 distinct encounters ; and is divided into 5 stages. It lasts from 11 a. m. to 8-30 p. m. about. The first stage lasts from about 11 a. m. to 3 p. m. It consists of three distinct attacks on the English right, centre and left, i. e. against Gaumont, Lay-Hay-Saint and Papelotte respectively. The second stage lasts from about 3 to 4 p. m. It consists also of three distinct encounters. Grouchy is out-manoeuvred by Blücher. Ney's successful attack of Lay—Hay—Saint, after which the French prospects were the brightest. The attack of the French right by Bulow's divisions. The third stage lasts from about 4 to 7 p. m. It consists of the grand cavalry charge. The Prussians under Bulow attack Planchenois, the Thermopylae of France. The fourth stage lasts from about 7 to 8 p. m. The English is profoundly shaken ; the charge of the Imperial Guard. The 5th stage marks the arrival of the main Prussian army under Blücher, which decides the victory at about 8 p. m.

All the world knows that the first phase of this battle, a troubled uncertain, hesitating opening, dangerous for both armies, but more so for the English than the French. The battle began late, for Napoleon was accustomed to hold his artillery in hand like a pistol, aiming first at one point then at

another, of the battle. And he resolved to wait until the batteries would gallop freely, and for this purpose it was necessary, that the sun should appear and dry the ground.

Eleven o'clock struck, and Napoleon without having given his brother the trouble of awaking him, was already up. At half past eleven, Napoleon gave the signal to fire, and 120 French cannons responded. In accordance with the plan he had laid down, of throwing the left wing of the English on their centre, in order to deprive them of the Brussels road, the principal attack was to be made by the right wing, and here Napoleon had concentrated a great quantity of artillery. The attack of the French right on Papelotte, was calculated to destroy the English left. This violent cannonade having continued for half an hour, Napoleon ordered an attack on the wood and chateau of Gaumont. There were two reasons for commencing the attack on the enemy's right. First because the Gaumont post being the most advanced, was nearest, and secondly, because by drawing the enemy's attention, to their right, it would be averted from the left, where the French principal attack was to do be made. *Theirs*, XX p. 110. *Les Mierbles* II p. 19-20

The Jerome division rushed on the wood of Gaumont. The French soldiers inspite of the murderous fire directed from the brushwood growing between the trees, forced their way into

the wood, killing with their bayonets those who had fired on them at a short range. The brave general Pauduin lost his life in this attack. The Nassau soldiers defended themselves with obstinacy; but Prince Jerome turning the wood on the right with Foy's brigade, forced them to retire. The French had scarcely taken the wood, when a still more serious obstacle presented itself. Beyond was an an orchard surrounded by a hedge of large closely-planted trees, from which as from an impenetrable wall, the enemy poured their balls. But no obstacle could deter the French infantry. They cut their way with the axe through this hedge, and killed with their bayonets all those who had not time to fly. This second obstacle was succeeded by a third. Beyond the hedge rose the out-buildings of the chateau, consisted of a strongly embattled wall and a strongly built farm. Six hundred of the English Guards defended the place. The French carried away by their own ardour and that of their men, resolved to conquer both farm and chateau. Seven times the French troops penetrated through the breach to the court-yard of the castle, and as often were they driven back with the bayonet by the Grenadiers of the Guard. The French were therefore compelled to return to the border of the wood, without having conquered this fatal mass of buildings. But the battery having arrived, was stationed on the right side

of the valley, whence it poured a hail of balls, that soon set the farms and chateau in flames. But neither the fire nor the steel, nor the death of so many brave men, could make either army yield an inch of ground. The struggle at this point became most violent, without advantages to either side. This combat had already cost the French 3000 men and the allied army 2000, a slaughter from which the French obtained no other advantage than the taking of the wood of Gaumont.

Vide -Wellington & Waterloo—by Alophanso.—De La Martine pp 56, 58. Marshals Jominy's Life of Napoleon—IV—p—374. Thiers, XX, 121.

Whilst the attack on the English right was thus raging hot, Napoleon prepared to make his principal attack on the English left and centre. It was with the object of depriving the English of the command, of the Brussels road, the only practicable one through the forest of Soignes. This important operation was commenced by a vigorous onset on the centre, directed against the farm of La-Haye-Saint, situated on the high road to Brussels. At about half past one, Ney attacked La-Haye-Saint, and d'Erlon with his four divisions of infantry, descended into the little vale that lay between the two armies. The simplest mode would have been, to demolish La-Haye-Saint by a brisk cannonade, by which much blood would have been spared there, as well

as at the Chateau DeGaumont. The excitement of the troops was however so great, that obstacles were little heeded. The French soldiers led by Ney rushed first on the orchard, surrounded by a thick hedge in front of the buildings of the farm. They forced an entrance under shower of balls, and drove out the German legion. Having seized the orchard, they next attacked the buildings, but a murderous fire from the embattled walls soon decimated their ranks. The door still resisted, and the balls rained from the walls. During this protracted combat at La Haye Saint, of which the orchard alone had been taken, d'Erlon, protected by the French battery of eighty guns, led on his four divisions of infantry, crossed the valley, and began to mount the opposite ascent. General Picton commanded the English left, and occupied Papelotte and La Haye Farms with twenty pieces of artillery. The French division in the right under d'Erlon advanced too far up the height, for the cannon to fire over their heads. But still though unprotected, they continued to mount with wonderful firmness.

They killed a great number of the 95th, and drove back Kempt and Rylandt's battalions at the point of the bayonet. To their right, the third infantry division, inspite of the fury of the English opposition, mounted the height under a shower of grapeshot,

over powered the Hanoverians and succeeded in ascending the plateau. The position was apparently taken, and the victory seemed favouring the French, when at a signal from General Picton, Pack's Scots rose unexpectedly from amongst the corn and poured a colse fire on the French infantry. Surprised by this fire, at the very moment of debouching on the plateau, they did pause. General Picton ordered Kempt and Pack's combined battalions, to charge them at the point of the bayonet. This general falls dead struck by a ball in the forehead, but the charge continues as vigorous as ever, and the French columns begin to waver. They still continue to resist, and are mingling with the English infantry, when a sudden storm bursts on them. The Duke of Wellington having hastened to the spot, attacks them with Ponsonby's 1,200 Scotch Dragoons, called the Scotch Greys, from the colour of their horses. Attacking in flank the dense masses of the 3 French infantry divisions, too dense to be able to fall into squares, the cavalry penetrate without breaking their lines; but they succeed in throwing them somewhat into confusion. Yielding to the shock of the cavalry, and impelled by the sloping ground, the French columns descend pell-mell with the dragoons, to the bottom of the valley they had crossed. The Scotch Greys carried off 2 flags. These were not

their only exploits. Two batteries that formed part of the great battery of eighty guns, had been ordered to advance to the support of the French infantry. The dragoons dispersed the gunners, killed the brave Colonel Chandon, sank the cannons in the mire, and destroyed the horses which they could not bring away. Thiers, XX. p. 117.

These achievements happily soon came to an end. Napoleon had seen this confusion from the height where he was stationed. He sprang on his horse and galloped across the battlefield, to where Milhaud's heavy cavalry were stationed. He ordered them to attack the Scotch dragoons, in the front, and on the flank. The Scotch dragoons, surprised in all the confusion of pursuit, and attacked on every side, were at once cut to pieces. The French cuirassiers, inflamed with the desire of avenging the infantry, rushed on them with their long sabres and hewed them down. The Scotch in doleful plight, fell back, leaving the captured flags, and leaving dead or wounded, seven to eight hundred of the twelve hundred, that originally composed their brigade. On d'Erlon's extreme right, the fourth division of infantry under Droutte, have met with nearly the same fate, as the three other divisions of infantry. This division as it advanced was attacked by Vandeleur's light dragoons. Its ranks were not broken, though its first line yielded for

a moment to the shock of the cavalry. Returning the attack by a brisk fire of musketry, and supported by the third chasseurs, the division fell back in good order, on the square of the 85th, which had not yielded a step (Vide Thiers, Vol. XX p. 120).

Such was the result of the attack on the left wing of the English, from which Napoleon had expected such great advantages. An error in tactics of which both Ney and d'Erlon had been guilty, had left the four fine columns of the French infantry, at the mercy of the English cavalry. It cost them three thousand men in dead, wounded and prisoners. The English had lost part of their dragoons, part of Kempt and Pack's cavalry, and

Generals Picton and Ponsonby, all amounting to about the same number as the French had lost. But they had maintained their position, and the whole operation was now to be recommenced, under the disadvantage of having failed in the first attempt. The French were still masters of part of La-Haye-Saint farm, and they no wise disheartened were rallying again on the side of the valley, that lay between them and the English. Napoleon joined them and walked in front of their ranks, midst bullets rebounding from one line to another, and howitzers resounding in the air. The valiant General Desvaux, commander of the artillery of the Guard, was killed at his side. (Vide Thiers, Vol. XX page 117-18).



Dual Living in Japan

BY T. HOSHIND.

Western civilization making its way into all countries in the East, this question of dual living, that is, living partly in European fashion and partly native, must be one confronting every other Eastern nation as it does our own. With us, this is a question of half a century's standing, and we seem now to be no nearer to its solution than we have ever been.

Of the three essentials of life, food, shelter and clothing, all of which have undergone tremendous changes, some beneficial indeed, but, others not so, under the influence of Western civilization, what annoy us most, because of those changes, are in connection with shelter and clothing, and especially their relations to each other. My observations here will therefore be confined to those two for the present.

To look back into history, the army and navy were the first to be Europeanized in Japan in respect to both clothing and habitation. Then came the general Europeanization of Government offices and schools. In the latter case, however, it was their offices or schoolhouses alone that had first been so changed, the men working in them remaining for the most part in **hakama** and **haori**, our time-honoured official dress. The writer, who is now fifty years old, was given his elementary education in a Buddhist temple, but a few years later we had a foreign-style schoolhouse. After the Europeanization of Government offices and schools, came that of banks, companies, and large commercial houses, in

which cases, too, the occupants remaining largely Japanese in dress.

But before the writer was aware of it, a great change took place in the clothing of our urban, more especially salaried, population, and at present not only in Government offices, or those of banks or companies, but also in ordinary shops and stores, men are clad in foreign clothes. In such places as these, therefore, there is no longer any such incongruity as once existed. But nothing would be so erroneous as to infer from these facts that the question of dual living so long outstanding is approaching its solution. Far from it, these very changes are making its solution more and more difficult.

The greatest evil resulting from the so-called dual living exists in the difference between the modes one lives at one's offices, schools, or some such public places, and at one's private homes. The greater, therefore, the extent to which the former is Europeanized, the greater are the resulting evils, unless the latter is Europeanized to the same extent.

Now let us see how an average salaried man in Japan, who carries himself like a European at his office, and by the way, of whom the intelligent class of our nation, is chiefly composed, lives at his home. He lives in a Japanese house, with neither chairs nor bedsteads, clad in a loose native garment with large flowing sleeves, seating himself for the most of time on a cushion placed on the matted floor, and by a small fire-box which,

in winter, contains a goodly amount of charcoal fire to warm his hands with, and in summer, a small bit of it to light his cigarette with. In a word, he lives in much the same manner as his grand-father did fifty years ago, and remember, it is already sixty years since our soldiers were uniformed and housed in European style. Are we really a progressive people as we are reputed to be?

That this kind of living is extremely uneconomical goes without saying, as it requires one to keep two kinds of wardrobe, entirely different one from the other, down from overcoats to shoes. It accompanies much waste of time, requiring, as it does, frequent changes of clothes every day. It is unhealthy, as there is a great difference in temperature between foreign and Japanese houses, especially in winter, when, the former is well—often over-heated, and the latter can never be properly heated.

This sacrifice in time, money and health is endured not only by men, but also by our school children who are required to put on uniforms in foreign style. In a word, millions of our nationals are victims of this accursed dual living. It must necessarily tell heavy on our national economy, and on our national health.

One might ask: Why don't you keep your foreign clothes on all day, that you may be spared from all those troubles, at least, as far as clothes are concerned? One who says this does know what a Japanese house is like. Just sit down for a moment, not on your chair, but on the floor, with your tight trousers on, and see for yourself how you feel. As a matter of fact, the first thing we do on returning home from our office is to doff our foreign clothes and don Japanese ones. Then, and never until then, we feel ourselves really at home.

Why then don't you change your house to something that suits you better in your changed conditions. To this, we reply that the rebuilding of a house is not so easy a matter as buying a new suit of clothes. Besides, it should be remembered that the inmates of a house do not consist of men and school children alone, but of women and old folks who are more Japanese in habits as well as in dress. Their comfort should also be considered.

Nevertheless, the inquirer is quite right in putting to us that question. Our dwelling houses ought to be changed as well as anything else. They must be made European in order to conform with the European elements of our living, but with due modifications so as to make them fit, too, to the native elements which we retain. A form of architecture which goes by the name of "bunka shiki" (civilized style) has come into fashion to answer this double purpose. It is, in fact, no style at all, because any European-looking house with some of its rooms converted into Japanese ones is said to be of that style.

Such a house has always existed ever since European civilization was introduced into the country, but was so rare that we had no name for it to call it by. Now this "bunka" style has come into fashion, and the houses of that style are increasing in number with amazing rapidity.

To relate what the writer himself has witnessed, when the great building mania, after the great earthquake of the year before last, set in, no less than twelve houses were seen from his window in course of construction. This by itself would mean little, if any, for he lived in a suburb of Tokyo, which was then developing fast. The significant part of it is that a large proportion of those houses were in "bunka style" and at a spot within a

stone's throw of his house, there grew up what looked to all appearance (at least, at a distance) a little foreign settlement. They were, one and all, of a simple plain style with no pretension, suggesting to one's mind that practical utility, and not the outward show, was their object. At another spot, some five minutes walk from his house, came into being a "bunkamura" (civilized village) on a large scale, where, with a few exceptions, all houses were in the 'bunka style. A more or less similar phenomenon is seen in many other places.

Now let me ask. What does all this tell us? It tells that these people are now making their last efforts to rid themselves of those evils which the so-called dual living is causing them to suffer from. Have they then succeeded in their attempts? With their foreign clothes, and with their foreign rooms to watch, they apparently have. But I am not so sure of it. Things may not have gone so well as they have expected. At least such was my own experience. Let me tell it.

My many year's toil and the thrift of my homely wife enabled us to procure a piece of land in a suburb of Tokyo some six years ago. It was a beautiful spot, with a lovely valley in front and a clump of magnificent trees behind. For years that followed, it was our chief pastime to plan and replan our prospective home to be built on it—a pastime that never failed to interest both of us. Finally it was decided that our new house should be of "bunka style" in principle. It should have some Japanese rooms, but principal ones such as drawing, sitting and dining rooms should be in foreign style. "No more dual living," we said to ourselves, "we should put an end to it once for all."

The house built on this plan turned out to be one satisfactory in every point. Its chief

features were its reception room, which I decorated with special care, its spacious sitting room, and a veranda which, opened on three sides, commanded a fine view of the beautiful valley in front and the magnificent trees at the back. These were all in foreign style, and I meant to use them to their utmost capacity. Little I thought that this perfect satisfaction was destined to give place to, if not exactly disappointment, but a feeling very near it in a few weeks.

My wife was as much satisfied with our new house as any one else, but somehow she would not stay long in our sitting room, which I had designed for the place of our happy family gathering. She would come into it once in a while, and look around with an air of apparent satisfaction. But that was about all that she had to do with it. Her time was mostly spent in an adjoining Japanese room, which I had intended for a short of retirement for myself as well as for her, for in my heart of hearts I liked the Japanese room best.

With their mother away, children, too, would not stay in the sitting room, but would come into her retirement, and be found sitting or lying about her, when all the family should be gathering in the next room intended for the purpose, where there was enough room for all or more. The result was that the small Japanese room was always crowded to the brim, while the big spacious foreign rooms were always lying idle practically deserted. My repeated objections were of no avail, and before long, I found myself, too, spending most of my time in the Japanese room.

Things had been standing thus for six months when my aged mother came to stay with us for some time, as she usually does every year. Though now in her eighty-

sixth year, she was not like most other old women. She was progressive in her ideas, and loved new things. As she came and was shown over the rooms, she was delighted with them, especially with foreign rooms. There she tried every chair, felt every piece of wood-work, and repeated that "they were all very nice." But this over, she came into our small crowded Japanese room, sat down, apparently much relieved, and evidently meant to stay there. Now you may well imagine the noise and bustle of that small room.

To make the matter worse, mother fell ill. Her case was not serious, but any illness at her age must be considered as serious. So I desired to lay her in a cosy, quiet Japanese room, but we had none such, and all this time, our foreign rooms were lying there, with not a soul in them, nice, and well-kept

Then I thought that the time had come for me to acknowledge my failure, and decided to build an annex for the sake of my wife, mother, and perhaps myself, and this time, with only Japanese rooms. The building is at this moment very near completion.

It is my earnest desire that, when my eldest boy becomes the master of this house, and a young lady, brought up in a more "civilized" atmosphere, takes the place of my wife as mistress—these foreign rooms may discharge their proper functions. Until that time comes, they will be our luxuries just to look at and admire. Who knows that similar things are not happening to other "bunka" houses, apparently so cosy and comfortable.

The Young East



The New Viceroy

BY SIR VALENTINE CHIROL

As one could confidently expect from Mr. Baldwin, there is nothing melodramatic in the appointment of Mr. Wood to the Viceroyalty of India. But Indians as well as Englishmen will, it may be hoped, see in selection of Mr. Wood a manifestation of the spirit of appeasement and good will which has been the keynote of the Prime Minister's policy at home and abroad since he returned to office as the leader of an almost unparalled Parliamentary majority which might have turned the head of a less sagacious and broad minded politician. It was to all the better forces which in the welter of European unrest are striving not for conflict but for reconciliation that the British Foreign Secretary made his great and successful appeal the other day at Locarno, and it is to the same better forces in India that the new Viceroy will look for support in a similar endeavour to set a truce to Indian discords by rallying all parties to practical and constructive work for which there is no less ample scope in India than in Europe. Some may regret that he has no personal experience or knowledge of India, but in his administrative posts at home as Minister successively of education and of agriculture he has at any rate learnt to appreciate the importance of two great problems of national life which are even more urgent and in many ways more complex in India than in this country, and in both departments he has acquired an admirable reputation for patient industry and sound judgement. The development of agriculture which is and must

continue to be the greatest of all Indian industries cannot be allowed to lag behind the development of all Indian manufacturing industries and in a country where 90 per cent. of the immense population depend directly or indirectly on agriculture for their bare livelihood the development of agriculture is closely bound up with the diffusion of popular education on well-considered lines that shall not divorce the Indian ryot from the land to which he clings with even more tenacity than the peasantry of any European country. Then indeed there are two wide and fruitful fields which should provide abundant room for co-operation between Indians and Europeans out side more barren if more spectacular arena of political controversies as to the revision of a constitution which, as Indians seem apt to forget, is barely yet five years old. In any case and whatever may be the arguments for or against acceleration, the statutory date appointed for revision, will it should be remembered, occur before the new Viceroy's tenure of office comes normally to close, and it is upon him that will doubtless devolve the arduous task of preparing the way for the "Grand inquest of the nation" which is to inform the judgment of the British Parliament on the threshold of the next stage of Indian constitutional advancement to which the British people are now unalterably pledged. That is again a task for which, if there is anything in heredity

a Viceroy may well be regarded as pre-eminently fitted whose grandfather, Sir Charles Wood afterwards Lord Halifax took a leading part first as President of the old Board of Control before the Mutiny, and then as Secretary of State after the transfer to the Crown, in a large measure of reform which found perhaps their most liberal expression of all in his Great Educational Despatch of 1854. For it was instinct with all the generous sympathy for the progressive elements in India which had done so much to bring the two races together in the first half of the 19th century before the Mutiny cast its dark shadow over India.

An English gentleman in the highest sense of the terms, Mr. Wood stands for all that best in British public life. Untouched by the faintest breath of political intrigue, he has never sought the lime light from which as Viceroy it will be difficult for him altogether to escape. He has none of the parvenu's love of pomp circumstance nor the lawyer's facility for glib phrases which so often disguise the lack of courage required for coming to decisions and shouldering responsibility.

He is universally credited with just those qualities of character which patriotic Indians like Gokhale use to recognise as typical of the best representatives of the British race in India, and his straightforward sense of duty is part of a simple religion faith—the same earnest Christian faith which inspired the love of India in some of the greatest British administrators who were his grandfather's contemporaries and collaborators and were not ashamed of believing that the governance of India was a great and pious trust committed to them by Providence. This is surely no mean title to the confidence of the people of India who pride themselves on being more spiritually minded than the modern nations of the Western world, and the restoration of Indian confidence in the sincerity of British statesmanship is perhaps the task supreme beyond all others in the India of to-day. If the new Viceroy can achieve that task, his selection for the most distinguished but also the most difficult position in this far-flung Empire of ours will be a boon for India.

The Indian Review.



Education In The Indian Army

By Mr. Ernest Burdon, C.I.E., C.S.I.

If anyone had been inspired to prophesy the changes that have taken place in the army in India in the brief space of six years, 1919 to 1925, he would probably not have been believed. Previous history, at any rate, history prior to the War, would not have warranted the belief that so much could be accomplished in so short a period of time, during part of which the army was engaged, in active operations on the frontier, and the military authorities had many other things to think of besides army reforms. Regarded retrospectively, the march of progress may not appear to be so remarkable. The extent and rapidity of the advance are not clearly appreciated or readily discerned by the casual observer. But the accomplishment is there for those who choose to give to the matter even a moderate share of their attention. It is real and substantial; and its contemplation should give courage to those—and there are many of them in India—who are eager for even further progress in the satisfaction of a national ideal. The most conspicuous changes which have taken place in the army organization are those which consist in the addition of mechanical and technical equipment, invented or improved with the object of developing the scientific efficiency of modern warfare. To mention a few examples, animal transport and animal traction have been replaced very largely by mechanical transport and mechanical traction. Ground troops have been supplemented by the fighting aeroplanes of the Royal Air Force. Automatic weapons have been

brought nearer to perfection and the number of such weapons allotted both to British and Indian troops has been largely increased. The artillery of the army has become more mobile, more precise, and more deadly; and the scientific appliances which play an important part in the civil and industrial life of all modern countries have been adapted to furnish the special needs of the army in the matter of communications. It is not, however, the purpose of this article, save indirectly, to deal with this particular aspect of army administration, important as it is from the military point of view. Nor is it proposed to discuss on this occasion another striking aspect of the post-War army reforms, namely the greater attention which is now paid to the material welfare of the soldier. The extent to which this has been studied and the means by which it is being promoted will be familiar to all who have read the late Lord Rawlinson's speeches in the Legislative Assembly and in the Council of State. In the great War of 1914-18 it was, of course, imperative to improve the soldier's weapons and to maintain at the highest possible level his powers of physical endurance. The supreme lesson of the great War was however the old lesson that the power to win lies chiefly in the mind and spirit of the soldier: and one of the happy results of the war is to be found in the special importance now attached to "education" in the army, as distinguished from military training of the technical kind. Moreover, the mental and ethical education of the soldier is now

recognised as necessary not only to successful military administration but also to national efficiency. For these reasons the writer of this article is persuaded to believe that the readers will be interested to have an outline of the principles on which the present system of education in the Indian army is based and a brief account of the system itself.

To quote from one of the army training manuals, as reconstructed and published after the War, "the War has proved conclusively that military and civil moral are one. The national emergency made proof possible and complete that a man whose intelligence has been cultivated is easier to train as a soldier than one who is mentally unenlightened; it also demonstrated the far wider and more important truth that successful national effort rests on those steadfast qualities which resist the persistent undermining of moral by grievance and discontent." It has accordingly been laid down as a principle—accepted for application to the Indian as well as to the British Army—"that the profession of arms must not stand apart from the stream of current thought and everyday life. The process of military training should have a single aim—the creation of a highly efficient army, the individuals composing which are also good and capable citizens." The ideal to aim at is, therefore, that all soldiers should receive instruction in citizenship as part of their normal military training. But practical considerations have in India rendered it necessary to recognise that the primary object of educational training in the army must be to improve the efficiency of the individual as a soldier and that of the army, as a whole, in War. The education given to a man in the army must undoubtedly help him when he returns to civil life and increase his efficiency in the performance of civic duties generally; but this

must for the time being be regarded as a secondary objective—it is not for the moment the primary aim. With the introduction of the system of short service with the colours—a recent innovation—the education which a soldier is enabled to receive in the army as a citizen—not merely as a soldier—is however of greater national importance than before. Under the short service system approximately 20,000 men will be returned annually from the army to civil life and if these or a large proportion of them have received in the army a moderate but sound education the general effect on the community must be beneficial.

In the case of the Indian soldier, the educational problem has been especially difficult of solution, because approximately 80 per cent. of the recruits are totally uneducated before they enlist. One of the greatest surprises to the Germans during the great War of 1914 was that Great Britain raised and trained a large army out of raw material and placed it on the field in six months. It was possible to do this because the men were all educated and intelligent—produced by the national system of education. Otherwise this result could not have been achieved. It will further be appreciated that the problem in the Indian army is one of adult education, as distinct from the education of children, whose minds are impressionable and more indiscriminately receptive. In the education of adults the first factor to be borne in mind is that a man of mature age will not attempt to learn anything of which he cannot see the practical and every day use to himself. The army authorities in India may fairly claim to be the pioneers of adult education, as they have also been the first to demonstrate in India the value of scientific physical training and bodily exercises, which, unfortunately, have not hitherto been assigned a sufficient part in the national system of education, but are now recognised to be essential

for purposes of national welfare, for the production of citizens sound in mind and in body. Added to these initial difficulties is the fact that the time for educational training in the army is very limited and cannot easily be increased. Recruits can receive only 5 hours' educational training a week, while trained soldiers, who have to spend much of their time on duty or at field training, cannot receive more than an average of 2 to 3 hours a week during the year.

For practical reasons and for reasons of economy, it has not been found possible to give education except in the unit itself. The private soldier cannot very well be sent on to army colleges for higher education; and all that the military authorities can do is, to train at a central school instructors who, on return to their units, give educational training to the men of their units. At present the only training given outside a unit is when men quartered in the same station who have passed the regimental tests are collected at that station for higher education under a specially selected instructor. It is perhaps hardly necessary to mention the difficulties which arise from the fact that in the army, and even in the same unit, there are men who speak different languages, different scripts, and have different religions.

The education given, therefore, is within the unit and given by instructors who belong to the unit and who have been specially trained as instructors. The syllabus laid down may roughly be described as follows :—

In the **first stage** the recruit learns Urdu (including the necessary English military words for which no Urdu equivalent exists) orally, taught by the 'direct methods'. Other subjects are mental arithmetic, including simple addition, subtraction, division and multiplication, measurements and angles. Religious instruction in the soldier's own faith is given, and thrift, personal hygiene and cleanliness, and a

spirit of comradeship are inculcated! for the purpose last mentioned the story of the Regimental Battle Honours is used as a foundation. The soldier also has to pass a literacy test in his own language and script, sufficient to enable him to write a letter home.

In the **second stage**, elementary Geography, Urdu in the Roman script, and written calculations in arithmetic are introduced. In combination with Geography, the soldier is taught the history of his unit and its campaigns; the simplest facts connected with the defence of India, by sea and land; and he is given an elementary conception of the British Empire. This stage, which is marked by the 3rd class Certificate, is really intended to be preliminary work for the next stage, which is marked by the 3rd class Certificate. In the **third stage** a good knowledge of Urdu and the Roman script is required. The Geography of India is taught as thoroughly as possible, including its economic Geography, and trade and the effect of geographical conditions on the life of men and animals. Regimental History, the work of the Navy and Army and the problems of defence and the necessity for law and order are taught, again in connection with Geography. A knowledge of elementary arithmetic and of simple Geometry is given, specially for the purpose of developing power of reasoning. Map reading and the use of the compass are introduced, also sanitation and the prevention of disease. A man who reaches this stage can be considered to be sufficiently educated to command a section of infantry or cavalry efficiently and independently.

In the **fourth stage**, Indian History is introduced, and the subjects taught in the earlier stages are now taught more extensively and up to a higher standard. A knowledge of village co-operative societies, district boards and all the important features of the administrative system

of districts and provincial governments is taught as well as the organization of the field formations of the army itself. A man who has qualified in this stage and has obtained his First Class Certificate is fit to take his place as a Viceroy's Commissioned Officer both in civil and military life. A man who has a First Class Certificate is then eligible to take the preliminary English examination which is of a sufficiently high standard to enable him to work in the field with British and Indian troops, to write English messages and understand English orders. Success in this examination is also the stepping stone which must be reached before the Indian soldier starts working for the Special Certificate of education. **The last stage** in the system, as it exists at present is the Special Certificate, which is gained by passing a written examination conducted in English. The paper in the English language itself consists of translation and essay writing, but all other papers have also to be answered in English. Stress is laid on consciousness and the use of simple, clear, short sentences. The standard of Geography, Indian History and Mathematics is fairly high, and the candidate has to discuss problems of the day and have some real knowledge of the main problems connected with Imperial and Indian defence. He is required to know the methods of Government in India from the village to the Central Government, and to have a rough idea of the methods of Government in other parts of the Empire and the meaning of Indian and Empire Citizenship.

The practical side of the system of education and its practical purposes are kept in the forefront throughout, and the object is to make a soldier an intelligent soldier according to his rank and duties, a man with powers of observation and judgment, and a good citizen. The acquisition of book knowledge by cramming and memory is definitely discouraged and pre-

vented. In view of the difficulties which have been mentioned and which must be acknowledged to be real, the task which the army authorities have set themselves is a formidable one.

So far the general value of the education imparted has perhaps been unduly emphasised. It is, in truth, difficult to disentangle the general and the special values of the system. But there is one peculiarly military aspect of the matter which must not be forgotten. In the post-war army in India the Indian soldier has a very much wider range of employment than he had before the War—employment not merely in ordinary combatant duties, but in the technical and administrative services also. To enable the Indian Officer and soldier to become proficient in these services a high level of general intelligence is indispensable. Specialised or technical training cannot profitably be applied to raw material.

The story here briefly told is the basis for the claim made in a recent Government publication. "The Evolution of the Army in India," that the army in India is now, amongst many other things, a potent instrument for the education, physical, mental, and moral of the classes who enlist for military service. That is at any rate the public and national purpose which present policy has for its second target. Those who have actually passed through the ranks of the army acquire education for themselves; and it would be a natural result that in course of time they should diffuse; among those with whom they mingle on return to civil life a knowledge of what education, in the highest sense of the word, should mean.

It is recognised too that, ultimately, while much may be done for the soldier after he has enlisted, the most satisfactory course of all would be that there should be some educational background acquired before the recruit enlists, and here again there is a special difficulty, con-

sting in the fact that the agricultural and yeomen classes from whom the army in India, as in other countries, is largely recruited, and who in most countries have a hereditary aptitude for military service, are on the whole backward in education. Those who actually enlist for military service are specially hampered in securing the education they might otherwise desire for their children. The fathers, being soldiers themselves, are frequently absent from their homes for prolonged periods, and while they are away, the mothers are often unable, and in some cases may even be disinclined, to enforce the attendance of their children at ordinary schools. Shortly after the War therefore the conclusion was come to that it would be just and advanta-

geous to provide special facilities for the Indian soldier in the matter of the education of his children. The result has been the foundation of the King George's Royal Indian Military Schools, of which two have already been opened. These schools have been founded for a particular reason and to meet a particular need ; but it may be hoped that if they are successful, these schools, like the army in India, will have a larger range of effect, and will spread a knowledge of the benefits of commencing practical and robust education at an early stage in the life of a child, not only among potential recruits for the army, but among a wider circle of the general community.

The Indian Review.



India and the World.

By K. M. Panikkar.

In Port Said I had gone ashore with two friends. Whilst sitting in one of the cafes, my companions and myself began to be much worried by importunate beggars and one of us impatiently asked them to keep quite. The reply was as quick as it was unexpected. One of the beggars without being in least unruffled rebuked us in the following words: "You from India? Gandhi wants poor man talk: you want poor man shut up." We were sufficiently silenced. Coming back to the ship we had almost the same experience with a hawker a negroid Egyptian who was fawning on Europeans. I first asked him a question about Zaghlul Pasha. He winked his eyes at me and shook his fist at the Europeans. Not satisfied with this he entered on a long discourse about the Mahatma. I was literally stupefied at the extraordinary hold that Gandhiji's name has come to possess with the lowly and the down-trodden in all countries. In fact it became increasingly clear to me that to people outside the British Empire Gandhi and India are synonymous. India was merely a name to most people a few years ago, and in differently situated people it conjured up different pictures. It was to some the land of romance, Rajahs, elephants and untold wealth. To others it was merely another of the many dependencies of Great Britain. To its politics all were alike apathe-

tic. To its fate most were indifferent. Indian news was never feature in the newspapers.

The advent of the Mahatma and the peculiar appeal of his Non-Cooperation movement has changed all this. For one brief moment India held the stage and the vision was so strange and so remarkable that from Egyptian beggars to European diplomatists India has come to be synonymous with Gandhi. The position is so changed that after a few days in Lisbon which is in no sense a capital of international activity I found that the leading newspapers were anxious to know about Gandhi. And this notwithstanding the fact that the country was then faced with a tremendous financial fraud which lost the Treasury no less than 100,000,000 pounds. The Cabinet had to resign and one of the Ministers was said to be implicated in the fraud. With all this sensational news the papers still found time and space to discuss the Gandhi movement. I must say that I had the good fortune to be presented to the leading newspaper **Diaria do Noticias** by His Excellency Veiga Simoes who was Foreign Minister once before and is now an Ambassador in Germany. His Excellency, equally with the other radical politicians I met, was a great admirer of Mr. Gandhi of whom he spoke admiringly as the "saint of India."

With his introduction I visited almost all the important news papers in Lisbon and the first question put to me invariably was : "what about Gandhi ?"

In France also I met with the same phenomenon. Of course, the "highbrows" in Paris were interested in Indian art and literature and one professor assured me that of all Oriental books now having influence in France, the Bhagavadgita was the most popular and most important. It may seem strange that a people so gay and light as the Persians should take seriously to a religious book, but I found by conversation with a number of people qualified to speak with authority that it was true. But it should be remembered that no one associated modern India with Bhagavadgita any more than a modern German would associate Shakespeare with Lloyd George's politics. I noticed also that the French people were indifferent to the political conditions in India excepting as illustrating an interesting method of colonial administration which may be of value to them in Algiers, Annam and other places. But almost every politician knew something about the "Gandhi movement" and was anxious to know how it was prospering. No doubt the remarkable book on the Mahatma by Romain Rolland who is one of the most popular writers in France has helped to make the non-co-operation movement familiar to the French public. Still it is a remarkable fact which should be noticed that in continental Europe as in other parts of the world Indian political movement is known only by the experiment of non-co operation which India tried under the lead of Mahatma Gandhi.

The world is profoundly indifferent

as to what is happening now in India. Its future fate does not interest European statesmen. No amount of propaganda among their nations would arouse their sympathy. Propaganda in England has its value in helping England to realise the conditions of her rule in India. But other countries are not interested. That is the fact Europe is impervious to movements in India. A little frontier incident in Bulgaria, or a revolution in Greece would cause an international political crisis. That is to say modern Europe has become one complicated polity and a disturbance in one part affects the whole. The case of Asia is different. A revolution in Persia has no visible repercussion in Europe and naturally political interest in Asiatic countries is visibly lacking. If India wants the world's attention to be concentrated on her affairs and to demonstrate to the world her will to freedom it could only be done by organising in our own country a movement which by its magnitude and by the universal validity of the principles involved would draw the attention of all. It could not be done by mere propaganda. This is the lesson of the non-co-operation movement. Experience in different parts of Europe teaches me that.

In the connection and to emphasise this lesson I may mention another incident which will be of particular interest to the readers. In Spain I have gone to visit a radical politician who was known to be against the Moroccan war. During the course of the conversation I mentioned to him that I had the honour of being acquainted with the leaders of the Mohammedan community in India and enjoyed the friendship

of the Ali Brothers who were the champions alike of nationalism as of the Islamic cause. He immediately got up and bowed in the fashion characteristic of the Latin races and told me that all who were interested in the greatness of Islam looked to the leaders of thought in Islamic India for guidance. India in fact is now known to the outside world only because of the Non-co-operation and the Khilafat movements. Otherwise she is a

negligible factor even in the thought in the modern world and neither the activities of the National Congress nor the resolutions of the Muslim League arouse the slightest interest. Let India take to heart this lesson and concentrate her energies on a movement which will unite her people and give to the world a new ideal of nationalism such as the Non-Co-operation movement of 1920-21 did.

The Comrade.



The United States of India.

By Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross.

In Delhi in a house of lofty rooms overlooking a venerable garden I talked with Mahatma Gandhi, who had just finished his weekly "twenty-four hours of silence." He looked the perfect ascetic, for only lately he had concluded a three weeks' fast in penance for the riots between Hindus and Mohammedans. (Since then, by the way, there have been no riots.) "I doubt" he said, "if the rule of the Moguls or Mahrattas had much effect on the lives of the common people of India. In their seven hundred thousand rural villages they continued to manage their common affairs through the **panchayat** or elected Council of Elders. But this British **raj** is infinitely more penetrating, searching, and oppressive. The people's initiative is stunted as never before. Still, we have no idea of **forcing out** the British; we hope to gain our end by touching their heart and imagination."

The public men of England have had every opportunity to give **us their** version of what their country is doing in India. Is it not high time that we attend to this ground-swell of India Nationalism and learn just what it is that critics of British rule complain of?

Long ago, they assure us, before the Mohammedan conquests, 1200-1600 A. D., before the break-up of empire and the anarchy of the eighteenth century, every Indian village had its school. Even now,

in Burma, thanks to the free schools in the Buddhist monasteries, half of those above five years of age can read and write. But in India, after century—in some parts much more—of British rule, less than a tenth of those above ten years of age are literate. In the Philippines the proportion is a half. The Americans have had only a quarter of a century for leaving their mark on the Filipinos, yet a tenth of them are in school as against a bare thirtieth of the Indian population.

The difference reflects the contrast between British political ideals and American political ideals. The American deliberately set out to prepare their brown words for self-government by means of the public school. The British, however, harbored no such plan for their Indian subjects. Their ideal has been aristocratic, for the fine democracy that has been growing up in Great Britain since the Reform of 1832 left no mark on policy out in the empire. It has been too busy fighting the battles of the masses at home. So the spirit of the Government of India has been that of the old noble families of Britain. The arrival of a time when their dark subjects would manage their political affairs was never within the contemplation of the earls and marquises sent out to Hindustan as governors and viceroys. They imagined that on into dim future, as far as eye could pierce,

the peoples of India would be ruled from without. Before 1905 probably no British proconsul dreamed of India's wanting to govern herself. Had the British believed in educating for citizenship, there would be thrice as many literates in India as there actually are. Indeed, in certain native states under enlightened maharajas—Travancore, Cochin and Baroda more of the people read and write than in any part of British India. When it is remembered that the chief motive in halting conquest and preserving the native states was that they might serve as dark spots heightening by contrast the brilliancy of the well governed British India all about them, the richness of the joke on the Ruling Race will be appreciated. Yes, the Indian Nationalists may well resent the design of keeping them indefinitely in subjection rather than assisting them to rise and stand on their own feet.

Ever since the Great Mutiny of 1857 the army policy of the Government has reflected mistrust. The proportion of British troops to native is never to fall below one to two and a half; actually it is one to two and a quarter. This requires India to keep 61,000 white troops although one Tommy costs rather more than four native soldiers. The Indian fighters bear the brunt of holding in check the robber tribes of the Northwest Frontier, but among the garrisons stationed about India to prevent risings there are nearly as many British as Indians.

Mistrust, too, dictates that Indians shall have nothing to do with the more terrific weapons of modern warfare. They are not admitted to the Air Force, the Tank Corps, the Armored Car Companies, the Royal Horse Artillery, the Field Artillery, the Medium Artillery. They fire only those

guns which are trained upon the external enemy. Professors of physics in private universities are confidentially requested by the Government not to teach their students anything about wireless telegraphy.

It seems a bit "thick" that the 137,000 native troops should be officered almost exclusively by British. Until lately the only Indian officers have been uneducated men promoted from the ranks, holding the "viceroys commission" and never rising above subadar major or resaldar major. Any smooth-checked British second lieutenant outranks them because he holds always the "king's commission." The stock excuse is, "The native troops won't follow a native officer, sir!" Queer, is n't it? Turkish troops fight well when led by Turkish officers; Japanese troops fight well when led by Japanese officers; but we are asked to believe that material for the making of good officers does not exist in India. Either the British do not want young Indians to learn the art of war, or else, as an ex-commander-in-chief remarked to the head of the Hindu University of Benares, they "have to provide for their young men."

Of let, qualified Indian cadets, in number up to ten a year, may receive the "king's commission." Inasmuch as the vacancies amount the 4,000 white offices commanding Indian soldiers run about 160 a year, at this rate the officer corps will be Indianized when the Greek kalends arrive. The Indian Legislative Assembly votes that a fourth of these vacancies should be thrown open to Indians; but so for its recommendation is unheeded.

There is resentment, too, than an Indian youth who wishes to learn how to defend his country has to spend two years

at the War Collage at Sandhurst in England. The patriots demand that a war collage be set up in India to train officers for Indian Army. They remark with bitterness that when they ask for selfgovernment they are met with. "But you are n't able to defend yourselves." When they reply, "Very well, give us an opportunity to learn the art of defending ourselves," that opportunity is withheld. They infer that it is the policy of their British masters to treat them as a subject people and that all the fine talk about the British Empire having become the "British-Indian Commonwealth of Free Nations" is eye-wash for the onlooking world. So far as India can see, she is still "dependency" rather than "equal partner."

Critics point out that the Indian army, which eats two thirds of the income of the Central Government, is far bigger than India needs. It is used as a handy reservoir to draw upon when England suddenly needs force "out there"—fighting men in Burma, Tibet, China, Mesopotamia, Egypt, the Hedjaz. In fact a third of it is there for imperial purposes, not India's security. but it is India that must foot the bill. Whether this charge is true or not is more than we inept outsiders can settle.

A candid English professor of political economy in a mission collage confessed to me:

"India once had very flourishing industries, ship-building and a great carrying-trade. All these were destroyed long ago by the harsh, discriminating policy of the British, and only in our time has an Indian-owned cotton manufacture sprung up. So India came to be an exporter of agricultural produce and an importer

of manufactured goods; hence, there was nothing for the people to live by save agriculture. The result has been a continual subdivision of the soil, the growth of peasant indebtedness, and the phenomena of over-population. How frightfully over-populated Japan would be had she been restrained from fostering her manufacturing industries by tariffs and otherwise!"

The trade policy of Parliament and, to a less extent, of its *alter ago*, the Government of India, has been consistently directed to giving British industries the upper hand over their Indian competitors. In the old days no duties were imposed on English goods imported into India, while Indian imports into England were made to pay a high duty. The Government of India was not allowed to levy an export duty on raw materials which the English manufacturer was interested in. By a shrewd use of export duties India's exports to countries other than Britain were forced to flow through Britain and leave a profit with her. India's products were taxed on crossing frontiers between Indian states, while British goods were exempt from inland transit duties.

In the teeth of England's commercial ascendancy the United States, Germany and Japan have built up their industries by a thorough-going use of trade restrictions and protective tariff. India's nascent industries were equally in need of shelter, but, not the purest free trade doctrine was applied to them. Manchester raged at any duties on her cotton piece-goods imported into India and hypocritically professed fear of "an increase in the cost of articles of clothing to

the poorest of the population of India". Between 1875 and 1882 she succeeded in clearing away all such duties, so that the Government of India was only one in the world which raised no revenue from imports. When, thirty years ago, fiscal necessity obliged that Government to reimpose a general import duty of 5 per cent. the Lancashire manufacturers were so jealous of the bit of protection which thus would come to Indian cotton-mills that they sought and actually obtained the imposition of a "countervailing excise duty" on the product of Indian mills. At a time when other countries were levying duties of 40 or 50 per cent. on foreign goods to protect their infant industries, Indian industries might not enjoy the petty shelter of a 5 per cent. revenue tariff. Such ruthless treatment of India's infant industries was bitterly resented, and not long ago the Legislative Assembly at Delhi by a large majority asked for repeal of the excise. The Fiscal Commission of 1922, composed of eminent economists and business men of both races declared :

"The existing Cotton excise Duty should, in view of its history and associations be unreservedly condemned, and the Government of India should frankly express their desire to clean the slate."

But still it functions !

There are other policies which sacrifice Indian industrial interests. India's gold reserve and other large balances are kept in England and lent to English business men when they might be kept in India and lent to Indian business men. In vain have Indian economists urged the setting up of a state bank. Nor has India an industrial bank such as has benefited

German and Japanese industries. Little has been done for industrial education, higher or lower. Save in Bengal and Mysore no attention has been paid to teaching the manual arts and the handicrafts in the government elementary schools. In the fourteen universities the liberal arts colleges are well cared for, but there is no decent engineering college in India.

Valuable mineral deposits have been leased to foreigners, while Indians have not been incited to exploit their own resources. Only now is a school of mines being established. A British economist in India gives it as his opinion that the Government has come into such relations of dependence and assistance with the steamship lines plying between India and Great Britain that there is now no chance for Indian shipping. He justifies the Nationalists in feeling that the cards are stacked against Indian enterprise.

That the English rule India solely with benevolent intent will do tell children; on the other hand, only cheap cynics see the English as mere exploiters. The guiding conception of the relations of the two peoples has been that of a **partnership**. Britain's idea is to produce a benefit by selling to the Indians at a price fixed by herself a necessity of life which she is adept at producing, viz., law and order; by hooking up Indian public revenue with British administrative capacity and engineering skill so as to produce profitable public works; by fructifying India's undeveloped natural resources with British technical knowledge; by bringing together in manufacturing enterprises Indian labor and British capital.

In this partnership, to be sure, Britain has the say, India being a sleeping, not to say a comatose, partner. The English have decided what enterprises shall be undertaken and have fixed the terms on which

their trained ability, experience, or capital shall work with Indian revenues, natural resources or labor. It has been theirs to settle how the fruits from their domination or investments in India shall be shared. Naturally, they have seen to it that their share is a goodly one.

Bitter polemic rages over the question whether the lot of the Indian people has been bettered under British rule. The Nationalists picture an overtaxed people sinking in an ever deeper poverty. But the evidence is conflicting, and even the professional economists of both races are in doubt as to the underlying trend. Even if there has been no improvement in the material condition of the masses, it does not follow that the British have hogged the economic benefits from railway, irrigation, mines, and plantations. The Nationalists are excessively loth to recognize the cardinal fact that in the last forty years the Indians **have added a fifth to their numbers**. Here, perhaps, is where most of India's dividends from her partnership with Britain have gone. Instead of living better, she has chosen to plow back her share in order to rear therefrom fifty million more human beings. If she prefers excess of progeny to comfort, that is her affair; but let us not hold the British responsible for Indian poverty without first taking into account the fantastic Indian birth rate.

Be that as it may, Britain's gain from her dominion over India certainly foots up a tidy sum. Her banking-houses doing business in India net fifty million dollars a year in financial commissions. On their Indian business British shipping concerns collect one hundred and forty millions of dollars. The Britain capital lent to the Government of India or invested in Indian railways, tramways, canals, mines, mills, plantations, and trade runs well above three billion dollars, the annual return

from which can hardly be less than one hundred and eight million dollars. It is impossible to learn just how many British hold civil or military places under the Government or follow a business or profession in India but the number cannot be less than 15,000. These men probably have twice the income they command in England.

Thus the Viceroy costs £270,000 a year without allowing for his personal staff and household charges, which bring the total well above \$400,000. A member of his council gets more than twice the pay of a member of our cabinet. The Commander-in-Chief draws a salary of \$32,000. The pay of the governor of a province ranges from \$22,000 to \$42,000. A member of the governor's council has a salary of \$21,000. High Court judges are paid \$16,000; political residents of the first class, the same; of the second class \$11,000. The number of officials with salaries of from \$9,000 to \$15,000 runs up into the hundreds. Every retiring civil servant gets a liberal pension.

With half an eye one can see that Britain will lose heavily when India ceases to be her close preserve. A self-governing India will not favor her as Canada or New Zealand does. Mining concessions will not longer be given exclusively to British companies. Non-British capital will be made welcome, while a National Government will not sacrifice everything to the regularity of returns to foreign capital. Continental and Yankee capital will shoulder its way into the banking and carrying trade of India. Two thirds of the government posts held by the British will be turned over to Indians, while the remainder, following the historic example of Japan, will go to experts of various nationalities. Since at least a quarter of a billion dollars of annual income is at stake, we may be sure that the governing class in

Great Britain will cling to their control over India and relinquish it only in order to avoid catastrophe.

Such are the chief counts in the indictment of British rule. As set-off should be listed such substantial blessings as security, justice, honest and capable administration, impartiality between races, castes and classes, economic advance, and the introduction of the science and culture of the West. Even the ideals of liberty and representative government to which the Indians appeal when they arraign alien rule have entered the Indian mind by the study of the political masterpieces of Milton and Burke in the high schools and colleges the British set up in India. Casting up the account one sees justification for vigorous protest on the part of the Indians, but not for burning indignation. Wherefore, then, bomb outrages, conspiracies to assassinate British officials and (in 1922) 40,000 political offenders in jail or deported? After copious converse with the Nationalists I could see no sins of contemporary British rule big and black enough to account for the intensity of their feeling which have their roots elsewhere.

India played a loyal part in the World War, giving myriads of soldiers and half a billion dollars to help England out of a hole. From the highspirited Punjab in the northwest some 400,000 men had gone to the war. Naturally, after peace came the Indians looked for some sign of appreciation of what they had endured in a quarrel not their own. But the bureaucrats were guilty of the amazing folly of bringing in, early in 1919, the repressive Rowlatt Bills designed to cloth the executive with considerable powers not subject to judicial review. The idea of making permanent the oppressive powers exercised during the war was intolerable. Mr. Gandhi organized a passive resistance movement, and agitation against the

odious bills became general. In the city of Amritsar the secret deporting of two popular leaders of this agitation caused an excited crowd to approach the deputy commissioner's bungalow to learn what he had done with them. There was a clash with the police, bloodshed and a sudden unpremeditated outbreak of mob fury in which few English were done to death.

The next day at noon General Dyer made proclamation that no public meeting would be allowed. Only a small fraction of the people could have heard the notice, but when, four hours later, the General heard that a public meeting was in progress in the Jallianwala Bagh, a large open space girt with buildings, he went there with fifty men and, without giving a warning to disperse, opened fire upon a crowd of 15,000 unarmed persons listening to a speech along Gandhi lines in support of resolutions condemning the mob outrages of the previous afternoon. Dyer continued firing until his ammunition was exhausted, then marched his troops away, leaving behind him about 400 dead and 1200 wound.

During the subsequent months of martial law the things that were done to humiliate and terrorize the people were worthy of Prussianism in its flower. Because some students were in the mobs, a thousand students from seven colleges were required for many days to walk sixteen miles a day in the Indian sun. The street in which an Englishwoman had been beaten by the mob was closed to Indians save those who would crawl, and the residents on this street could get to or from their houses only on all fours. Vicarious floggings were many, while armored cars roared about the country shooting offhand into villages and knots of unarmed people. Airplanes bombed or machine-gunned at random without knowing whether the groups massacred were rioters or wedding parties.

These atrocities stand out of line with the British record in India and should be laid to war hysteria. Although O'Dwyer, Governor of the Punjab, and Dyer, have been officially exonerated, the British Government curse them for having undone the work of generations of faithful Indian civil servants. They cowed the Punjab, but they set India ablaze and let loose forces which in 1921 nearly stalled the governmental machine. Only as the gray dust of time settles over the blood-stains will the Indians realize how very untypical the Punjab atrocities were.

Another root of bitterness is purely psychological; viz., the galling sense of inferiority begotten by the overbearing ways of some of the British. You come upon no end of cases. An American Y. man told me of travelling second-class with two British Tommies. While they were getting refreshments an Indian professor came into the compartment with his luggage. When the Tommies returned they ordered him out, and when he stood his ground they kicked his baggage out on the platform. The rest of his life that professor will be virulently anti-British "Only yesterday," the American went on, "I saw two tommies in the door of a second-class compartment bar entrance to a finelooking Indian with a ticket, although such a compartment seats nine persons, they intended to keep it all to themselves!"

A young Indian recounted how years ago he saw a British official try to turn an Indian lady travelling with her maid out of her reserved first-class compartment in the middle of the night. He wanted it for himself! Only the threatening attitude of the native crowd caused him to desist. This young man has met with like cases scores of times. An American bishop told me how accompanied by an Indian gentleman, he called upon a British official as a committee. The official invited

the bishop to be seated but let the Indian scend throughout the interview.

An American said of Madras: "The feeling cannot improve here until there is a change of front on the part of the British. They should come down off their high horse and carry on in the spirit of the Reforms."

A rajah very conservative in his politics remarked, "The passion to be rid of British rule comes from the fact that there is not a single Indian who has not several times in his life been insulted or aggrieved by some British official; and they are becoming ever more sensitive to such treatment." This bears out Lionel Curtis, father of "Dyarchy," who, after citing Lord Morley's "India is a country where bad manners are a crime," adds: "Amongst educated Indians with whom I am acquainted there are some who are, as I feel, definitely and finally embittered against the British connection. In every instance this bitterness had its roots in some rankling memory of insult at the hands of a European."

I asked an Indian university student, "When practical difference would Swaraj (Home Rule) make?" He replied: "Now, if an Indian has been waiting a long time to see a British official and a European comes in, the latter will be taken in to the official first. With ~~swaraj~~ this would at once disappear."

The British bar Indians from their clubs. In Bombay the Yacht Club boasts that no Asiatic independent sovereign, the amir of Afghanistan, has ever entered its precincts. In Madras no Indian can be taken into the Madras Club. An English editor justified to me this practice by the necessity of keeping our race pure. He forgot that the male club affords no opportunity of the sexes to meet.

The leader of the Swarajist party is the Hon. Motilal Nehru of Allahabad, a highly

cultivated Kashmiri Brahman. A few years ago he was at the head of the bar and took no interest in politics. His admirers among the High Court judges sought and gained his consent to let them put up his name for membership in the Allahabad Club. Certain young British thought fit to blackball him on racial grounds, and from that day he gave up his practice, threw himself into politics on the side of the Extremists, and now is more of a thorn in the bureaucrats' flesh than any other man in India save Gandhi.

Since the Amritsar massacre and the non-co-operation movement the temper of the Indians has greatly changed. Said an American Y. secretary: "The Indians are the most forgiving people on earth. I have never seen an Indian do a discourteous thing, even under extreme provocation. But since Gandhi inspired self-respect in them, they assert themselves in going after a seat in a car or a place at the ticket-window. They say, 'We' ve never been treated with courtesy; why should we be courteous?'"

Half a thousand miles away another American testified: "Ten years ago the Indians stepped back from the ticket-window when the European approached. Now he takes his place in the line and if he does n't look sharp the Indian will push in front of him. Formerly the Indian shunned a railway compartment occupied by a European if he could possibly squeeze in elsewhere; now he glories in coming right in. Formerly when an Indian gentleman gave a big garden-party he would invite all the prominent Europeans in the place, and they would receive most of the attention. Now few of them will be invited, and they will not be keen on coming because they will be made to feel that they play second fiddle."

A British Y. secretary testifies to the

change which has come over the spirit of his countrymen:

"Back in 1915 when I would ask an Englishman for a contribution to our work, he would promise so much for this and so much for that, then add, "But not one anna for the damned natives." The British have quit talking of the damned natives.' The new self-assertiveness and truculence of these natives has rather awed them. They no longer feel themselves so firm in the saddle. It has dawned upon them that they must keep in favor with these same natives; for what are ninety thousand Britishers among three hundred millions? Many read the handwriting on the wall and believe that the days of our raj are numbered."

As time passes the British supercaste capping the hierarchy of Indian society does not approach the people; rather it recedes. In the old days when India was six months from England by sail round the cape, a double lustrum might elapse before the official revisited his country. So he made friends in his field of labour, and some of them were Indians. He lived with a native woman, begot "Anglo-Indians," identified himself with the country and became, perhaps, an ardent student of India's great past. For these giants of old—such as Sir Alfred Lyall, Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir William Wedderburn—the educated Indians feel a warm affection.

But now, thanks to steam and the Suez Canal, London is only sixteen days from Bombay. Many officials run home every other year, while some find an annual round trip by the P. & O. cheaper than a vacation in the hills. With his English family and frequent visits home, the ordinary D. C.'s ties with native life and thought become slight and slack. He pities himself as an "exile," keeps in closest touch with England, and never

hobnob with Indians. After office he hies him to the club, warms up on the tennis-court, then, stretched on the lounge-chair, swaps anti-native myths with confreres until it is time to drive home and dress for a dinner at which bright men with a university degree will circulate their racial prejudices as self-evident truth.

Once at a dinner after patient listening to rash paradoxes I broke out :

"Gentlemen, you can't imagine how queer what you are saying sounds." It is as if you should argue : "The water is rough ; now is a good time to rock the boat" ; "The ice is thin ; therefore let us stamp on it."

Their cure for Indian disaffection was "firmness," which, being interpreted, means, "Yield nothing and shoot to kill."

"So you think human nature works that way ?" I queried.

"Ah, but these are Orientals and Orientals crave a master. The sterner you are with them, the more they will love you !"

The fact is these isolated British, mingling too much with one another, become the prey of the most dangerous delusions, for there is nothing you will not believe if it is what everybody you meet is saying. Constant access to the native mind would save them, but that is just the thing the average bureaucrat lacks. On the strength of a few formal or official contacts he imagines he understands native character. "Egad, sir, I have been among these beggars **twenty years**, and **I know !**"

Really the natives he meets wear masks. When a crisis arrives and the masks are dropped he gets stunning surprises. No one who sees what hallucinations infest official circles will retain any faith in that darling

maxim of the brass-bound Imperialists, "Trust the man on the spot." Often the judgment of this warped, atrabiliar, bedeviled man on the spot is worth considerably less than nothing at all.

At first the visitor assesses Home Rule in terms of efficiency. Would an Indian Government handle defense, irrigation, railways, telegraphs, forests, famines, and epidemics as well as they are now handled ? Surely not. Well, then—

Presently one sees deeper, begins to notice how alien rule saps character. I recalled the high head, squared shoulders, and eye-flash of the Japanese as they pass foreigners in their streets. "We are masters here," their bearing says. Here in India, not so. In our presence most Indians, even the educated, act as if unsure of themselves. They, have been sat upon so often ! Not, of course, the Swarajists, who have broken with the British ; they are sturdy in manner, even defiant. But many others are unmanned by the consciousness that, no matter how able, patriotic, or right they may be, it is always the foreigner who decides. As you note that characteristic droop of the shoulders, that too deferential air, you feel it unnatural that the will which reigns here originates sixty-five hundred miles away.

The Nationalists warn that alien rule is emasculating Indian character, for the British are coming to be more masterful, the Indians more subject. A century ago treaties would be made between British officials and native potentates as equals. But gradually the Indians are sinking into a common subjecthood. The native princes are but gorgeous puppets who would never dream of lifting a finger against the real lords of the land. The civil population is disarmed as never before. "I doubt," exclaimed an indignant bishop, "if any people should be as helpless as these people

have been made." Thanks to the Arms Act, the authorities know the location of every firearm in native hands. While there is nothing for Indians to fight with but sticks and stones, they are menaced with the most terrible engines—tanks, armored cars, machine-guns, airplanes, and aerial bombs. Moreover, thanks to the wireless-masts at every fort, the heads of the police and troops all over India communicate as if they sat in one room. No wonder Mohammed Ali said to me with a wry smile :

"With the Mahatma (Mr. Gandhi) non-violence is an article of faith ; with me it is a matter of policy."

A noble English educator, who has devoted himself to the Nationalist cause, testified : "The clutch of this Government is allpervasive. You cannot dream how it really is. A few political crimes by youthful hothends will bring under suspicion every social worker in Bengal. The police will get him or he will be blackmailed. Indians cannot find a place where they can take their own initiative and work out their own salvation. Spies are one everywhere. I have caught them with their hands in my desk. This is one of the best governments in the world ; may officials fairly work their heads off ; yet it does n't fit."

Said an Indian professor of economics, "Year by year we are losing in initiative."

"How can that be ?" I asked, "for this British dominion has been here a long time."

"The bureaucratic machine constantly touches our lives at more and more points, so that the sphere of matters open to us to settle for ourselves is ever narrower. Unless our bright, ambitious young men pursuing higher studies can look forward to controlling some sections of this huge machine they will lose initiative and become more and more emasculated."

The Swarajists insist India is ripe for self-government now, but the sociologist shakes his head. India is two thirds as big as the United States and has near thrice our population. Not only is there great diversity of race, but 147 tongues are in use. Ten languages boast from ten to a hundred million speakers apiece, while four others have from five to ten million speakers each. The bulk of the people do not think of themselves as Indians, but as Mahrattas, Bengalis, Punjabis, Madrasis, Rajputs. The modern sentiment of Indian nationality is of recent origin, and it is doubtful if one man in five feels it. At present there is a common aspiration to be rid of foreign rule ; but, were that effected, the latent oppositions would become active and threaten the social peace. India has been fitly characterized as "marching in uneven stages through all the centuries from the fifth to the twentieth." There are, say half a million with the equivalent of a school or university education ; but then there are tracts "where it would be fantasy to dream of representative institutions." Like those ocean depths to which sunlight and air never penetrate, there are in India "soundless deeps through which the cry of the press and the platform never rings."

The Mohammedans are outnumbered three to one by the Hindus but have not forgotten that once they were the masters. Mr. Gandhi characterizes the former as bullies, the latter as cowards. Frequently the antipathy between the communities has flared up—crimson ! Lajpat Rai said to me at Lahore, "These bloody Hindu-Moslem riots furnish the British with an argument we hardly know how to reply to." They are so unaccountable that many suspect the hand of England, the *tertium gaudens* is behind them. Not that the secret service incites Mohammedans to

sacrifice a cow in public or "the Hindus to make triumphant music while passing a mosque, but that the man who eggs on the excited crowd in a religious procession to resent a hurled brickbat by attacking a temple is probably in the pay of the police. The Punjab and Bengal have a majority of Mohammedans, and, unless their feeling undergoes a wonderful change, it is possible that these great provinces would elect to remain outside an Indian Union just as North Ireland remains outside the Irish Free State.

The Hindus still are split by caste, that foe of patriotism and fellow-citizenship. There are sixty-seven main castes, none with less than two thirds of a million members. As for the sub-caste—that group of families into whom you can marry, from whom you can take water and food—there are thousands of them! Caste determines one's religious, social, economic, and domestic life from the cradle to the grave. On trains and in city streets, among the college-bred, in reformed and progressive circles, caste no longer counts for much; but out among the people its retent is that of a glacier. When a British college president declares, "Caste will be here a million million years hence," one must smile; it will long be a great obstacle to nationhood. Will voters trust a man of another caste to present them in the legislature? Until they do, the Hindus cannot be said to be in the *civic* stage of social development.

The non-Brahmans, who outnumber the Brahmins ten to one, resent the prevalence of the latter in the public services and the liberal professions, so that in South India they have insisted upon special representation in the legislature. This concession may yet make no end of trouble. Then there are fifty five millions—a fourth of all Hindus—below caste, the impure or "untouchables," who dread

lest a caste-controlled government should legalize the disabilities they are under. The British of course will never do this.

With such a make up of population it would not be surprising if, instead of co-operating politically, the discordant elements presently reached for one another's throat—which would quickly bring back personal rule of the familiar Oriental type. When I compare the confusion in China since the Manchu emperor set aside in 1911 with the rosy hopes the revolutionary leaders confided to me in 1910, I wonder whether Swaraj in India might not prove to be as disappointing as the Republic of China is.

The Swarajists point to Japan as a brilliant example of an Oriental people making good politically. They forget that Japan is homogeneous, with a common speech, culture, and history. Then, it inherited an imperial house "descended from the gods." The traditional loyalty to the mikado held things together until the Japanese had gained experience in working representative institutions. Only just now has the franchise been broadened from four million voters to fourteen millions. In India, on the other hand, there is no venerable dynasty to shelter the infant state. The people will have to create their government out of hand and in the open. With only one man in six literate and one in sixty literate in English, is it safe to count on general obedience to the authority of a National Parliament sitting at Delhi? The Indian Moderates believe that but for the British "steel frame" holding discordant elements together, they would fall apart, go to fighting with one another, or be devoured piecemeal by the stronger native states.

I was shocked by the levity with which some Nationalists contemplated the possible

recurrence of civil strife. "Oh, no doubt," they would say airily, "rivers of blood will flow, but anything, **anything** rather than this foreign yoke !"

For fifteen miles to the southwest of Delhi the traveller sees the remains of cities, palaces, tombs, and mosques dating from the early centuries of Mohammedan rule. These beautiful edifices have been battered and ruined in the course of the fighting which obbed and flowed about them. Returning to the capital one sees rising the immense and splendid Parliament Buildings of Imperial India. Thirty thousand men are rearing them and it is said that \$125,000,000 of the people's money will be laid out on them. If they are to remain a source of inspiration for generations, like the public buildings of England which has had nearly three centuries of domestic tranquillity, who will begrudge their costs? But what if all this beauty were destined to be smashed to pieces a few years hence in some bootless civil war springing from a premature experiment in self-government?

Thanks to the **pax britannica**, there are at least a hundred millions of people in India who could not live under the old pre-British conditions. Widespread civil disorder would cause them to die like flies. An overpopulated country cannot afford to take political risks any more than an overloaded boat can afford to take a chance on rough water.

During the war a group of daring English political thinkers led by Mr. Lionel Curtis, who were trying to convert the British Empire into a partnership, studied the case of India and suggested a plan which came to be known as dyarchy. It formed the basis for the Montagu Chelmsford Report of 1918, which in turn resulted in the Reforms Act of 1919 under which India has been governed for five years.

The reforms contemplate Home Rule as the goal but propose to arrive at this goal by successive steps. The Delhi Government is made more accessible to criticism and responsive to public opinion by the creation of an elected Legislative Assembly, to which all measures must be submitted, although the Government of India is not bound by its vote. In the provinces dyarchy is realized by sharing the functions of government, leaving some in the hands of the governor and his helpers, while turning over others to ministers responsible to elective councils representing the Indian people. By expanding the powers of these councils and contracting those of the governors, it should be possible to approach self-government in the degree that Parliament gains confidence in the political capacity of the Indian people.

Among the subjects handed over to Indian control are local government, elementary education, public libraries, public health, agriculture, co-operatives, forest liquor regulation, endowments, and registration. Reserved to the British officials are such matters as police, courts, jails, prisons, taxation, finance, factory legislation, and industrial welfare.

Unhappily the reforms have not worked as intended. They were well conceived, but in steering his proposals through Parliament Mr. Montagu had to make grave concessions. Then it was left to the Government of India to frame regulations for their working. The officials proceeded to lay down regulations which whittled away much of the power granted to the Indians. Gradually the Indian Moderates who served as ministers for the provincial councils came to realize that the governor had the kernel while they had the shell. Hence those who are for "working the councils for all they are worth" are losing ground, while the Swarajists, who wish to

follow a policy of obstruction until such vital matters as law and order and finance are handed over to Indian control are every day stronger.

Eminent Indian British recommend pacifying the Nationalists by granting the provinces responsible government. The British would still control the Government of India and Delhi would manage foreign affairs, relations with the native states, defence, irrigation, railways, posts and telegraphs, currency, public debts, arms, shipping, commerce, opium cultivation, emigration and immigration. Even with full provincial autonomy India would still be a long way from **Swaraj**.

For a country so huge and diverse, the unitary state is unthinkable. What is coming is a "United States of India." Nor will the existing nine provinces make up the future federal system. To give reasonable play to regional peculiarities and interests they will have to be broken up into perhaps two score of states. Then of the 731 native states, comprising more than a fifth of the people of India, most will eventually disappear, but certainly half a score or more will become commonwealths of the Indian Union.

This emerging nation will probably be realized piecemeal. Too much moved to think accurately, both British official and Indian

Nationalist misconceive what is most likely to happen. Both imagine a dramatic moment, the embarkation of the last boatload of English! The Briton foresees them leaving with the grim remark: "Have it your own way, then. Wish you joy of your **Swaraj**!" Knowing that already the Pathans are pouring down from the hills, the Afghans streaming through Khyber Pass, the Ghurkas descending from Nepal upon a rich and defenceless India, while the princes of the native states seize key positions in their vicinity. On the other hand, the Nationalist pictures the withdrawal of the British as the removal of an incubus. He sees myriads of spies and informers losing their jobs, while hosts of released political prisoners are greeted ecstatically by a people rejoicing in their newfound freedom.

Now, barring a successful Indian revolution at some moment of Britain's extremity **there will never be a last boat-load of British.** The cork helmets will not leave Delhi until some of the provinces have forgotten what a British official looks like. Even after the reins of power are handed over at Delhi, great numbers of British will be kept on as invaluable experts to serve the new Government. Finally, there will be a British governor-general with his staff, such as Canada has, to serve as symbol of the unity of the British Indian Commonwealth of Free Nations.

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NURJAHAN.

BY G. L. DE, B. A.

CHAPTER IV.

NURJAHAN—THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

No time was lost in sending the much coveted prize of blood, to grace the imperial harem. The speedy union however of this worthy couple, just after the brutal and most unjustifiable murder of a heroic and popular noble, would assuredly have affected the potent popular voice, and shocked the finer sentiments of the proud nobles of the court, and the over numerous six thousand fair and delicate inmates of the Imperial harem. Even the most depraved criminals are not entirely bereft of the last vestige of compunction and shame; and are not quite heedless to public opinion. Therefore the notorious couple must wait for some time, before they could dare publicly to solemnize their unhallowed union. And four years certainly are not a long time for them, to temporise and show off at least publicly, their feigned and specious mutual aversions, in actions the most fantastic and capricious; before they could attain their most longed for summumbonum, the union of sin and crime.

In the meantime Jehangir placed Meher-un-Nissa in the establishment of Rukya Sultana, one of his father's wives With whom she lived unnoticed and rejected. The life there led by that young widow, was quite in accordance with her principles and morals. Her mode of life never indicated an iota of devotion in penance and grief, for the sacred memory of her mighty deceased lord, worthy of a dutiful and virtuous widow. Rather as a woman of fashion and beauty, her whole time was engrossed by magnificent productions of exquisite specimen of arts in needle, painting and ornaments, in which she so remarkably excelled, to adorn most luxuriously her apartments.

Nur Mahal had adorned these chambers, with extraordinary splendour and magnificence. All the designs were her own; and the workmanship was by the hands of her own female slaves, under her personal direction. All the ladies of the harem consulted her in matters of jewellery and the painting of silk. She introduced quite

novel styles and fashions into the court. The seraglio resounded with her charms and talents. This soon attracted the notice of the emperor. "A visit was all that was wanting to rekindle the flame in his heart." "However the days of misfortune drew to a close, and the stars of her good fortune commenced to shine, and to wake as from a deep sleep. The bride's chamber was prepared, the bride was decorated, and desire began to arise. Hope was happy. A key was found for closed doors, a restorative was found for broken hearts." It happened that on the celebration of a new year's day in the sixth year of the emperor's reign in 1611 A. D., Jehangir saw her in the morning, in one of her adorned apartments.

She was reclining on a sofa in an undress robe of plain white muslin, which exhibited her faultless shape to the best advantage, and became her better than the richest brocades of Bagdad, or the finest embroideries of Cashmere. As soon as the emperor entered, the siren rose with an agitation, that served only to heighten her charms, and fixed her eyes on the ground with well-dissembled confusion. Jehangire stood mute with raptured amazement. His passion for her was renewed. Instantly he threw round her neck, a necklace of forty pearls which he wore, each pearl being valued at £4,000,

and Nur Mahal was removed to the imperial quarters. Jehangir assigned her marriage dowry, to the fabulous amount of £72,00,000., "which sum she requested as indispensable for the purchase of jewels." These accumulations of ages plundered from the Hindu princes, were thus wantonly and recklessly thrown away, to solemnise an unholy union.

She was soon made the favourite wife of the emperor. In the first instance, she received the title of Nur-Mahal, the light of the palace; and after some days Nurjahan Begum, the queen, the light of the world. Her family was held next in rank to the princes of the blood, and advanced to places of the highest trust. Its members were admitted to privileges, which had never been enjoyed by subjects under the Mogul domination. All her relations were elevated to the highest offices in the State. Ghyas-surnamed I'timadu-d-daula became Prime Minister. Her eldest brother Abu-l Hasan, afterwards Assaf Khan, was appointed Master of the Ceremonies, under the title of I'timad Khan. The King and his relatives were deprived of all power; while the servants and eunuchs of I'timadu-d-daula became Khans and Turkhans. The old servant called Dila Rani, who had nursed the favourite lady of the King, superseded Haji Koka in the appointment of the superintendent of the female servants of the palace.

Without her seal the Sadru-s Sadur would not pay their stipends. Nur Jahan managed the whole affairs of the realm. Honours of every description were at her disposal, and nothing was wanting to make her an absolute monarch, but the reading of the khutba in her name. For some time she sat at the Jharoka, and the nobles came to make their salutations and receive her commands. Coin was struck in her name, with this superscription: "By order of the King Jehangir, gold has a hundred splendours added to it, by receiving the impression of the name of Nur Jahan, the Queen Begum. The royal seal on firmans bore her signature. In short, by degrees she became, except in name, undisputed Sovereign of the Empire, and the King himself became a tool in her hands. At last her authority reached such a pass, that the emperor was such only in name. Transported to such a pitch of unenviable immortality, that worthless and infatuated monarch publicly used to say, devoid of shame and dignity, that he had bestowed the Sovereignty on Nur Jahan Begam, and required nothing beyond a sir of wine and half a sir of meat.

The father of Nur Jahan though unprincipled as his daughter, "for in the taking of bribes he certainly was most uncompromising and fearless," yet his generosity and legislative capacity and the modesty and virtues of

his son Assaf Jah, reconciled the people to their sudden elevation. Jehangir was still capricious and tyrannical, but he was no longer guilty of such barbarous cruelties as before. And although he still carried his excess in wine to the lowest stage of inebriety, yet it was at night, and in his private apartments. Every one at that time got drunk except Khurram and Assaf Khan.

The magnificence of the emperor's court was increased by Nur Jahan's taste, and the expense was diminished by her good arrangement. She contrived improvements in the furniture of apartments; introduced female dresses more becoming, than any in use before her time. And it is a question in India, whether it is to her or her mother, that they owe the invention of the attar of roses. One of the accomplishments by which she captivated Jehangir, is said to have been her facility in composing extempore verses. She was liberal and just to all who begged her support. She was an asylum for all sufferers, and helpless girls were married at the expense of her private purse. She must have portioned about 500 girls in her life time, and thousands were grateful of her generosity. In sports also, she rendered herself conspicuous by killing a tiger with the first shot at Muttra. These accomplishments however were marred, by her extreme narrow and dire vindictive feelings

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